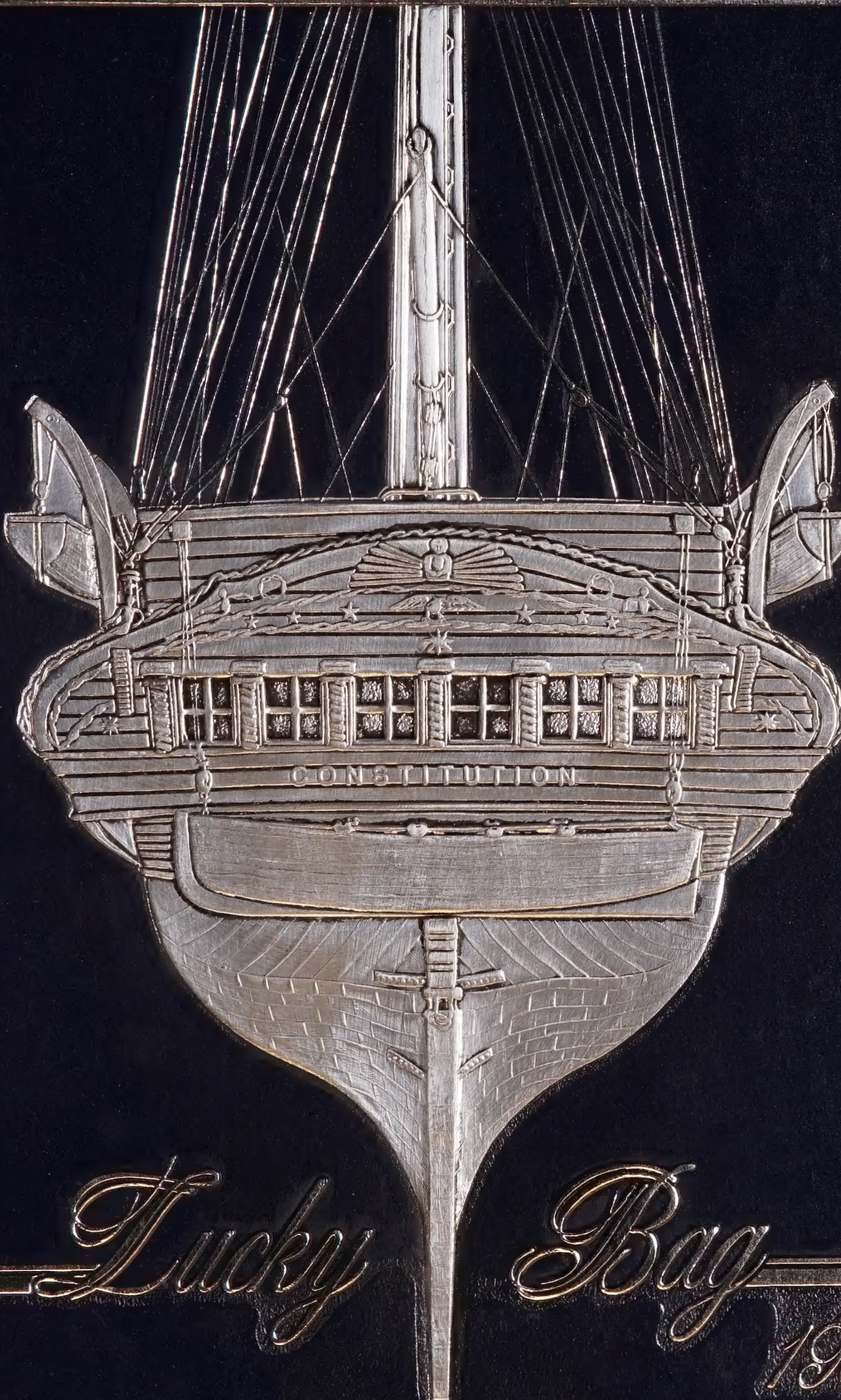
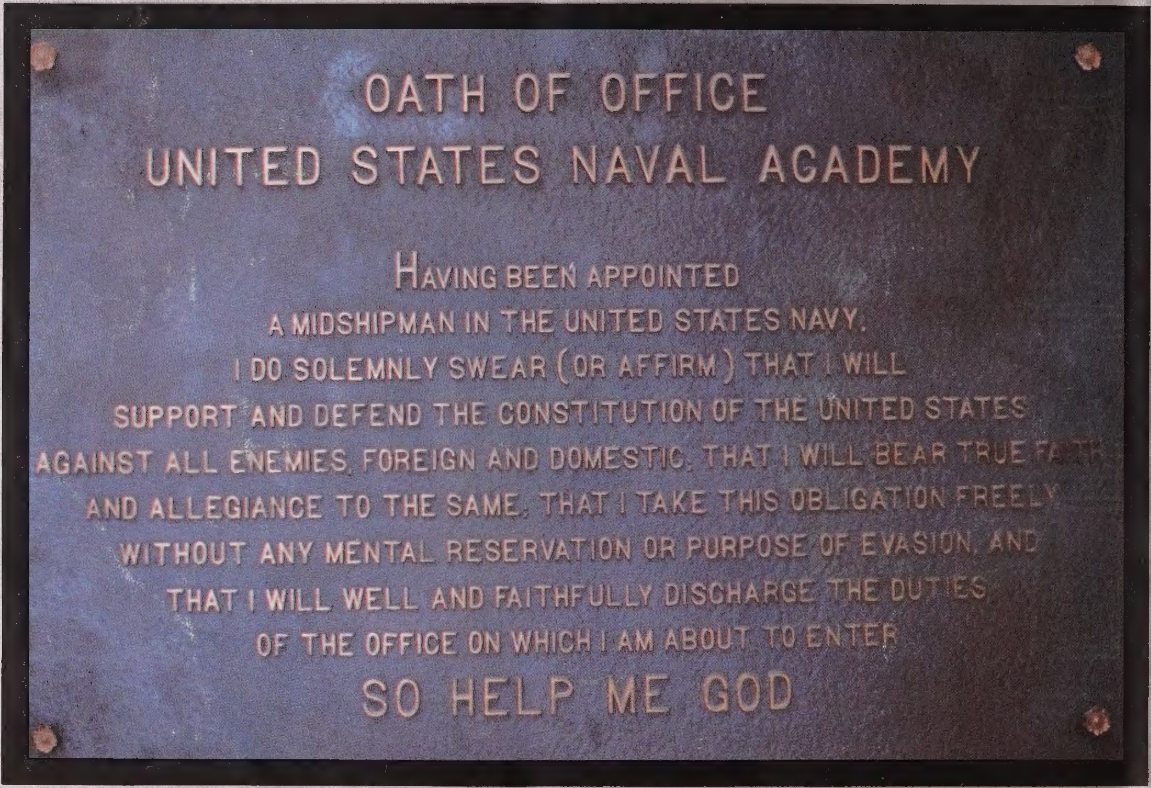

CONSTITUTION

Lucky Bag

1987

The *1987 Lucky Bag* Celebrates The Bicentennial of The Constitution.



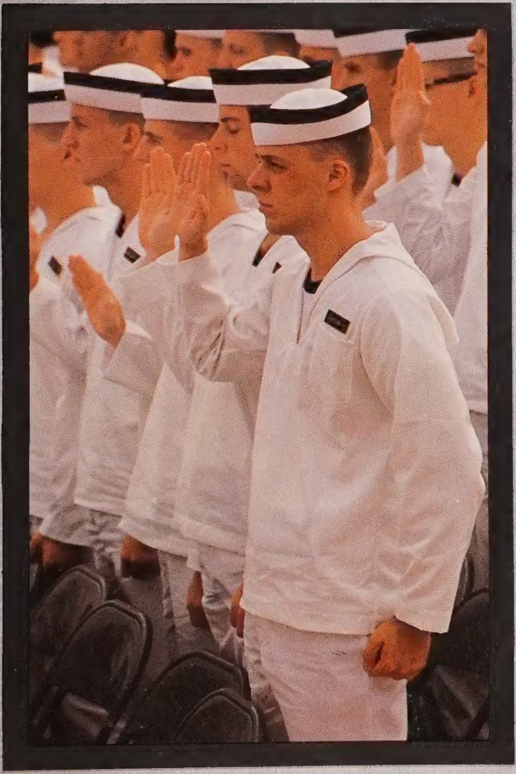
OATH OF OFFICE
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

HAVING BEEN APPOINTED
A MIDSHIPMAN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY,
I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR (OR AFFIRM) THAT I WILL
SUPPORT AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES
AGAINST ALL ENEMIES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, THAT I WILL BEAR TRUE FAITH
AND ALLEGIANCE TO THE SAME, THAT I TAKE THIS OBLIGATION FREELY
WITHOUT ANY MENTAL RESERVATION OR PURPOSE OF EVASION, AND
THAT I WILL WELL AND FAITHFULLY DISCHARGE THE DUTIES
OF THE OFFICE ON WHICH I AM ABOUT TO ENTER
SO HELP ME GOD

For Two Hundred Years, We Have Sworn To Uphold and Defend The Constitution of the United States.

We the People

of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Bleſsings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.



Archives, U.S. Naval Academy

Lucky Bag

1987

Presented By
The Class of 1987
To
The United States Naval Academy

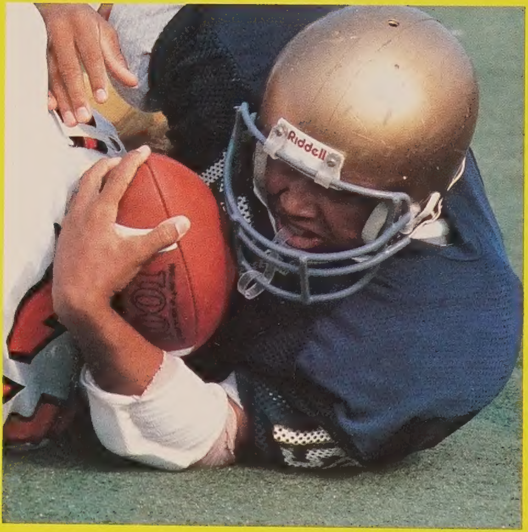
In Honor Of
The Bicentennial Of
The Constitution
Of The United States

Year 16

THEIR OWN BLOOD
ABOVE ON, AND
THEY HAVE SET

Command 144

Table of Contents



Sports 640

Honors 768

Brigade 192

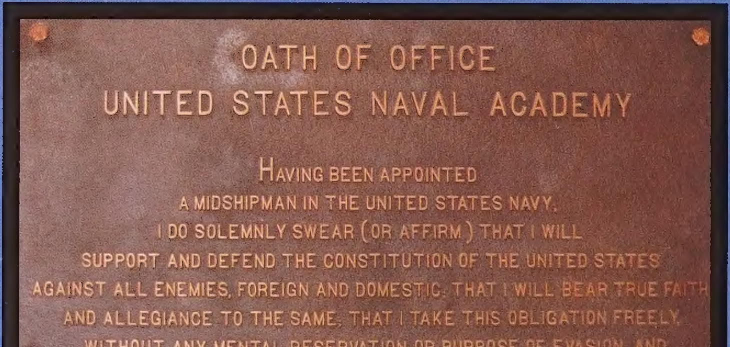
Activities 576

CONSTITUTION

Closing 776

Advertisements . . 790

Although it often seems that they are separated by an eternity, our first day as midshipmen and our last are tied together by a common theme. On both of these occasions, we take a solemn oath of allegiance. We pledge ourselves not to the Academy nor to the Navy, not to the flag, nor even to the leaders of our country. Rather, we swear to support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic.



OATH OF OFFICE
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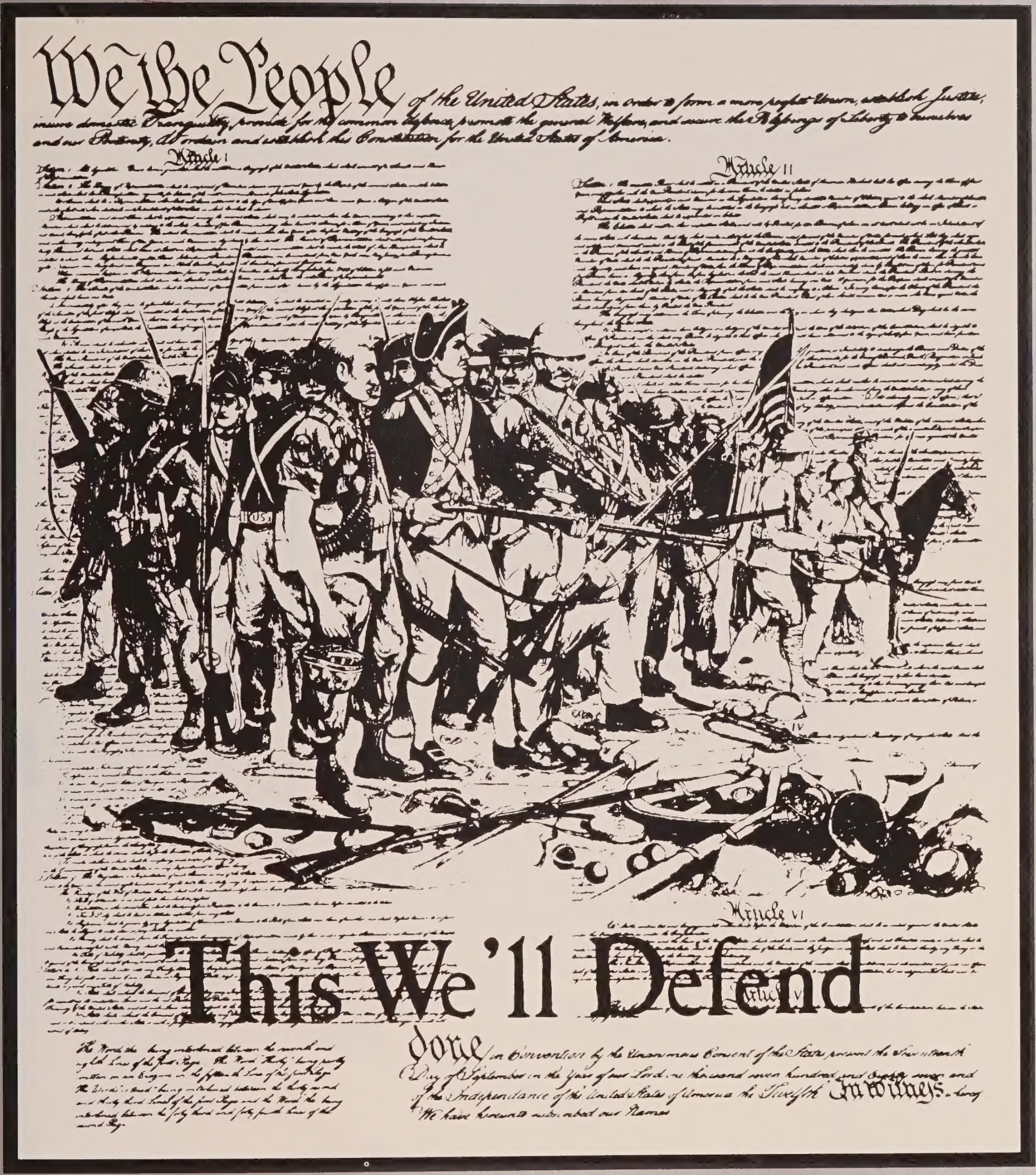
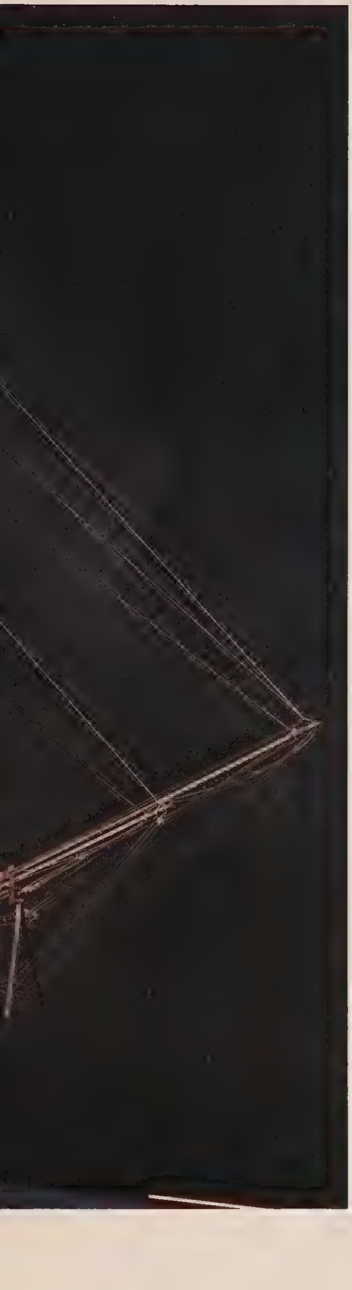
OF THE OFFICE ON WHICH I AM ABOUT TO ENTER.
SO HELP ME GOD


We the People
Article I
Article II
Article VI
This We'll Defend
done
In Witness

Because our lives are dedicated to the defense of the Constitution, this Bicentennial celebration is especially meaningful to the men and women of the United States Armed Forces. As midshipmen, we are quite aware of the history around us. Only a few blocks away from the Academy's gate lies the site where the groundwork for the Constututional Convention was laid.

The first salute our Navy gave to the document it defends was the building of the frigate U.S.S. Constitution in 1794. This was one of the greatest ships ever built, and she could outsail, outmaneuver, and outfight any ship of her time. She earned the nickname "Old Ironsides" when connonballs bounced off of her twenty-inch thick oaken hull. Her 2200 tons could plw through the waves at over 14 knots. The U.S.S. Constitution has proven to be as durable as her namesake, and both have weathered the storms of the last two hundred years remarkably. The ship is still a commissioned ship in the United States Navy and is on permanent display in Boston.



For this Bicentennial edition of the **Lucky Bag,** we have chosen to continue the Navy's tradition of using the U.S.S. Constitution as a means of rendering honors to the supreme law of our land. The design of the book's cover and section title pages emphasizes not only the bicentennial of the Constitution, but also the proud tradition of the Navy in defending the document and the way of life for which it stands.

Today, no less than in 1794, we salute the Constitution — the symbol and embodiment of the world's first government by, for, and of the people. This year, which the Class of 1987 has awaited ever since the first "Eighty-Seven, Sir!" was yelled, has taken on an even deeper significance. In a world torn by strife and upheaval, this two hundredth anniversary is truly something to celebrate. By doing so, we honor the sacrifices that have been made in its preservation over the last two centuries, and we remind ourselves of our obligation to pass on our freedom and our heritage into the third century. Therefore, this yearbook is the Brigade's salute to the Constitution's Bicentennial.

In many ways, the Bicentennial year we examine in this book is like many other years gone by at the Naval Academy, and like many more to come. June Week traditions, daily routines, and official ceremonies differ little from those of the past and the future. But even in the similarities, there were differences; another plebe class arrived, but this class had computers in their rooms; another Blue Angels performance, but this time in new planes; another Secretary of the Navy sworn in, but this one an alumnus. In this book we will examine both the similarities and the differences.

STATES NAVAL
50
21

The 833 pages that follow are an attempt to capture the memories of the first class year of the class of 1987. The images, both verbal and visual, which appear on these pages are intended to preserve the entire year in a single volume. This is a monumental task, and since each of the 4,500 members of the Brigade has different memories and different priorities, it is impossible for a yearbook to be completely pleasing to everyone. Every effort has been made by the staff to let the members of the Brigade determine the content of this book, for the memories belong to them, and the book should too. Therefore, since this is a memory book, and not a public relations pamphlet, we have attempted to portray the year as it was, and not as it perhaps should have been. It was an outstanding year, one of four "together by the Bay," and not a year to be forgotten. Hopefully, this **1987 Lucky Bag** will always help us remember.

This Crow's Nest aboard the **U.S.S. Constitution** was a place where sailors could go to get a broad overview. From this lofty vantage point, events onboard and around the ship could be clearly seen. In a similar fashion, this section of the **Lucky Bag** attempts to give a broad overview of "THE YEAR." Beginning with 1986 Summer Cruises and Concluding with the commissioning of the Class of 1987, the next 126 pages will provide a view of life at the Naval Academy — from everyday routine to special events.

INSIDE THE
YEAR

SUMMER 18
Youngster Cruise 18
Second Class Summer 20
First Class Cruise 22
Plebe Summer 24
Return of the Brigade 26
Two-for-Seven Night 28

FALL 30
Drill 32
Talent Show 34
Plebe Spirit 36
Changes of Command 38
Surprise Pep Rally 40
Football Games 42
Halloween 44
Room Formals 46
Dahlgren Dances 48
Mess Night 50
Academy Chapel 52
March-On 54
Army Week 56
Army-Navy Game 58
Twilight at Navy 60

WINTER 62
Christmas 62
Army Exchange 64
Traditions 66
Marine Display 68
Noon Meal 70
Snow Days 74
Hundred's Night 76
Service Selection 80

SPRING 82
Parade 82
Spring Days 84
Navy Band 86
Annapolis 88
The Yard 90
People 92
Special Olympics 94
Pastimes 96
Room 101
International Ball 102
Swearing In 106
Classes 108
Forrestal Lectures 112
Finals 114

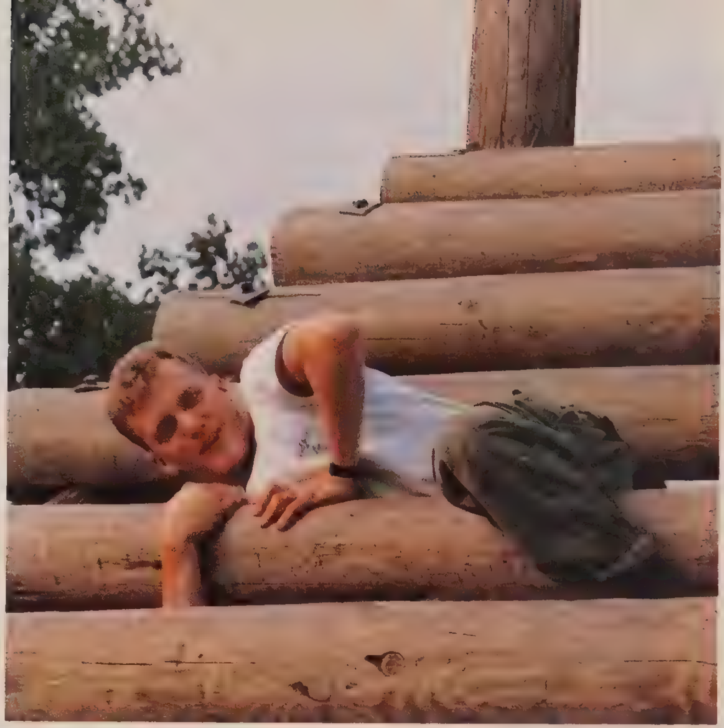
JUNE WEEK 116
Herndon 118
Ring Dance 122
Garden Party 126
Blue Angels 128
Color Parade 130
Awards Ceremony 134
Graduation 136

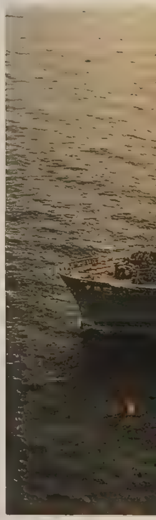
YOUNGSTER CRUISE. . .
AT SEA

There is nothing like a look at the real Navy after plebe year. New youngsters on their summer cruises got more than just a look, they got a full month of on-the-job experiences that they will remember for the rest of their lives. From carriers to YPs, from the Med to the Pacific, third classmen traveled all over the world in order to watch their probooks come alive and find out what life is all about outside of Mother B. The liberty calls and the new friends will never be forgotten, either. Some mids not only had fun on cruise but also managed to work and qualify on their ship. The highlight of cruise, though, was spotting the chapel dome for the first time after cruise and becoming a real youngster, ready for the new year.

SECOND CLASS
SUMMER

What a summer! Who could ever forget the events of Protramid and Actramid? This summer is a "sampler" of what the naval services have to offer. The eight-week program consists of flying in Pensacola, going out to sea on submarines and YPs, learning about Marine Corps life at The Basic School, and taking professional courses at the Academy. The beaches and bars of Pensacola (and the flight time, too) made it the favorite week of many midshipmen. Except of course for the grunts at heart who had the most fun attacking the ticks, tanks, obstacles and rope bridges of TBS. Despite some long classroom lectures on bright sunny days, second class summer proved that professional development and good times are not incompatible.





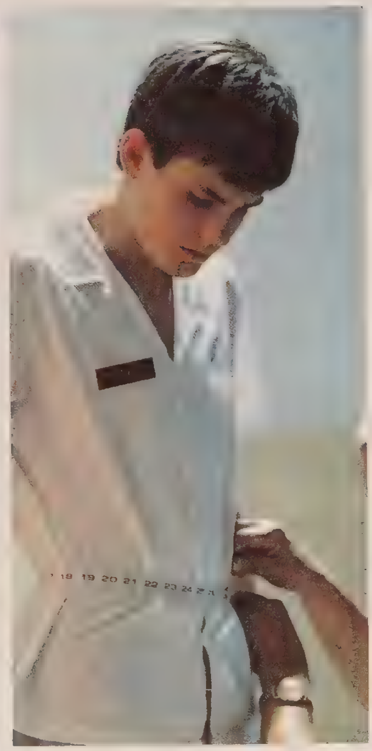
A FIRST CLASS EXPERIENCE

One's final summer at the Naval Academy is a good opportunity to see what lies ahead. On their First Class cruises, midshipmen act as junior officers and gain valuable experience. Onboard surface ships, most firsties are attached to junior officers as running mates and are assigned as assistant division officers. This allows them to become familiar with both the operational and administrative duties of an officer's shipboard life. Many First Class use this summer as a chance to explore other warfare communities as well. Submarine cruises, aviation cruises, and Marine Corps cruises are available. Another type of cruise, which a few handpicked midshipmen are assigned, is the FOREX, or foreign exchange cruise. These midshipmen spend their cruise in the navies of our allies, and are assigned officer duties onboard foreign ships. Regardless of which of these options a First Class takes, he is certain to gain new insight into his career.

WELCOME ABOARD '90

I-DAY

After weeks of anticipation, Induction Day for the class of 1990 arrived. As they confidently reported to Halsey Fieldhouse, the plebes were given haircuts, uniforms, and reams of paperwork, shown to their rooms, indoctrinated and innoculated. As each new plebe raised his right hand and swore to "uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies," it was a proud moment for plebes, parents, and spectators. It was also a moment of uncertainty, as the plebes said farewell to their loved ones, who then watched them nervously disappear into Mother B to become Midshipmen.



McGILL FOOTBALL

YOU WANT TO WHAT?
RELAX??

The rigorous schedule of Plebe Summer offered almost no time for relaxation, either for the plebes or for the officers and midshipmen on plebe detail. The long, hot days began with PEP, and ended with the singing of "Navy Blue and Gold," and in between there was a little of everything: marching, come-arounds, lectures, sports, come-arounds, sailing, shooting, come-arounds . . . When Parents' Weekend finally arrived, the plebes could be proud that they had survived. They knew, however, that soon the Brigade would return . . .

2 FOR 7 NIGHT . . .

COMMITMENT

It was a celebration. A celebration for two years of hard work. A celebration of making it as a class and as friends. But most of all, it was a celebration of commitment. The Class of 1988 had made its Naval service commitment complete. By attending the first day of class of second class year, midshipmen made one of the biggest decisions of their lives. They had decided to remain in the Navy. They had decided that they thought they did have what it takes to graduate and be the "best of the best." So they celebrated. In a traditional party in Dahlgren Hall, the second class drank beer and soda out of their new pewter mugs and toasted the new commitment of the Class of '88.

Class of
Commitment Night
1988

SHINING UP
THE YARD

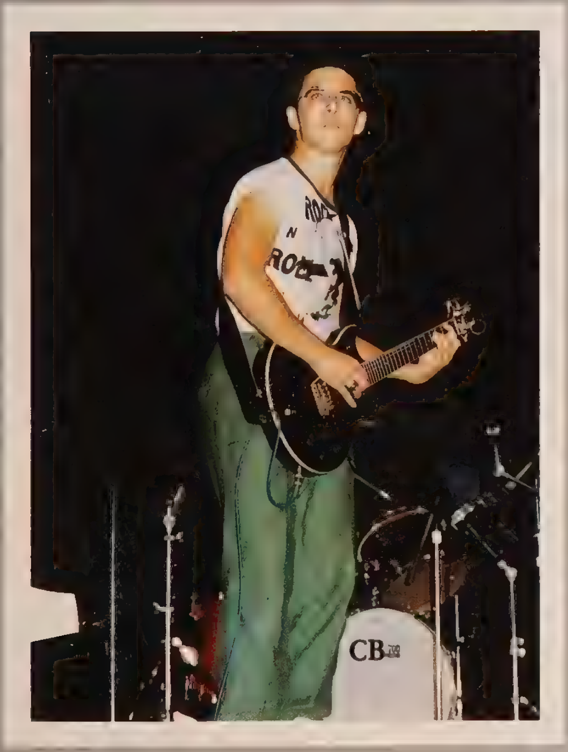
Although it seems that there is always something in the Yard being torn up, rebuilt, or cleaned, this year's most noticable renovation was truly a major task. With amazing speed, the bricks of Stribling Walk disappeared, and were replaced with bright new red bricks. Along with other maintenance work on the buildings, monuments, and grounds, this improvement kept up the Yard's excellent appearance, which never ceases to draw praise from midshipmen and tourists alike.

TRADITION CONTINUES
FALL DRILL!

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the Brigade of Midshipmen . . . " Who could forget those long afternoons on Worden Field? We put forth hours of sweat and effort to display our pride and precision to all those who dared to bear the heat and humidity to view us from the stands along Captain's Row. Drill may have been an uncomfortable addition to our afternoon routines, but to us and to those many who have gone before us, it truly is an excercise in dicipline and respect. We did, however, manage to squeeze in some of our sense of humor. Remember the company that left their shoes in formation and marched off the field in their socks? Or how about the "wave" of covers that swept the entire Brigade during practice? Drill's not SO bad . . .

AND THE WINNER IS. . .
TALENT SHOW

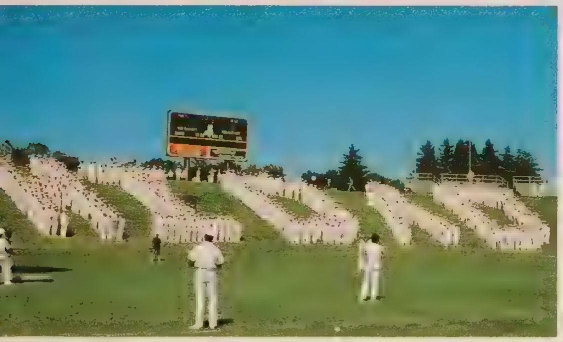
The Class of 1988 Talent Show was a big hit again this year. With Mahan Hall filled to its edges, the show went without a single flaw. We were presented with some extraordinary talent from all four classes: rock groups, dancers, folk singers, piano players and even an accordian player. It took a lot of guts to come out on stage with an accordian, but a brave and talented plebe did just that. The jeers turned into applause and the accordian player walked off with a well deserved first place. Goes to show you that anything can happen at a talent show.


CB

76
52
66

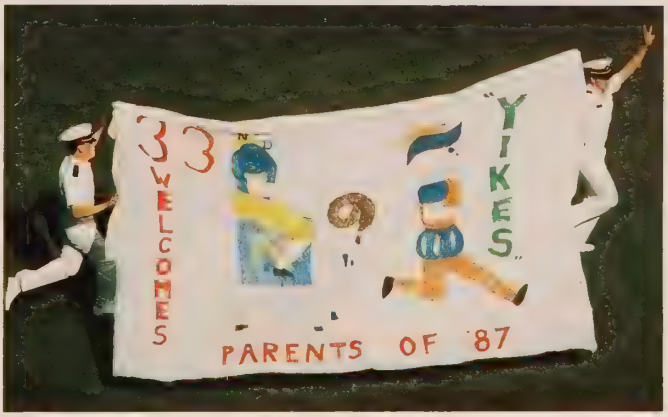
HIT 04
PITT!
72
67
45
CHEW UP THE PANTHERS
AND SPIT OUT THE PITTS
PUNISH
PITT
44
GO NAVY
30TH CO

25



PLEBES SHOW THEIR
SPIRIT!

Plebe spirit. Nothing can beat it in King Hall: the lung-testing, the wild-mans, the cheers. But nothing tops the spirit they show at the football games. Who was not impressed by the spell-outs on the hill? Or the sheet poster hung in the Rotunda? It takes a lot of work to be a plebe and the job they have of bringing the Brigade's spirit up is not an easy one. The class of '90 did a good job this year. Tradition will no doubt pass the good luck and spirit down to '91.



‘GOODBYE’ AND ‘HELLO’

COMMAND CHANGE

It was a difficult year for plebes to memorize their chain-of-command; it kept changing. The Brigade received a new Commandant, the Academy received a new Superintendent, and the Navy received a new Secretary and a new Chief of Naval Operations. The Class of 1987 saw its third Superintendent and its fourth Commandant. On August 19, 1986, shortly after the Brigade returned, Rear Admiral Ronald F. Marryott became the 52nd Superintendent, replacing Rear Admiral Charles R. Larson. In honor of the event, the Fourth Class Regiment put on a parade while the rest of the Brigade watched. During the ceremony, the outgoing superintendent received his third star. In January, Captain Howard W. Habermeyer took charge of the Brigade as the 72nd Commandant of Midshipmen, filling the shoes of Rear Admiral Stephen K. Chadwick. The Brigade heartily welcomes Admiral Marryott and Captain Habermeyer and wishes fair winds and following seas to Admirals Larson and Chadwick.

DON'T GI
THE S

AUTHORIZED BEYOND THIS POINT

GUESS WHAT?!

RALLY!

Our morale was beginning to get low. We had to wear regulation P.E. gear in the Hall as well as a uniform to pep rallies. Where were the days when you saw everything from Rambo to Don Johnson at pep rallies? Then one day, when we were fast asleep after a long, hard day, a siren went off. Not just a fire alarm, but a spirit alarm. A voice came over the loud speaker, "Guess what, Navy?! It's a pep rally. Come one, come all to T-Court. Grab the nearest football player and don't worry about the reg P.E. gear!" It was a true transformation. Spirit and morale were on the rise and we actually began to study with one ear cocked up, waiting to hear the long wail of the Midnight Pep Rally Siren.

NO BOZO

NAVY
90

NAVY

PHILO HEADS SPIRIT WITH A BANG!!

Aside from the class of 1988 taking over Philo this year, perhaps her greatest improvement was the addition of VLS, Vertical Launch System. Philo provided support for our team as well as defending our homeland by warding off visiting mascots. With a zoom and a bang, Philo showed off our pride, spirit and new advances high over our stadium. May she never be scrapped.

"WUBA GANG" PRE-GAME FOLLY!

Not since the Mr. Pep of a few years back, has the Brigade experienced so much pre-game fun and spirit. This year the "Wuba Gang" had a good sound system, great performers, and skits that were funny. A lot of the humor was based on this years new regulations. It was nice to find out we could derive some fun from all the changes.

NWY
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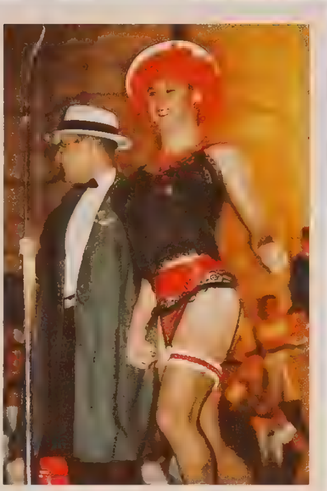


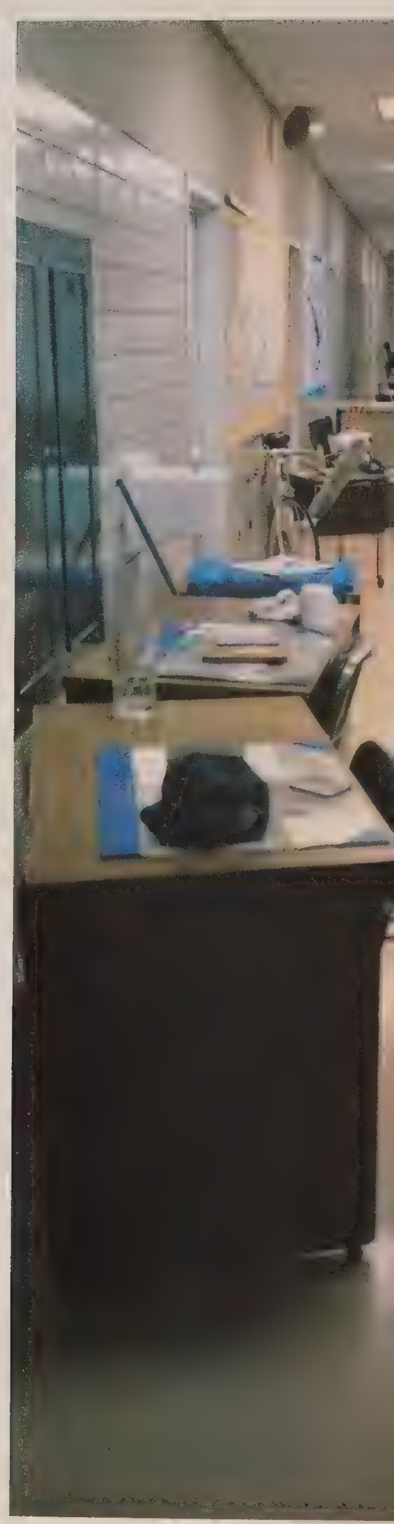
TRICK OR. . .
TREAT?

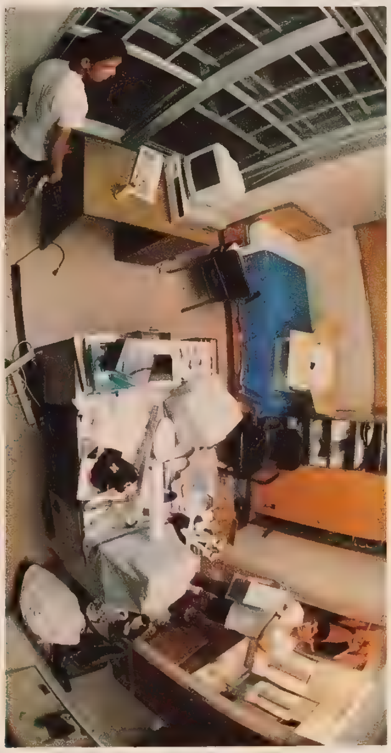
Halloween. What a blast! When else can you dress up, gross everybody out, and stuff your face with free candy all in one night? As usual, upperclass went trick-or-treating while plebes stayed home and dished out the goodies. Halloween was special this year. We had a great costume contest. (Weren't the wine coolers cute?) And we will never forget the stripper (no, not the striper) who danced on the officers' table while a real one performed later in the eighth wing parking lot.

A.M. FORMALS

UGH!

One of the biggest changes of the year was the return of Saturday morning Brigade-wide room formals. In order to make study hour more effective, formals, lectures, and even exams were scheduled between 0730 and 0930 on Saturday mornings. Second class could not leave for weekends until after 0930. First class had to make sure their rooms were clean before leaving on their weekends. Needless to say, this was not the most popular change of the year but we certainly all now have spotless vertical, horizontal, baseboard and brightwork surfaces!





DAHLGREN

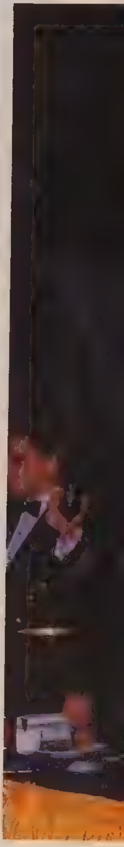
DANCES

On Saturday nights throughout the year, Dahlgren Hall became center of action for Academy social life. The scene of formal hops, Plebe mixers, and the ring dance, the hall is perhaps best known as "Disco Dahlgren," the site of frequent infamous informal dances. Women and men from nearby colleges and high schools came to these dances, sometimes by the busload. Despite the many nicknames and legends surrounding the Dahlgren social scene, most midshipmen agree that it is a good place for a good time.

SECOND CLASS

TOASTS

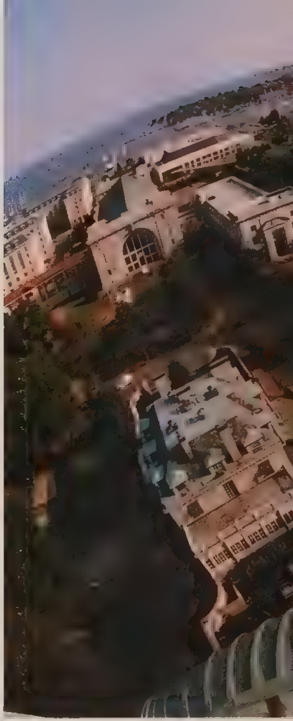
NL303 Mess Night is truly a fun learning experience. Class evaluation reports consistently show mess night as the highlight of the course. The presence of so many high ranking officers and the formality of the occasion make it interesting as well as informative for the second class who will soon be junior officers and perhaps in charge of a mess night of their own. It is definitely worth getting dressed-up for these special toasts.

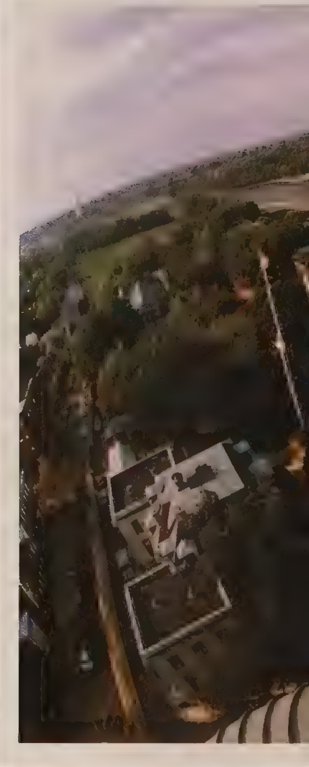


219
218
221
220

SPIRITUAL UPLIFT

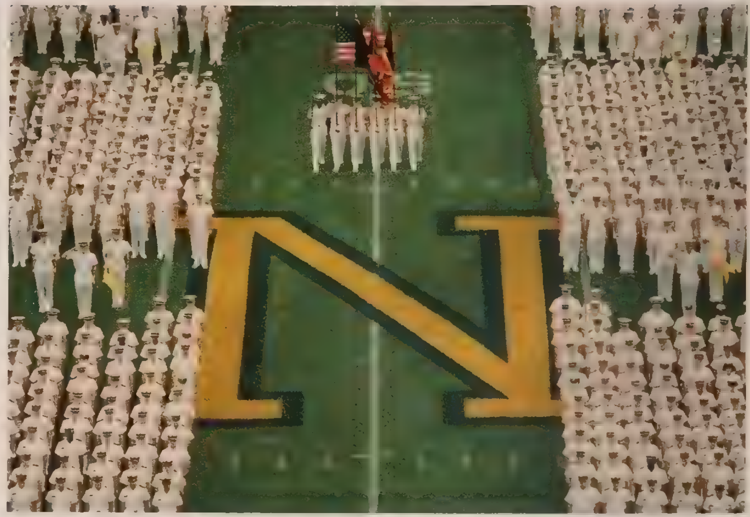
These photographs capture the power and the presence of the Naval Academy Chapel. The chapel, whether or not you choose to worship inside its beautiful walls, provides a center of attention to the yard. Used as a center of guidance and spiritual uplifting for many, it provides many more with navigational guidance in the bay. These unique pictures, taken from the top of the dome, present powerful views of the yard and Annapolis itself, showing us its great span that exists even if we, in our busy day, forget its presence.





ANOTHER ROAD TRIP

It was more than just another road trip when we took to the streets to see our football team fight on Saturdays. We had it down to a science of sort. Knowing exactly when to can the unapproved cheers. Knowing exactly when to keep all eyes in the boat. Knowing exactly which pretty girl would be our candy's target. Speaking of candy, wasn't this the year that saw the end of candy throwing? That is one tradition that will have to be reborn. Not just another road trip . . . march-on.



U.S. ARMY

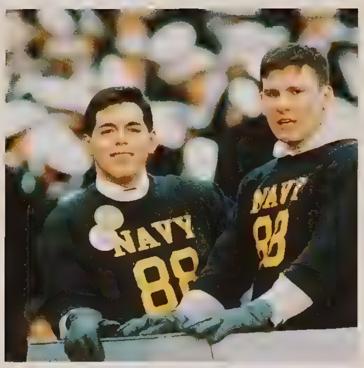
27 '90
ON TOP
OF THE
WORLD

WESTPAC
82-83

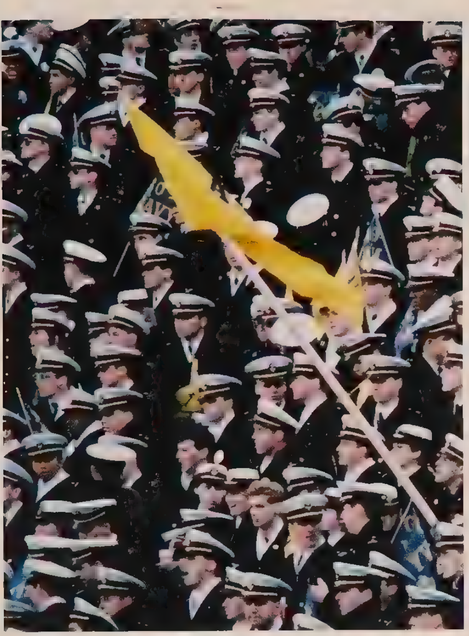
I WANNA BE A RECON. . .

BEAT ARMY !

Army week. To the average person that may not sound like much. But to us it means so much. How could we ever forget all of the late night recons and revenge attacks? Nighttime in the Hall during Army week was not a place for sleeping at all. It was a place for shaving cream bombs and water weenies. It was a place for secret swims and missing name plates. Sleepers were nowhere to be found. The days did not lack excitement, either. Noon meal was a new adventure every day with hat day, tie day, and basically everyday being food fight day. Of course the news cameras were there to capture every lung, chest, throat, leg and stomach testing performed by the plebes. Unfortunately, this year's spirit didn't accomplish its goal of beating Army, but there's always next year.


NAVY
88
NAVY
88

25
86
Go Army



ARMY
BEAT ARMY
AGAIN

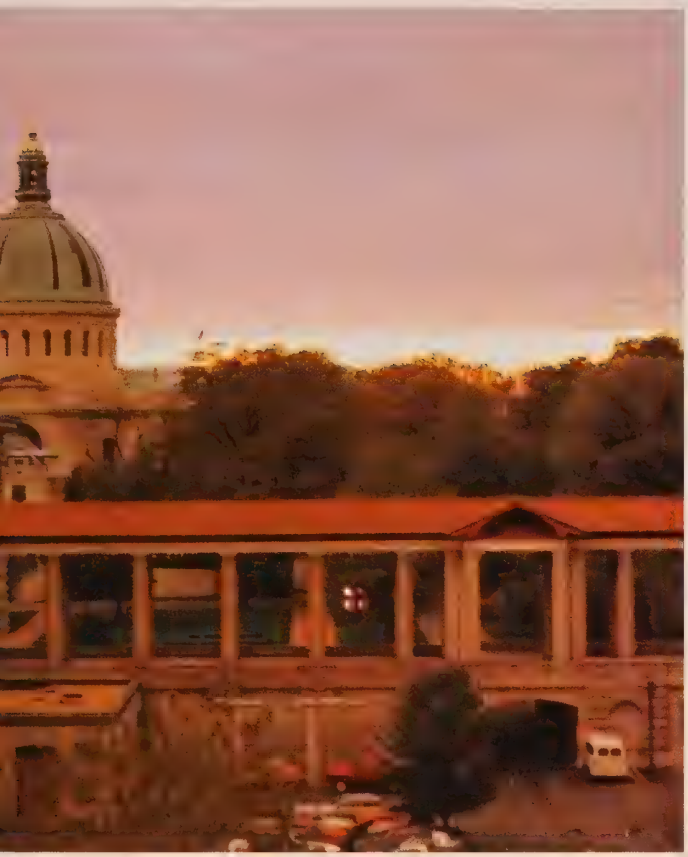
DESPITE NEW CHANGES
PHILLY FUN

For the first time in years, second and third class could not go to Philadelphia for Army weekend on Friday. Instead, we had a ball in Dahlgren Hall. Plebes and academically "unsat" upperclass could not spend the night in Philly at all. To top everything off, the Philadelphia Center Hotel, the traditional Army-Navy party site, was closed. Despite all of these policy changes, we had fun in Philly. With "Beat Army!" on our minds, we waved spirit flags and cheered our way through a tough game and laughed as the temperature dropped and the grays went back on the other side. Parties survived without the Philly Center and we began to think about beating Army, next year.

THE
1986
ARMY-NAVY
GAME
THE TEN O'CLOCK NEWS
29

USNA AT
TWILIGHT

There is a certain time of day when it is hard not to notice the beauty of Annapolis and the Academy. The restful, quiet moment between the exertion of sports, the bustle of evening meal, and the intensity of study hour. At twilight, it is easy to sit back, take a deep breath, and look around at the Yard, or out onto the Bay, or into town — wherever you look, things seem restful. It is easy to imagine that everything is just as it was one hundred years ago, and to think of the achievements of those whose footsteps we follow. At twilight, even plebes notice the beauty of the buildings which often look like prisons though the eyes of midshipmen.



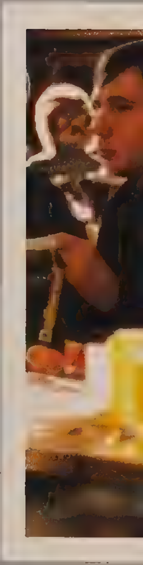
HAVE A BALL . . .
CHRISTMAS

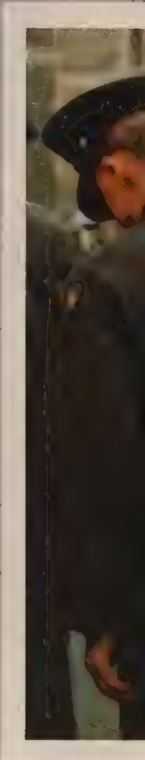
It was probably the most requested Plebe rate: "How many days until Christmas leave?" It is everybody's favorite leave. Christmas is the time to finally relax after all those finals. It is the time when all your family and friends get to unwrap all those presents that your big Christmas bonus bought them. And for the Plebes, it is the first time since they left home on I-Day that many of them have been back. No doubt, Christmas was our favorite holiday. This year, as a replacement for Friday night in Philly, we had a Christmas Ball complete with a top band for our entertainment, John Cafferty and the Beaver Brown Band. After first having a nice dinner out in town and then catching the Navy basketball game, we all crammed into Dahlgren for the show. What a fabulous time. Christmas: it just can't be beat.

SEASONS' GREETING

WOOP WEEKEND EXCHANGE

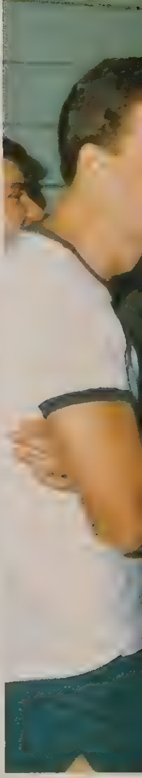
During Second Class Year, each midshipman is the lucky winner of a round trip ticket to a luxurious resort on the Hudson River in New York. The Army weekend exhange program gives all midshipmen and cadets the opportunity to see how the "other half" lives. On five weekends throughout the year West Point sends down about 200 woops to see what Crabtowne weekends are like, and the same number of mids head up to get a taste of Army life. This program promotes understanding and cooperation between the services, and gives the midshipmen a fuller appeciation of the Naval Academy.

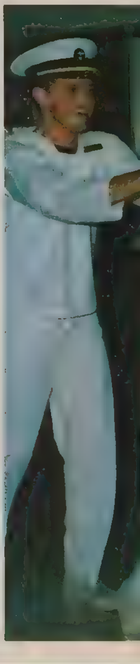




SQUID
RITUALS

One of the most unique traditions in Bancroft Hall is the brick ritual. Reef Points defines "brick" as "a homely escort or date who should have stayed home." A brick is given to a mid to honor such a date. Plebes decide which upperclass is most deserving of the dreaded award, indicative of poor judgement in weekend exploits. The plebes roam the company searching for the unlucky recipient, chanting "Who gets the brick?"





U.S.M.C. ON
DISPLAY

Each year the Academy is invaded by tanks, infantrymen, helicopters, artillery pieces, and missile launchers. This year was no exception. The "invasion" is a friendly one, as the U.S. Marines set up their weapons and equipment throughout the yard. Aside from confusing the tourists ("Why is there a tank there? I thought this was the **Navy** Academy?"), the display provides an opportunity for midshipmen to get a good look at the equipment and to talk to the Marines that use it. The static display also becomes the topic of countless plebe "pro-reports." These reports are much more interesting when they involve actually seeing a weapon instead of just reading about it in a book.

ALL PRESENT OR ACCOUNTED FOR. . .

NOON MEAL

Noon meal in King Hall was more than just eating. It was a ritual, a teaching session, a chance to experiment with leadership skills. Of course, we all complained about the food, but even that was better than we admitted. To the Plebes, however, noon meal was not always an enjoyable time. Noon meal was the time to find out if they really "knew their stuff." This consisted of the front page article and the sports article, the menus, the days (Mule, Yule, Spring, Ring, Fling), and the most important of all rates: the professional topic. Cheers and lung-testing still filled the hall, though. Not even a flamer could stop spirit.

LING

DOOM AND GLOOM

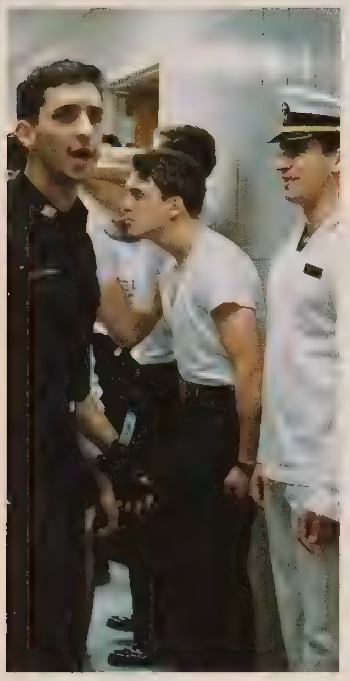
DARK AGES

It is easy to see why the period between Christmas leave and Spring Break is known as the Dark Ages at the Naval Academy. Nobody knows who first yelled "Daa-a-a-a-rk A-a-a-a-ges!" out of a Bancroft Hall window, but it doesn't matter; the tradition continues. Short, grey, wet days creep by ever so slowly. The end of semester seems years away, and midshipmen use winter sports to vent the frustrations inherent in the season. The limestone mammoth we call home turns a few shades darker as it absorbs rain and snow.

NO CLASSES

SNOW!

For a few days in January, the Academy looked more like Arctic outpost than an institute of higher education. Which was fitting, as there was no educating going on. Due to blizzards, a few days of classes were cancelled. Deep drifts kept instructors and support staff from coming to work. Left to itself, the Brigade played snow football, ate off of paper plates, and caught up on sleep and homework. The restriction squad became the snow shovelling squad, and a hearty group of midshipmen volunteered to help the town of Annapolis dig itself out. The snowstorm and the winter fun brought some white days to the dark ages.



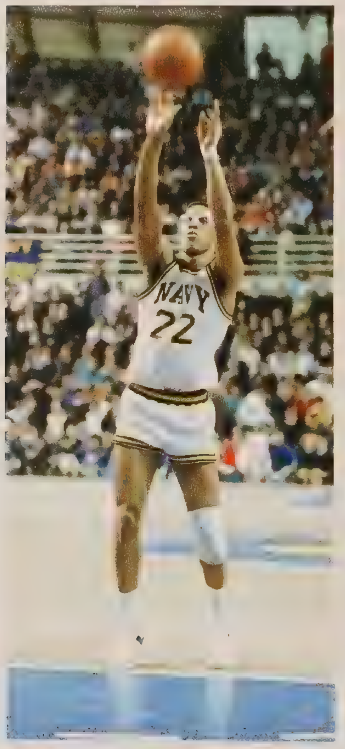
PLEBES AGAIN

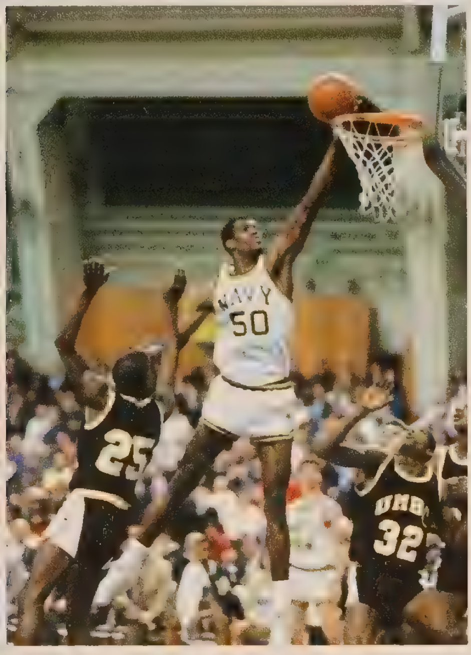
100 LEFT

"Sir, the days are . . ." Nowhere are people more concerned with the number of days until an event than we are in Bancroft Hall. That is why Hundred's Night is an especially big event. In the long road to graduation, the firsties are rounding the final curve and heading in to the home stretch. From here on, the days will be double digits. To celebrate, the firsties give up their insignia and their privileges and become plebes for the night. The plebes become temporary firsties and are in charge for the night. They get their long-awaited chance to yell, ask rates, carry on, and act like first class. The role-switching provides hilarious entertainment, and reminds the firsties that they will soon be at the bottom again.

CRAZY ABOUT HOOPS!

Halsey Fieldhouse rocked with noise this year as it never has before, as Navy Basketball attendance shattered all records. The team, led by senior superstar Dave Robinson, had another outstanding season. As a result, the sport became as popular as it has ever been at the Academy. Thousands of midshipmen, Annapolitans, and basketball fans from all over showed up at each home contest, and they were seldom disappointed, as the team won almost every home game. The crowds were enthusiastic, even rowdy at times. The bleachers behind the baseline became the domain of the infamous Zoo Gang, which intimidated visiting teams. The Brigade demonstrated lots of spontaneous spirit, and had fun doing so.




NAVY
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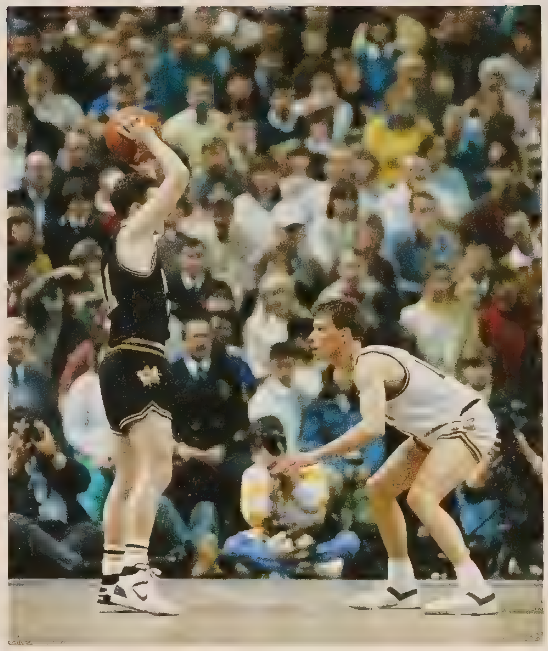

POSS.

FIRST CLASS
DECISION

The excitement of sevice selection night . . .. It filled the hall and the airwaves of WRNV. The excitement of a shaved head, the excitement of future wings, the excitement of even the last one in line getting exactly what he wanted, the excitement of the light at the end of the tunnel . . .that's what service selection is all about. Good Luck '87! We think you made outstanding First Class decisions.

PASS IN CNO'S

REVIEW

At every dress parade, the Brigade takes a strain to look sharp and put on a good show. This spring, however, there was an especially good reason for the Brigade to put its best foot forward at one of the P-rades. The parade was being reviewed by the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Carlysle A.H. Trost. It was an honor to march for this distinguished Naval officer.

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SPRING

DAZE '87

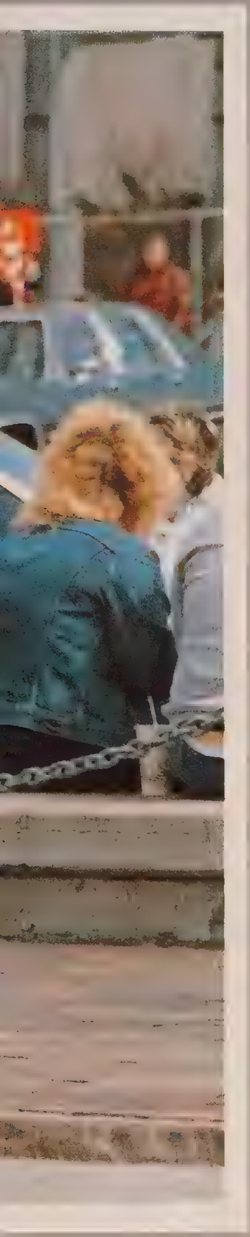
As Spring arrives and the Dark Ages fade into the past, the Naval Academy is transformed from a gray, dismal place to lively colorful one. The Spring goes as fast as the winter goes slowly. After spring break, when many midshipmen return tanned from Florida vacations or ski trips, there are only a couple of months of school left. All of a sudden, the days till graduation are numbered — and the number is getting lower. When the number gets to thirty-six, a new phenomenon begins. Tecumseh gets redecorated each day by a different company, starting with the 36th Company.

IL
FABER,
WLEDGE
IS
GOOD"
36
DAZ
TILL
THE
STALLION
OMES HOME.

MUSICAL
SUPPORT

The Naval Academy Band provides the Brigade with musical support during parades, pep-rallies, and atheletic events. Actually, we would be lost without the musical spirit and beat they provide. The Electric Brigade also comes from this group and provides outstanding top hits to many of our dances and formal balls. The Band also provides entertainment to the Annapolis community during its special concerts. We salute their extraordinary contributions to the Academy.

LERS HARDWARE



MIDSHIPMEN IN CRABTOWN

After visiting the other service academies, many midshipmen have realized that one of Navy's best advantages is the proximity to a nice town. Just outside our gates lies one of the most scenic, historic, and friendly towns in America. Every midshipman has his own reason for liking Crabtown: many plebes take advantage of their limited liberty at the infamous BK Lounge, while upperclass are more likely to be found socializing by the City Dock or patronizing on of Annapolis' finer entertainment establishments.

FAMOUS
1982

NAVAL ACADEMY

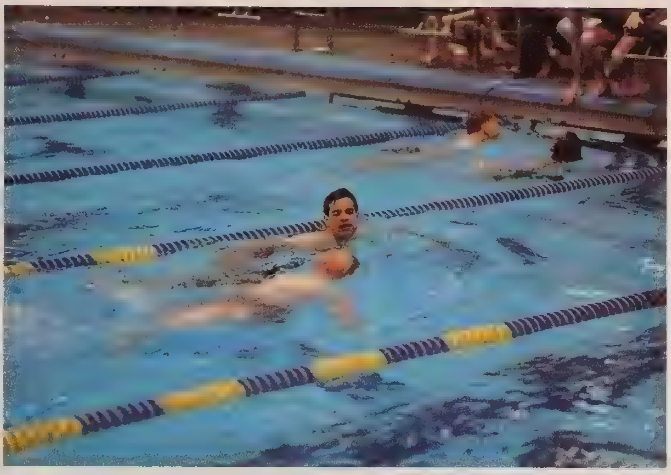
IN BLOOM

Visitors and tourists are constantly commenting on something which most midshipmen take for granted: the beauty of the Yard, especially in the Spring. The beds of flowers in Stribling walk are amazing — one day they could be full of bright purple flowers, and the next day all of a sudden there are red and orange tulips. Few people even notice these sudden changes, but most people can't help but notice the fine appearance of the Yard in full bloom.

LIFE WITHIN
MOTHER B

Someone who has never lived within Bancroft Hall, would probably find it difficult to understand many of the things that go on within the massive limestone walls. Since "Horseplay in Bancroft Hall" is listed in the regulations as a conduct offense, midshipmen abstain from childish games and find other ways to let off steam and deal with the pressure of Navy life. In the process of meeting these challenges, strong bonds develop between classmates, company-mates, and roommates.

NAVY



SPECIAL KIDS' OLYMPICS

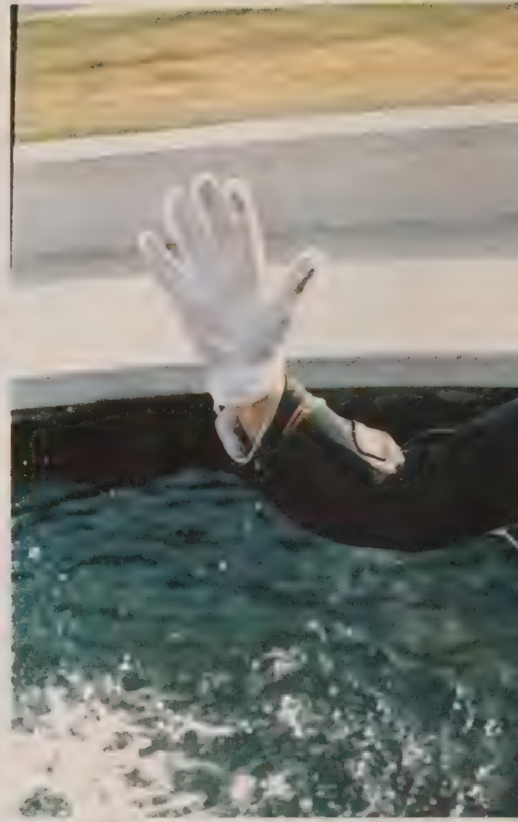
This year as every year, the Naval Academy hosted the area's Special Olympics competitions. The Special Olympics are an opportunity for mentally and physically handicapped people of all ages to compete in a variety of events suited to their disabilities. Over a hundred midshipmen cheerfully volunteered their time to assist as officials, coordinators, coaches, and huggers. Since participants, midshipmen, and others involved with the event, all shared, learned, and grew, this was one Olympics where there were no losers.

Anne Arundel
SPECIAL OLY
198

SPECIAL
1987
SPECIAL OLYMPIC

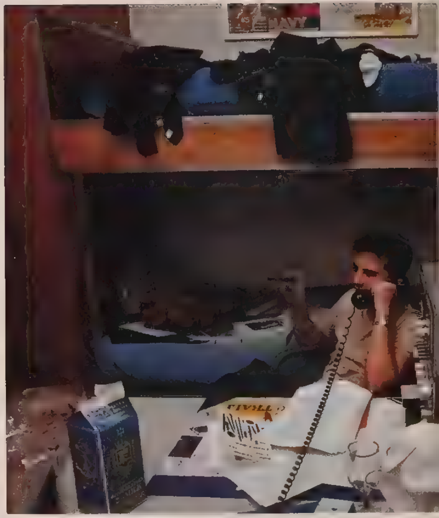
THE INTERSERVICE
EXCHANGE

"Who are those guys in the grey uniforms with the funny hats?" Not a fall parade goes by without that question being asked in the viewing stands. The guys in the grey uniforms are Cadets from the United States Military Academy. Each year, each of the four service academies sends a handful of second class cadets or midshipmen to each of the others to spend the fall semester as an exchange student. Aside from the fact that they stick out like sore thumbs at parades, the cadets from West Point, Colorado Springs, and New London blend in well with the Brigade of Midshipmen. The weeks before the football games with Air Force and Army can be extremely interesting times for these exchange cadets. They become the subjects of numerous pranks. In return, they often try to express their own school spirit — but always end up having to clean up after themselves. (It's not hard to figure out who did it.) Before the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, the exchange cadets are allowed to cross the field and sit with their own species. In return, the mids who have held hostage on the Hudson return to the Brigade for the day.



HEALTHY
PASTIMES

The period between classes and evening meal is reserved for intramural and varsity sports. For most midshipmen , this time is the highlight of each day. Yet despite this emphasis on organized sports, most mids spend even more time pursuing their own favorite forms of fitness and recreation. The majority lift weights and run, but many other sports are popular pastimes. Basketball, tennis, and raquetball are the most popular "pick-up" games. Even within company areas, some form of recreation is always available — or inventable.


NAVY

HOW TO HAVE
FUN 101

If courses in fun were part of our cirriculum, most midshipmen would pass easily. The Academy teaches us to make the most of any situation, and consequentially midshipmen often find creative ways to have fun. No matter how badly things may be going, some things will be going less badly than others. By changing our frame of reference, these things seem good. With a philosophy like that, even being on restriction has the potential for "fun." Weekends always bring opportunities for having fun — tailgaters, dates, or road trips; but weeknights in some rooms can be just as fun.

INTERNATIONAL

FUN FOR ALL

The International Ball is a major event at the Academy each Spring. The Ball, sponsored by the foreign language clubs, is a spectacular production involving a fine dinner in King Hall, a formal dance in Smoke Hall, and a cabaret show in Steerage. The main attraction for most midshipmen, however, is the guest list. The Ball is attended by hundreds of men and women from other countries. Many of them are sons and daughters of foreign diplomats stationed in Washington, D.C. The International Ball provides a fine opportunity to meet interesting people from far away places.

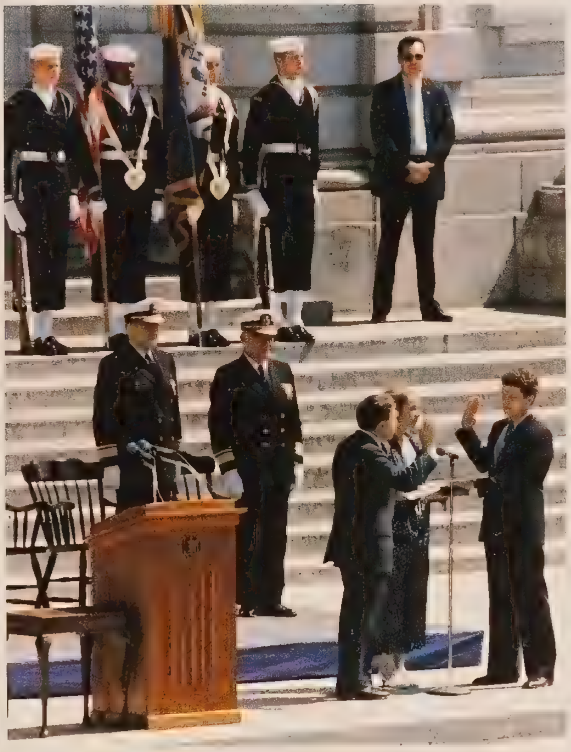
DINING-IN
STYLE

One of the Navy traditions with the greatest potential for fun is the dining-in. Many Companies, sports teams and extracirricular activities organize their own dining-ins throughout the year. These dinners are special occasions, and involve some of the finer points of etiquette, including "punishment" for those found in violation of the mess. A good dinner is appreciated by all, but only after Mr. Vice has proclaimed the meat "fit for human consumption." The only complaint ever heard about dining-ins is that they end to quickly, especially when they occur on school nights. It is easy to see why this tradition has been around for so long.

A RENDERING OF HONOR

SWEARING-IN

On May 1, 1987, the Naval Academy was the site of the swearing-in ceremony for the new Secretary of the Navy, The Honorable James H. Webb, Jr. At the ceremony, Secretary of Defense Caspar W. Wienberger swore in Secretary Webb as the 66th Secrestary of the Navy. The Brigade stood at attention in formation around the perimeter of T-Court for the well-rehearsed ceremony. The ceremony was a homecoming of sorts, for Mr. Webb, who graduated from the Academy in 1968. The Brigade is proud to have one of its own in the Navy's top post.



A TO ZZZ . . .

PERIOD 5

The classes right after lunch are infamous for the Z-syndrome. Midshipmen have come up with hundreds of methods to fight off the urge to fall asleep, and just as many ways to sleep without getting caught. Professors know that it is dangerous to turn off the lights for a demonstration or a film, especially on days when "Z-burgers" are served for lunch.

FUN IN THE
SPRING

Springtime is a time when everyone seeks their favorite form of recreation, whether that be golfing, tailgating, going to ball games, or just sitting out on the red beach. After the long dark ages, Spring's brighter, warmer days are a welcome reminder that the academic year is soon drawing to its close. The balmy spring weather always seems to have the effect of making it next to impossible to concentrate an anything serious, especially studies.

FORRESTAL
LECTURE

Each year, the Brigade is treated to lectures by outstanding community leaders in a variety of fields, including government, the arts, literature, politics, the military, and science. These lectures are known as the Forrestal Lecture Series. This year's lectures included Mr. H. Ross Perot and Mr. Edwin Meese. Mr. Perot, a 1949 graduate of the Naval Academy, is one of the most successful businessmen in America. He is chairman of the board of Electronic Data Systems, which he founded 1962, and has served on the board of directors of General Motors. Mr. Meese, a prominent figure in the Reagan administration, has held a number of top government jobs. When lecturing the Brigade, he was the Attorney General of the United States. Both of these display exemplary patriotism and inspired the Brigade with their speeches.

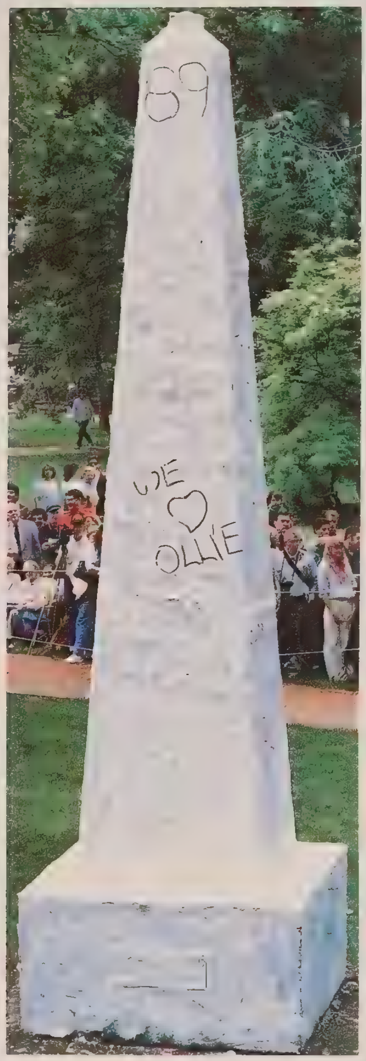
NO SWEAT . . .

FINALS

The final exams of second semester are both dreaded and eagerly anticipated. Although they may be difficult and long, they are made easier by the knowledge that just around the corner is June Week and another summer. For the class of 1987, the final exams were an even more momentous occasion, because they really were the *final* exams. As each first class put down his pen after his last exam, the realization came that four years of hard academic work were over.

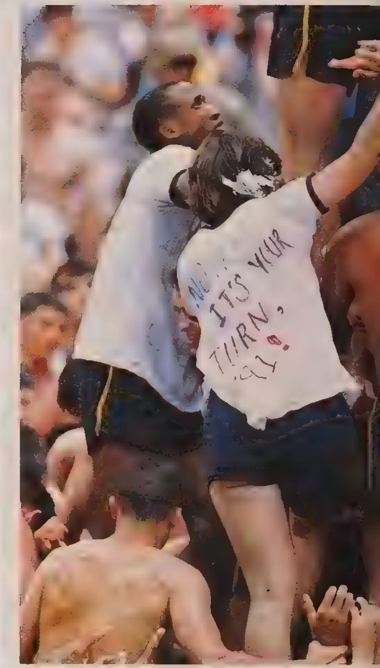
COMMISSIONING WEEK ’87

Commissioning week is a very special time for midshipmen and their guests. It is a major event for families of midshipmen. Many make reservations to rent a house or a hotel room months, or even years, in advance. For midshipmen, June Week is not all fun and games. Hundreds of loose ends must be tied up to finish up the year. There are uniforms to be put into into storage, seabags to be packed for cruises, weapons to be returned, rehearsals to attend, and countless other evolutions. It seems that hour after hour is wasted waiting in line — a waste that is especially hard since family and friends are patiently waiting. Despite such frustrations, Commissioning Week always proves to be a wonderful time for everyone involved, as detailed on the next 26 pages.



AIN'T NO MORE PLEBES!

Scaling Herndon Monument is, after graduation, perhaps the next most significant ceremony in a midshipman's Academy years. It is certainly the least dignified. There is nothing attractive about the sight of 1,000 men and women wrestling against a granite obelisk covered with a ton of lard. At least not from the outside — from within the greasy mass of bodies, it is one of the most attractive sights of one's life. It represents freedom from the burden of being a plebe. The exhilaration and sense of accomplishment which come from knowing that the toughest year is over. Upperclass also had a vested interest in the speedy completion of the Plebe Recognition Ceremony, as their liberty did not begin until there were no more plebes.


IT'S YOUR TURN, '91!

BYE BYE
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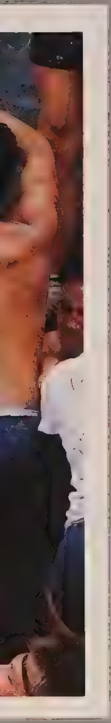
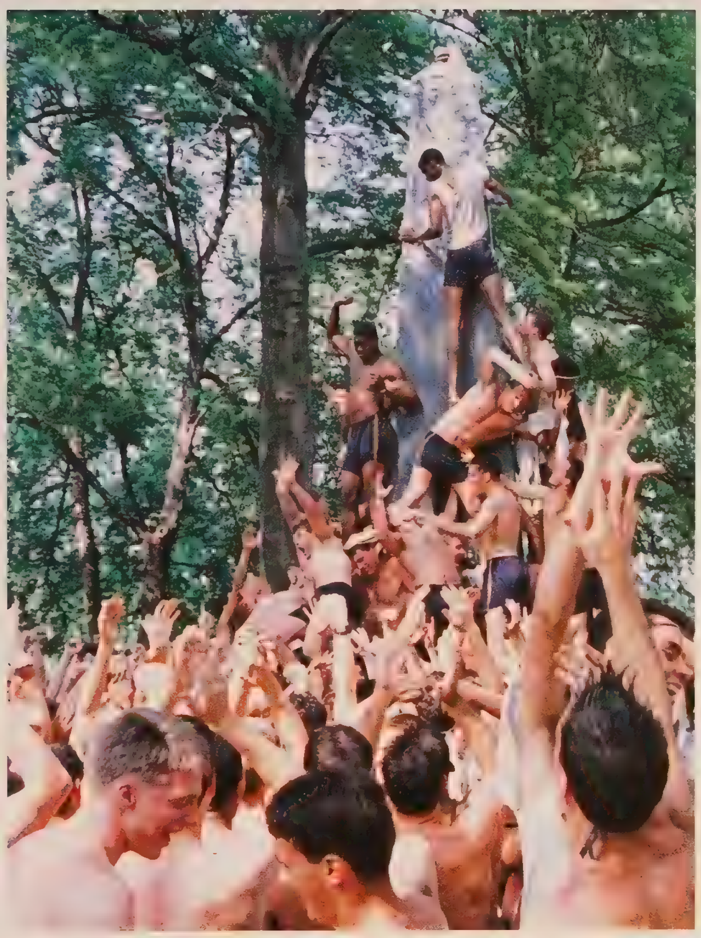
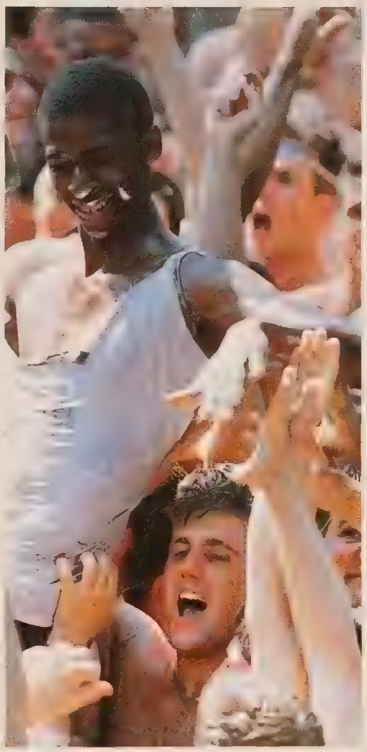


1990'S FIRST

ADMIRAL

Despite adverse weather, a large crowd turned out to watch the class of 1990 attack Herndon Monument. Because the Friday morning parade was cancelled, the scaling of Herndon marked the opening of Commissioning Week ceremonies. After sloshing around in lard-coated chaos for a while, 1990 emerged with a strategy capitalizing on one of its unique assets. Byron Hopkins, a 6'9" basketball player, displayed his amazing reach. He pulled down the dixie cup hat, a symbol of Plebe year, and replaced it with a combination cover. Byron's classmates then carried him triumphantly to the Superintendent, who awarded him with an Admiral's shoulderboard. Tradition claims that the mid who places the hat on the monument will be the class' first admiral. If so, Hopkins will surely be the tallest Admiral ever!





ROMANCING THE STONE

As Second Class looked forward to the big event, Plebes were required to answer the question, "How many days until my Ring Dance?" Some Second Class asked this question wondering how long they had to find a date; others were only anxious to wear their new rings. Aside from the obvious romance of the Ring Dance, it also had a deeper meaning for the Class of 1988. It marked the beginning of ***their*** year. It has been said that the only ranks worth having were Fleet Admiral and Midshipman First Class. As each Midshipman received his ring from his date, it was a sort of coronation. As "kings" of the Academy for a year, the Class of 1988 could now begin reaping the benefits of three hard years.

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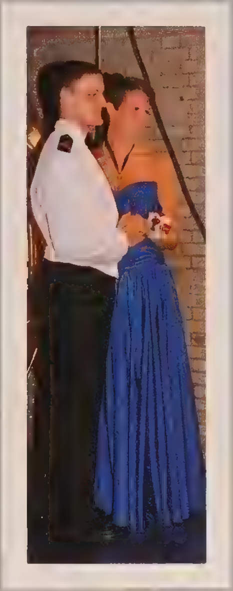
8

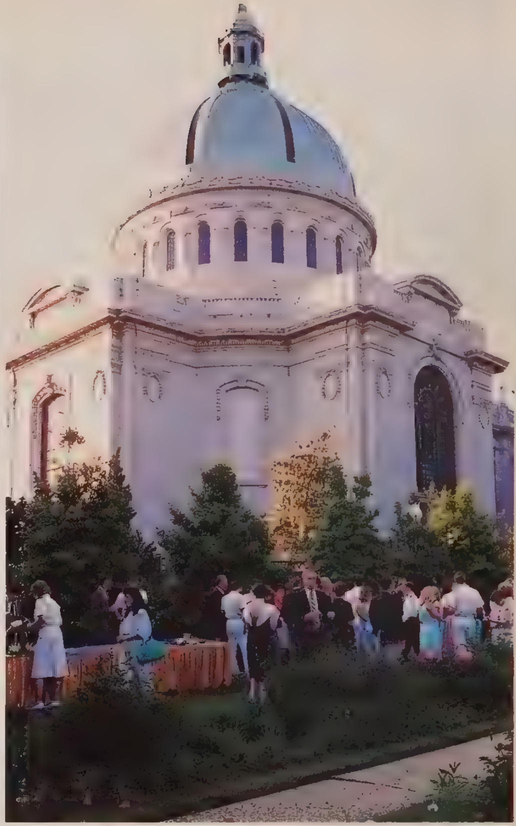
DO NOT
MOVE FURNITURE
IN THIS AREA

8



ADMIRAL'S PARTY

Although the Superintendent's Buchanan House was the scene of countless receptions and dinners throughout the year, nothing could compare with the Commissioning Week Garden Parties. In two nights, one for each regiment, thousands of guests visited and were amazed by the large-scale hospitality and the beauty of the garden. The entire graduating Class of 1987 was invited to bring parents, relatives, and friends to the Admiral's house for a pleasant evening. It was a fine opportunity to meet the families of close friends. For many parents the highlight was a chance to meet Admiral and Mrs. Marryott.



U.S.NAVY

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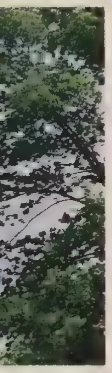
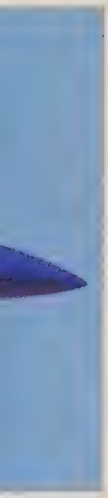
U.S.NAVY
Blue Angels

BLUE ANGELS

FLY NAVY

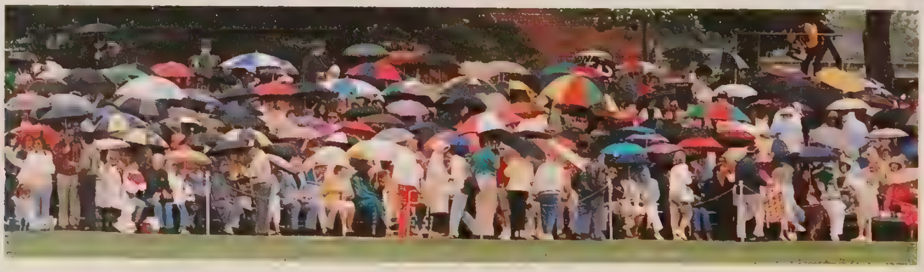
Nobody conveys the exhilaration of flight like the Blue Angels. No matter how many times one has seen them, it is never enough. This year, there was an added attraction; the Blue Angels appeared for the first time at the Academy in their new F/A-18 Hornets. The show was a special one for some of the pilots, too. LCDR Pat Walsh, a 1977 grad commented, "There's only one way to return to Bancroft Hall, that's in a Blue jet, upside down over the Severn River bridge at 400 knots, leaving a trail of smoke and noise behind you."





RAIN ON OUR PARADE

The weather had not been cooperating with Commissioning Week. Rain came and went unpredictably each day, threatening outdoor events. The Dedication Parade on Friday had been cancelled, and relatives and friends were hoping that they would get to see at least one parade. Early Tuesday morning it was announced that the Color Parade was cancelled. After a few more changes, the parade eventually went as scheduled. Thousands of wet, chilled spectators watched as Fourth Company became the new Color Company, based on points earned in academics, athletics, professional competitions, and other activities.



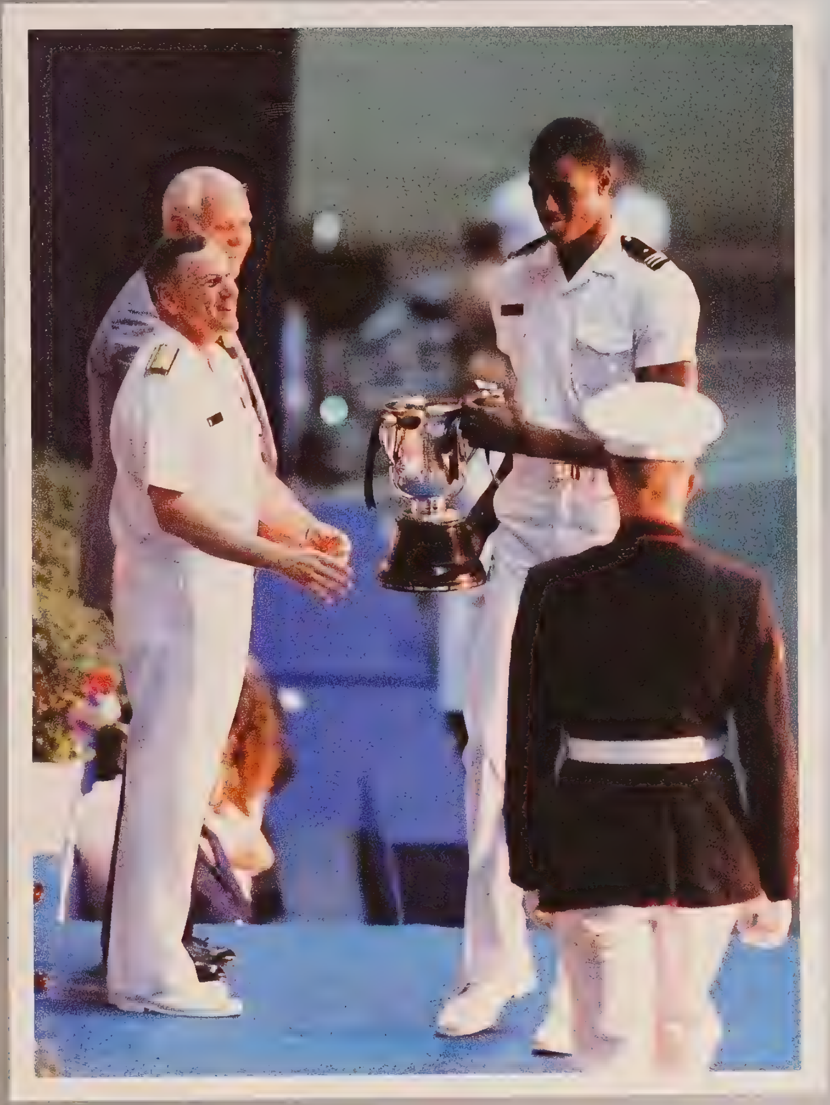
TAKING THE PLUNGE!

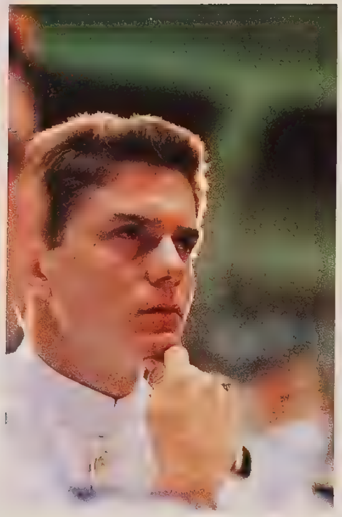
The realization that graduation is less than a day away has traditionally caused First Class Midshipmen to jump into the water in full dress uniform after the Color Parade. The reflecting pool was once the site of this ritual, but it is a garden now. The river is too dirty, and this year the fountain in front of Dahlgren had no water in it. So most of the Class of '87 performed this ritual in the Lejeune pool. After realizing that they will never have to march again, the First Class took their joy to new heights — ten meters.

AWARDS CEREMONY

CONGRATS!

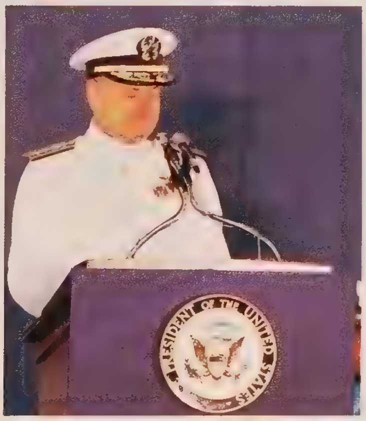
Outstanding midshipmen were recognized at the Prizes and Awards Ceremony. Admiral Marryott, Captain Habermeyer, Dean Lamb, and Captain Coppedge presented awards to midshipmen excelling in leadership, academics, and athletics. The awards are listed in the Honors section on page 768.





INSPIRATIONAL SPEECHES

The Graduation and Commissioning Ceremonies for the Class of 1987 were held indoors at Halsey Fieldhouse because of the rain and inclement weather. This unusual occurrence hardly seemed out of place for a class which had received a number of unique deals throughout its four years at the Academy. Although fewer relatives and friends could attend the indoor graduation, the ceremony itself was no less impressive. The Honorable George Bush, Vice President of the United States gave the graduation address, after an introduction by the Honorable James H. Webb, Jr., Secretary of the Navy, and remarks by the Superintendent, Rear Admiral Ronald F. Marryott. The Class of '87 eagerly listened to the speeches as the moment they had been working toward for four years grew close.



PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

DISTINCTION

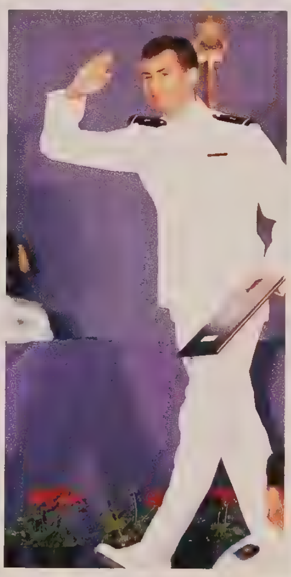
TOP 104

Midshipmen graduating with distinction were the first to receive their diplomas. These 104 men and women were in the top ten percent of the class according to the order of merit, determined by academic, professional, conduct, and physical education standards. They were presented their diplomas by Vice President Bush. Christopher Scott Calhoun graduated first in the class of 1987. For a complete list of those members of the class graduating with distinction, see the *Honors* section beginning on page 768.

COMMISSIONING

CEREMONY

As each midshipman received his diploma and was congratulated by the Vice President, a variety of feelings was evident. Pride in accomplishment, relief of emancipation from Mother B, sadness for leaving behind good friends and good times, anticipation of what lay ahead — all these showed in the faces of the graduates. Then the Class of 1987 took its Oath of Office as officers in the naval service. The new Second Lieutenants in the Marine Corps were administered the Oath by General C.D. Dean, and the new Ensigns were sworn in by the Chief of Naval Operation, Admiral C.A.H. Trost. After pledging to support and defend the Constitution, singing "Blue and Gold," and giving three cheers "for those we leave behind," the newly commissioned officers finally threw their midshipmen's cover into the air.

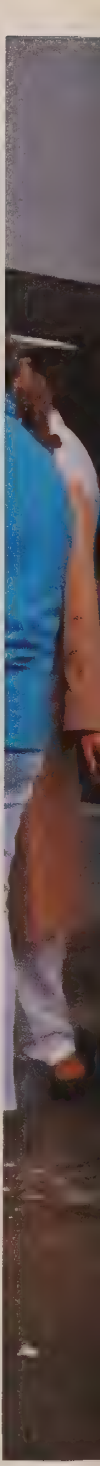


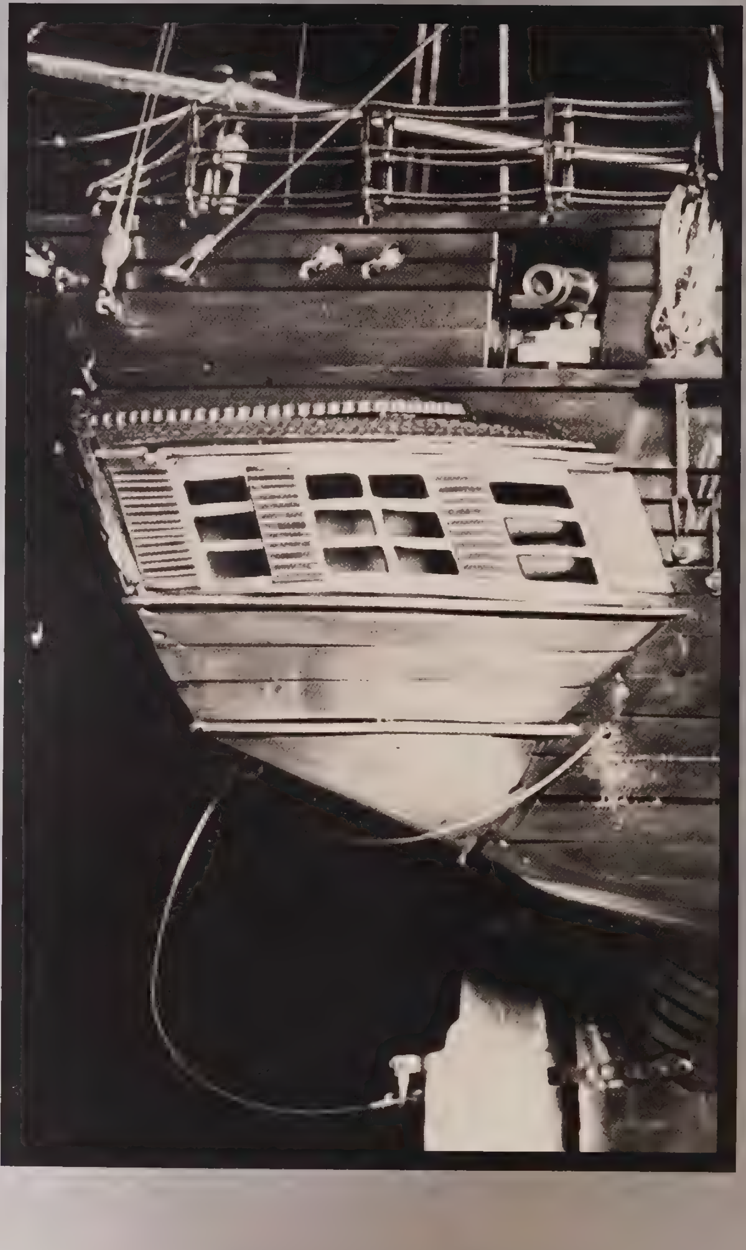
OF THE U

CLASS OF 1987

OFFICERS

Immediately after commissioning, the new officers met with their families and friends to celebrate the biggest step in their careers so far. But first they needed to don the insignia of their new rank. Once outfitted in their new covers and shoulderboards, and insignia, there was still one final Academy ritual to perform: Tradition says that the newly commissioned officer must give a silver dollar to the first person saluting him. While graduation marked the departure of the Class of 1987 and the end of another year at the Academy, it was, more importantly, a beginning of 1,045 officers' careers.





The captain's quarters emphasises two important points about leadership. The relative luxury and spaciousness demonstrate the old adage, "Rank hath its Privilege;" however, their proximity to the ship's wheel and the gun deck made for a less than comfortable ride. This shows that "Rank hath its Responsibilities." These two principles were clearly demonstrated by the leaders in our chain-of-command, the Academy staff, and the faculty. This section is dedicated to them.

COMMAND

President of the United States 146
Secretary of Defense 147
Secretaries of the Navy 148
Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff 150
Chiefs of Naval Operations 151
Commandant of the Marine Corps 153
Superintendents of the Naval Academy . . . 154
Superintendent's Staff 156
Commandants of Midshipmen 157
Academic Dean 159

STAFF

Office of the Commandant 160
Department Heads 161
Chaplains 162
Midshipman Supply Department 163
Administration 164
Operations 166

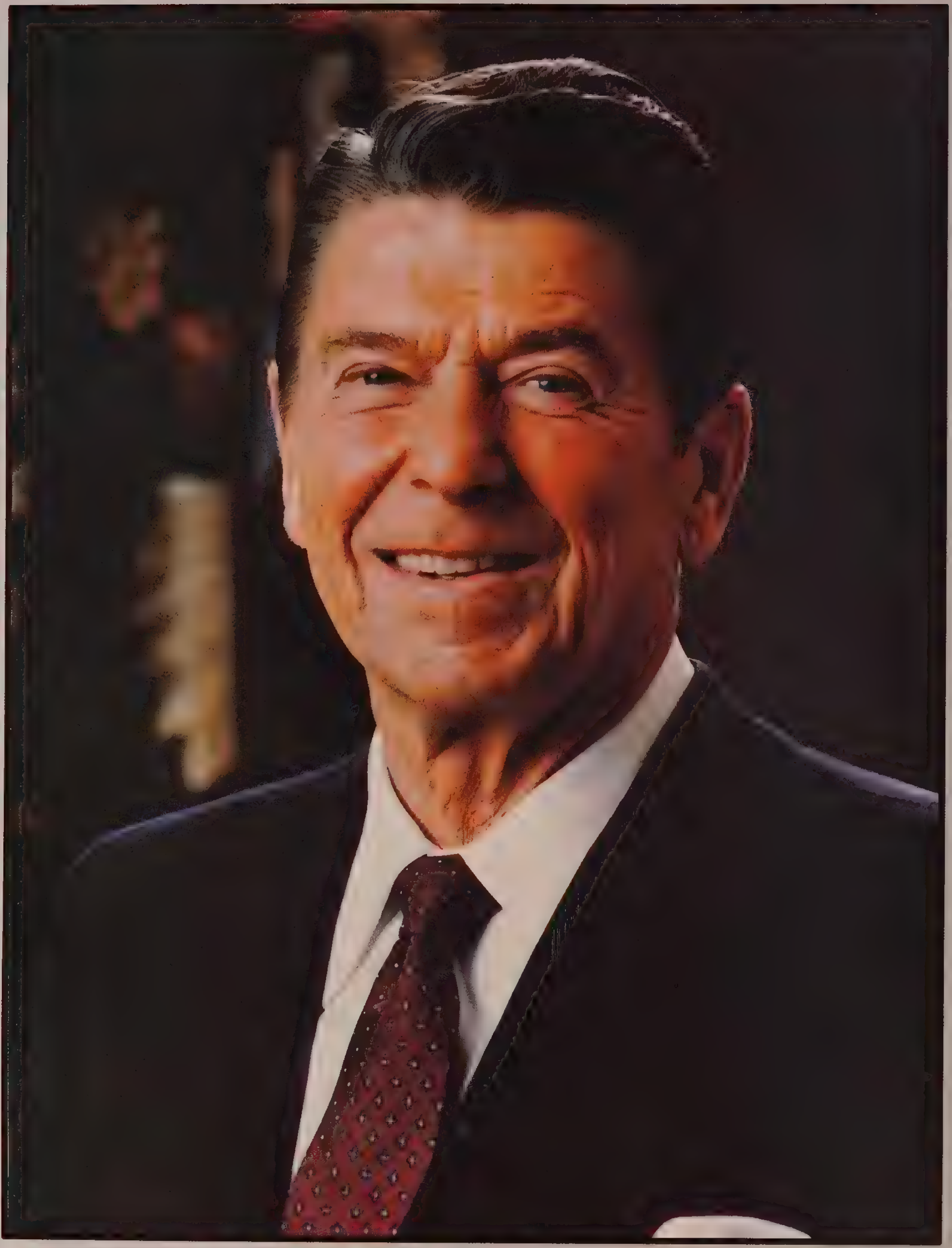
FACULTY

Engineering and Weapons 168
Mathematics and Science 174
U.S. and International Studies 180
English and History 184
Professional Development 186
Physical Education 190

FACULTY

COMMAND & STAFF

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF



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Caspar W. Weinberger

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

John F. Lehman

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

James H. Webb, Jr.

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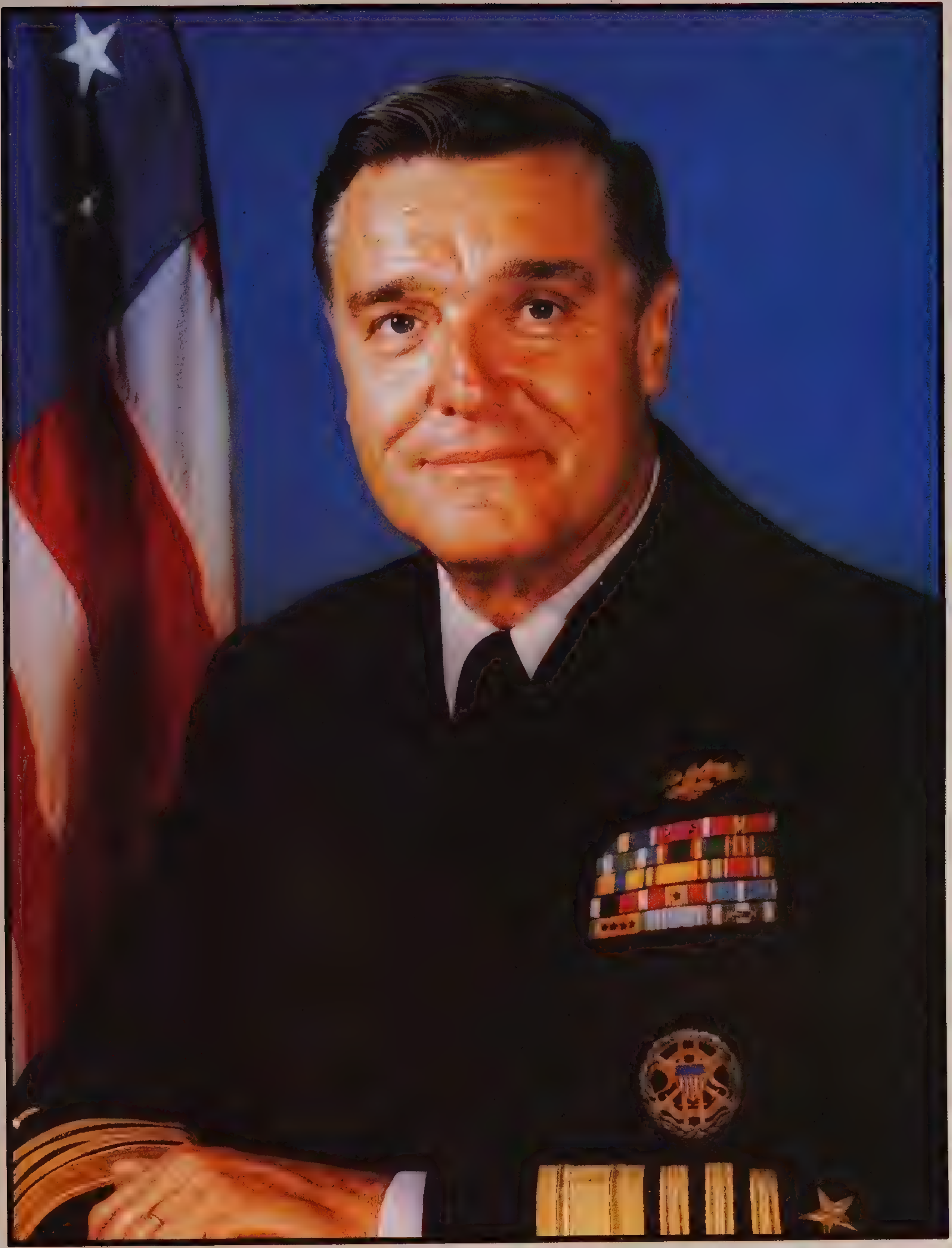

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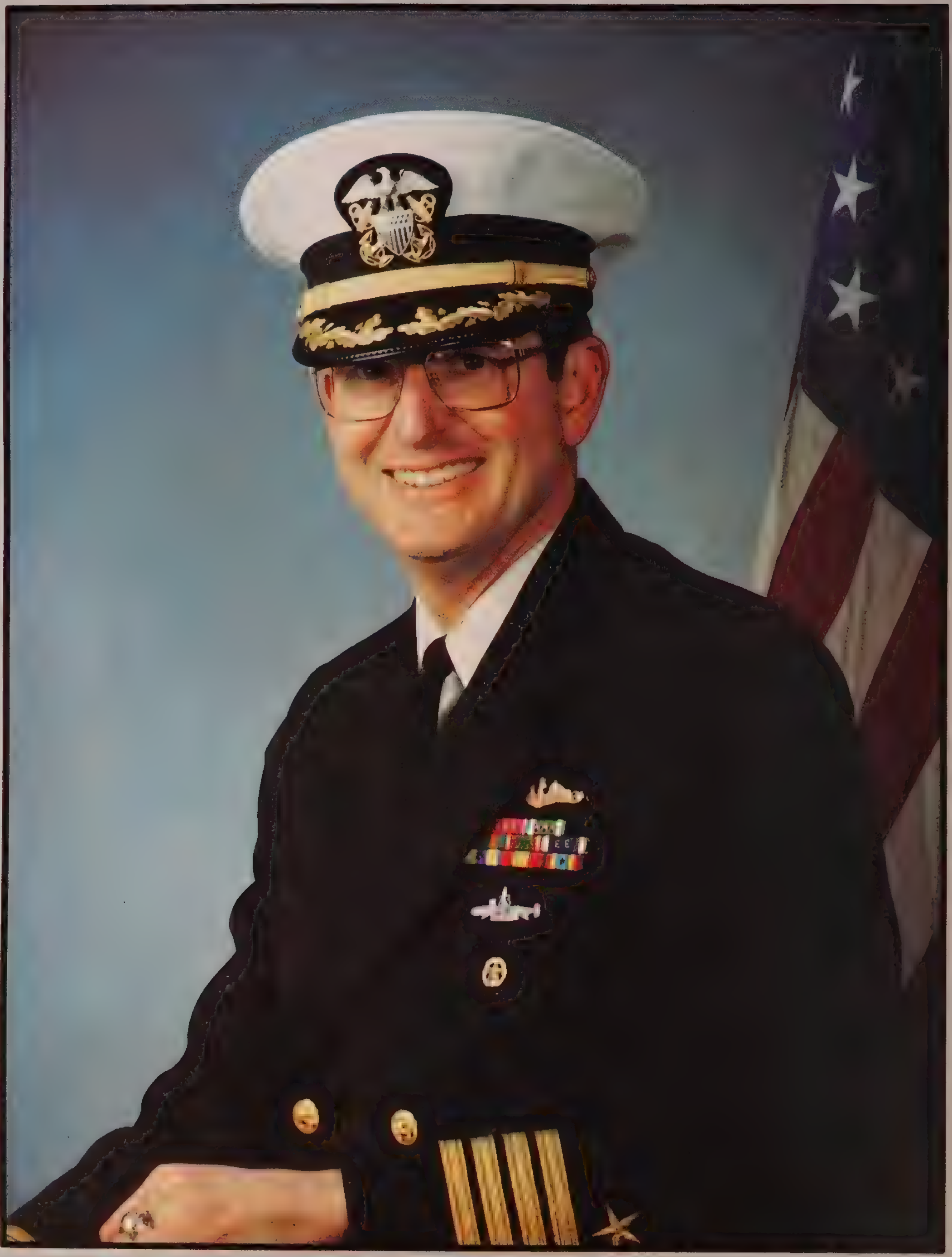
RADM Stephen K. Chadwick

COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN



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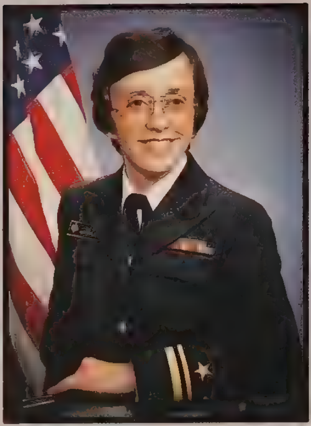

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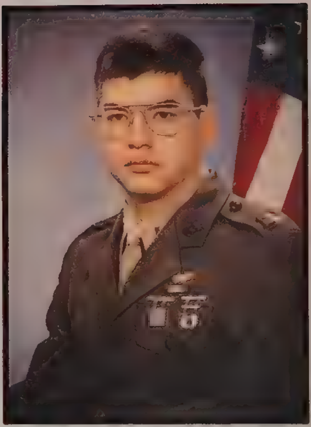
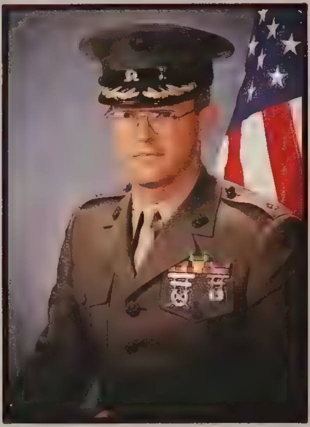


CAPT Timothy Hewitt

PERFORMANCE OFFICER



MAJ Robert C. Funk

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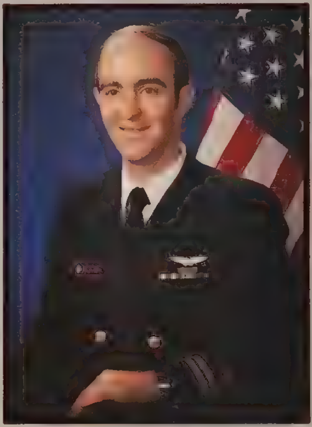

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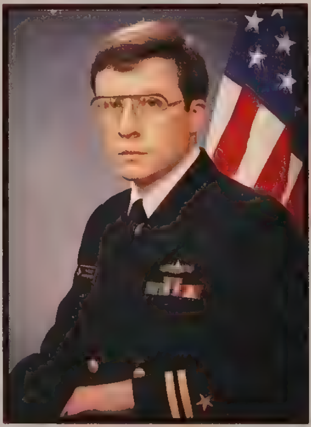
HONOR OFFICER



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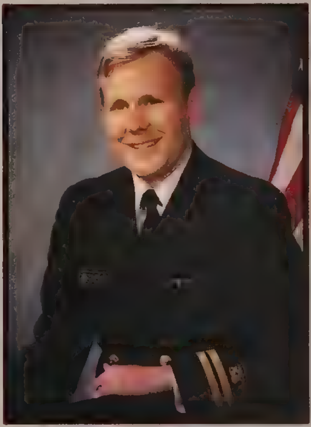

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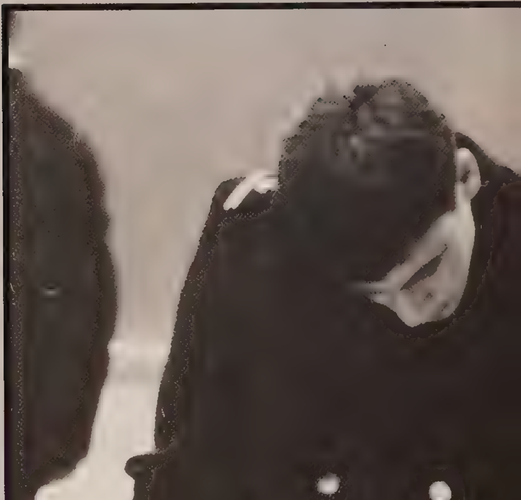

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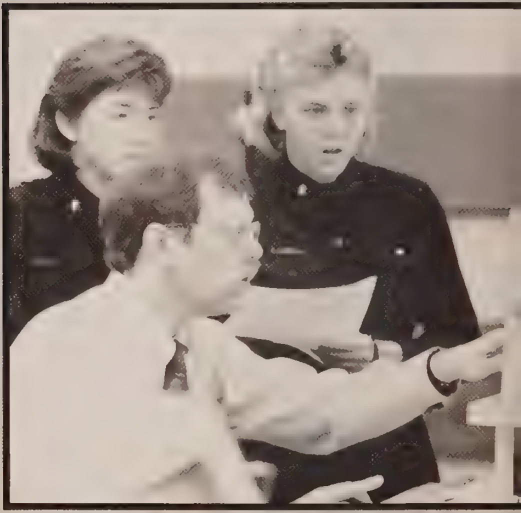

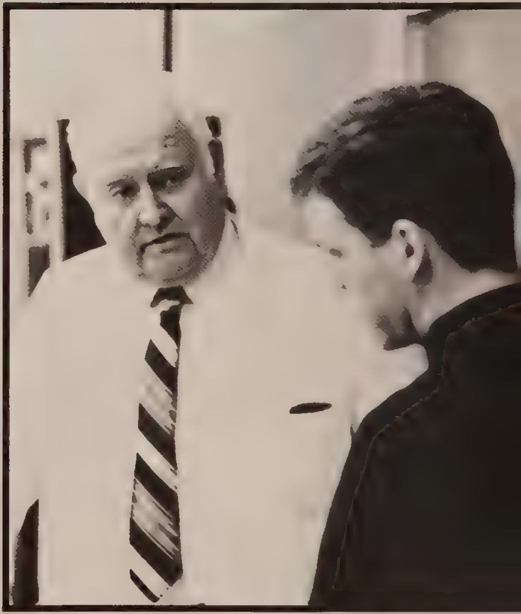

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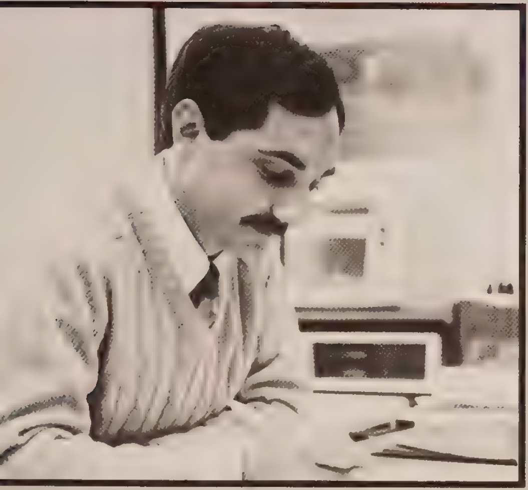

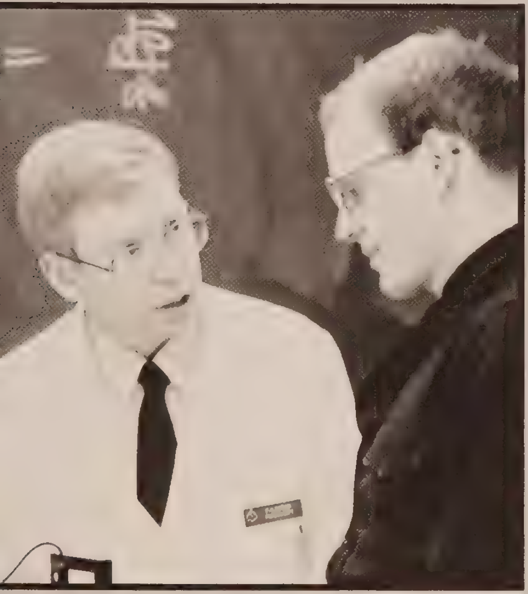

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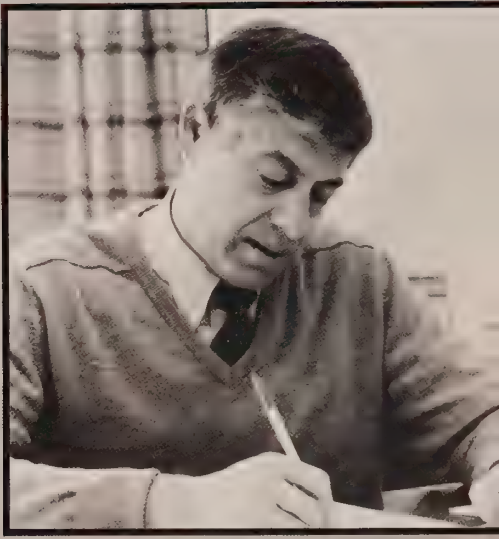

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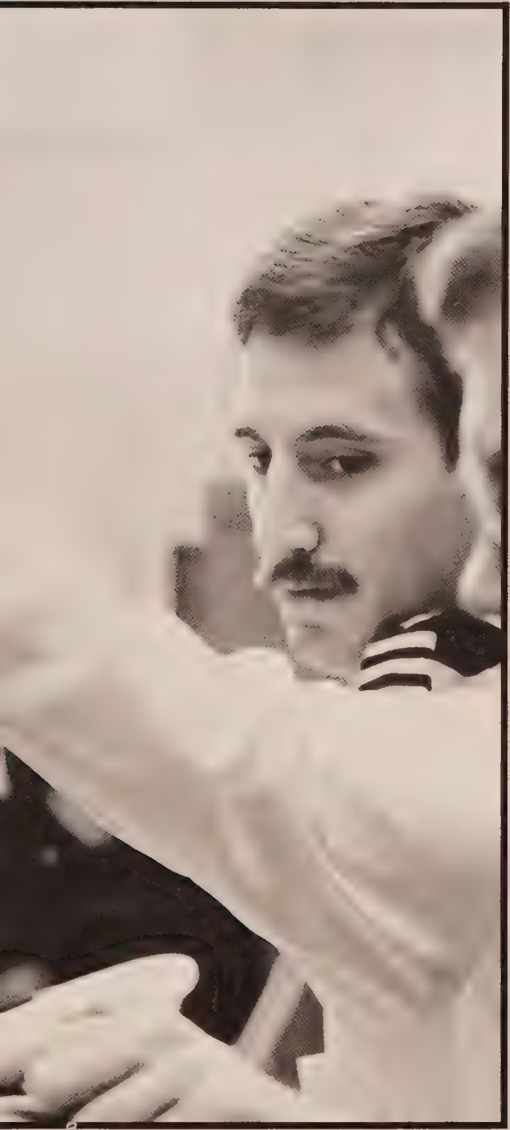

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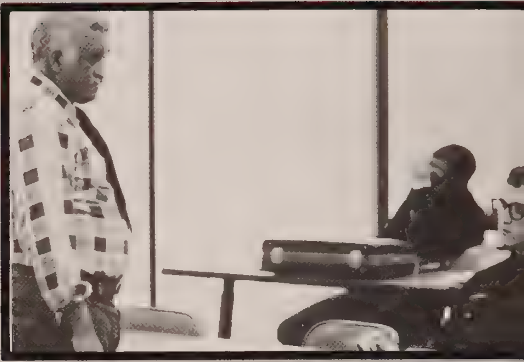

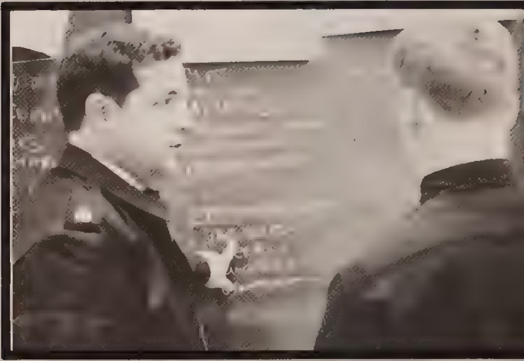

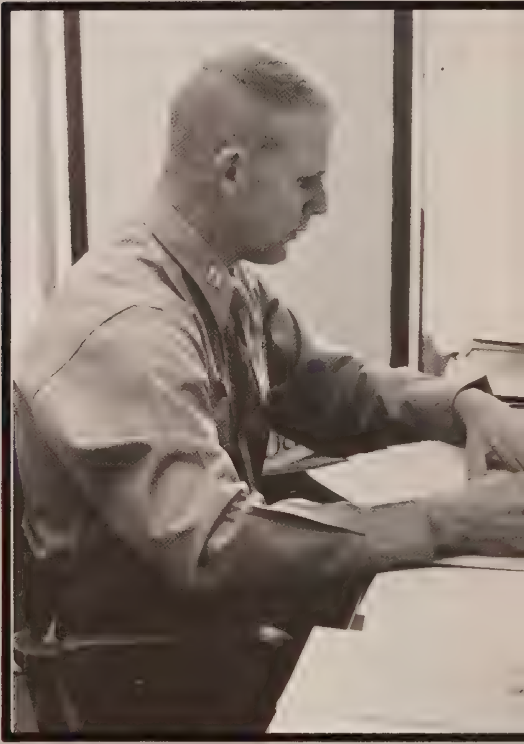

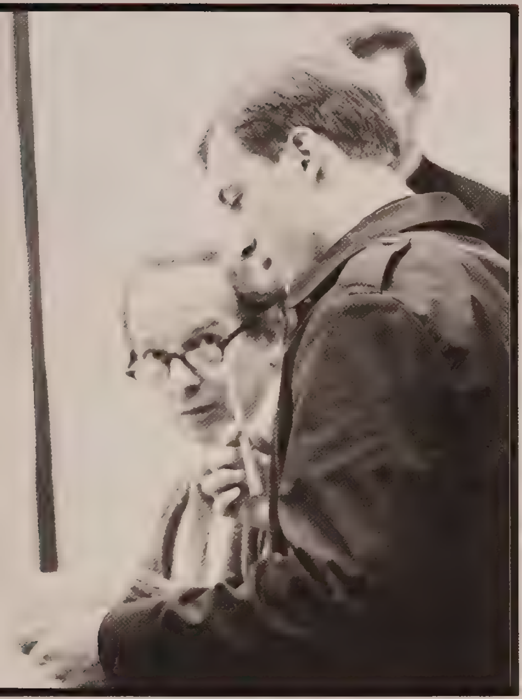

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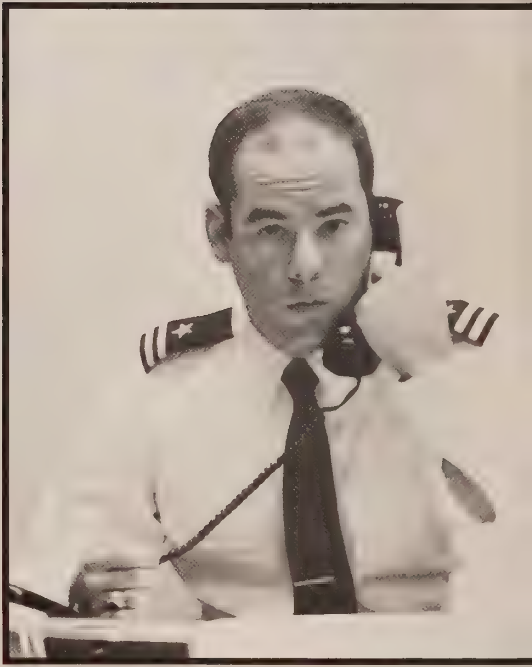

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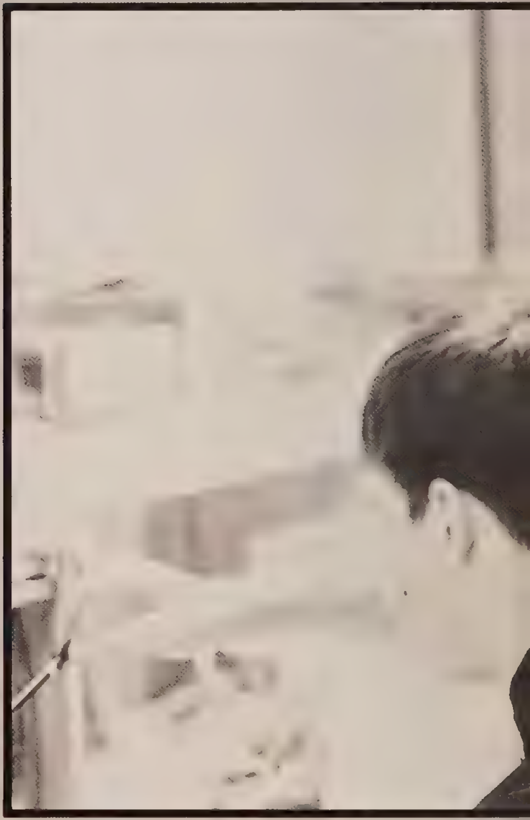

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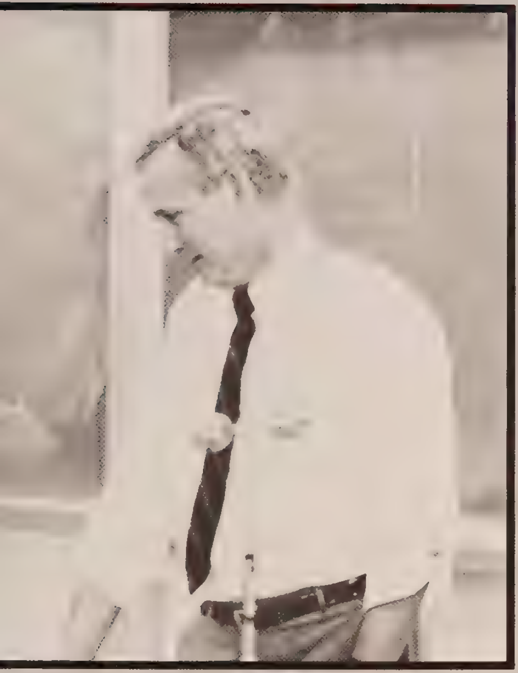

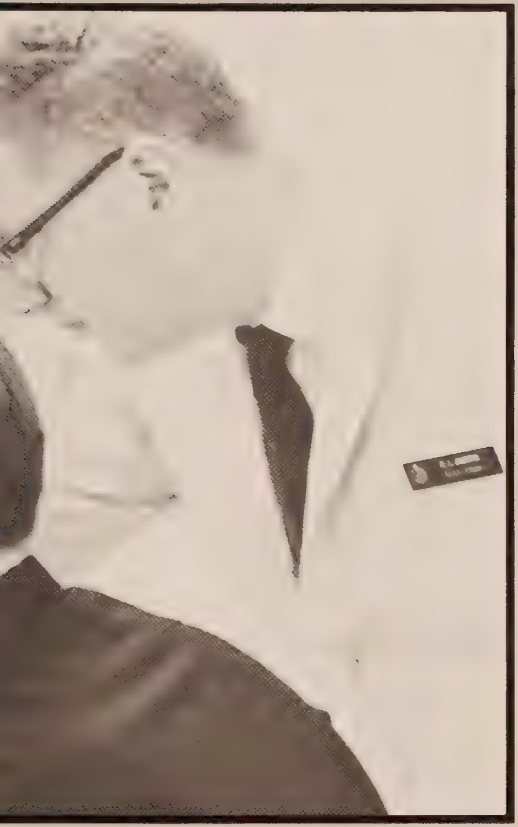

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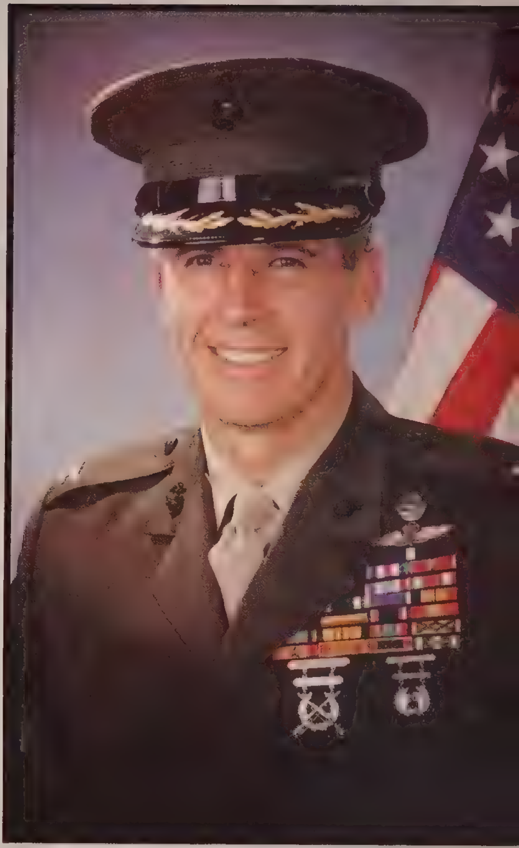

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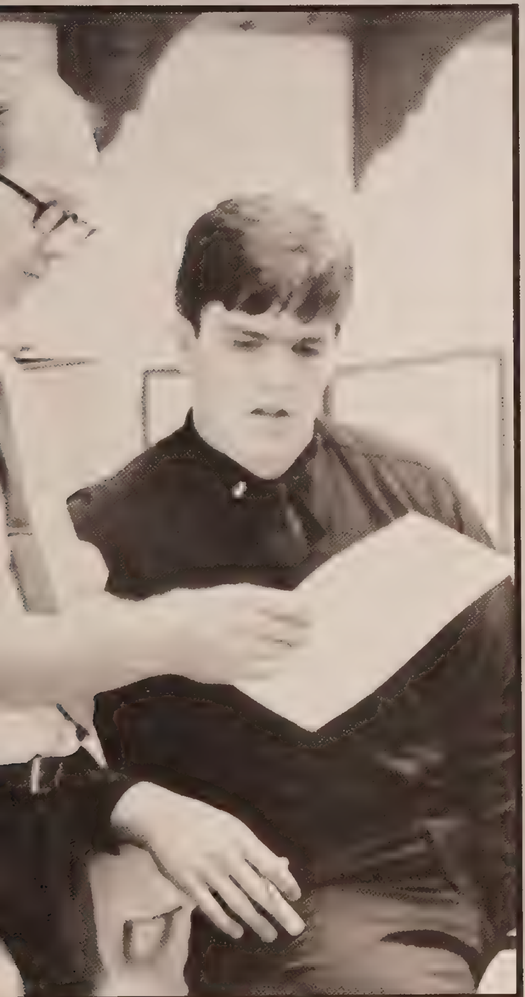

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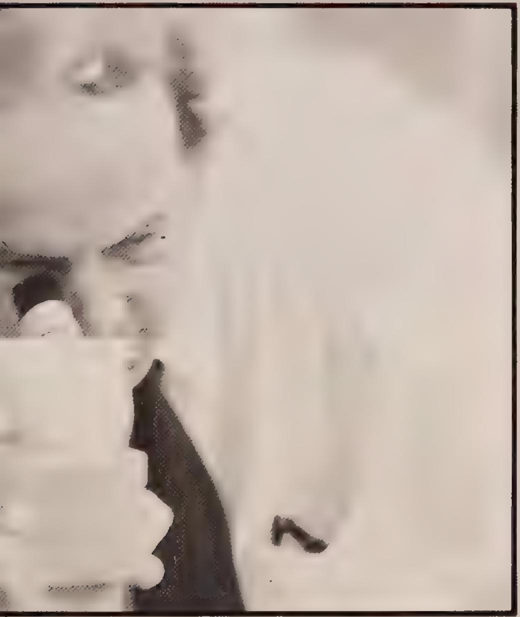

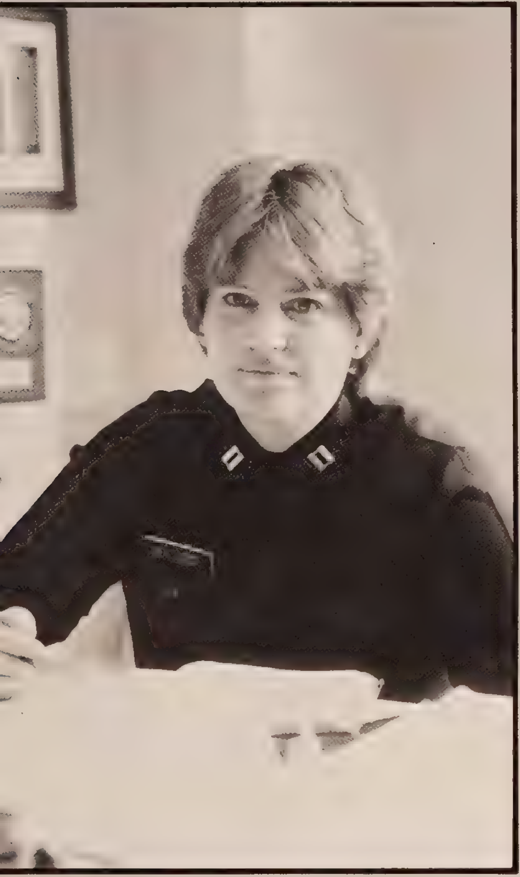

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Associate Professor Jack M. Cloud
Assistant Professor Stephen M. Cooksey
Lieutenant John W. Cotton, USN
Assistant Professor Jan B. Dainard
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Lieutenant Eugene Miller, USN
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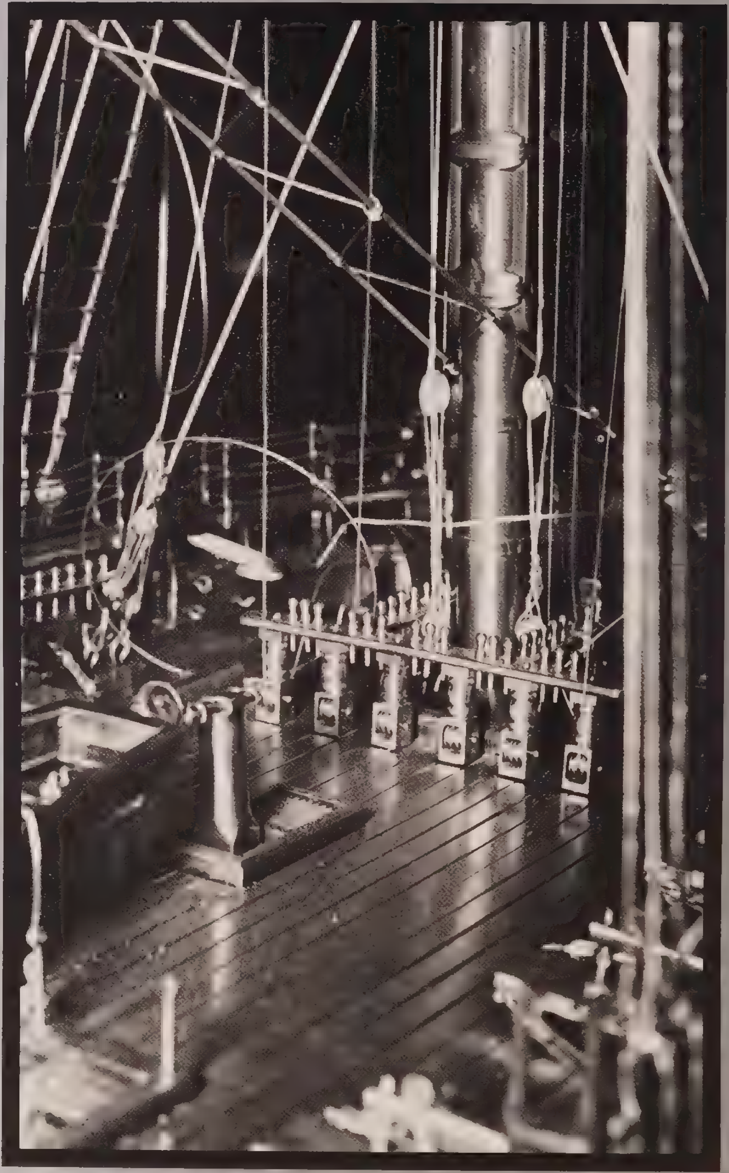


THE BRIGADE

Each line in the **Constitution's** rigging has a purpose of its own. Halyards, sheets, downhauls, shrouds, and others — all work together smoothly to sail the ship. Just as independent and unique lines combine to make the rigging, four and a half thousand men and women, each of them singular individuals, join together into the Brigade of Midshipmen, sailing forth with unity of spirit and clarity of purpose. In this section, the **Lucky Bag** presents the thirty-six companies of the Brigade.

FIRST BATTALION 198

SECOND BATTALION 260

THIRD BATTALION 322

FOURTH BATTALION 384

FIFTH BATTALION 446

SIXTH BATTALION 508

Fall Staff

Brigade Commander
Scott P. McFarlane
Deputy Brigade Commander
Patrick J. Hamilton
Brigade Operations Officer
Stuart M. Littlejohn
Brigade Administration Officer
Thomas A. Marzec
Brigade Adjutant
Timothy J. Reimann
Brigade Supply Officer
Dana D. Ruge
Brigade First Lieutenant
Jeffrey P. Rayburn

Spring Staff

Brigade Commander
James M. Byrne
Deputy Brigade Commander
Paul A. Burkett
Brigade Operations Officer
Michael A. Stewart
Brigade Administration Officer
Scott D. Johnson
Brigade Adjutant
James A. Henderson
Brigade Supply Officer
Ronald L. Higgs
Brigade First Lieutenant
Vincent D. McBeth

BRIGADE STAFFS AND HONOR COMMITTEE

Honor Committee

Brigade Honor Chairman
Michael T. Sheerin
Vice Honor Chairman
Jason W. Cronin
Vice Honor Chairman
John S. Cameron
Vice Honor Chairman
William D. Angeloni
Honor Secretary
Christopher E. Dunphy
Honor Coordinator
Michael A. Tluchowski

First Regimental Staff

Fall Staff

Regimental Commander
Dolores M. Dorsett
Regimental Sub Commander
James P. Gfrerer
Regimental Operations
Clifford A. Blumenberg
Regimental Administration
Matthew S. Bliss
Regimental Adjutant
Matthew L. Early
Regimental Supply
Dale F. Szpisjak

Spring Staff

Regimental Commander
Thomas W. Casey
Regimental Sub Commander
Nicholas B. Campbell
Regimental Operations
Paul E. Nesbit
Regimental Administration
Christopher Calhoun
Regimental Adjutant
Robert S. MacFarland
Regimental Supply
David M. Robinson

Second Regimental Staff

Fall Staff

Regimental Commander
Bruce B. Shuttleworth
Regimental Sub Commander
Robert L. Calhoun
Regimental Operations
John Paul Bissa
Regimental Administration
Thomas Y. Wilder
Regimental Adjutant
Thomas M. Schwab
Regimental Supply
David A. Julian

Spring Staff

Regimental Commander
Matthew J. Midea
Regimental Sub Commander
Christopher E. Bolt
Regimental Operations
Joel B.Baker
Regimental Administration
Frederick Dau IV
Regimental Adjutant
Lisa M. Liwski
Regimental Supply
Theodore L. Brown

BATTALION OFFICER
Commander Robert E. Lakari

Fall Staff

Battalion Commander
Michael P. Gaffney
Battalion Sub Commander
Keith A. Spencer
Battalion Operations
Stephen A. Clarke
Battalion Adjutant
Robert Eric Coleman
Battalion Supply
Pacy P. Ostroff
Battalion Administration
Jeffrey P. Caporossi

THE FIRST BATTALION

Spring Staff

Battalion Commander	**Jeffrey T. Jennings**
Battalion Sub Commander	**David P. Fluker**
Battalion Operations	**Heidi J. Moser**
Battalion Adjutant	**Patrick W. Tierney**
Battalion Supply	**Robert H. Horel**
Battalion Administration	**Eric M. Scheulin**

LT Paul Allen

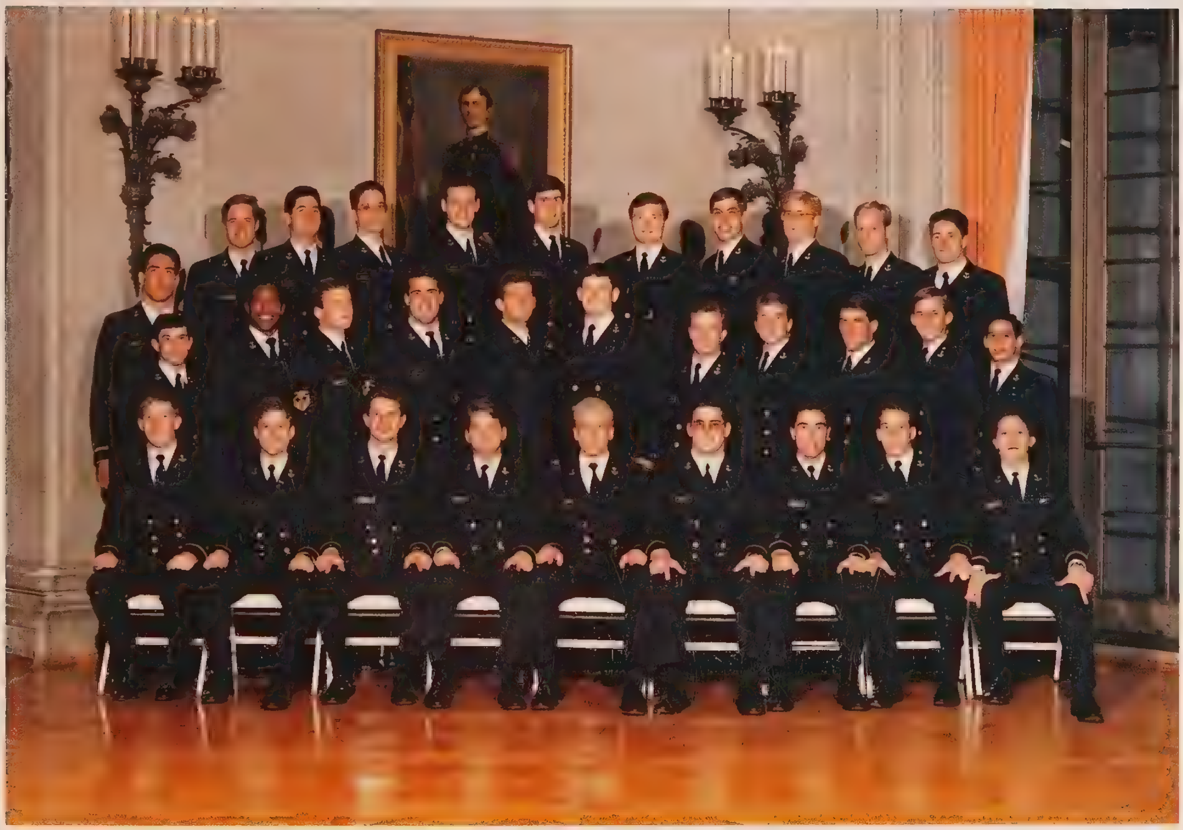
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Eric Perreca
Company Sub Commander: Tim White
Company Adjutant: Ever Gonzalez

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Jack Kennedy
Company Sub Commander: Kevin Coyne
Company Adjutant: Jeffrey McGarry

ARE WE HAVING FUN YET?
ACK!
FUN ONE
JDS '87



The Class of 1987

Row One: Paul Burkett, Paul Gross, Anthony Ferrari, Jeffrey McGarry, Jeffrey Jacober, Darren Turner, Richard Ewing, John Stringfellow, Evaristo Gonzalez **Row Two:** John Tigani, Jerry Tyner, Michael Brandenburg, Carl Nerup, Eric Perreca, Michael Gaffney, John Dimento, James Monroe, Dave White, Jeffrey Evers, Nicholas Cipriano **Row Three:** Ernest Harper, Patrick Tierney, John Kennedy, Timothy White, Kevin Coyne, Mark Belcher, Joseph Krensavage, Geoffrey Debeauclair, Thomas Welch, Larry Hushour, John Green

The Class of 1988

Row One: Stephen Sobieski, Patrick Murray, Vander Boudreau, Cabell Baynes, John Donelan, Thomas Warner, Bryant Allam, Denise Rupp, Phillip Dawson **Row Two:** Leanne Fielding, Donald Hughes, Michael Valaik, Pamela Finley, Timothy Devlin, Trevor Hunley, Perry McDowell, Ruben Garcia, Richard Romo, Judith Fortier, Marilou Potenza **Row Three:** Anthony Diaz, Dean Craft, James Jones, Paul Rock, Andrew Hicks, James Thien, Daniel Schebler, Brian Bartholf, Hope Katcharian **Not Shown:** Albert Dempsey, Neil Jurkovic

The Class of 1989

Row One: Calvin Smith, William Simmons, Benjamin Quinto, Larre Bachelier, Scott Pappano, Dave Greenheck, Clifford Salonga, Jeffrey Scott, James Darrell **Row Two:** Kevin Lynne, John Wolf, Michael Good, Frank Cardello, Edwin Henderson, William Padgett, Christopher Thomas, Stephen Stone, Chris Mokris, Thomas Reale, Ronald Draker, Mohammad Jamshed, Bryan Brauns **Row Three:** David Bergman, Robert Samuels, Brian McGoldrick, Christopher Fischahs, Harry Pelto, William Redman, William Hall, Gregory Hall, Brian Frack, James Myers **Not Shown:** Corey Coombs, Charles Kimberlin, Cary Krause, Robert Webber

The Class of 1990

Row One: Joseph Bonacci, Paul Beckley, Paul Rottenberg, Raymundo Sevidal, Peter Galluch, Ken Carrier, Aaron Bartlett, Edward Murdock, Michael Bice **Row Two:** David Haas, David Stouwie, Broderick Berkhout, Thomas Callender, Fred Alexander, Perry Pascal, Christopher Crane, George Simonian, Kenneth Bates, David Laudadio, Christopher Mosakewicz, William Russ **Row Three:** Barbara Hundley, Pamela Krahl, Timothy Trotter, Lisa Kirkpatrick, John Coyne, David Hawkins, Tonya Henderson, Dora Lockwood, Tyson Gallander, Henry Miller, Samuel Lord **Not Shown:** Michael Maier, Honore Mealey, David Raby

USMA
NAVY
NAVY

GO NAVY

GAMECOCKS
30

We salute you, Ensign Richard E. Ewing, Class of '87. Proud & Happy, We Love You! Up, Up, and Away! Dad, Mom, and Family.

Congratulations to '87 and especially to Paul and his mates, Fun One. Serve well our country and all who love you. John, Rita, Tamara, and Sandy.

"NBTC" It's no different tomorrow than today or yesterday.

Congratulations Ensign Ferrari and First Company Godspeed and go get them, Tiger. Mom, Dad, Lynn, Tina.

Dave, a big 4.0 to you for 4 years of hard work. Now comes your reward. To the Class of '87, Good Luck all. Love, Mom and Pop Henning.

A salute to Geoff deBeauclair and the Class of '87.
Son, you have made us proud.
Mom, Dad, Greg and Sam Katz.

Congratulations ENS Todd Monroe for a job well done! You've made us proud Fly high and safe landing. Your flight thru life has begun. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations ENS Welch! Our love and pride in your accomplishment cannot be measured. Smooth Sailing, Tom. Mom and Dad. Go Navy!

Mark Allen Belcher

Mark came to Navy as a good ol' boy from Texas City, Texas. He weathered plebe summer in fine fashion, turning his 6'5" frame into a 150 pound lean, mean fighting machine. Mark's Third Class cruise was seventy days underway, a sub pin, and a new company. Change awaited from thirsty third to fun one. Second Class cruise and year was an adventure in the social arena and in the professional one. First Class summer he started on plebe detail as the Alpha Company sub commander. One of the few, the proud, the Marine E's, he was destined for nuke after almost sleeping thru his interview. Stretch will always be remembered for his penchant for Margaritas, nachos, and crab feasts. More than once he was wrapped up with a fine southern belle. Godspeed, fair winds, and following seas (in subs??) my friend. BZ, TEX. TJW.

Michael Warthen Brandenburg

A model Catholic boy from St. Mary's, Michael started his illustrious naval career in Thirtieth Company. He returned from youngster cruise as the "Brandenblob", and continued to expand. Youngster year Mike became a scientist, doing most of his research in the rack. Second class year Mike stayed out of trouble, along with everything else, except the rack. Even though he was the common denominator first class year, Mike knew nothing about the damage at Clarke's. Spurned by Riordan's, Mike made up for it by paying the rent at Griffin's. Even though Mike came to USNA only to play lacrosse, he never quite made it out to the field. Remember, Michael, don't drink and fly — you might spill some. PEG, AJF.

Paul Andrew Burkett

All who knew Paul realized that he was not the typical midshipman. As a matter of fact, he could have been called the anti-mid. For example, Paul must have been the only mid who did not believe in the gouge. Also, Paul seemed to think that the Naval Academy was a liberal arts institution. If you went to his room at night you found him reading Milton, Shelley, Tacitus, and the like. Based on this and his political views, I always figured he was a Johnnie in disguise. Finally, Paul never participated in the favorite mid past-time of complaining. He just quietly overcame every obstacle that came his way. Paul and I have been through a lot together — from Bonehead, to second class summer, to, hopefully, nuclear power school. Through it all Paul has been a true friend — someone whom I could always call on if I needed someone to count on or to confide in. Best of luck and God bless you. B.N.H.

Nicholas Joseph Cipriano

Nick came to USNA from NAPS a noisy little Long Island boy already thinking of marriage. Third class year he lost his old flame and saw the light. In Pensacola he found his manhood and began his quest of breaking hearts. Although grades restricted his mobility second class year his thoughts remained on fast cars and babes — young babes. Changing from a math major to one of the brotherhood caused his grades to soar first class year allowing him to make weekly trips to New York. His young innocent high school girl took his mind off professionalism and gave him the honor of retaking the first class PCR. We'll miss his cheery face in the morning and his New York sense of humor. Good luck Nick and remember-you're on the wooden ship with iron men. They're lucky to have you. JTM JMS

Richard Eugene Ewing

Rich came to the Naval Academy via NMMI and ended up in nineteenth company plebe year. Rich was a good student in High School but things changed . . . He liked his third class Ac-Board so much he went back for seconds the following year. After becoming a Scientist, Rich got off of his World Tour Boomer-cruise and began to enjoy Maryland. He liked liberty and leave so much that he rarely came back on time. First class year Rich ventured to Goucher and Hood in his Prelude (trying to fulfill graduation requirements) He also took an "easy" class- Astronomy. "What could be so hard about looking at stars??" Rich was known as a hard worker, but he was usually hardly working. He came, he saw, he graduated . . . Barely. Get as many Traps as you get Cats. AJF JYM

Anthony Joseph Ferrari

Tony began his career at NAPS followed by a tough plebe year in Club 34. Third class year Tonyman decided he needed a career change and considered going back to New Jersey to become a waiter. He changed his mind and decided to stay at the Naval Academy concentrating on track & electronic football with spuds. Second class year brought a four-man room, a new night spot- *The Vous*, and a new sport — pole vaulting. First class year began with a Marine option cruise in Hawaii and continued with Plebe Summer detail, during which Tony dated and later was engaged to Libby. Ac year had Tony working hard for grades and higher class rank for a shot at NFO for service selection. He sweated it out, but ended up getting his NFO slot. Good luck and see you around, Jagman. REE & JYM

Michael Patrick Gaffney

Whether he realizes it or not, Mike is eternally grateful for his time on the deckplates. He has a problem, you see; he tends to want to do things his own way. Fortunately the problem was diagnosed in time. People stuck their necks out for him and he quite frankly learned that change and free time were not things to be experimented with; given so little margin for error. Alas, Mike eventually came "back into the fold." He lived out his days in stereotypical mid fashion. He rowed on the national level, was the boy in first Batt, won a Rhodes Scholarship and wore Pro-Keds on liberty. All in all his story is the triumph of creativity muzzled just in the nick of time. That's Mike, thanks to Frank Buchanan and a ten cent candy bar. TWC

Evaristo Gonzalez

The Tubin' Cuban came to 1st Company after a banner plebe year in Twelfth. That was all to change when he selected Carl as a roommate and was maxed a 5K for being too spirited. Next he worked on his own special brand of 6K for classmates losing their laundry. "Ever" missed the performance boards, but not constant verbal abuse favoring the victims. Ever was a fashion King.He searched through GQ and took notes during Miami Vice. He eliminated his sideburns (which caught him lots of attention), and tried to turn into a blond (which left him an orange). Truthfully,the girls liked his clothes, but his roommates never caught onto wearing X-L shirts. Ever was the only mid to continue standing SOW watch after plebe year. (HM,AX,AN85,86.)We wish him a lot of bucks. JRE, LGH.

Kevin Michael Coyne

Birdman, gungiest of SWOs, joined us enthusiastically and fashionably late. He made it clear early that he wouldn't waste time, and learned to max sleep time by sleeping in uniform and shaving on weekends. Youngster year was a challenge, providing both an NCAA Basketball bid and a Computer Science Ac Board bid. Bird rolled with the punches and landed on his feet. Asleep — but on his feet. He hammered his way through second class year, breezing through EE. He did so well, he volunteered for more. He earned a plebe summer detail slot and did so well they sent him home after only a week. It was then while painting basketball courts that he learned his true calling, NavAir. Most notable about the Bird was his patience in dealing with psychos. Good luck turnin' and burnin'. JCK.

John Kenton Green

John could have gone to Air Force, which would have been a lot closer to his hometown of Spokane, Washington, but nooo. To this day, he's not sure why he chose Annapolis, although it doesn't really matter because he's still going to be a jet jockey. John majored in Systems Engineering, but I personally witnessed him scoff at what most people would have thought was a highly challenging major. He spent the best part of his Supe's list liberty getting away from the Academy to relax, and he also devoted an enormous amount of his spare time to his own spiritual development and that of other Christians. I have thoroughly enjoyed John's friendship and I could not have had a better roommate. I wish him all the luck in the world. JPK.

Geoffrey Garret deBeauclair

A master of the 20 minute nap, Debo became the ideal study animal. United with his roommates halfway through youngster year, he quickly showed his true colors by studying 70 hours in one week during finals -to no avail. Possessed with a high motivational factor, Geoff pursued and captured all that he went after; from a nuclear power billet as a first class to an unusual entrance to Hammerjacks as a third class. Academics were not Debo's only strong suit. He excelled at honor boards as well-2 for 2, and out of season tactics — birthday presents. Debo was well cared for by his care packages from home. (Food is bad here, but a package a week?) Though he is reserved and quiet, Debo can always be counted on for a surprise. Good luck Debo! DLT & TBW.

Paul Edward Gross

Paul found his way to the Naval Academy via Old Dominion U. His plebe year was spent in 32nd Company, where he was known as "Physical Excellence Gross." After third class cruise, Paul ended up in Fun One and was known from then on as "Grub". Grub spent most of his third class year sleeping or sailing and never let studies get in the way. During second class year, Paul decided to change his image and become a jock. He lettered in sailing, boxing, and ran marathons for fun. (??) First class year was one disappointment after another for Paul, but despite not becoming a seal, losing his wuba, breaking his thumb & nose, and getting fried at Army, Paul faired well. Always remember the youngster ski trip and the drunken times at the Dubliner, Keep breaking the girls' hearts and don't go out with girls with 1-800 numbers. AJF.

John Mark Dimento

A bright spot of anyone's Academy experience is finding a great roommate with whom to share the struggles and triumphs of Bancroft Hall. John was such a roommate for me. His New England sense of humor and quick wit kept me always on my guard and helped pass the time a little more pleasantly. John brought a keen desire to excel to all his endeavors. Playing on the soccer field or working in the EE lab, he never settled for less than his best. He excelled on "cruise" also, travelling from southern California to London, Spain, and France. John will make many a nuclear cruiser a better place to be, but only after he rampages through San Diego and Orlando for a few years. Good luck in all you do! PAB.

Ernest Anthony Harper

This Golden Boy from the bay area came to school to learn one thing, how to become a bass ackwards country hick! Ern, please justify this. His game, metal frisbees, VooGoo, the 1.5 klb Cheese, and First Platoon, only because he likes the girls to stare at his hugeness . . . No one's contaminated his truck lately. 4 wheel drive, big tires, and Big Ern's still scared of the snow. Where you from anyway, California? Darling Nicki still likes to inspect and BJ still strips the floor while BI waxes. 3 years with Ern and only one complaint. He doesn't care about me, Belinda, or the Girl Scouts of America. All he ever thinks about is himself . . . and the little green mushy things. But that's what you DOO! There is one thing that turns him on, but he won't tell us what the heck it is! Maybe his toes? ENP.

Jeffrey Ray Evers

Jeff came by way of big city life from Hudson,Iowa. Ever since plebe year he has been Mr. Squared-away. He beefed up while at the Academy and was known for his ability to disguise himself as a pencil by putting a number 2 on his neck. Smarter, there are only a few more, good natured, even less so, a stud with women; well, how about the population in China? More. Jeff probably took out more girls than either of his roommates. Of course, he only went out with them once. Repeat performances seemed rare. Seriously, Jeff would make a perfect husband for some lucky babe; he has a big . . . salary and already owns a family car. We hope the family car lasts longer than the reliable (constant tow) Fiesta. Jeff, you have class in Stribling Hall, (BIG, G!) can't fool you. EG LGH.

Larry Gene Hushour

Arriving at USNA with high hopes of good grades and gold wings (well one out of two ain't bad, Spruance class), Larry struggled through plebedom. After being harshly dismissed by his hometown girl, and after he dismissed the future Miss Universe by calling her Fishlips, he took a beeline path to Dahlgren where he met his little honey, thus ending his affiliation with the Torah; however, he was never too skimpy to give away some good leghair to a Goucher punkrock. Firsty year saw Hushdog struggle (yeah, right!) through many a formation and football game (How's that Meade course?) as Company Ops. Larry was the ideal training officer ("You mean you have to go on a summer cruise?"). Good luck at Top Gun and watch out for those leaches on the neck. Ever and Jeff.

Jeffrey Scott Jacober

Jeff came to USNA from St. Louis and ended up in Fourth Company for plebe year. Third class year he came to Fun One, where the Company Commander (MM) really welcomed him. His performance was also noted by the Dant who called him a "beach boy." Second class year Jeff started to enjoy soccer and finally got his N-star. He also enjoyed the spam which crazy Ed gave him. He finished second class year by buying his car and his ring and started first class year by buying a miniature- hang in there, Marilyn, you may get it someday. First class year was a bad one for Jeff's knee so he had his fourth operation, but he got his pilot billet anyway thanks to the limitless billets. Remember, dad, "This place sucks." Good luck in P-cola, and with Marilyn. JYM REE

John Clarke Kennedy

"Graduation?! I don't believe it!" Imagine — only four short years ago, Jack, even by his own admission, was a scraping, struggling, freshman at Adelphi. But he wouldn't — no, no — he couldn't be denied his rightful spot at USNA. Thus, the story begins ... A football career tragically halted with a serious knee injury, Jack found a new obsession in Navy track, where he competitively tossed the javelin for a season. His latest efforts involved a stint with Navy boxing, where Jack learned to take a good punch. But his true love is economics, finance, (well, ok, maybe it's skirt-chasing) where "The Greatest Economic Thinker" will not hesitate to offer his advice. (Jack, nonetheless, is as broke as his classmates.) A leader of men, Jack was Top Gun as 1st Company Commander, and we can be assured that he will do as well in Naval Aviation. (Thank God for first class cruise!) "Cleared for takeoff ... " Good luck, Thundercrack. Birdman.

Joseph Peter Krensavage

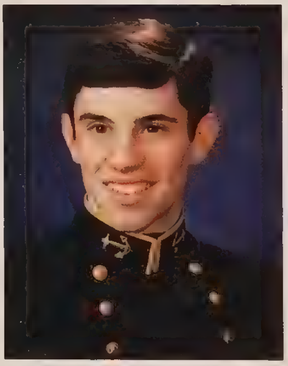
Savage! Joe comes to us from New Jersey — that's right, Bruce Springsteen country. Among other things, Joe had completed Nuke Power School before coming to the Academy, and plans to return there after graduation (some guys just never learn). No surprise really though; Joe's almost a professional struggler. Once he had overcome plebe swimming, he faced a grueling three years mastering the EE major. When he wasn't being strangled by pythons in Bangkok, he was being tortured by the USNA orthodontist. Things are looking up for Joe, though. With his marriage to his fiancee Michelle fast approaching, and duty in Pearl Harbor when he finally hits the fleet, Joe's future looks bright. May the Lord bless and keep you, Joe. JKG

Jeffrey Yates McGarry

Jeff came to the Naval Academy via ROTC at Ohio State and ended up in 27th Company for plebe year. Third class year brought Jeff to fun one, ("Who ever threw up in the bathroom clean it up!") Second class year Spud's life at USNA was rough: being a Mech E, riding the Rocket, and passing EE, but the weekends at the Vous with Tony-man made life bearable. Getting a 1986 RX-7 didn't hurt either. First class year started in the Med on cruise for Spuds. This was followed by Plebe Summer Detail. (Spuds, you hard-ass!) Being a first class allowed Spuds ample time to become an expert at video games. Spuds was one of the lucky few who found out his Service Selection in December. After choosing CEC, Spuds did not wait to press the coast button. We will think about you drinking beers in the O-club. Keep that Beef-Jerky face. AJF & REE.

Patrick William Tierney

Pat came to USNA with an open mind. What better place for an impressionable youth to begin than a Company nicknamed "cloud nine"? From numerous places, this "Southern Yankee" (Gentleman) cruised through third class summer and found himself in First Company. Second class summer was a party broken up only to get the keys out of that car! (Wouldn't have happened with one of those foreign cars!) Second class year came and went and the summer saw Pat on detail. He made friends there, too. (Remember "TIERNEY HO!!" on 100s night?) First class year "Tree" became "The Originator" as company academic officer. Second semester found him battalion adjutant, dreaming of being the first NFO to be CNO. Good Luck, Pat! The world is yours (I'll take TEXAS!). MAB.



John Anthony Tigani

Wildman! The only guy who is a computer science major, but is not weird, weak, or a geek! The three years as roommies have been filled with fun and lining. From the days with the ZER0, to the ice box, to the preppy-thug, I have seen the little giant go from being mild to incredibly WILD! Look out world and look out Soviets because the wild one is ready for the challenge. 3-ZER0-1-5 was the result of the scramble. 3-1-5 was the product of Stockdale. 1-5 was the aftermath of treachery, but the finished product was 2 surface line officers: SWO-15. Wherever you go and whatever you do, remember that J.D.T. has had and always will have lining for Navy and a fresh can for the zero! Friends Forever! JDT.

Darren Lee Turner

Darren has come a long way since youngster year. It only took a few weeks of restriction for him to realize the difference between a freshman female in uniform and a civilian. Of course it took him an extra year to slowly withdraw from the habit. Coming from his "A" high school in South Carolina, Darren found it not that tough here unless you asked him how to spell his major. (Oshunografy?) The rest of his academics were aided by his unique talent in registering for classes. (Call me for an "A" and his 4-mile gougathons) Darren's biggest sacrifice that he had to take here is by far having to put away all ten of his stuffed animals. Darren was also known for his unique unconsciousness whenever he got near his bed. Good luck, Darren! Torch & Debo.

Jerry Dwayne Tyner

Jerry came to Fun One from Thirty Tool. He soon found he liked chillin' with math better than sweating EE. Third Class year was full of lining for 0 and trippin' with 315. Second class year, along with juice on the seawall, Jerry found training the plebes to be an enjoyable pastime. Jerry still managed to have enough time to pass advanced calc and get off the cat. Jerry also established himself as the video king with an A in Atari 101. First class year saw 315 trade 3 for the knot and a pair of wuba trou last a whole semester. Jerry became BSC pres and greatly improved the club. He also was the admin dictator and knothead tormentor, before going SWO. Now it's just Desron 15 dishing Lining! Good luck JDT. JAT.

James Todd Monroe

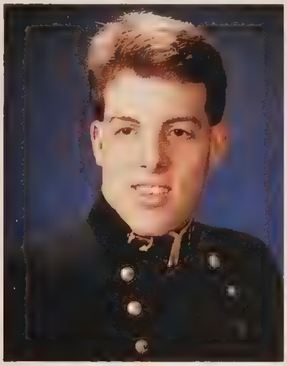
Todd came to USNA via NAPS from the deep South, two-steppin' to *Alabama* tunes and waving a rebel flag. He maintained a low profile until third class year when he showed us his appreciation for girls, Budweiser, and restriction. (He earned a nice Black N). Second class year found Todd turning away from the women and wine for a new love- EE. After a bitter quarrel he walked away a winner and resumed his search for new ways to define craziness and partying. First class year Todd finally settled with one girl and was off every weekend to be with her. You'll never find a better one Todd, so you'd better invite us to the wedding. We're going to miss your southern accent and your ability to laugh at anything. Navy air is getting one of the best. YILUS, NJC JMS.

Eric Norman Perreca

"KILL! KILL!" is what this snake-eating former RPI ROTC from this backwards state will be hearing during his career as a Navy Seal-or is it Walrus? Peckerhead is a true crew jock — Rex is your buddy — a hard working perfectionist who is never satisfied until he is number one. He breezed through the Systems major, although a historian did all of his work for him, and he loved every 4 a.m. night. Mr. Perreca, Stacey is on the phone for you. (WL) Inspection — has to be Darling Nikki. P-wreck will be remembered as an excellent Company Commander, a fine roommate (get a dust particle count and sign the disc log) and as good a friend as I've ever had. But most of all he will be remembered for that STUPID LAUGH! Good luck, boy, don't ever ring out. EAH.

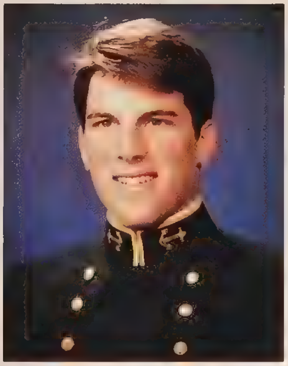
John Michael Stringfellow

String came to Navy from the booming metropolis of Page, Arizona. Fresh from high school, he was still young and naive. After learning the pros and cons of alcohol third class year, String became a full-fledged member of the Black N Club. At the beginning of second class year he changed majors which gave him extra time to petrify plebes and rack through class. String also mastered the art of studying — the less he did, the higher his grades. He was one of the few to make it four years with the same babe, Michelle. First class year String concentrated on graduation, marriage, and helping his plebe sister skate through. We'll miss String as he joins the elite corps, the Minesweeping Community. Go get 'em "TOP SWEEP", they're getting a winner. JTM NJC.



Thomas Bradley Welch

Torch arrived at USNA without a sense of direction, and proceeded to make it four full years without developing one. From a jaunt to Georgetown as a plebe, (a rewarding experience), to a simple drive to Lee's, of which he went through McDonald's parking lot for a specialty sandwich, Tom created excitement with whoever he was with. As a friend and a roommate, Torch illustrated the technique of how to make it at Navy without being one bit military minded. One mention of the word party, or even a stray thought, and Torch was in the thick of things. He has entertained us with his tricks standing on his head, and amazed us with his unusual working hours. His dedication to the EMBC was outstanding — 95 days. St John's and Navy, what a combo! DLT, GGD.

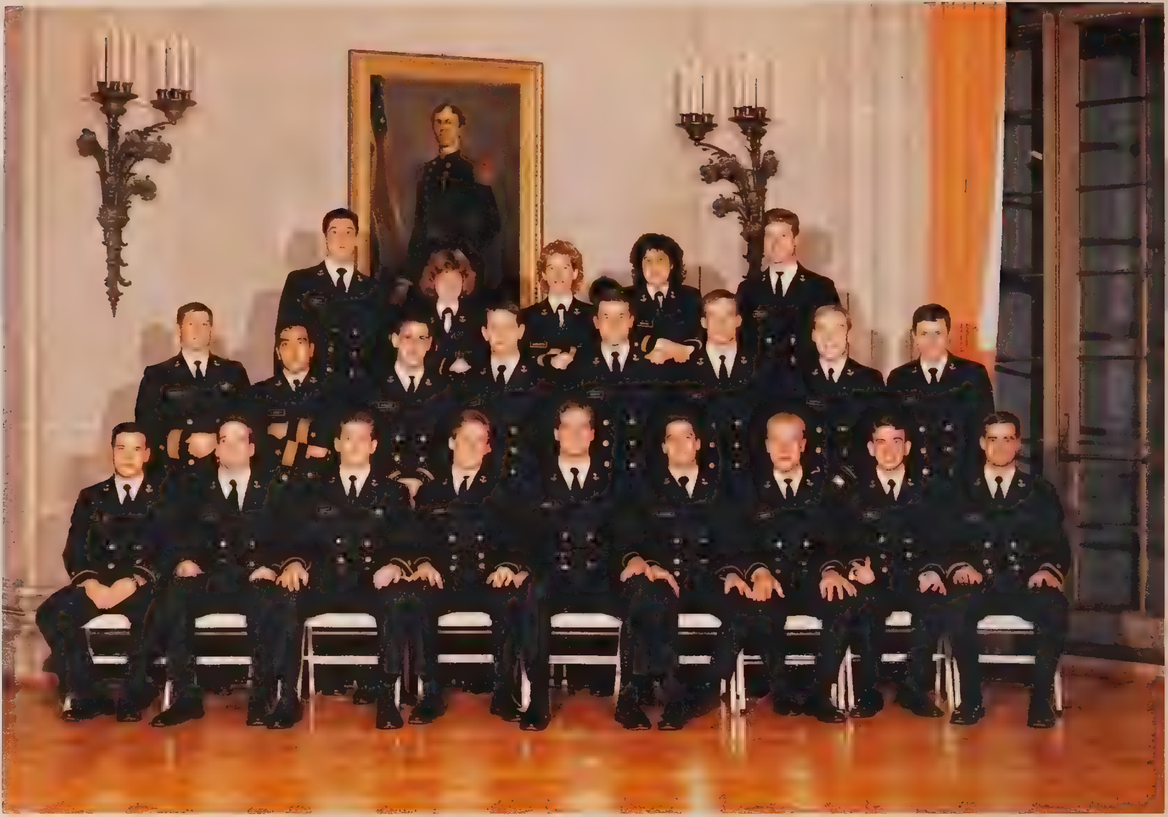


Dave John White

Rooming with Iceman, Bubbles, and Mr. Sleep proved to be a learning experience for the small-town wonderboy from Buellton, California. He even had to clean his part of the room. A real charmer, Dave learned how to pick up women: stand on the corner and admit you're a V.J.G. Florida was fun for Dave, enjoying the sun and alcohol. You've gotta learn to ski with shorts on, Digger. A 158-lb. giant every fall, Bones looked like the a hunger poster child every Wednesday. He was pleasant during these times — just ask the (damaged) Army receivers. I think One-date Dave has met his match, but the last time I said this it fell apart. Psyche! Finally out of the red, Dave hasn't realized that for nuke power you need to pack a brain as well as a checkbook. As always, I'm sure he'll find a way to sneak through. I've done all I can to educate you, naive one. Good luck, good times, good riddance, and good day. Take care. JDM.

Timothy James White

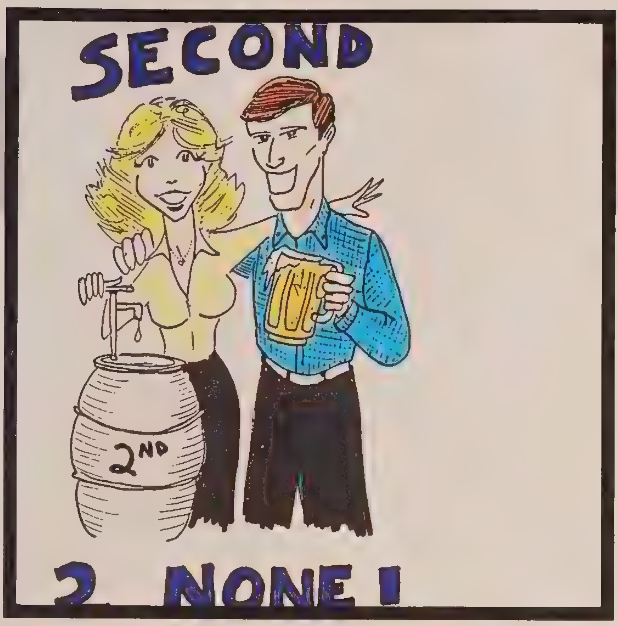
Tim came to Navy and stepped into a world 180 degrees out of phase from his lifestyle back in Spring, Texas. He "rolled" thru plebe year in 15th Company, Opie, and a secret admirer. Masochism drove him to choose Mechanical Engineering as a major, but he found release in Bermuda for third class cruise. He took high hopes to First Company where he joined the prestigious "fearsome foursome" of Texas boys. Second class year found an interesting mix of ZZ TOP, Pink Floyd, and Marty Robbins emanating from the room. First class year brought Company Sub-Commander, two new roomies that attempted to whip him into shape: the 1st proud and bulky SWO on the Missouri,BB-63, out of San Fran. An original party animal with a girl tucked under his arm somewhere (always older??) One couldn't ask for a better friend! Give 'em Hell, TJ. MAB.



The Class of 1987

Row One: Joe Sanchez, Richard Levins, Stephen Milone, Timothy Corkery, Edward Iannone, David Attisani, Paul Walker Roger Brill, Keith Spencer **Row Two:** Timothy Corrigan, Claude Philippe Lim, Tomas Ennis, David Sewell, Robert Turner Shawn Scharf, James Bennett, Wayne Turner **Row Three:** Robert Kane, Deborah Klatt, Heidi Moser, Sunita Pandya, Andrew Callahan **Not Shown:** John Chandler, James Ladwig, Jeffery Thompson, Michael Williams

CAPT Steve Lynch



Fall Staff

Company Commander: Shawn Scharf
Company Sub Commander: Stephen Milone
Company Adjutant: James Ladwig

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Dave Sewell
Company Sub Commander: Debbie Klatt
Company Adjutant: Timothy Corkery

The Class of 1988

Row One: Alan Van Loon, Eric Gresia, William Taylor, Thomas Rogers, Frederick Farzanegan, Matthew Ferrier, Ilya Poluektov, George Palmer, Anthone Wright **Row Two:** Brent Cornell, Steven Cronquist, Keehln Powell, Stephen Cassetta, Bernardo Solis, Alan Behning, Albert Perpuse, Steven Stuck, Vincent Reyes **Row Three:** George Pukach, Stephen Alexander, Richard Quintal, Richard Schwarz, Jeffrey Williams, Thomas Zwolfer, Harry Monroe, Peter Baumgarten **Not shown:** Robert Badeer, Andrew Caldera, Austin Renforth, Jon Smith

The Class of 1989

Row One: Randy Alexander, Brian Caldwell, Shevaun Webster, Theresa Lewis, Stephanie Schollaert, Jeanine Noser, William Becker, Marcelo Valdez, John Guandolo **Row Two:** James Clautice, Patrick Dunn, Mark Petz, Robert Wetzel, Kelly Brown, Noreen Gibson, Keith Wichmann, James Wilson, Damon Woo, Steven Walker, Mark Andersen, Daniel Consie, Anthony Newpower, Timothy Phillips, Dennis Roudebush **Row Three:** Anthony Bigbee, Victoria Gnibus, Brian Jones, Douglas Thiry, Raymond Worthington, Michael Barber, Jonathan Hughes, Gregory Weisman, Gregory Romero **Not Shown:** Scott Cook, Christian McLaughlin

The Class of 1990

Row One: Monte Woodfin, Sean Robinson, David Fong, Michael Umstead, Anthony Watson, Kevin Kingery, Michael Huck, Donald Gill, Jose Cervantes **Row Two:** Douglas Hewitt, Darren Bardell, Arthur Scott, Steven Tazza, Gregory Houldson, Hugh Howard, James Maher, Peter Snyder, Nicholas Dienna, William Kuzmick, Douglas Kersten, Jay Butka, Martin Zapolski, Kent Bartel **Row Three:** Richard Eckles, Eugene Canfield, David Marquand, Donald Nelson, Steven Williams, Eloy Ochoa, Gerald Ellsworth, Randy Drake, Andrew Morrell, Stephen Carroll **Not Shown:** John Doran, Carlos Sardiello

PEPSI
PEPSI

Courage to try and will to succeed! We salute you! Shawn Scharf and class of '87. Love and pride. Mom, Dad, Lori, Bruce, Gram, A.J., Kenny.

Jim Bennett, wherever you go, whatever you do, we will always be as proud of you as we are today. Smooth sailing. Love you! Mom and Dad.

Way to go Tim! Love you. Best wishes "Tailgaters." From all the Corrigans.

A woman's work is from sun to sun but an Ensign's is never done. We are so proud. Love "Gin" and "Go" the sisters and 2 bros.

Ensign Michael J. Williams It's more than what you have accomplished that makes us proud. It's what you are. Congratulations and love from Dad and Mom.

May Claude-Philippe and his shipmates of 2nd Co. have smooth sailing and their future as brilliant as the sun in Rio. As Familias Lim E Da Motta.

With great pride, much respect, and all our love to Keith Spencer. Congratulations to the Class of '87 and our other 2nd Co. sons. Love Mom and Dad, Chris, and Cathi.

We are so proud Andy. Love Dad, Mom, John, Kathy, John, Jim, Pete, Christen, Meg, and Roe.

Yes indeed, Suni, it was hard and most difficult. Your courage, enthusiasm, and perseverance lead you through many ups and downs. Suni, you are a real winner and so also the U.S. Navy. May God bless you. Wishing you all success. With love, Dad, Mom, Jay, and Dina.

Salute Paul Walker, third gen. Navy, Class of '87. Go with God. Love, family and friends.

87

David Thomas Attisani

Babe paddled up the Chesapeake on his board, shocked to find there were no waves on the Severn, so he decided to take to the air. Babe is looking forward to Flight Pay so that he can finally afford those giant monthly phone bills. The Man should be knighted for enduring three years of Bob's smiting cynicism. Sweating for and achieving that prized NFO billet will hopefully bring Dave fun and happiness, two ingredients missing from this college recipe for . . . ah . . . let's say . . . four years. One thing not missing from Dave is a really good time, all the time. Dave leaves behind the good times here and in Bay Shore, New York for better times in Pensacola. All the best, Babe. BK, NO, BA.

James Wesley Bennett

Jim came to the Naval Academy with two specific goals: to graduate and to find a wife. Needless to say, he accomplished both. The first proved to be the most difficult. Quite often, he had lengthy "discussions" with professors of his more difficult courses. Accomplishing his second goal proved more interesting and humorous. Jim had a set standard for all of his dates. His friends soon discovered that he had what could be called a "girl equation" (5(Big Bust) + 3(Short) + 2(Stocky) = 10). His search for a wife continued most of youngster year until on one memorable night, in Dahlgren Hall of all places, he met his wife to be, Michelle. She was his perfect "10." Jim is by nature a very generous person. Why, he would even give you all the money in his bank account. Remember Philadelphia! It is his generosity which makes him such a good friend. Best of luck in the future. Fair winds and following seas. WDT,REB.

Roger Edward Brill

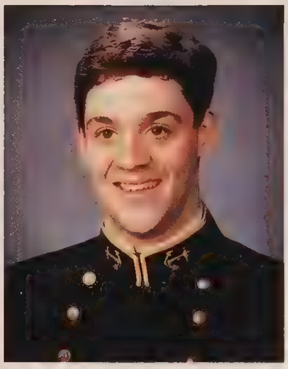
Being the baby of the class, Roger's adjustment to USNA has not been without difficulty, but having the lady of his life near by helped. (Your grandmother must be a great cook). Roger was able to charm any girl he met, but the only commitment he ever made was 2-for-7. Perhaps he should have taken Coach Joe's advice and put more miles on his car. (Pottsville?) Dances were always a family affair — your sister or mine? — and he loved them. By first class year he had developed a whole host of interests: diving, photography, basketball, jacuzzis, backrubs, and submarines. As you leave us and head south for the winter, there is but one question that remains unanswered: Where were you supposed to sleep at Army? Jimbo Spence Wayno, PAW.

Tomas Eamonn Ennis

This future Surface Warfare Officer, "SWO DADDY," is already practicing techniques which will hopefully help him in the future. With his new computer, Tom is honing his professional skills with games such as Risk and Rogue. The objective of both games is to kill and conquer. Something which any future Naval Officer should be acquainted with, I think? Another one of Tom's past times is driving. Tom will be the first to congratulate himself on his driving prowess. He is so proud of how well his car handles and how fast it goes. Run into any snow banks lately? As for Tom's friends, let it be recorded that he was the first firstie to know all the youngsters' names. What a concept of duty. All I have left to say is, now the real fun begins. Remember well the lessons you learned here, plebes, chairs, and coin operated machines. With any luck, Bruce might be your first C.O. Take care and see you out in the fleet. MOWGLI.

Edward John Iannone

Fast Eddy I. has devoted the last four years of his life 'together by the Bay' trying (unsuccessfully, of course) to convince all of us that everything in his possession was . . . ready for this, Ed . . . "a value." Sound familiar? Just when you start believing it again after graduation, Ed, remember the $100 gym bag you bought and try to tell me it's a value. Ed strolled in here from a nice quiet Long Island town that I can neither pronounce nor spell. Eddy proved that there was more to the Academy than academics — namely; Lax, girls, the Vous, and last but not least, the Vous. Ed is headed for a star-studded career as a Navy lamb chop. Or is it pork chop? Doesn't matter much because it's all ball-bearings these days, anyways. We all wish E. John the very best of everything. BK, NO, BA.



Robert John Kane

Herb arrived from Huntington Station, Long Island in search of great grades and Navy Air. Although Bob dreamed of someday sailing the blue waters of the Nile, he's headed for sunny Pensacola for higher and faster travel. A financial wizard in his own right, Herb showed us the danger of money mismanagement. "But money spent in the pursuit of fun is not wasted", Bob always said. He somehow managed to see past the evils of boxer shorts, baseball caps, and chewing gum. There's no doubt that Herb will be successful in whatever he does. How can he not be, he studied under us. Bob thanks his family for their support . . . and pasta. Thanks Bob, for always looking on the brighter side of things and never failing to make us laugh to help us forget our misery. All the best. BK, NO, BA, WN.

Deborah Denise Klatt

BM3 Klatt to the quarterdeck! Is there a quarterdeck at MIT? Well, anyway, Debbie's professionalism and her 4.0 will take her alone to Boston. After all these years of trying to get her own room, I think she may be successful (but not for long!) After a taste of the good life (with marshmallows on top) in the mountains, Debbie is finally going to leave home. Behind her she leaves a trail of bleeding hearts . . . from Mick Jagger, to Hercules, to Tommy, none were good enough until she met Jim. In a zoo? We gave Debbie our blessings with hesitation; we were sure her heart was stolen youngster year when the "architect" tried to accommodate her every need. Alas, Debbie was not won by material (whatever material that may be!) goods. Though the fluff endured Tight Two with a few cuts and bruises, she has left her own scars as company subcommander and as a roommate. With much love Mrs. B., S&H.

Andrew Patrick Callahan

Catz somehow managed to survive, despite losing three good roomies- Lopes, Frankie, and Al — to eventually achieve his goal of P-Cola. To Andy, Philadelphia and Pensacola are the only cities, and Villanova, the only college. A wealth of sports information, Catz finally found a graduating roommate in Chinny. Catz and family always knew how to throw a good party, and Catz could always somehow manage to find one if Springfield was quiet. If Mike Schmidt was going Navy Air, Catz' life would be complete. Andy leaves behind some terrific memories that won't soon be forgotten. Catz will be remembered as a hard-working Mech E. major who could, and has, passed himself off as a Bull Major. Accidentally, of course. Not bad for a guy who let a drippy faucet and Nerf hoop crush his shot at stripes. Andy — we'll miss you. BK, NO, BA.

John Wells Chandler

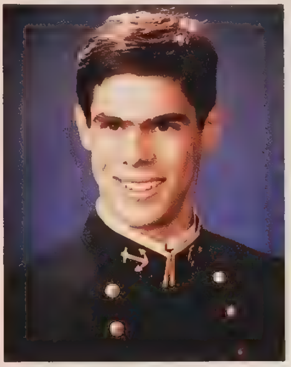
Chile-Dog came to the Academy from Monticello, Arkansas. His first priority was to make sure that everyone knew that the Bollweevils of Monticello were awesome. With his Southern pride, he brought on an easy-going, friendly, and confident manner to the brigade. He always maintained a positive attitude, looking for the good in tough situations. As a tennis player, he gained a reputation plebe year as the hardest worker on the team, constantly setting the example. His hard work carried over to the classroom as he raised his grade to a consistent 3.0 by second class year. Socially, none touched him as he juggled Debbie, Jane, and Samantha and always came up smelling roses no matter how desperate the situation. I'll be pressed to find a friend as trustworthy and supportive. The SWO community is fortunate to gain such a diligent and dependable man. Good luck and thanks for helping me get through the place! MLS.

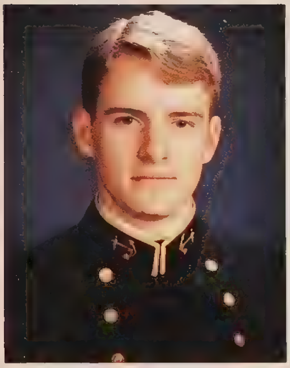
Timothy John Corkery

T.J. joined us from Andover, Mass. A 150 lb. football demi-god of forged steel, Tim never weighed over 160 soaking wet, so cutting weight was unheard of. You'd think that spending Plebe Year with Big Dave, Little Dave, and Foxy would straighten this guy out. But it was too late. He joined Form 2 and was thrown into a ruthless group of New York and Philadelphia fans. Holding his own, T. John built a following of gum-chewers, non-shavers, Vous Rats, and Clarke's Dogs. All the while trying to convince us every girl he met was the girl of his dreams. Tim's off to Pensacola for sun, fun, and jets. Best of luck, T.J., I know that everything will go your way. And please, start getting some sleep. BK, NO, BA.

Timothy Joseph Corrigan

Mit entered the academy as a naive eastern shore Marylandite. He quickly learned the ways of USNA after calling Lynch dumbo. After living with Rat for a year he moved to 1-2 and joined the goon squad. It was there that he met interesting girls; some stable, Val, and others who "liked to dance by themselves." Hordak always had food which he could have shared again and again with Daigler. Camo lamps, Barbon rockets, plebe quests, sign language battles with Dave and meeting friendly men in Europe were favorite past times. Tim enjoyed visual I.D. especially close-ups of F-16's with Mongo. Combat Bob taught Tim about electrical safety and the meaning of liberty. When he wasn't blowing up cars Tim liked to express his taste in clothes at the Balloon. Three years together were interesting and memorable. "Fire the missile." Ninja.





James Parker Ladwig

Plebe year was confusing in Dirty Dozen, but he had time to think marching on the weekends. He swam this year, but retired as a sophomore. He went on a sub cruise after airborne, and began youngster year in Loose Deuce. He was a Systems for four weeks, then moved into English for "culture." First class year, he recovered from plebe trauma, sailed along with 22 hours, then earned his Black N. Second Class summer was for recovery, and he hoped to solve career confusion. He got airsick, so he decided to fly. Second class year settled down to its normal routine (meals, rack and EE), and he looked to his ring, car, and escape. Firsty cruise was an aviator's dream, and he threw-up in helos. Parks was ready to fly Navy. His last year was spent in pursuit of weekends and only his car, and his freedom helped him survive the year. He choose Navy Air, and is spending time after graduation becoming German. Flieg Marine! ME.

Richard McClellan Levins

Mac never lost his sense of humor after four years here. He was everyone's best audience, including his own. But this is what saved him from woe and the realization that U of D would have been a much better time. Although never tapping his potential in the classroom or on the track, Mac lost his once shy nature, survived boards, both Ac and Al, and never lost sight of why he was here. Mac's off to Quantico, remembering the good, completely blanking out the bad, and looking towards greener pastures. Mac thanks his family for their support, especially his Dad, his friends for their loyalty, Bob for his spaghetti, and Heaven for little girls. BK, NO.

DEDICATED TO THOSE ALUMNI
OF THE
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
WHO HAVE BEEN AWARDED
THE MEDAL OF HONOR

Claude-Philippe R. D. Lim

His handle is Mongo, his real name is impossible to pronounce. Claude came to USNA from the big, rotten apple. Imported from Brazil, he put in a chit and became an American. His father wanted a marine, his mother wanted a SWO, so Claude compromised and pursued naval aviation. Corrupted by persons unmentioned, he took a liking to calculators and strayed away from wasting time with the weaker sex. A distinguished member of the filthy five, the goon squad, and the army squash team- a truly well rounded individual. His skill at changing tires and jumping batteries will help him rise to the top in the fleet. After 3 years he's almost ready to be my wing man. P-cola here we come! 'Zilla

Stephen Anthony Milone

Two years of Drexel were not enough fun for Steve so he came to a real party school. He began on the right track in Hardcore 24, but had to do a little adjusting after moving to the Duece.He quickly developed into the father figure while at the same time finding new, interesting, and more comfortable streets to sleep in. "Gramps" still managed to keep up with us young guys. You could tell, since his favorite color was bloodshot red. After airborne training and two years of Lightweight Crew, Gramps realized the truth to the famous Naval saying, "No pain, no pain." This new found attitude led to no SWO, go NFO. And Steve is much happier for it. Steve is heading south but not without leaving friends behind who will miss his patented laugh and rim glasses. Best of luck from BK, NO, BA.

Heidi Johanna Moser

Heidi came, home-townless, to us on the final leg of her 8 year college career. She found herself in the not so fond embrace of serene eighteen. But there was crew and Scarlet. Youngster year brought Suni and Vicki and the mambo pink bunny slippers. After a bout with the language department, she decided on a double bull major to occupy her free time. Still there was crew. Amazing — she found herself the following fall as a junior in college, playing rugby and soaring with the zoomies. Interservice relations prospered. Spring's return brought EE, Debbie and crew. The girls from Company 2 were a family and would stay that way. 1/c year she ran away from home to the stage lights, hopping with German royalty and a room on 3-0. She's off now, corrupting Buckingham Palace. Look out William and Harry — go to Tahiti when you are six and Heidi will ensure things will be different. With much love, D&S.

Sunita Lyn Pandya

We should have known that anyone who jumps from perfectly good airplanes and bleaches N's into her hair would not be an average kind of roommate. Suni didn't know the meaning of the word "can't." But who says can't to an Indian from Boston who qualified for the Iron Man Triathalon, won letters in 3 different sports, captained the best-ever women's swim team and wrestled with at least one member of the goon squad each night. We think the secret's in the apples, popcorn and mocha coffee. When she wasn't killing Spiders (of the Fiat species) she and Vicki were keeping the Goodwill Industry in business purchasing the latest in fashion dresswear. Some day we expect her to go from the cover of Reef Points to the cover of Sports Illustrated or even Gourmet magazine. But until then, Suni, remember to stop and notice the trees along the way. With love always, D&H.

Jeffery Allen Thompson

By the time anyone reads this, Jeff will no doubt be at 30,000 feet, pulling about 4g's in a navy jet. That's a far cry from the tall, skinny Californian I met in July '83. He looked as if he hadn't got all the beach sand out of his hair. Blond hair, of course, what else! Well, the years changed but the "windmill" remained, from start to finish, the fastest swimmer in Navy history. He might not have loved the Hall, and he certainly didn't like Rickover, but with an Aero degree and a set of wings, he'll be set for awhile. About the same time he became a swimming dynamo, "Windmill" hooked up with his future wife. Wonder if that's why he swam so well. You know what they say about athletic performance and love. All I know is, someday when I'm sloshing around in the mud, some plane will roar over head and I'll hear that same damn laugh that's driven me crazy for the last 4 years. That'll be Jeff.

Robert John Turner

One thing's for sure about this California boy — he's bled green. Bob's idea of fun usually included select plebes who rated joining "Baker Team" . . . then there was Huck. Even though Bob decided to major in history, he's done more calculating than any mid I know. Just check the bat cave or ask the main office squirrel! Bob attended more SAG meetings than karate practices but he did earn a letter on the high power rifle team and competed at nationals with Mr. Gorbear in Ohio. He's become quite good in German and his "Habenschlachen" earned him a study tour in Germany. Judging from his past record, there will be a lot of broken hearts when Bob leaves. Germany and Quantico will never be the same again. Dave can do 10 pullups and Chipley's selling encyclopedias; Bob definitely made his mark at USNA. He'll always be one of my best friends, and I only hope that he stays away from Von's trucks. Semper Fi. DES.

Wayne Douglas Turner

Wayne made his escape from the back country of Virginia to try out his southern charms at the Academy. He did well with the ladies, including numerous "friends" and one admiral's daughter (talking, at 0400?!) Unfortunately, the academy wants more than a casanova so Wayne vowed to finish with a 3.0 as an aero major. We heard this a lot until Jan 87. His incoherency, noticed in the wee hours, will not prevent him from succeeding (I stood that watch already!) He did well and will continue to do so as a "nuke." Fair weather and following seas from a very grateful roomie. God bless. Jimbo, Spence, Brillo. P.S. The Appalachians are hills!!

Paul Andrew Walker

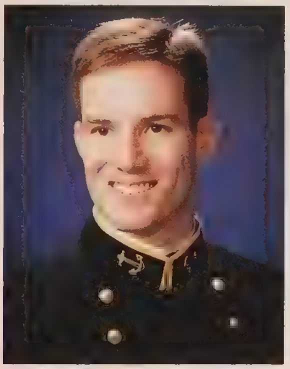
Here was a southern gentleman in every respect. PAW was always ready to do anyone a favor, whether pacing the mile or driving to the Captain's in a raging blizzard (and making it back alive). I'm not sure if the latter was a favor or a miracle, seeing' how PAW's truck hasn't been in one solid, uninjured piece since the day he bought it. He underwent some major transitions at USNA; it never ceases to amaze me how a person who visited with Mowgli in New York youngster year ended up living with Roger first class year. Perhaps it was due to the workings of the important relationship he entered into his first class year. Most of my memories of PAW, however, come through mist of pain, yet satisfaction — jogging along the seawall at 0600, struggling to stay afloat thru 400 meters of LeJeune, and typing 30 page papers thru the night. Through all this PAW was there, like the brother I never had. Li'l Sis.

Joe Manuel Sanchez

Joe paraded down Main Street the night before I-day in cowboy boots and a Texan 10-gallon hat. He hasn't changed much in the four years that he's been here. Joe is known for his love of music, Spanish music, that is. One would always know when Joe was driving his Z-28 camaro from the blast of Mariachis emanating from his car. Growing up in Spain gave Joe a different perspective on life, and plebe year was only a small hurdle for this street-wise kid. As a plebe Joe was famous for his 15 second Spanish chow calls, and sleeping in his top locker during Army week. His entire 2/c summer Joe spent standing rigidly at attention at the "early morning breakfast club" reveilles. As the "Don Juan" of Annapolis, Joe knows how to charm the ladies, but there is only one "senorita" for him. We expect to see Joe leave Annapolis just as he came, with one exception: he's added a 10 lb Texan belt buckle to his wardrobe.

Shawn Michael Scharf

Scharf, Shawn Scharf, Shawn M. Scharf . . . of Christ, it's Scharf! Scharf's the boss. 493. Another proud Coloradian, Shawn traded in his elk sweater for hopes of gold wings. The intensity with which he attacked everything paid off. He not only earned a systems degree, but reaped several awards along the way: Tau Beta Pi, karate, the Filthy Five and Goon Squad were a few of the elite clubs he was in. Luckily Shawn was an engineer and not an architect. His attempt at remodeling a bulkhead in the 1-2 passageway proved to be as successful as his powder bomb ambushes. He was always fun to go out with, whether he was punking at UD or donning his ring dance mess dress for the second time. All in all he was a great roommate; no wonder the zoom hated us and no one trusted us together. Remember the good music and the feasts, from spaghetti to peanut butter bananas. Good luck, God bless, and fly high. Hordak.



David Edward Sewell

Hailing from Humble, Texas (pronounced Umble), Dave came to USNA via the Military Prep School and Texas A&M. Alias "Sewell-kid," Dave entered his new home in Form-2 where eventually he would become "The Boss." Besides earning an 'N' and three stars in 150's, Dave earned the covetous Spanish Alphabet Champ Medal in a gruelling free-for-all. A stubborn, hard-headed conservative, he was exactly goon squad material. There were only three things Dave worshipped: his rack, his fiancee Debbie, and his rack. As a hard-core procrastinator, Dave got more rack time than a convict on Death Row. He has been a great roommate and will always be a great friend. I hope he gets his A-6 NFO billet. RJT. P.S. We beat Rescue Raiders!

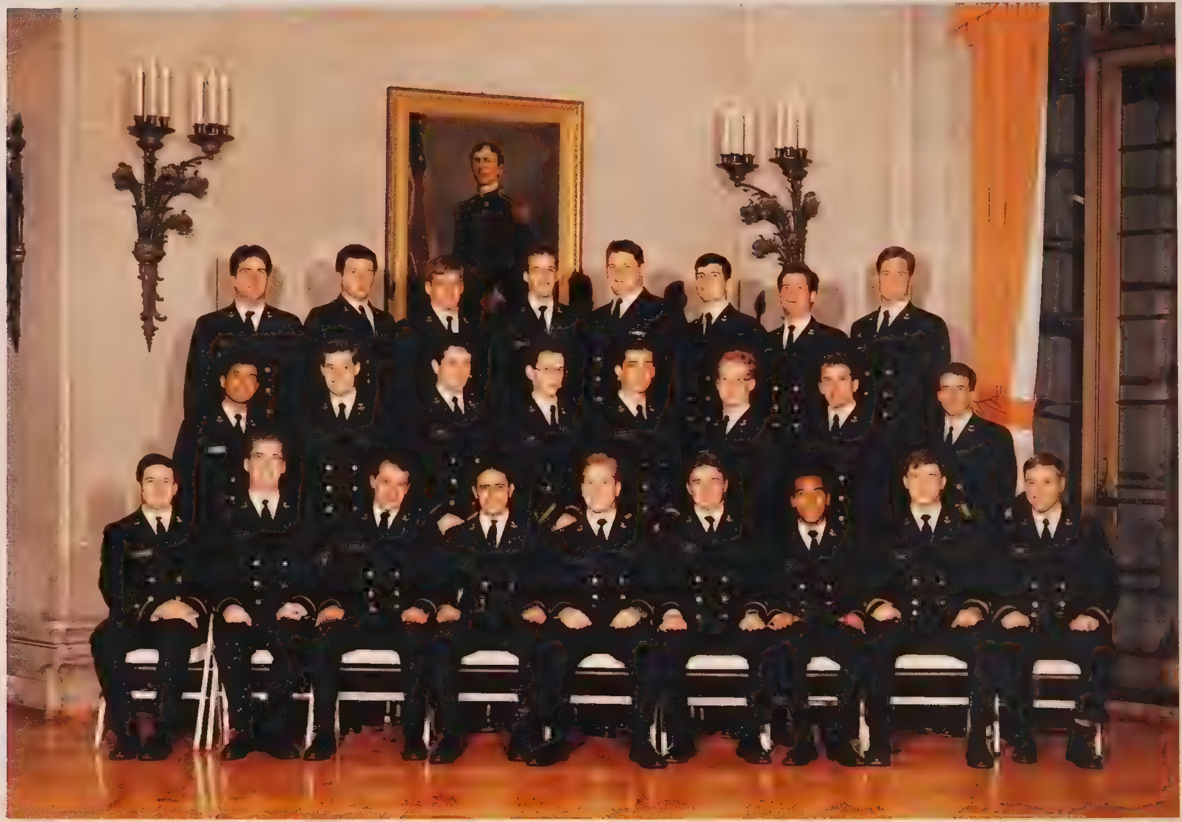
Keith Andrew Spencer

After being tricked by a guidance counselor into coming to USNA, Keith soon discovered the true value of a uniform. His mother once asked "Is this the girl for this month?" Cuddling must have been his secret strong point, though it wasn't always a secret. (Breckenridge ring a bell?) When he wasn't chasing skirts, he searched for the gouge formulas needed to plug-n-chug one's way through the academy. Though mentally coordinated enough to run his love life, first battalion and 70% of the academy's ECAs simultaneously, he managed to break one bone each winter while playing basketball. (His roommates were quite adept at dressing him). We're glad we knew you, Keith, and wish you the best always. We'll never forget Dahlgren articles, Columbia, Breckenridge, stripes, phones, "S'up" and AACK year. Maybe some day we will meet again, but either way remember: "Now is the winter of our discontent." r,w&j.

Michael James Williams

'Zilla, a future mari . . . oops, I mean naval aviator. One tends to forget Mike will probably be the only navy helo pilot with a high and tight. Yes, this future naval officer is ready to take matters into his own hands to protect his country. Not only has he completed all of his MCI courses, but he happens to own the largest collection of calculators in the free world. In his four years at the academy Mike has been able to distinguish himself in a couple of manners, the first being the goon squad and the second being the high power rifle team. It was with the latter group that Mike became one with nature. Heaven knows that there are a couple of gophers and squirrels who owe Mike their lives. I've been living with the guy for 3 years, I should know. See you in P-cola for year four. Mowgli.

THIRSTY
3RD
FLYING CIRCUS



The Class of 1987

Row One: Patrick Hosey, David Brown, Steven Halpern, Christopher Arias, John Mykyta, Earl Wilson, Albert Hawkins, David Seawright, Kevin White **Row Two:** Arturo Martinez, John Denine, Eric Scheulin, Jeffrey Earle, Shawn Dennis, Scott Cressman, Paul Nesbit, Matthew Early **Row Three:** Joseph Greene, William McKinley, David Burnham, Todd Steggerda, Kent Vanhorn, Dominic Meoli, Paul Rayhill, John Hardig **Not Shown:** Jeffrey Caporossi, John Gilstad, Henry Laible, Juan Rodriguez

Fall Staff

Company Commander: David Seawright
Company Sub Commander: John Denine
Company Adjutant: Henry Laible

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Dominic Meoli
Company Sub Commander: Todd Steggerda
Company Adjutant: William McKinley

LT Bill McKinney

The Class of 1988

Row One: Stuart Hamilton, Eric Weisel, Whitney Tantleff, Christopher King, Todd Lipani, Joseph Brinkman, Paul Pullin, Curtis Goetsch, Frederick Schlueter **Row Two:** Daniel Whitney, Barry Phillips, Arnold Thomas, Rebecca Lonigan, Lynn O'Neil, Colleen Walker, Theresa Michal, James Matthews, John Shanley, John Gersch **Row Three:** Truman Stephens, Andrew Barker, John Dupree, Peter Shumway, Chessley Cornett, William Miller, Stephen Sklenka, Mark Goodwin, Jimmy Cox **Not Shown:** Bruce Bennett, Mark Kutscher, Pegeen O'Neil, Timothy Pfeifer, Christopher Phillips

The Class of 1989

Row One: Paul Haebler, Mark Thonen, Robert Cepek, John Larkin, William Stomp, Michael Reyes, Shawn Hendricks, Paul Diehl, Kevin Reed **Row Two:** James Rentfrow, Eric Rokke, Timothy Hofacre, Joseph Hart, Steven Morris, Pierre Hinton, Daryl Woodworth, Robert Blanton, Steven Grass, Terence Harcharik, Matthew Caradonna **Row Three:** Jeffrey Haggott, Paul DeLuca, Michael Debruyn, Andrew D'Ambrosio, Eric Micheli, Andrew Escriva, Jeffrey Marshall, Bradley Stillabower, Jason Bowie, Neal Quigley **Not Shown:** David Casey, Barry Gittleman, Gerald Gmerek, Timothy Heaton, Michael McGregor

The Class of 1990

Row One: Vincent Fragomene, Craig Holtslander, Matthew Wilson, Robert Spandau, James Burly, Hector Corral, Martin Culbreth, Gregory Nicolay, Stephen Kline **Row Two:** John Hedger, Allan Ziegler, Alan Philpott, Diego Torres, Craig Laws, Arthur Reiss, Eric Mersch, William Watson, John Lunger **Row Three:** David Foglesong, Jennifer Hampson, Eileen Haskins, John Fitzpatrick, Peter Smith, Vera Perry, Constance James, Mark Gilmore, Thomas Grattan, Donald Bain, Brad Parker **Not Shown:** Aaron Brosnan, Henry Lee, Ernest Musseman, Benjamin Salazar, Warren Yu

NAVY HOCKEY
NAVY CREW

ΣX
NAVY
NAVY HOCKEY

E.K. and gang: Congratulations on a job well done. Beauty — eh! Godspeed! Love, Dad, Mom, Randi, and Kurt.

We're so proud, Kent Van Horn, 3rd Co. Love, Mom, Dad, and the rest of the family.

To Midn. Kevin White: Truly "with God all things are possible." Congratulations Mom & Dad.

Congratulations, Hank Laible. Love, Elaine.

Congratulations, Bill! Now perhaps, another McKinley will achieve the White-house. Your Family.

Be at peace with God.
Keep peace with your soul.
Be careful. Strive to be happy.
We are proud of you, John.
From the Mykyta Family.

Congratulations David Brown and the Class of '87 May you have smooth sailing, fair winds, and following seas. God be with you always. Love Mom, Dad, and kids.

Congratulations, Class '87 Betty and Bill Hardig.

Christopher Vincent Arias

Plebe year: NAPS made plebe summer/year a lot easier. I was indoctrinated into the He-Man Women Haters Club and fondly remember the days as a macho hairy chested man. Youngster year: A new company, new friends and the cycling club. Academics came easy and Stegs and I slept a lot. Second class year: After a long summer, first semester found me at Air Force. Jumping out of airplanes with no strings attached. (Freefall!) Losing my hair over a game and skiing in Colorado with my Zoomie friends. Second semester was highlighted with the weekend drinking at St. John's. First class year: I spent the summer at Los Alamos Labs and on cruise in San Diego. First class year gave me new roommates. E.K. and Steve. To all my friends, from NAPS, 9th Company plebes ('87), Air Force, and especially 3rd Company, thanks for the friendship — without it I wouldn't have made it.

David Allen Brown

My first recollection of Dave comes from the first semester of plebe year when he did what all military types are instructed never to do by our fathers, he volunteered to be the section leader of EN100. I don't recall him doing anything like that since. He is far too wise. David is affectionately known as "Downtown" to the upperclass of thirsty third company. He was given this wonderful appellation by Steve Debonis youngster year and it remains an apt description of Dave's basic lifestyle. Dave has sometimes left the hall just to purchase comic books. He is one of the few truly contented people I have ever know. David and I have shared many strange encounters together, such as visions of Nam while flying helos over the swamps of P-cola. Dave has also been a near psychic visionary when it comes to me and my women, for that reason I have picked him as my best man. Dave, is in mind one of the best men I have ever known. PJH.

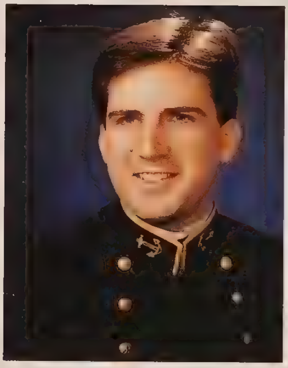
David Lee Burnham

Dave arrived at Navy after a USAFA-funded stint at Hoiby's Hilton. Dave quickly parted with the regulations; he was UA the night he met Pam. Do these fit? Dave really made some waves that night, we know because a very large robin told us. The Air Force was not happy about Dave's decision to attend Navy, but then again neither was his Company Officer after he threw her into the Severn River. Youngster year, despite an 800 SAT Math score it took Santa Claus to get him through Calculus. After descending upon Pensacola, he soon descended down a flight of stairs. That softened up his heart and he volunteered to spend several nights on an Oliver Hazard Perry. Hopefully Dave will have better luck finding the carrier than he did Rt. 50. That's OK though Dave, Baltimore wasn't that far out of the way and Mother B does resemble the Naval Institute Press. Good luck and take care. PT, PR, OF.

Jeffrey Paul Caporossi

For Mom, Dad, and my Grandparents,
I asked for strength that I might achieve.
He made me weak that I might obey.
I asked for health that I might do greater things.

I was given grace that I might do better things.
I asked for riches that I might be happy.
I was given poverty that I might be wise.
I asked for power that I might have the praise of men.
I was given weakness that I might feel the need for God.
I asked for all things that I might enjoy life.
I was given life that I might enjoy all things.
I received nothing that I asked for.
My prayer was answered.
- *Prayer of a Confederate Soldier*



Matthew Lance Early

Matt came to Club Chesapeake with an intense desire to graduate as the most unique officer in naval history. My first impression of him was one of astonishment as he snaked a Dahlgren belle from me youngster year, only to find out that he was a newly scrambled member of my company. From then on, it was a true friendship. Although he's from Ohio, Matt displayed attributes reminding me of my origins, nearly succeeding once in convincing me to jump the Boat School with him and return to college in California. I think he chose Ocean Engineering so he can work on oil rigs off the West Coast someday. From New Wave clubs, fire stations, wine-cooler-plus, cruising, and insta-families to down-to-earth, solid friendship and brotherly advice, Matt and I have experienced it all. A fine athlete, ardent girl-chaser, and future aviator, Matt's uniqueness will undoubtedly continue. His enthusiasm and dedication will be an asset to the Navy. PEN.

John Reed-Hill Gilstad

John came to the Naval Academy from San Antonio, Texas. To get rid of his funny accent, he majored in English; and he piddled in Chemistry to learn something. He was going to fly with the Navy, but then got a chance to go to medical and seized it.

Joseph Thomas Greene

Steven Evan Halpern

Stevo checked in on I-Day from with systems on his mind and left a general engineer, but all the wiser. Along the way, we learned the tricks of the trade. Perimeter runs were frequent, and the wall was an object of scrutiny. The boys did time in Smoke Hall together too, but made the most of it. Spring Break was a story all its own, as we learned to dive, attempted to digest the Atlantic, and fix a tire. Junior year brought the ring and the car, and firstie year brought- well, firstie year. If he wasn't in the rack, Halsey, Eastport, the wardroom, blasting 'em (library), eating, or getting hooked up, he might be studying. Good luck in P-cola and everything, buddy, and may our paths cross always. By the way, there better be something up there! Don't forget our Lowenbrau commercial (hooked up?), and dive shop on the Intercoastal. Remember to watch the "bad mood" and the .45. Not much longer, I just have to finish this thing. EKW.

Scott Alan Cressman

Scotty's (alias Scooter, Bonehead, Budman, Tiger) life took a drastic turn with a 1.26 semester. But,he was conditioned for his life of liquid pleasure by 200-300lb. H.S. friends and exit 2's wall. Though he left engineering he didn't abandon fluids. Wally World tours took him to Florderdale and York. Not one to miss the action, his life had many notable events: Beemer's roommate, crew, Kelly, peeling moose labels, lost pants on I-95, Ramshead credit sprees, church circle watering, sleeping under a dresser in York, grape races, a stuck head in gate 8, shotguns at SRV, failing Philly Nav, beer helmets & deflector shields, circuit training, up and down the river. Quotes: to the bar, to the bar, to the bar we are; the best beer is cheap beer especially when it's free, it never rains inside where the beer is, the beer is old & gnarly, YO! 3rd's only Marine already knows how to run around in the woods. Good luck! S,B,F & Co.

John Joseph Denine

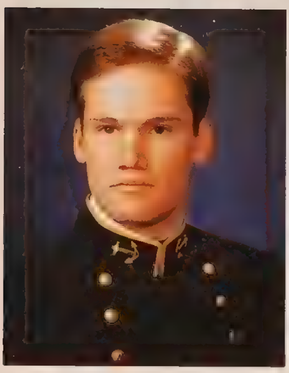
Ishmael hails from a little burg in upstate New York. Although he lived in Alabama, he lays no claim to either North or South, saving his fidelity only for the high waves and distant shores of a SWO lubber. He likes to cover all angles, as you will quickly discover should you venture to cross him. This goes for all manner of competition, from simple word battles or intellivision baseball to mob vs. mob basketball. Enticing opponents into a "friendly" game of squash he suddenly becomes the khan master, gritting his teeth with an iron will bent on destruction. The written word was his calling and it has held him in good stead. Near top 100 status has come to few with such little effort. His silver tongue and mighty pen landed him the editor's seat of The Labyrinth. He is an excellent wielder of words but not of mops (at 0130), eh Bastos? Nonetheless, with lasting words of friendship we say . . .Best Wishes and Keep in Touch. DNC & PEN.

Shawn Estaban Dennis

Shawn (not Sean) never met a beer he didn't like. His first G-town experience led him to Hood, and he found that he never met a Hood girl he liked. While explaining WE mishaps he often said, "It was alcohol so I drank it." He put old books to good use at Ramshead. Shawn kept his image as God of love throughout his stay. MG, LS, CV, JW, SY & AT can attest to it. He began studying for NL400 early, hearing Miranda rights about every time away from USNA, but it didn't work well in explaining the NAPS incident and he spent a dry(?) WE with the breakfast club. Even his skipper's daughter youngster cruise wasn't safe. Second class summer found a good time in every protramid stop. Notable points of his career were: Jersey to Balto in 1:15, a car he couldn't help but spend on, gargling with Tequilla, UVA sports pages, a shower bonfire, Mount snoring, Boneheads and Hosers, bed time stories, Bud Man & Capt. Jack, and a future in P-cola.

Jeffrey Scott Earle

Jeff's dream in life has always been to be a "bubblehead", and USNA was the obvious place to start. Majoring in EE and being president of the Dolphin Club helped him get that precious nuke paycheck. His being a EE wasn't too bad (only Dave Seawright was regularly coming for gouge) but I hated every time I got woken up by a plebe coming in to ask how he could get in the next Dolphin Club movement order (it happened about 150 times). I still remember clearly when Jeff took me to his house in Kittery, Maine. He spent all week hanging around in short sleeve shirts while I was in double sweats with a cold. "It is hot and nice" he always said. A funny thing about Jeff: he is the only heavy metal fan I know that can't stand loud music. Jeff will always be remembered for his love for his Firebird, his usual high speeds and his need for a new wardrobe. I know Jeff will make a good submarine officer. Good hunting and good luck. JCR.



John Jay Hardig

John, alias Mr.Decisive, began his career at Navy with a bang, spending two semesters with his good friend Chuck. No matter how much John didn't like his second class model, it began to rub off. As a youngster, John appeared in the Webster's under the word sweat. All of his hard work paid off with a position on regimental staff, but that was short lived. John had a tough time remembering who his friends were when he drank. He was offered a boxing scholarship at Texas A&M, but turned it down after his first bout. John's car loan was spent on a sleek, shiny, girl-getter, a Nissan pickup. He took at least a couple of months and a few hundred dollars to decide whether or not he liked a girl. He was also a firm believer that if he racked 12 hours a day it only took 2 years to get through the Academy. Of course he would never admit that. All in all, John will be remembered for his decisiveness. Well, maybe — yeh, no . . .I don't know.

Albert Wayne Hawkins

Al and I have been roommates for the last two years. Al is busy all of the time. If he isn't writing songs for his next new band, he's at track practice striving for IC4A's or merely surviving as one of Navy's many gifted "Scientists." Al studies more than any roommate I've ever had. He studies on weekends, even when SAT. Every weekend he goes off to Baltimore, at Trip's house, or some den of iniquity like Odell's or somesuch. Al is a great guy, and it's hard to get him angry. But, when he's mad, he's MAD. Like the time youngster year he nearly strangled Sastry for assaulting his stereo with a water bomb at 0400. His taste in music is, to say the least, different. I've learned to appreciate the likes of Doug E. Fresh, Prince, Janet Jackson, and UTFO. He's done quite well tolerating the Cars, Randy Newman (almost), the Moody Blues, and even Romeo Void. Al extends his wishes to EK, PH, WM, BT, SH, SS, etc. LOVE GOD. Dab.

Patrick Joseph Hosey

Despite his best efforts, Pat made it to graduation and freedom — for one day, until his wedding. Pat met Miriam at the Army-Navy Ball second class year. Little did they know they'd get married. But I did. Right after Ring Dance, in a fit of precognition, I told them so. Pat laughed, "Oh, Downtown, you are so crazy." Miriam just smiled; I think she knew it too. We had wonderful times together. Protramid, an eventful trip to West Point, and a couple visits to Saint Louis to the wonderful hospitality of his parents. Always the English major, Pat read Ulysses first class year. I think it truly made him insane. Nevertheless Pat is the type of person one could confide in, not only myself, but others as well. His only flaws are a overwhelming attraction to his rack and being one of the sloppiest, yet cleanest, men I know. He and Miriam will be moving down to Charleston after SWOS, and I won't be there. I will miss them. DAB.

Henry Alfred Laible

Hank came to the boat school from the rainy city of Seattle. He's always loved the water which is one of the reasons why he came here. Aside from coxswaining for the crew team and the demands of plebe year, he spent time with a firstie who had taken an interest in his spiritual development. Eric helped him establish priorities in his walk that would prepare him for the fleet. These past four years have gone quickly but Hank has learned a lot about himself. He will graduate in the top 50 of his class with an ocean engineering degree and will be a submarine officer in the nuclear navy. Thanks to Dom and the rest of third. Its been great. Thanks mom, dad, and Elaine I couldn't have done it without you! Gal. 2:20.

Arturo Zamora Martinez

Gracias a mi madre, padre, y Dios.
Art was here but now he is gone,
He left his name to carry on,
Those who knew him, knew him well,
Those who didn't . . . Well they didn't,
did they?

William Patrick McKinley

Bill started out as a 12th co. attorney, and thus found a spot waiting for him on the debate team. The year went somewhat quickly and his coming out party at Timmy's was a technicolor production. 3/c year weekends were spent at exotic locations debating/drinking. 2/c year he snored his way into Shawn and Scotty's lives. He always enjoyed long walks in Philly (it was cold in '85 so he turned around after only 20 miles). Bill had "gained stature" by 1/c year and became affectionately known as "Mount." In his debate career he found the O-course south, learned about appropriations in Ireland, and asked a group of Princetonettes the philosophical question: "Where are my pants?" Bill always drank in moderation, two pitchers of Guiness was his limit at one sitting, he had to be through with his books before he could afford the bar tab though. Bill's future holds thoughts of neutrons and rice paddies on board USS Reeves. Usque ad mortem bibendum! Amen. F,S&S.

Dominic Joseph Meoli

Dom said,"Enjed, my new friend, show me this world of Utopia, for I am ready to see it, and pray I am worthy of this spectacular fortune!" Then he took his place in the Navy. How typical of him to utter such meaningless words of wisdom. He often pondered such phrases as "I wish it were I knew" and then added things like "whose bullet was so true." Dom, like many of us, played a hand in EE, and dabbled a bit in Aero ,but he decided on a 3.5 and Co CDR. He always managed to get things done amidst his castle drawings and wrestling matches in the hall. A Phillywop, only his raw manliness matched his intellect and creativity. He often spoke of letting a cassette blow out the window of his Alpha,as one once did,to see how far he had come and where he had been.He spoke of "the path less travelled" on cold Rickover walks. And he always spoke kindly. He last said, "If friendship should endure forever, then I am indeed a wealthy man." TS.

John Lubomyr Mykyta

"Good-bye."

David Arlyn Seawright

When I was a child, I used to speak as a child, think as a child, reason as a child; when I became a man, I did away with childish things. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know fully just as I also have been fully known. But now abide faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love. I Corinthians 13:11-13.

Todd Roger Steggerda

Stegs was once heard to utter,"No man can justify his existence by complacency for it is the measure of a man who not only accepts change, but endeavors to make change." And so it was that Stegs proclaimed himself young and restless and bored. As testimony to his case, Stegs mastered Aerospace Engineering and turned to more liberal studies only to develop a fine penchant for writing. He played golf and a brassy piece but, alas, gave these up to meet the new challenges of company subcommander and to meet the girl of his fancy. Such restless energy was bounded only by the fact that he maintained the maturity to keep everything in perspective. The only constants in Stegs' life seem to have been the hump day parties, air band concerts, and the Rickover walks. Such was the essence of his youth — soon to be just a memory. But, as he would say, "Cry not for youth and innocence, for your destiny is at hand." DJM.

Kent Richard VanHorn

After the movie "Animal House," Kent was marked for life with the nickname "Flounder". Being a golden boy on the football team allowed him to skate through the Stalag Company plebe year. Coming to 3rd Company, Flounder soon developed a halo that would carry him through junior year. Although he was a veteran of rock calculus, Kent decided that Math was the major for him. He soon found out that if there's a line at the front door, sometimes the back door is better. Flounder's nightlife was different indeed, on the few occasions he went out with just the boys he would become disoriented and mistake such things as his and other peoples rooms for mens rooms. Kent found many practical applications for managing his money. His sound decision to buy a cheaper used car is one example. However, no formula could predict the life of its engine. Good luck on the cutting edge, Kent. May you always have fair winds and following seas. JH PR DB.

Kevin Francis White

Kevin considers himself a midwesterner. His journey from Dayton to USNA featured stops at Texas A&M and Ohio State. After a plebe year filled with lessons of patience rather than ProDev, "Buttocks" found himself in Seventh Heaven. He was frequently seen, but more often heard. It's easy to understand why he was fried plebe year for reading *Green Eggs and Ham* into Goat Court. It's that "laugh" BAHHAH! After a semester of durability tests on the language department's tape recorders, he realized that science was basically physical. Kevin was never one to enjoy lonely walks through flower gardens; nonetheless, a certain Rose caught his attention. Kevin's honesty and concern got him in "foul" trouble (Hey, that's foul!) when Poohbear decided truth hurt too much, and forced him into the 3rd Dimension. Through good and bad, Kevin always realized God was in control, and shared this freely to others. Fly high and walk close to our Lord. Burrhead.

Paul Eric Nesbit

Paul is a man obsessed. California. There is no substitute. The only places of value on the East Coast are tanning salons and USNA. We poor Easterners sometimes have a hard time understanding him. His dedicated and reserved attitude hides his wild CA interior. Out the gate, the shell cracks, the cocoon opens, and next thing you know, it's time for homemade wine coolers (with "the plus"). In search of that "Kathy Ireland look," he's acquired quite a menagerie of all types, styles, and ages (Katydid, Kemp Mill Records, Gerards, and all those teddy bears, etc.). But as we've said, he certainly has his serious side. He does nothing halfway and hopes to serve his country as an attache. In support of his goal, he has mastered French and Russian, and plans to serve the Navy as an aviator (P-3s?-Ha!). We really hope you reach your goals. You've been a excellent and loyal friend. Remember us when you're a rich and famous songwriter or ?! JD ME.

Paul Christopher Rayhill

Although his initials "P.C.R." didn't reflect his strong points at Navy, Palsey underwent some intense training by "The Black Plague," during Plebe Year. Youngster cruise was rather uneventful for Palsey, but he did manage to bring back a memorable souvenir from Palma. Later that year academics forced Palsey to drop out of EOE and pick up DSB. Taking his cue from Tony Montano, Palsey's love life hit an all-time low late in youngster year. Second class year Palsey had better luck at Maggies than he previously had at the Szechwan, for it was there that he met "Big Foot." Coming out of Junior year as a true LTM, some say Dumpy's body had started to decay, but we all know, he was up every morning at the crack of dawn, knocking out some reps. Best of luck in Pensacola, Paul. We just hope you bring extra sic-sacs and that your flying is better than your driving. DB JH PT.

Juan Carlos Rodriguez

Juan (Cuan) came to USNA from Ponce, Puerto Rico with two goals: to be an Aero and a pilot. He ran into rough seas in both areas; he had trouble with propulsion and EE most of first class year and he was NPQ up until two days before service selection. He's still an Aero and after graduation, he is P-Cola bound, so I guess everything turned out alright. I still have not figured out how he managed to survive first class year without a car, but I do know that my car has seen Mary Washington College many times, but I have yet to go there. At least he always left me "presents" in my trunk. Other than academics, Bancroft Medical, and the lack of a car, Juan's only major problem was adjusting to the cold of an Annapolis winter. I still remember him wearing long underwear during end of semester leave in Maine and he was still cold. Good luck at P-Cola and don't worry, it is warm there during the winter. JSE.

Eric Matthew Scheulin

Eric, hailing from Hawaii, the land of eternal summer, came to Navy a man of great expectations. Sailing mightily though all challenges, Eric has survived the Weirdness of Mech E and the rigors of sailing in weather too cold to sunbathe in. I remember him commenting on how the rest of the sailing team wondered how he ever got along without foul weather gear. Simple, really. No foul weather, who needs gear? Rooming with him, I distinctly remember him always staying up late, making up for his unavoidable early evening naps. First class year brought escape from DC Lotto and then exile to further glory with the Battalion Staff. He will be remembered for his eternal confusion over what went on in-company. Alas, the price of fame and fortune. Well, Eric is off to P-Cola and hopefully F-18s. I, for one, am glad he's not on the other side. DT.

Earl Kent Wilson

I guess it all started about 3 years ago. Since that time we've gotten away with many things and pushed the regs to the limit many times. Taking the good with the bad, we even managed to get caught **once** . But that only brings back such phrases as "We are not going back on restriction!" or "It's foolproof — we'll never get caught." Thinking back, it was foolproof. Don't forget spring break, diving, being "the boys," getting hooked up, not getting hooked up . . .this could go on forever. Of course E.K. would not be E.K. without hockey and his claim to fame, making the Trident calendar. Then came junior year with the "Z" and Sherrie. Who would have known, right? It all worked out better than we ever expected. Not to sound final or anything, but good luck on being a maritime man and with everything else. No matter what, don't forget about the Lowenbrau commercial and the dive shop. Oh yeah, "How much longer are you going to be up?" SEH.

ISHERWOOD HALL
NAMED IN HONOR OF
REAR ADMIRAL
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ISHERWOOD
U. S. NAVY
1822 - 1915
ENGINEER IN CHIEF - FIRST CHIEF OF
BUREAU STEAM ENGINEERING
1861 - 1869

LCDR Steve Artzer

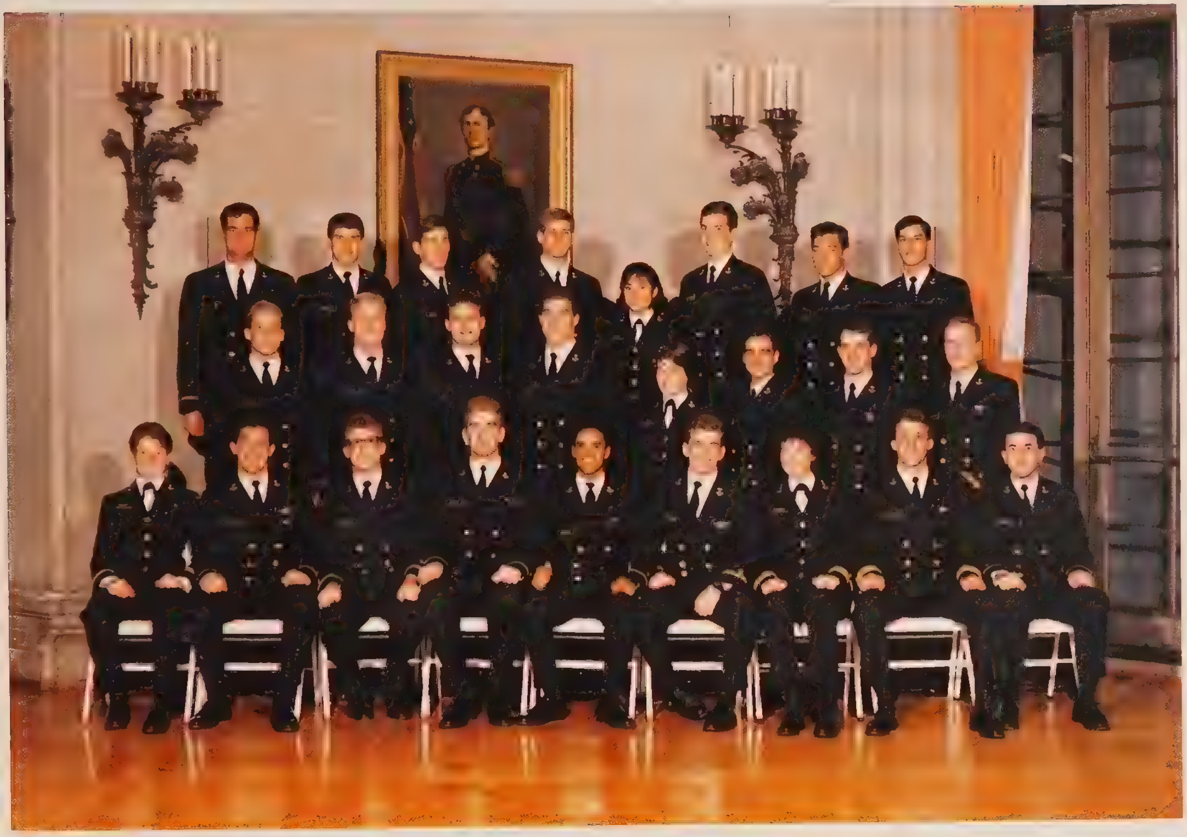
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Keith Bannach
Company Sub Commander: Mike Wuamett
Company Adjutant: James Duke

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Wes Huey
Company Sub Commander: Bruce McFadden
Company Adjutant: Dennis Richards

THE SCREAMING DIZBUSTERS Say...
GO
4
IT!



The Class of 1987

Row One: Suzanne Skelley, George Petersen, Gregory Dawson, George Ganahl, Dwayne Lindsey, David Demarsh, Dolores Dorsett, Scott McFarlane, David Fluker **Row Two:** Bruce McFadden, Wesley Huey, David Oss, Dennis Richards, Letitia Dour, Joe Vajgert, Michael Sopko, Keith Bannach **Row Three:** James Duke, Michael Wuamett, Russell Emons, Christian Bahn, Veronica Llaneta, Charles Muggleworth, Philip Shevis, Luis Polar **Not Shown:** Robert Plantz

The Class of 1988

Row One: Daniel Koerschner, Gregg Nakano, Mike Carsley, Francisco Ball, Stephen Fernandez, Thomas Ferguson, Yoshiyuki Muraki, Paul Banoczi, Joseph Smith **Row Two:** Mike Yancey, Mike Quilty, Liam Merrick, Van Anderson, John Bailey, Michael Majewski, Dave Hitchcock, Kevin Gonter, Maurice Klein, Rob McKenney **Row Three:** Mike Parish, Penn Frey, Jim Szerba, Cornelius Giles, Scott Rogers, Joseph Smith, Chris Robinson, Jack Thomsen **Not Shown:** James Stewart, Scott Waidelich

The Class of 1989

Row One: Heidi Fleming, Kimberly Nugent, Joan Oldmixon, Leni Quilantang, Susan Oxendine, Emily Lai, Kathleen Smith, David McCarthy, Derek Fuller **Row Two:** Brian Caldwell, Bill Woods, Jim Barnhill, Gontran Lamberty, Glenn Bleiler, Matt Piacitelli, Matt Wessel, Don Gabrielson, David Rose, Alberto Carlos, Holly Gordon, John Woodson, Julien Grant **Row Three:** Timothy Sandeno, Pat Donnelly, Steve Dickson, Larry Von Moss, James Joyner, Philip Cronin, James Popielec, Bill Serad, Jon Stevenson, Rob Palm **Not Shown:** Brian Hathaway, Albert Lewis, Michael Mazza

The Class of 1990

Row One: Kwan Lee, Ed Anderson, Doug Sullivan, William McKinney, Michael Warner, Stevin Smith, Stephen Kolakowski, Luke Ritter, Randy Garner **Row Two:** James Hancock, Samuel Williams, Christopher Wheeler, Scott Clayton, Kerry Hollenbeck, David Hebert, Robert Weissenfels, George Stewart, Keith Hanzel, Llewellyn Lewis, Jacob Espinoza, Shawn Cash, Mark Petroff, Matthew Jensen **Row Three:** Joseph McCue, Wes Freeman, Mike Pia, Tim Peifley, Henry Guy, Jason Benites, John Senger, Kelly Hansen, Mike Karczewski, Karl Hines, Mike Burns **Not Shown:** Jeffery Foltz, Joseph Murphy, Robert Rich

Philip Gordon Shevis, USMC You made us proud again! Always give your best to the Naval Service. Semper Fi. Mom, Dad, Jean, Janet.

From the agony of plebe summer to the thrill of June Week. Thanks for the memories. Congratulations Bruce and 4th Co. Go Navy! The McFadden Family.

Look out USMC — Here comes Bob! Congratulations to 4 and '87. Thanks for many proud times. We love you. Mom, Dad, Mary, M.C.

Congratulations Ensign David Fluker, Class of '87 and the 4th Co.! We are very proud of you, David. Love, Mom, Dad and Brian.

Veronica, we are proud of you and don't change-always be yourself. God bless you. Mom and Dad.

EXIT

adidas
NEWPORT
BERMUDA

Christian Simon Bahn

Although Chris was appointed from the state of California, make no mistake that home of this Guru is Colorado where the air is rare. Perhaps this explains his bizarre sense of humor that has kept us entertained for the past few years. There is no man outside of a mental institution that can top his crazy antics, just ask him about the Gibbon or the animal of the day, you'll understand. A more easy going guy than Diaper-Man you will not find and in between being a couch potato and playing on his computer, Chris found time to be a successful chemist and earn a letter swimming. Surface Warfare lost a good man to the Corps when he saw the bright light, accompanied by the usual loud noise. Now if they would only base Marines in Vancouver . . . *Semper Fun* ! RWE.

Keith Bernard Bannach

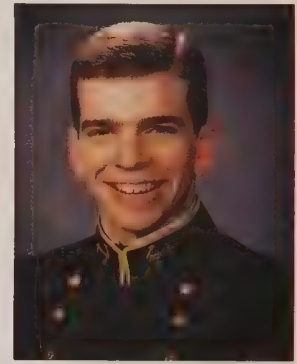
Leaving behind cold weather and a close family, Keith came all the way from Wisconsin to pursue glory and the good life at USNA. I first met him at Airborne School youngster summer (Hey, the ten-meter board is scarier than this!). A year later, it was evading aggressors in the SERE forests of Colorado. Keith had The Corps in mind during his entire career as a Mid, and so took a Marine Option cruise first class summer. But, there was never any doubt. Upon his return as a firstie, he left his mark as company commander first set. Behind all the gunge, Keith is a man of unparalleled warmth and concern, organizing MIDACTS woodchops, Christmas caroling, and company sponsorship of less fortunate children. All this aside from his being a trustworthy confidant and a great friend. The Corps is getting a smart, dependable, and motivated new lieutenant in Keith. "Go for it Big Guy" -and Godspeed. MCS.

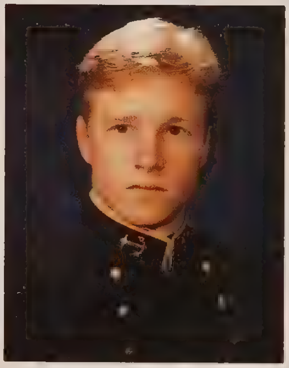
Gregory Earl Dawson

Greg, affectionately known as Grits by his two roomies, comes to us from the great and glorious land of Spokane, Washington. Little is known of his plebe year at USNA, other than that he did well enough to convince himself he belonged here. Great changes have been wrought in Greg's life since moving into Fourth Company. Youngster year many were convinced he was headed for the Chaplain Corps upon graduation, but second class summer took care of that. We had a quasi-Marine on our hands for a while, but that ambition fell by the wayside as well when the lure of a $3400.00 check reared its head. That's right; our wayward boy is off to join the Silent Service. Hopefully the effects of the coast button he pushed sometime during second class year won't carry over to Nuc School. Anyways, those of us who know and love him wish Greg the best of luck. Take care, roomie! GFG.

David Allen DeMarsh

Having grown up a military brat, Dave should have known better than to come to good 'ol USNA. Be that as it may, he came, he saw, he remained, and as of graduation day he will have conquered. After arrival, Dave leveled off into a steady pursuit of several basic goals: graduation (at times it seemed a diminishing prospect), life (depending upon one's definition, to be attained after graduation), liberty (see life, and push it back to after leaving the Navy), happiness (Dave is endowed with an eternally buoyant personality, especially when he has a girlfriend), and good grades (ever elusive). As an athlete, Dave made the rounds, especially enjoying running. He had a slight problem with the rocks/tourists along the seawall, and his experience on the receiving end of Bethesda left him a little leery of the *A Sense of Honor* approach to physical fitness. But, he is now in top form and looking forward to Pensacola, and beyond. GFG.





David Paul Fluker

Flukeman came from a snow-covered town in upstate New York, and after a year of "normal" college, he became aware of a higher calling . . . jets. A terrific roommate of 3 years, Davy represented the most important thing we graduated with: lifetime friends. An inspiring leader, he consistently led the lightweights to victory, and first class year he earned the glorious three stripes that meant liberty. Although he always had an eye for the ladies and they for him, Flukeman believed in more important things, like riotous tailgaters and pursuing fun with the guys. So he left the ladies behind in order to concentrate on dreams of flying. Davy took everything in stride, and was truly liked by everyone, for as all the others were sweating the world, Flukeman never lost his cool, never lost sight of things. I can think of no one more qualified to lead and inspire people than this great buddy of mine. The sky's the limit, Davy. SPM.

George Francis Ganahl

How anyone could get the name Oats (short for Oatmeal) is beyond me, but then what do you expect from a man who lives with two guys named Bones and Grits? Oh well, Southern Californians are supposed to be weird. Weird does not quite describe this mid, however. How do you explain a guy who sports a modified flat-top, collects exotic knives, goes to El Salvador for vacation, blows his Nuc interview, and ends up going SWO on the New Jersey? I don't know, but I hear he's really a nice guy underneath it all. After a slow start plebe year (1.70 CQPR), George got smart and switched from Marine Engineering to English (now he writes poems about submarines). After he got his head on straight, he managed accomplishments like winning a Varsity letter in Fencing, staying with the Catholic Choir, and going on a Forex cruise to the Philippines. Needless to say, this well-rounded person is looking forward to the Fleet. Good Luck!

Wesley Scott Huey

The only guy I know to have proudly removed his plebe dixie cup to reveal to his family his I-day skinhead, Wes took an instant liking to USNA. Blessed with a look of innocence and a million dollar smile, Hue won the hearts of his firsties and cruised through plebe year unscathed. Unfortunately, Wes' charm did little to win the heart of the great coach Duff. One of the greatest all-around athletes of our time, Wes shared the same fate as so many other Navy ball players and was forced to relinquish the hard ball for the soft ball. A legend on the intramural field, Hue's determination to succeed culminated in his commanding the company our final semester. Here's to you, Hue-Dogue. To second class summer, Winter Park, Va. Beach, Army, the sea wall at Ring Dance, and to that dream of dreams we both share. Our time has come. We need only believe; for it is we, and we alone, who determine our own destinies. Bruce.

Dwayne Lindsey

How this man got the distinguished name of Bones, only his roommates know — and they'll never tell. Hailing from Portsmouth, Virginia, Dwayne has always been a hard worker (and thus the most staid presence in a room full of loonies). This former Old Dominion man and Napster epitomizes the role of a naval officer and future pilot. Despite a few disagreements with the Mechanical Engineering department over grades, Dwayne is still going to graduate as an engineer, an accomplishment which (to say the least) overjoys his parents. One of Dwayne's primary assets throughout his stay at USNA has been Christianity; the good example he sets is an inspiration to all. Don't get the wrong idea, though; he isn't perfect. Just look who he picked to room with (Grits and Oats)! But seriously, Dwayne is the type of man who attains the goals he sets himself, so I know I don't have to worry about his future. Take care, Dwayne, and God bless! GFG.

Dolores Melina Dorsett

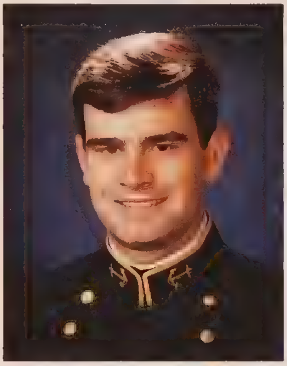
Didi left the sunshine of 29 Palms for the challenges of USNA. Plebe year on 8-4 was no picnic and Didi welcomed the move to 4th. She used T-Court as a background for forming ideas and goals. She had plenty of both! Second class summer, Didi intended to decide her service selection but had time for a movie. Would it be 2LT or ENS? Ac year was intense with books and a few changes, but great things were to come. Didi assumed her first command and did an outstanding job! At some time, we all discover the real reason we came to USNA. Didi returned to 1-3 second semester but gave up T-Court for the Severn River. "There's nothing quite like an eight cutting thru the water." Jody heard you. Who was that man from J.Crew? Terry was the one! Crew can't be all bad. The bonfire and sunsets were golden. Lots of things may fade in time, but good friends never will. Intell gets one of our finest! Always go for the brass ring Didi! SS.

Letitia Ann Dour

Tish stormed into this hallowed institution hailing St.Louis and, of course, them birds — the Cardinals maybe? So much so, that for Halloween she painted blue tears on her face for their World Series loss (Go KC!). Tish continually surprised her fellow mids with her calculator (calculating?) mind, easy going nature and tolerance level with roomates. Plebe year passed in all its "Hail in the Hudson" glory (a fave of Co. 2) and Tish finally pitching the Halloween pumpkin. Youngster year brought out Tish's penchant for surprise birthday parties, the rack and devoted boyfriends (here Odie!). Second class summer enforced what D&B always had — Tish needed NASAP — 9 hours a day, 5 days total. Beach, Hawaii was also on the agenda that summer, as was expanding her culinary palate: "Roni, what's that black stuff I ate?" Through the ice cream, B&J and GQ, it's been great. Best of everything to my fave bundle of sticks. Go for it! VSL.

James Joseph Duke

Jim hailed from Virginia Beach as a wayward surfer with a great tan and strong determination. Plebe year found him competing as a walk-on to the football team. Afterward he found his true calling on the Offshore Sailing team. He worked his way up to skipper his own boat senior year. On his way up, he learned the basic fundamentals of hard partying, putting racing stripes on quite a few cars. Not one of few talents, Jimmy was the backbone of the company heavyweight football offensive line for three years running. Though his grades didn't always show it, Jimmy was the hardest worker in the company academically. Jimmy was and always will be a true friend to me and an example to us all. MGW.



Russell William Emons

Russ came to the Boat School with only one thought in mind: Navy Air. After a plebe year in 23rd Company with Mr. Pep, Russ ended up here in 4th. Always interested in new recipes, but never for himself, he was known to spice up a few drinks at lunch — I wonder how that mustard-strawberry shake tasted? C.C. seemed to have enjoyed it so much that he shared it with everyone. Russ will be remembered in 4th Company as the man nobody remembered. No one will remember, either, the antics we pulled while we were partners in crime, mostly because nobody suspected our capacity for dastardly deeds. An avid fan of the Aero major, Russ ran into some engine problems second class year and managed to prove the hard way that you dont have to go Aero to fly. In the end of it all, Russ found a home in green uniforms. Good luck in the Corps and in the air. CSB.

Veronica Stephanie Llaneta

Roni came to USNA from Nea Makri Greece. After surviving "Weird Harold" plebe summer, she listened to how much she looked like T.G.'s girlfriend. Roni took all of her frustrations of 2nd Co and "the Hatchet" out on the ergs at the boathouse, where she met Square. Youngster summer found Roni cruising the bay, but not knowing where her parents were. The school year brought her to 4th Co with the new month parties of '85 and a contingent of promiscuous men to be sold in '86. Second class summer brought vacation to Hawaii, via VAIL. The sun, the surf, **the men** ! Second class year came and went, so did the SDB's and NGB's. Then after plebe summer, armed with her convertible bug, Roni began to terrorize Annapolis. Ever been asked "how about a palm tree baby?" Have fun in Beijing, and always remember "ice cream is the source of all life!" LAD.

Bruce Robert McFadden

Bruce ventured from the City of Brotherly Love to take his place in the ranks of student jet pilots. A year at PSU did little to prepare him for plebe year on 8-4. Alabata's war cry "McFADDEN!" filled the halls. Daffy emerged a battle-scared veteran of infinite area tours. Youngster year brought a blessing in disguise when Bruce fell victim the the Meyer's curse and traded his Navy soccer knickers for all-everything recognition on the intramural fields. While Bruce hobbled on a bum ankle, the Academy Motel raged and Villanova won it big over the hometown Hoyas, proving once and for all what he already knew. Second class year fell like a ton of books, specifically Advanced Calc and EE — you'd think he would've studied more. Get outta town! Let me tell you something, can't wait to meet the woman who finally pins him down. This kid's born to fly jets. I'd give anything to fly on his wing. You're the best. Good luck bud.

Philip Gordon Shevis

Phil arrived at USNA from such a "great city" that I had to see it for myself: Alamogordo, New Mexico. After experiencing his life as a plebe, drinking beers between chow calls, he decided to have more fun. Of course, fun he had and trouble he got. He didn't let anything get between him and his twelve ounce curls, he just climbed over it, often running into trouble with the "Red Headed Stepchild." However, he managed to pull it off and get on with second class year. This led to a new past time, cruising the halls — in search of what, I don't know. After ending months of restriction, USNA has left a lasting imprint on his mind and body, and he was even sober when he got it. The much awaited first class year came along, and with it more liberty. On his first visit to one of the small colleges around the area, he hooked his roommate, and at the same time enjoyed many a weekend. Good luck, Phil, and remember to promise. LJP.

Scott Patrick McFarlane

Mac calls Bethesda his home, and often it was a checkpoint for many a journey to far-off regions of the globe. As a charter member of The Pub, Econ major, and a firm supporter of fraternal activities, this six-striper inspired us all with his free-spirit and assertiveness. Weekends were always a priority for Scotty and even when he returned from L.A. with a fine Pick, he never left out his friends. Mac was always eager to help us discover unique ways to expend our vast financial reserves; New Market provided some most memorable experiences. Scotty had an uncanny ability to appear on Skiv's trips despite evasive maneuvers. As Brigade Commander he stood tall, re-defining the requisites for effective leadership. He is a man his men can rely on and be proud of. As a true friend, Mac has always provided encouragement for me. His goals are high, but success is his way of life. NFO is just another step. Good luck, Scotty! DPF.

Suzanne Skelley

Sue came to us via Burke, Virginia and William & Mary and claims to have had a real plebe year. Aren't all real plebes befriended by a special youngster? Sue wowed us with her tanned legs and unbelievable singing voice. Second class year found Sue striking the varsity crew. As a firstie Sue spent her weekends putting it all in the rearview mirror of Trigger, her trusty 300ZX; leaving behind the hearts of countless NGBs. She attacked everything with an eye towards perfection and an enviable intensity which helped at the boathouse, her second home. While sanity isn't required to row for Navy, hard work and dedication are. Sue gave plenty of both and was rewarded with three stripes. Sue oft slept through lectures and studied by osmosis yet finished high enough to go SpecOps. They are getting one of 87's finest. Remember to chill, keep smiling, and aim high ('course you will). The world is all yours now my friend, RISK IT! DD44.

Charles Earle Muggleworth

Chuck came to us from New Jersey, but don't hold that against him. He has always excelled in everything he has done, no matter what his upperclass thought back in Cloud Nine. Chuck was a varsity sailor and earned a varsity letter. Chuck was also a EE major and stayed that way all the way through USNA. Many a night I would go to sleep thanking God that it was not me staying up looking at circuits. As a room-mate, Chuck was one of the best qualified in the company. Who else had a complete stereo system including a compact disk player, a computer (for computer games, of course!), and Smuff Ball(?) all in one room. On the weekends, Chuck was a partier. I would like to tell you about the times we went to Georgetown and partied, but neither of us can remember what happened. Chuck, I want to wish you good luck in your Naval career. Good Hunting! JLV.

Michael Charles Sopko

Calling Charleston his home, Mike came to the Academy determined to make it. Well, he made it with lots of hard work. As a Mech E, Mike spent most of his study hours and a little of his liberty in pursuit of academic excellence (and to keep his weekends). He spent free time in the sun of Fort Benning for Airborne and in woods of USAFA for SERE training. He will probably say however, that his most memorable experience was a foreign exchange cruise to Japan — Mike got his long held wish. Initially going subs he decided to move up not down. Now an NFO, he is ready to conquer P-Cola and all other challenges that come his way. There is no doubt Mike's determination, hard work and good nature will take him far in the Navy. I was very fortunate to have Mike as a friend. As our paths now part I feel confident our friendship will not end and I look forward to seeing him in the future (with pictures of all of his adventures). KBB.

David Brandon Oss

Just a big-city boy with big-city dreams, D.B. came to us via NAPS from Seattle,Washington. Nothing ordinary about this guy. He quit crew and wrestling because he wasn't banging enough heads, starved his 200 lb. frame and became a 3-yr. letterman in lightweight football. Youngster year proved that DBO really stands for Death Before Organization. Losing both roommates to Ac boards, overturning his prize stereo system, and starring, among others, in late night peep shows left us wondering if he'd be the next to go. Not this kid. Second class year found DB new roommates and a second wind. How many times have we heard him say, hours before a EE test,"Guys,I know nothing. What is electricity?" Ring Dance, the new look for senior year, the Ghia, and it goes on. Here's to card games, Swiss Family Robinson, independent women, and yes, flying airplanes. Good luck my friend. WSH.

Joe Louis Vajgert

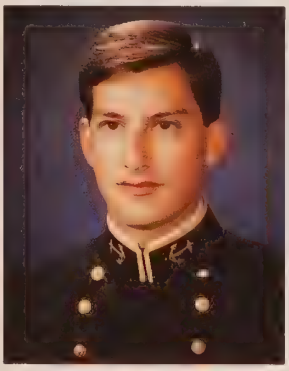
Vags came to Canoe U. from Marshalltown, Iowa, a social mecca in the heart of God's Country, I've been told. A country boy at heart, he always wanted to be a naval officer, especially after he matriculated at NAPS. He dove head first into his major, but soon decided to specialize in Phy Sci (rack squad). He soon became sat, almost earning an easy $1049. I must thank Joe for teaching me his flair for picking up girls. Perhaps its best I can't remember their faces, though. As Company late-night coffee rep, Joe holds many records at USNA (Jet, Zaxxon, Trek), but he'll be remembered best for his 3.33 bricks that he truly deserved. All in all, his realistic attitude ("Blow it off!"), good cheer (censored) and good taste ("Vodka, please") influenced me. Three years of "Sehminaah, alda peeple say — HEH!" kinda grows on you. You won't be easily forgotten, buddy! Best of luck at TBS with your GT and in the USMC! Muggfully, Crash.

George Joseph Petersen

"Scrapple" Petersen (with an "e") came to Navy following high school in Las Vegas, Nevada. Fortunately, his h.s. sweetheart chose USAFA, allowing her and G to enjoy MAC travel together. Speaking of MAC travel, G is a MAC warrior, having braved numerous moments of space-A peril. Perhaps his flight experiences are what motivated him to go air. Regardless, aviation will be another opportunity to excel. His appearance betrays his nature; sporting a wrestler's buff body topped with braces, G radiates aggressiveness. This aggressiveness (waking habits notwithstanding) has earned him successes in athletics and academics. Whether playing ultimate frisbee or building a robotic air track, G amazed onlookers. Late nights and intense efforts paid off for G and those around him. Personally, he rescued me from failure more times than I remember. More than anything, that describes Scrapple: always willing to help. Thanks, George. GED.

Luis Jose Polar

Luis came to USNA from Lima, Peru via a year and a half at the Peruvian Naval Academy. We never tired of listening to the horror stories of his "real" plebe year. His experiences here may have had serious effects on his outlook, helping to earn him a special place in the nightmares of many plebes. Luis was quick to pick up the language and has become quite Americanized. He has had his moments, however, such as his question "What does yield mean?" while driving down an L.A. freeway. In fact, Luis has become so Americanized that until recently we were trying to convince him to stay here permanently. It just wasn't in the cards, though. Luis is a man with a destiny. Just ask him about riding thru the streets of Lima on a white horse and watch his eyes light up. Always loyal to his friends and a real woman killer, Luis will be a definite success. Good luck with your future, Luis. You'll always rate free beer in my bar ! PGS.



Dennis Paul Richards

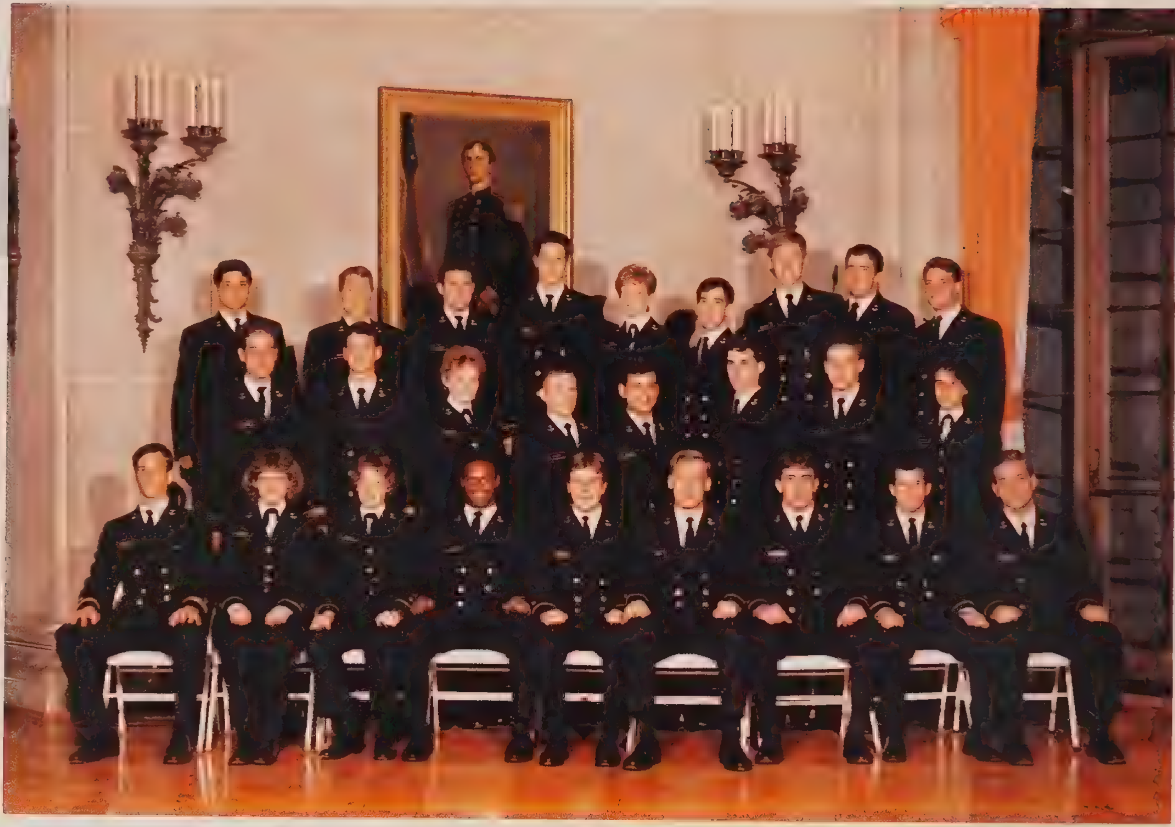
Denny, from tiny Johnstown, Pa., came and the struggle began. How did you get the Duker thru plebe year? Clarke assigned you the task; I think it was the other way around. You would've slept through plebe year without Dan. Pasadena: driving the wrong way on one-way streets, don't worry Mrs. Snyder, I'll take care of him. Youngster cruise: Hong Kong, Korea, Japan — don't forget our present for your 20th. That long drawn out face — Boats, Physics. Spring Break, Lauderdale, the 151 floaters and the massive B.C. passout. Second class cruise — leaving Dan, Stef and PJ in the parking lot, no keys — Rent-A-Wreck battles Mac, the oompaloompas' Springsteen. Along came Kate, the thumb came down, you straighten out — somewhat. Ring Dance — the weekend of our lives. First class year brought restriction for all of us except Firls. It's over now, but we take great memories and great friends- two things which will last forever. DBS.

Robert Nelson Plantz

The Road goes ever on and on Down from the door where it began. Now far ahead the Road has gone, And I must follow, if I can. Pursuing it with weary feet, Until it joins some larger way, Where many paths and errands meet. And whither then? I cannot say.

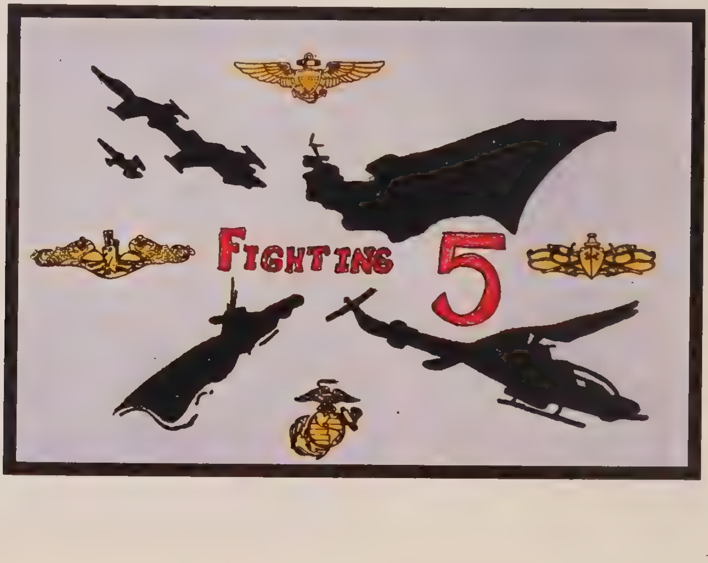
Michael Graham Wuamett

Mike arrived in Annapolis from the bustling town of Seabrook, Texas on a bet from a friend and with little idea of what the Naval Academy was all about. However, fear of the unknown is something Mike never experienced. Mike spent four years knocking heads on the fieldball and touch football teams, combing the foredecks of Navy sailboats, and driving his 'Vette at high speeds. Around the company Mike was known for his willingness to help others and his hidden sense of humor. Outside the Yard, his tall, slender body, blue eyes, and baby face would always catch the eye of the fairer sex. Mike will forever be remembered as a true friend, and the Academy's loss will be the Marine Corps' gain. JJD.



The Class of 1987

Row One: Mark Hamilton, Julie Helmers, Karen Joyner, William Campbell, Andrew Wickerson, Paul Mack, William Humphreys, Kevin Moroney, Ralph Nelson **Row Two:** Paul Bevans, Gregory Cotten, Lynne Mickelson, Joseph Rizzo, Ralph Belling, John Fenner, David Badger, Anita Petty **Row Three:** Ruben Gavieres, Steven Rakow, Steven Clarke, Jeffrey Jennings, Amy Donovan, Scott Herbener, Charles Dambra, John Fitzwilliam, Peter Hutson **Not Shown:** John Berner, Terence Malloy



LT Sean Sullivan

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Joe Rizzo
Company Sub Commander: Dave Badger
Company Adjutant: Chuck D'Ambra

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Steven Rakow
Company Sub Commander: Scott Herbener
Company Adjutant: Gregory Cotten

The Class of 1988

Row One: Phillip Bunce, Michael Sneath, Richard Burr, Jeffrey Akin, Gregory Strauser, Gordon Cole, James Stewart, David Lucchesi, Matthew Caldwell **Row Two:** John O'Brien, Ron Allen, Scott Cary, James Wolters, Benjamin Peet, Keith Miller, Kyle Kliewer, Kurt Van Etten, James Arguelles, Timothy Schick, James Downs **Row Three:** Scott Evans, Chris Harkins, John Cox, Harry Demiris, Art Crowe, Keith Goetz, Dave Bass, Jerry Dismuke, Frank Snyder, Andre Stokes **Not Shown:** Charles Bingham, Steven Graves, Robert Tamaro

The Class of 1989

Row One: Stewart Chang, Carol Womack, Karen Burch, Karen Somsel, Patrick Powers, Brian Prather, Erik Barnes, Dave Grennek, Rich Giacin **Row Two:** Brian Caldwell, Chris Clay, Theodore Fundoukos, Lawrence Vincent, Sara Applegarth, Wendy Miller, Erik Snyder, Cathy Donohue, Mike Newton, Matt Lightner, Dionisio Gamboa, Jon Ladda, Robert Hickman, Kenneth Golding **Row Three:** Cameron Geiger, Michelle Lucero, Andrew Schwinger, Douglas McCann, Robert Janssen, David Swenson, Dwight Neeley, Ken Blalock, Matt Mcluckie, John Kemna, David Moyer, Michael Kalafsky

The Class of 1990

Row One: Ronald Surfield, John Prendergast, Kelly Keefe, Racquel Williams, Jose Nobrega, Alisha Thurman, Stephen Johnston, Sam Guertin, Carroll Bannister **Row Two:** Thomas Sanchez, Deborah Willaims, Whitney Kemmey, Matthew Banks, Stephen Majewski, Jay Singer, Jason Ott, Thomas Hofer, Ian Underhill, Derek Cribley, Steven Ohmstede, John Calvert **Row Three:** Robert Frye, Patrick Daniels, Katrine Jacobson, Curtis Phillips, Leonard Guzman, Mario Mathisen, James Young, Robert Hansen, James Newsome, Jeffrey Smith **Not Shown:** Timothy Barkdoll, Bradford Blackwelder, Brian Flynn

Congratulations, Scott. You did it! We're very proud of you. Peace, joy, love, Mom, Dad, Amy, Darrin, and all the Patchys.

Congratulations Paul and 5th Co. Well done! Good Luck Paul in the Marines. You made us proud and happy! God bless you! Love Mom, Dad, Jody, John and family.

Well done Jeff Jennings! Prayers and best wishes are with you and 5th Co. into all tomorrows. Love Dad, Julie, Jim.

Congratulations, Steven M. Clarke and the Class of '87 Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations, Ralph Belling. We are happy for you. Love you. Mom, Dad, Ray, Boys.

Congratulations Julie, a difficult task accomplished. May all your goals become a reality and we pray that happiness, love, and success always be a part of your life. We are proud of you. Love Dad, Mom, and Scott Helmers.

To John Fenner:
"This too shall pass."

David Dwain Badger

Dave comes from a military background, so home is wherever the folks are. After seeing the Marine Corps through an enlisted infantryman's eyes for two years, Dave made the decision to enter USNA. He started as an oceanographer, but he'll finish as one of the Academy's highly acclaimed scientists. As a first class, Dave did one tour as Company XO and another as a Platoon Commander. Perhaps one of the greatest hall rats in history, he is eagerly awaiting graduation and his return to the Infantry. Semper Fi, Dave!

Ralph John Belling

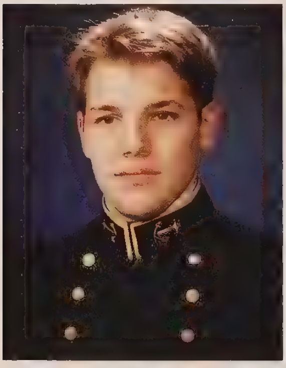
RJ, everybody's favorite scarecrow, came to the Academy from BOOST because he's "special." Once he arrived, all stood in awe of his unique mental ability. His endeavors in Physical Science earned him a wopping 2.2 CQPR. His extreme love of flying prompted his nickname of "airhead;" just ask him. Yes, RJ has become a trademark of Far Side Five. RJisms abound in Five. Who could ever forget his dedication to platoon drill during youngster year? Or his commitment to know menus better than the plebes? He is a romantic to the core. His favorite song is "Mrs. Robinson." No one was really surprised when he announced his marriage plans, especially after such a long engagement period. RJ "The Ring Giver" Belling will certainly leave a lasting mark upon all of us. With many fond memories, JFF.

John Aloysius Berner

Bunsen came to us from scenic Avon Lake, Ohio, near beautiful downtown Cleveland, with Charlene in his heart and a football in his hand. Every year JB would predict the rise of the tribe, and every year we consoled him after the tribe failed yet again. Majoring in the gridiron, he claims that Nap blocked for him. Always the snazzy dresser, JB's whiteworks should be retired (or burned). Always the Capitalist, John devised Pepsi machine insurance and bartering for GQ clothing. JB reigned supreme on the golf course, just ask him. (Big hitter, the Lama.) JB is a great friend; I'll miss rooming with him, and I'm sure he'll miss late night music. Good luck in the only Corps (that you can keep your hair in) and in your marriage. Soup.

Paul Bastos Bevans

"Hey, if we sleep twelve hours a day, we're only at USNA for two years!" Paul uttered those now-infamous words at the beginning of youngster year and has held true to his ideal ever since. His desire for racktime was only exceeded by his appetite for doodles. "Chief" appeared to be a nocturnal beast, waking up just in time to pull all-nighters. On weekends, when he wasn't filling himself with Frangelica or the pre-formals sink with whatever, he would usually attempt to reach the ever-elusive Buzzard's Rock. Paul was an ultimate Surface Warrior, who entertained us all with his exploits of "crossing the line" and Portuguese Forex cruise. As a scientist, he was never sure exactly how he was going to hit the Fleet. He always used to mutter something about Quartermaster A-school around exam time. He got the ship of his dreams — "anything with missiles and guns." God bless, Chief. Fair winds and following seas. SCH.



Amy Lyons Donovan

Amy has always been in a class of her own — from her David Bowie haircut plebe year to the *New Yorker* subscription she finally got first class year. She always had a story to tell about one of her seven brothers and sisters. Where do they live now? None of us could believe the day she walked up to that handsome mate and introduced herself. The girl had the nerve — how else could she have kept up with us? Her family had some explaining to do when her wall-jumping escapade made the *Washington Post* first class year. Amy has been economy all the way — except when it comes to Shaklee products and her small but beautiful wardrobe. We know you have a lot of ailments, but come on, Amy . . . half your paycheck for vitamins? All in all, Amy's place is on the beach. Any beach — Mexico, Virginia, Ocean City, Michigan, California, or Rhode Island — Anne Tyler novel in hand. We love you even though you are an anteater face. Bye!

John Francis Fenner

John Fenner will always be known as JFFF. Because of his technical talent, he chose to be an English major. Born twenty years late, he listens to all the music of the '60s and loves all the popular groups of that era. During a "march" over second class year, JFFF was so excited about the upcoming football season that he nearly fell unconscious and couldn't recall being at the game. After a few of his classmates took him out of the stands, he had to explain his enthusiasm to the 'Dant. The 'Dant applauded JF's enthusiasm and gave him three striper libs and a sweater as a reward. Yes JF is one of the few, the proud, the Early Morning Breakfast Club members. JF's dedication showed when he decided to spend an entire year's leave at the Academy to reside as President of the prestigious Breakfast Club. JF has a great future in the Navy; just ask the 'Dant. He will always be remembered in Fruit Bar Five as the hippie mid of the '80s. RJ.

John William Fitzwilliam

Fitz came to USNA from NAPS (and a Navy family) and immediately demonstrated his nurtured drinking skills to Tenth Company. Unfortunately, his stealth skills weren't as practiced and, as a result, the rest of plebe year was very quiet. Youngster year brought John to Fifth and liberty took him to Trinity, where he met Danielle and learned to say "Cuvilly" in three different accents. While at USNA, Fitz experienced sun spankings and stomach crunchings (thanks to Ty). "Wok"ing, recon swims and learning to endure Pete also filled his time (which he had more of as a GE). Second class year saw Fitzwillie as an elite member of the EMBC (again), and he learned how to avoid the persistent grasp of the Tess-monster. As an MIR, Fitz spent most of his time going to DC and thinking about flying. Looks like you're finally going to get your chance to flame some hot-shot enemy pilot. Just remember to keep checking your six. Take care, Fitz. SCH.

Ruben Vidal Gavieres

Although raised in California, Ruben never learned to swim; thus assuring his membership in the Aqua Rock Club. He did, however become a Brigade Champion sailor and powerlifter and was surprised when Dennis Conner did not select him to be a grinder on "Stars and Stripes." Ruben also had a foot fettish which led him to operate his stereo with his toes and surround himself with dozens of shoes. He also spent endless hours manicuring his nails instead of studying. Lately, he has taken to Telarc (DDFD!) classical compact discs — a far cry from his days of Prince and Grand Master Melle Mel. With his tremendous JET-E experience, Ruben will enter the aviation community armed with his 12-inch survival knife and an incontinence which should ruin many flight suits. Less than 24 hours after graduating, Ruben will marry a girl for whom he is eternally indebted to his roommate. "PS" Cotten.

William Roland Campbell

William Roland Campbell. A man controlled by destiny, although neither he nor anyone else knows what his destiny may be. A well-rounded individual known to most as Soup, perhaps an extension of his surname or for his fondness for cuisine. A man in a perpetual Battle of the Bulge, and the winner remains unresolved. Soup is the man known for his fondness for music and satire. His collection of cassette tapes and guitars is one he is surely fond of. His idea of a good time is to overindulge in both melody and ale, which earned him his inverted N-star during his youngster year. Soup's only leadership position was as president of the USNA Early Morning Breakfast Club where he and several other dedicated midshipmen would stand for officers and dignitaries to show off the better side of USNA. Soup is a classic and the best man for the job. Good luck, JB.

Steven Michael Clarke

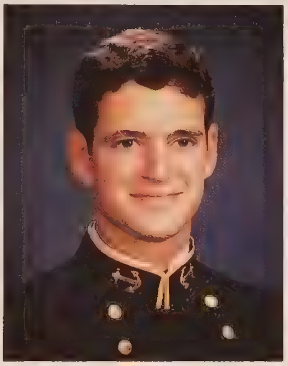
Steve got off to a slow start Plebe year, but soon found his new youngster company to his liking. By the end of his first semester that year he earned stars as a fledgling aero major. And the end of youngster year saw Steve the proud owner of the infamous Fort Fairmont and the boyfriend of the girl he would marry two days after graduation, Caryn. Second Class year had Steve buried in engineering labs. Plebe Summer, the second time around, as a platoon commander, went much more smoothly and the beginning of the academic year saw Steve as Battalion Ops, buried in paperwork. Second semester as an MIR was the pinnacle of his midshipman days and Steve began punching the coast button he made and holding cover tossing practice. When Steve replaced the "mont" with a red Corvette, the license plate told the world what we already knew, "I'd rather be flying an F-14."

Gregory Benedict Cotten

Greg entered our beloved Academy filled with an idealism, enthusiasm and ambition befitting our peculiar institution. After years of hard work, he now embarks upon a career as a nuclear submariner. He achieved many accomplishments of note on the road to graduation. He sits on the Board of Directors of a major insulation firm and was the new Uniform Shop's first customer (Photo documentation available upon request). But a warrior's life has many trials and tribulations. While here, he endured constant misspellings of his last name, contracted several penicillin-resistant diseases, was deemed "noncommissionable" by Navy doctors on many occasions, and worst of all, his father denied his request for a new Saab 900. When asked how he overcame such adversity, he admits that his quest of Biblical knowledge, particularly through Adam and Eve, and regular scrubbings of his feet have been great sources of comfort and strength to him.

Charles Edward D'Ambra

Chuckie Cheese, alias Cheeseballs, came to USNA from California with the intention of doing as little work as possible in order to graduate. He succeeded in doing so, skating through plebe year, but managed to simultaneously distinguish himself in track and soccer- earning letters in both. His lack of priorities, however, was set straight upon becoming a firstie and discovering Baltimore's Carol. Thus, it came to pass that Chuck without Carol was like Arabs without oil, bears without fleas, Chuckie without Cheese. He accomplished a goal upon service selection, choosing Navy pilot as his future designation. He will do well in the fleet. We wish him the best of luck in both his marriage and career. Pete and Fitz.



Mark Daniel Hamilton

Mark came to us from Wisconsin with the desire to go to USAFA the following year. He must have liked it here because he ended up staying to become an Aero major/English minor. Youngster year Mark came to 5th company and got his mellow reputation almost immediately. In addition, crew and academics kept him away from the normal "social activities" experienced by the average mids. Fortunately his hard work paid off with decent grades and team captain for light weight crew as a firstie. Something for which Mark will always be remembered for was his knack for telling people to "lighten up" or "get out of town" when they got too serious. Yes, Mark, the closet striver, will be happy as a P-3 NFO, using his extensive engineering background to nuke burritos and work the coffee machine on these long flights.

Julie Vearl Helmers

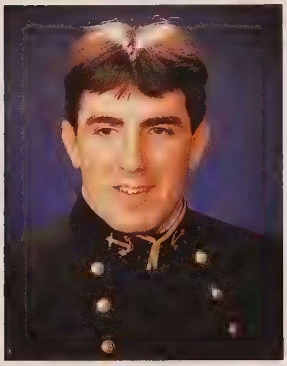
Julie Vearl Helmers came to us from sunny California after three years of college, working towards a wonderful degree in Chemistry. Plebe year found us together, myself a redneck from Florida. We have spent four years together, from backshafters to Saturday nights at McGarvey's. How can two people so different be such good friends? We cannot forget Matt, now can we? Julie managed to prove that there is one good man left in this world by taking him! The two would race to Baltimore in their Porsche at 120 mph. Together they will go to Pensacola to become pilots. Best of luck to you Julie, I love you like a sister. KEJ.

Scott Christopher Herbener

A Pennsylvania boy, Herbs came to the Academy to escape his small home town in the Poconos. The next four years he was held prisoner in a maximum security school with people with names like: Soupfat, Ogg, Cheese, and Scum. Well Herb's had a special name too. Anyway, arriving at 5th after an "utterly simple" plebe year, Herbs was quick to take the offensive and establish his leadership style. Herbs found himself in the highly respected position of Company Sub-Commander, but not without his share of misfortunes. There were academic and conduct trouble throughout his stay at the academy; however, he owes his life to one man — Ranger Green who heroically saved him from the perils of Loft mountain (as well as the early birs). We look forward to sending Herbs to the fleet confident that he has been properly trained for his important role in our nation's defense (Coke machine operator). Good luck in Japan and in the Surface fleet. Fitz.

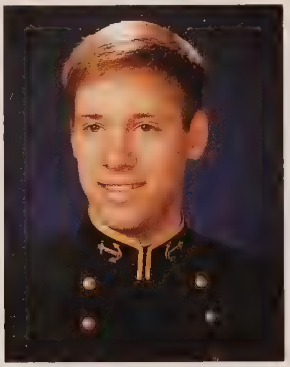
HYMAN G. RICKOVER

William Andrew Humphreys



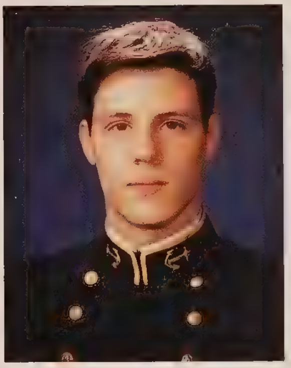
Peter Martin Hutson

Peter, Ogg The Caveman, Hutson, an aristocratic-ankled, Kent-bred, young world traveler, came to the Boat School ready to take on the world. He started out with a hot plebe year in the Dirty Dozen, but his grand ideals were quickly done away with upon his entrance into the "Cave." Here Ogg became distracted from his educational and professional development with frequent visits to neighboring colleges: Hood, Goucher, etc. When Ogg wasn't gnawing on chicken bones, eating raw meat, or hibernating in the rack, he was trying vainly to keep in shape. It's good to see Ogg on the straight and narrow with the girl from Goucher. Good luck in the fleet. We hope you become the third fastest jet jock to hit the big blue sky. Cheese and Fitz.



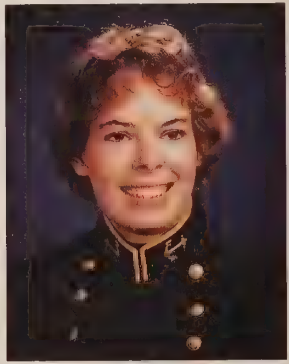
Jeffrey Thomas Jennings

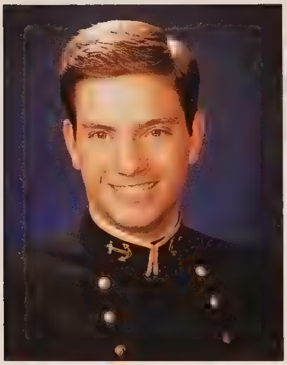
He came from Alabama and went to Pensacola in only four years. What a deal!



Karen Elizabeth Joyner

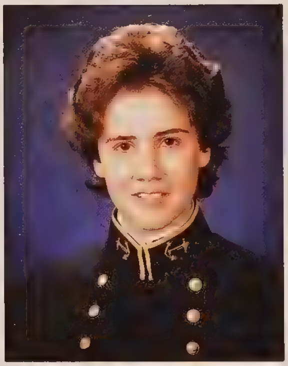
No one has ever been more eager to visit home again than Karen, the down-home girl from Crystal River, Florida. Just mention manatees, her friend Elizabeth or mom's home cookin', and Karen would get that far-away look in her eyes. As an oceanography major and president of Oceanography Club, she felt very much at home at USNA . . .now if they'd just take fluid physics out of the curriculum! Karen will be remembered for her willingness to listen and her kind-heartedness (especially at Christmas). Ah yes, Christmas was always a special time for her. Ms. Claus celebrated it year round with her endless quest for yuletide trinkets at local craft stores. Her room was a sight to behold with countless flashing lights, garland and ornaments. She even decorated her truck! Karen, you're one in a million (now if Bob could only realize this!) Good luck to a close friend and a future pork chop. ASP.





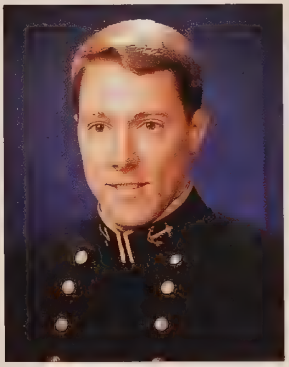
Ralph Frederic Nelson, Jr.

To know Ralph is a privilege, something akin to a religious experience. Rarely do you get to know someone who is the definition of true friendship and yet radical enough to put a Shiite to shame. Ralpho, tired of plebe crew, was wooed on to the world of varsity volleyball. Later he took Navy Judo by storm, winning successful tournaments and a letter sweater. Ralph knew his priorities: women, sleep and food. Dashing and debonair, Ralph was the soul of tact when it was time to wine, dine, dance and romance the loveliest ladies around. Yet, when it came time to sacrifice himself to the attack of a less than lovely lass for the good of the combined effort, Ralph was there. Well known and liked for his friendly and outgoing personality, Ralph was also a connoisseur of the finer things in life. His bulletin board was a constant source of admiration. Above all though, Ralph is one fine and outstanding gentleman. JP.



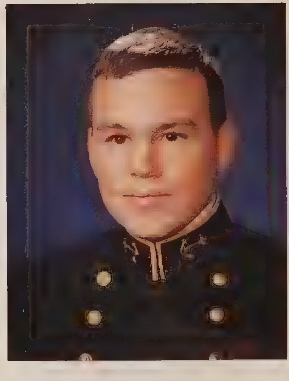
Anita Sue Petty

Anita Rambled into the Academy from a small town in Arizona where her only neighbors were other Pettys. Definitely a go-getter, her major goals were to buy an MR-2, graduate, and go aviation. After four years of hard work and struggle, she achieved all three. Remember the road trips — Miss Independent packing a .38 special and driving down every road on the map; the Phil Collins dress up nights; and those nights on the town with Karen but mostly with Bob, Steve, Jim, and John. Of course they were all just her friends. (But then we do all seem to have a Bobo in our life at one time or another don't we?) A dedicated and true friend, I know that even though we will go our separate ways, someday one of Anita's roadtrips will find her on my doorstep. Good luck Anita, I know you'll go far. KJ.



Steven William Rakow

Unlike most of us, Steve didn't have to leave home to attend this fine institution. Almost everyone in his family is a grad; and his grandmother lives three miles away. Of course, he and his friends escaped the Academy there at every opportunity. Being a Marine Corps brat, Steve has lived all over the U.S. though he most fondly remembers all of the beach partying, guitar playing, and surfing he did in Hawaii. Being from such a nautical family, he made the transformation to midshipman easily. In fact, he did so well that he became a company commander for both plebe summer and second semester. As for his academic endeavors, Steve chose history and became adept at defending his major and the long periods of rack it required. From infancy, Steve knew he was destined to become a Grunt like his father. Now, with Kelley by his side he will be able to fulfill his goals. Steve will be a fine representative of the uniform he wears, "a real uniform". SMC & MDH.



Joseph Ralph Rizzo

Joe Rizzo, who presently calls Chicago his home, is really a midwestern boy at heart. He was raised in Ames, Iowa. He has a great love for all contact sports and excelled at USNA in the boxing ring. Joe spent several years in the nuclear navy before USNA but seems to have had his fill of ships. As company commander first semester, Joe revealed that he definitely had what it takes to lead men and command respect. As Joe enters the Marine Corps, he looks forward to a long career and a happy marriage to his company sweetheart, Lynne Mickelson. The only question left is, are the Marines ready for two LT Rizzos? LDM.

Paul Gerard Mack

Paul Ignatious Gerard Mack survived the hustle and bustle of Dubois, Pa. and shuffled off to NAPS. After a near miss Schmacka graced us with his presence here at USNA. Paul always had trouble finding people who didn't like him so to remedy the situation he became a brethren of the cave, a frequenter of Julio's, and a late night rumbler. The infamous "dummy" chit was no stranger to Paul due to his early realization (springing from his bull . . .I mean Poly Sci training) that all courses beginning with E or S were trivial, useless, political creations to be avoided (or at least blown off until the final). After choosing the corps and taking his 5th and last PCR the year drew to a close, and all Paul could find to say about our years here was "that it didn't hurt." Oh and it didn't. See ya in Ireland and at the ten year Julio reunion. GFL. BFH KFM (cavemates for life).

Terence Petrick Malloy

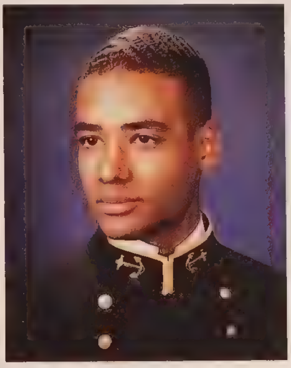
Raeford. North Carolina is famous for its turkeys, right? Terence has come a long way to join The Few, The Proud. Opting for the ultimate Bull major, T. chose English and composed an award winning Valentine. The scramble put T. on the other side of the world from where he began in "the best for last" company and made him the Cinq Co. cynic. Judo left its mark on T's body — then there were the women: Beige teddies, the girls from home, older women, classmates who fell asleep, and cruises (England, France, Canada — a regular international lover!). First class year brought a second bout of restriction (YP cruise, eggs?!) that kept the miles down to just over 20,000 (only $1100 in body work, 3 tickets, and a broken lock). Gospel choir took a great deal of energy and resources, but there's still enough left for one special member . . .T. may prove to be a one woman man after all (finally?). Good luck. HJM.

Lynne Denise Mickelson

Lynne came up the road from Alexandria to study Chemistry and possibly become a Navy doctor. Instead, following color analysis, she found that green was her better color and Lynne chose the Marine Corps. The fact that her fiance is also going Corps may have had some influence, but it is doubtful. In between injuries Lynne has lettered in Indoor and Outdoor Track. Her duties as a first class included Company Sub-Commander during detail, Platoon Commander, and a rigorous semester as a MIR. Lynne's greatest accomplishment at Navy has been her ability to maintain a 3.4 QPR while doing anything she could to avoid studying. JRR.

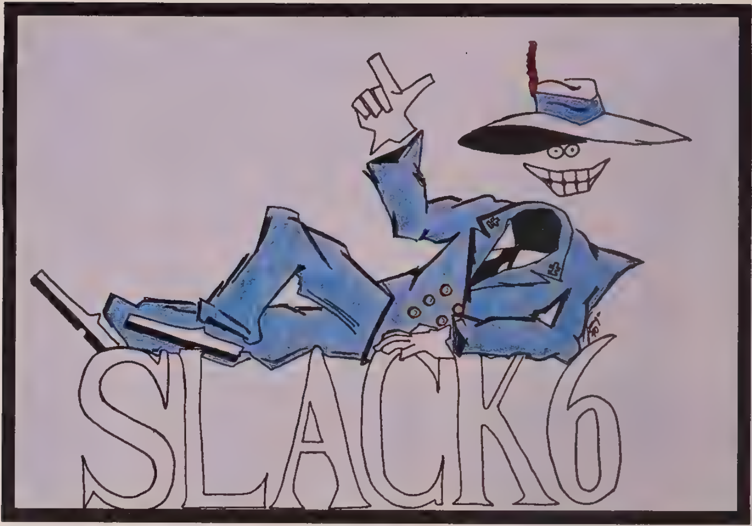
Kevin James Moroney

After a year at one of western Pa's finest prep schools (Kiski), Moon was finally learned enough for the rigors that Academy life would bring. Little did he know, Boom-Boom and Leonard's upbringing in Fountain Hill (Bethlehem) made him more than ready, for he did so well that there were serious attempts to bring him into the nuke community, but he did see the light and chose Marine air. Kevin's upperclass years brought out many great experiences, which almost always included Erin, the "Boys", any foreign or domestic beer, and Levi. Youngster year Kevin utilized his newly earned jump wings and leaped from the top rack. He was never one to pass up Timmy's, Kimbo's, Julio's, or St. Patrick's Day festivities. Second class year brought out his fetish for sinks 2-for-7 night. First class year he looked forward to endless tailgaters and visits with the girl of his choice. GFL in everything. The Cave. PGFM + WAFM



Andrew James Wickerson

Wicks came to USNA from Concord, North Carolina (ooo-weee!!) and had the pleasure of being an elite member of 18th Company plebe year. The scramble brought him into the fubar company, and he made an immediate impact by shoving off a plebe from a chow call the first opportunity he had. Many of his weekends were spent at Moxie's enjoying that fabulous beer, Schmidt's; with one experience resulting in him returning as a suitcase. As time moved slowly on, at the same rate that Stinkpot does everything, his weekends were spent frequenting Kimbo's, Julio's, and Timmy's. Wicks always had good luck with cars as the 100 ft. Honeybee drop and grand theft auto Sunbird will attest. Stinky became a member of the CEC after finally discovering that he had had a pin surgically implanted two years earlier. We'll never forget his caustic remarks. GFL the Navy is going to need it — Oh and they won't. BFH PFM KFM.

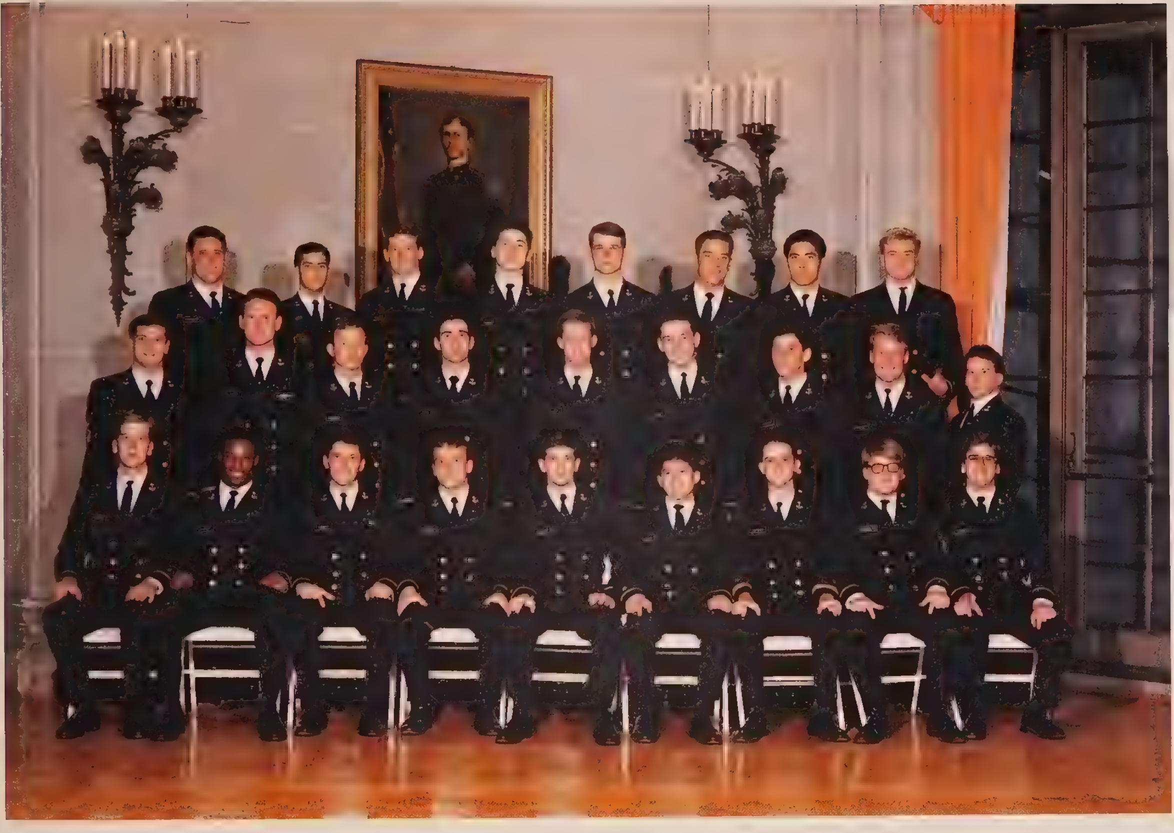


Fall Staff

Company Commander: Ty Schieber
Company Sub Commander: Andy York
Company Adjutant: John Hensley

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Brian Burgos
Company Sub Commander: Matthew Kirk
Company Adjutant: Terry Takats



The Class of 1987

Row One: Paul Aanonsen, Trent Nickels, Brian Burgos, Matthew Kirk, Alton Coleman, Ben Torreon, Nick Cohron, Sean Mangan, David Molthen **Row Two:** John Walters, Andrew York, Ty Schieber, Pacy Ostroff, Stephen Clarke, Patrick Shea, Al Sambar, Eric Coleman, Ronald Prass **Row Three:** Eber Verhovsek, Joseph Dipaola, Jonathan Hensley, Christopher Calhoun, John Kempkes, Daryl Watkins, Eric Baltazar, Robert Horel **Not Shown:** Terry Takats, William Townsend

LT Joe Adan

The Class of 1988

Row One: Michael Ott, Shawn Colson, Ralph Baker, Robert Hooper, Scott Rein, Sean Plankey, Michael Newman, Dawn Bennett, Rosalind Richmond **Row Two:** Doug Stanford, Ramon Ramil, Beth Watt, Shannon Workman, Kerry O'Connor, Henry Doyle, Michael Dee, Chris Schaier, Scott Bensing, David Cela, Matt Brown **Row Three:** Andy Green, Sean Griffin, Nick Gerace, Brad Cox, Randall Doane, William Fisher, Alexander Cutler, Thomas Zohlen, Gerald Whitman **Not Shown:** William Swent, David Wells

The Class of 1989

Row One: Jim Rogers, Eddie Drew, Chris Carlson, Chris Fatheree, John HOyt, Dennis O'Rourke, Ron Neff, James Finn, Eric Toweson **Row Two:** Druso Daubon, Matt Suess, Mike Baratta, Jon Lebaron, Eric Christian, Bob Kendall, Marvin Campbell, Philip Young, Chad Thompson, Mike Sheehy, James Gorman, Kurt Armbrust, Jim Chatfield **Row Three:** Charlton Adams, John Lacivita, Shannon McCarter, Joe Howard, George Fleming, Darryl Lampkin, Ki Hwang, Richard Samson, Kevin Quinn, Michael Eggleston, Erik Burian

The Class of 1990

Row One: Christopher Gronbech, Laurie Wood, Tracey Perez, Todd Hastie, Joseph Nelson, Troy McClelland, Daniel Pepper, Jose Flores, Salvatore Rafanello **Row Two:** Hyo Rhee, Manuel Barba, Gary Bruce, Gregory Parker, Ken Hobmann, Jeffrey Blankenship, Craig Halder, Leonard Dollaga, Todd DePauw, Michael Junge, Aimee Hodges, Frank Johnston, Samuel Broderick, David Padula **Row Three:** Daniel Savage, Laura Pearson, Louis Brown, Peter Olep, Scott Roza, Stephen Silva, Michael Megeath, Matthew Ellis, Stanley Zwolinski, Horace Sermons, Gregory Reppar, Alexander Meissel

Good luck. Proud of you. Dad, Mom, Ray. (Ben S. Torreon).

Congratulations Terry and the cookie eaters of 6th. Good Luck! Love you all. The Takats Family.

Congrats and safe keeping to each mid in the Class of '87, especially Wick, Terry, Paul and Dave. Congrats 2nd Lt. Paul Aanonsen and the Class of '87. Well done! You made us proud. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '87. Capt. and Mrs. Ronald Calhoun.

It was a long struggle. You made it! I knew you would. Keep the faith, and press on. Love, Mom.

To our dear Brian and the Class of '87. Much happiness and success in your future endeavors. Love you, Brian. Mom, Dad, and the gang.

With much pride, respect, and admiration, our love and congratulations to Ensign Eric Coleman. Mom, Dad, Michele Coleman.

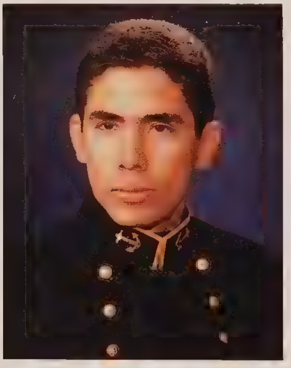
Congratulations to the newest drut on the pond. May your future hold good winds, full sails and first around the mark. Love, Dad.

Paul Christian Aanonsen

Paul has always been quick to point out that some fault does not qualify someone as "a bad person," and his logic is, as always, infallible. It is precisely this benevolent outlook that has allowed, even forced, him to take such strides, speaking teleogically of course. From Vail's back bowls to Key West to the City Dock to an obscure Irish establishment in New York City, Paul has proved himself to be one of a kind. Sixth Company will miss his panache and flair for the irresponsible. Our loss is the gain of the USMC(?), and one day Wall St. In sum, we may say that Paul never met a green jersey he didn't like, but that he was usually the first to point out that too much isn't always enough. However, who can argue with fact; in his final year he exhibited boldly what everyone had long suspected, he isn't just another pretty face. Remember the USS Francis Hammond! Good Luck, Ish. RVD.

Eric Lee Baltazar

"E" came to us from Tuscon, Arizona "and is moving on to Navy Air. From our first party at Army youngster year to sailing the Bahamas first class cruise,it has been nothing but adventure knowing Eric. With a personality reflected in his orange convertible bug, E's quick wit and humor will always be remembered. An athletic animal, Eric could always be found in the best of shape. How many miles today, E? We cannot forget the stumble our stud had at Ben's party nor the close-up examination of eighth wing parking lot second class summer. Yet despite any form we may find our hero in, there can be no one who can be counted on quite like Eric. May you and Tammy find happiness and satisfaction in all that you do. God Bless You! POS.

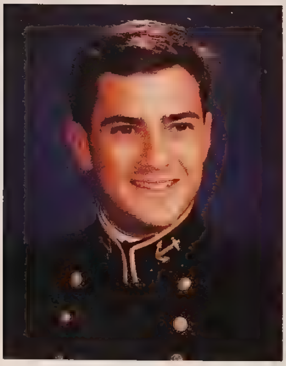


Brian Nicholas Burgos

Brian comes to us after being kicked out of the "most liveable city" in the US: Pittsburgh. Brian's ability to get along with his seniors was uncanny; one semester, he got ranked first after showing up for one weekend the whole semester. He could do no wrong in the eyes of the Captain. His exchange vacation to Colorado Springs provided him with an academic break as well as a new friend. Brian was very involved in plebe detail, to the point of helping out Mari Beth with her doolies as well as his own plebes. His first class cruise was memorable. Four days underwater convinced him to go surface, so he left at noon every day and hit Waikiki. His BOQ room was a new record in Pearl; they still have a picture of where maids were afraid to tread. Of course, none of this kept him from getting Company Commander. Brian's been a great guy to go through here with. Best of luck. MSK PPO JCK.

Christopher Scott Calhoun

Some people will do anything for an Oxford education. For Chris, it meant some long nights geeking to get through those 25-hour semesters. Just a few, though; he always found better things to do during study hour. He was always the first one out on weekends, and he loved his NerfHoop study breaks. Good thing, since he roomed with Dave Robinson once. Camping, writing articles, and his car kept him occupied, at least when not with Kim. He was at Goucher so much he had a reserved parking space, and his phone bills exceeded most third world debts.They made a great couple, and after the June Week wedding (if he survives the bachelor party we give him), they'll head to England for a few years before joining the Navy again. Chris chose the Arkansas as a surface nuke, mostly because he couldn't bear leaving his old roommates. Shemp and the Pacer will be waiting, qualified, and laughing as he brings his book around. JCK, PPO.

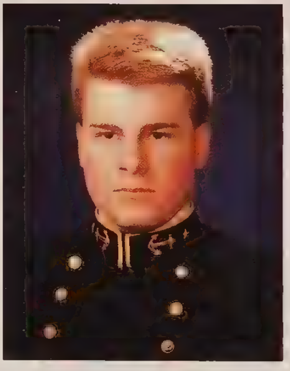


Joseph Phillip DiPaola

Events of Joe's second semester senior year represent the massive changes he has undergone: he sold his Corvette to drive an Escort, he gave up undergrad irresponsibility to attend Georgetown, and began dating girls more compatible with his area of study, military affairs. Joe's left arm/howitzer was never fully appreciated by Navy's dugout wizard, so he used his athletic prowess and tactical genius to lead Sixth Company to the Reg. championship. Never one to hide emotions or worry about others' personal property, Joe was willing to go to any extreme for a laugh. Joe is a trapper extraordinaire, and it was a rare occasion when his quests went fur naught. Even though we were the target of many attacks, we've seen though his armor and know there are no better guys. We'll miss Joe, but no doubt we'll be hearing big things about this ambitious product of the "streets" of Baltimore. MSM and JBH.

Jonathan Boyd Hensley

No one is quite sure why Jon came to USNA. It was a sad day when he left the victorious football fields of Martinsville, VA to realize the agony of defeat, de "ankles" and de "knees" at Annapolis, yet his gutsy hard-nosed play led Sixth company to a Reg. Championship. Jon has concentrated on a place he likes most: bed. Henz is proud to point out that he's only spent two years at the Academy since he's spent two years sleeping. If the law of gross tonnage applies, then he has met more girls than anyone. One semester he was ranked 28 of 30 — the last two guys got kicked out of school. His ability to wear the same uniform for months on end and stockpile other peoples clothing has created the concept of "limited laundry warfare." Honestly, Jon's easy-going personality has earned him great looking girls and numerous friends. To us he's a lifelong best friend and business partner on whom we can always depend. JPD and MSM.



Robert Harold Horel

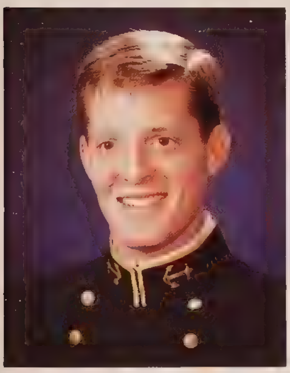
Rob got off to a great start at USNA. A D&B veteran from plebe summer, he looked at Ac. year as merely "another" chance to excel. He earned his stars (4.0), fried his roommates, and alienated just about everyone in "the Club." Okay . . . he didn't fry us — but that's only because he was afraid of our roommate Tony. Anyway, somewhere in the youngster scramble Rob picked up a "clue." He let his hair grow, pitched his wisk broom, and became an all-around good guy. I knew he had it in him all along! Still, though, he couldn't manage to get in any sort of trouble whatsoever. (YEP!). What striper material! He couldn't even get rid of his girlfriend! I don't think either of us ever quite found what we came here looking for, but our friendship is one thing that has survived the last four years. "Don't punch out- fly her to the wire." See ya' in P-Cola for Halloween! Maybe they have a golf course there, too! NAGAJA! SAUJA! YIKIJA! (Pftttht!)

John Christopher Kempkes

Hailing from the thriving metropolis of Apple Valley, "Shemp" was never one to sit back and watch the world go by. Nights before EE exams found his room packed with classmates gravitating to Bancroft's gouge oasis. As Log Editor John also left his mark with his abusive editorials and violent short stories, often earning himself special visits with the Deputy. Meanwhile, as owner and proprietor of USNA's video headquarters he acquired a Brigade-wide clientele. Somehow Admin Conduct never caught up with him, and meanwhile the Log O-rep managed to avoid the commandant's wrath. Always a believer in blue collar basketball, Shemp made his presence felt — on the court and in Misery Hall. Although rumored to have been born with a toy submarine in his hand, two sub cruises convinced him to change his plans (several times) and become a Nuke SWO, accompanying his roommates to cruiser duty on the Arkansas. CSC & PPO.

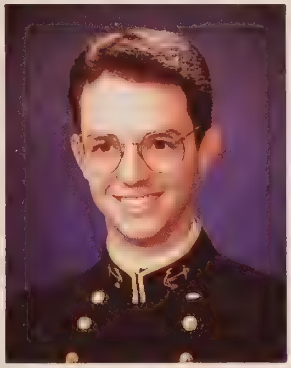
Stephen Andrew Clarke

Steve came to the Academy from sunny California. A soon-to-be yuppy, Steve has already invested in a new Saab with all the luxuries. A weekend rarely went by without him visiting local coin shops to expand his vast coin collection. As an avid stock market investor, Steve put his economics major information to use and was sure to double his initial investment within a couple of months. It's too bad he told us about his investments only after the stock had hit a peak. I think he shocked the entire company when service selection rolled around and he chose Marine Air. Steve could always be counted on when a computer was in need. Many papers and lab write-ups would never have been completed without his portable. The operations officer of the orienteering club, Steve put to use the skills of land terrain navigation which he will continue to use throughout his career as a marine. We wish you the best of luck in your future. BNB MSK.



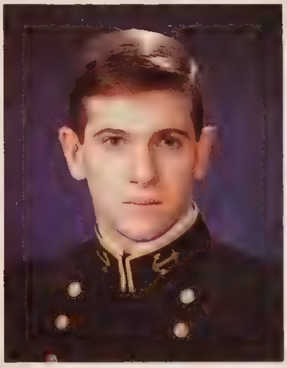
David Nicholas Cohron

When Nick rode out of the deprived, backward town of Stuarts Draft, Virginia, he had only two passions, money and cars. Since the two are not inseparable he joined the silent-but-wealthy service. Gumby will leave USNA riding in his dream of a 911SC, an ambitious achievement for someone whose idea of a metropolis was Staunton (rhymes with wanton). Nick chose chastity aboard a submarine to horde his money rather than succumb to a foolhardy marriage to some spendthrift. This may be because a certain nameless HDHP (not a calculator) had the audacity to order a glass of Perrier on a date. But submarines were not enough. While taking FP210 he thought he had a calling for a future in the foriegn service. As a Firstie, Nick had arrived. He was made a Midn. Lt. for two semesters! He blew off formations and racked endlessly but still had the gall to inspect others. We wish him fast subs, expensive cars, and cheap women.



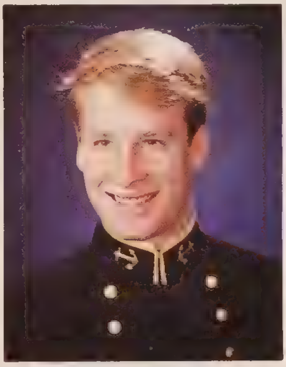
Alton Hugh Coleman

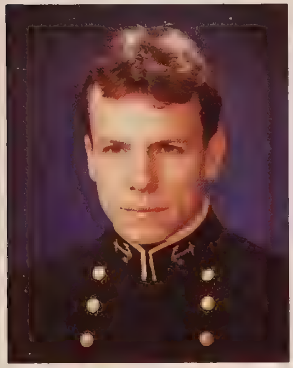
(our thanks to the j. geils band and a case) Does he walk? Does he talk? Is he taller than five feet? Our Stone Mountain Georgia roommate Will be a benefit to the fleet. He was an aero major Undoubtedly a brain Putting up with the Tater Did not drive him insane. Years go by, we're looking through a Proceedings magazine here's our Stone Mountain roommate-An elf in an F-14. (chorus) The bullfrogs run slow, Our memories no longer flow, Our elf is an NFO, Elf is an NFO. Slipped us cookies under the desk, His packages were always the best. We were stuffed, we turned away Before we ate them all. Played Daltrey, Kinks and the Who While he flashed those baby blues. Swimming had a hold on him; Hawaii was a ball. Those aviator wings Too magical to touch, To see him as an NFO Is really just too much.



Robert Eric Coleman

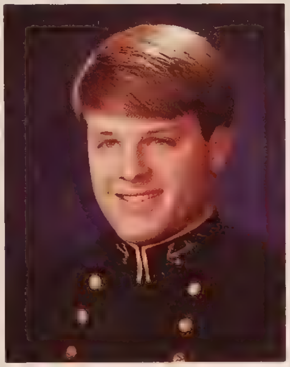
Pretty-Boy, this loud obnoxious Texan came to us from the Thirsty-Third. I don't think that he was ever able to quench his thirst and his patronage at the local taverns has proven it. If you ever needed to find Eric during the week, all you had to do was look for him in the wardroom. This was because he dropped a real major and went Phy-Sci (The Brotherhood). Eric started off as a varsity pole vaulter, but because of numerous hamstring pulls and some disagreements with the coach was forced into retirement as an intramural star. Out in town Eric's perfect hair, Texas accent and B.S. have always been a hit with the local women. We had many good times here, I hope to continue them in San Diego. And Eric, if any of this bothers you, I can only say, "I'm sorry, I apologize." MSM.





Matthew Steven Kirk

Matt's the only guy we know who encounters physical pain when spending money. That's why he got his family's Honda sedan from his dad with his car loan. An avid sports fan, Matt rarely missed a home basketball game or wrestling match. In the summers, you could find him in the rack or on the golf course. As a dedicated Systems Engineer, Matt spent many hours sharpening his computer skills — computer games skills, that is. Starting with youngster year, Matt quickly established himself as the great Scam-Master with the famous Systems Scam. (Remember that one, Al?) Matt pulled more pranks than Barboursville, West Virginia has pick-ups, and no CMOD was safe. The Army-Navy game first class year saw Matt finally drinking into oblivion due to a lost bet. Seriously, though, Matt's the best friend anyone could ask for, and will make the USS South Carolina a fun place to be. Take care and good luck with your future. BNB PPO JCK.



Michael Sean Mangan

We'll miss Sean, but not nearly as much as the fast food establishments he so often frequented. A near legend in town, Mango's exploits have earned him soft spots, not only in the hearts of local tavern owners, but also on various portions of his body. Only Sean could transform a simple bed into a veritable temple of slumber. (It was rumored that classmates removed their shoes when in its proximity!) Cheeseburger's lack of effort in physical endeavors have redefined the word "atrophy" -he once heard about Halsey Field House and packed a bag lunch to check it out. Computer gnomes everywhere will miss his expertise in the world of silicon. Seriously, no one could ask for a better friend and roommate. You could always count on Sean when the chips were down. Remember Sean, we made you the legend you are today! JPD and JBH.

Trent Demarco Nickels

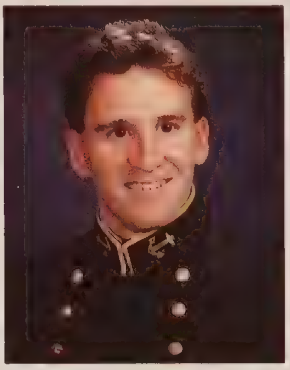
Brethren, I do not regard myself as having laid hold of it yet; but one thing I do; forgetting what lies behind and reaching forward to what lies ahead, I press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus. (Phil. 3:13-14)

Pacy Philip Ostroff

The Pacer: Surface Nuke Bound. Pacy's another one of the New Jersey transfers who has introduced us to picking locks and the Boss. His language skills sure came in handy during a spring break trip to Germany. Not only was he the only one to get past the "do you speak English" phrase, but he was also the only one who could order another round of draft dark beer. Pacy's driving habits are incomparable, including sudden unexpected lane changes and high speeds though small German towns. Pacy has not let EE interfere with the finer things in life. It was always a trip getting to know him and I shudder at the thought of the Pacer and Shemp running rampant in our latest nuclear cruiser, the Arkansas. We wish him the best of luck in everything he does. Never forget "The Rigger", and Genex. JCK, MSK, BNB.

Ronald Eugene Prass

Ron started his 5 years by the Bay in '82 but left after summer camp for an extra year of "maturity" at Maryland. After rejoining the Brigade in '83, he managed to make time in his busy academic schedule to commute regularly to the 'Vous to continue research. I think one of the times was a weekend. He is a veteran of 2 Skifests, 5 Lauderdales, and World Tour 86 and 87. All this came to a screeching halt when the Big One came down, ending the semester's streak at 9. Where's Aggie now? The Prince of Darkness baffled us dating girls he had nothing in common with. The Prince doesn't own a Green Jacket from the Masters, but he is a worthy Plankowner of the Vanagonagain. Limbo contests, 'Vous girls, Orlando girls, inviolate study hour, the Ugly American-show us your Australian hangover, "Clutch me!", Austrailian W & K. Ron is a treasured friend and his ever-present smile, wit, and lightheartedness will be missed. EJI and Friends.



Al William Sambar

With fast cars come fast women so the saying goes, sorry Al. I knew Al was alright when I tried to put his new RX-7 into reverse while traveling down the Pennsylvania Turnpike at 55 MPH and escaped with my body intact. I haven't yet met a person who can look at things as lightheartedly as Al and still be a success. Yet with him it is fact. Knowing Al is like knowing Rodney Dangerfield, Oscar Maddison, and Rudolph Valentino all in one person. Yet there is never a time that he cannot be depended on for all the necessities of friendship. May you fly off carriers until your heart is content and more importantly, may you never have to eject over New Jersey. Take care, my friend forever. POS.

William Oliver Townsend

Fresh . . . Very Fresh.

Eber Lee Verhovsek

We were happy to get Eber the Pleber, a product of both massive quantities of steak and eggs and Johnstown, Pa. Always one to stick to a goal, he finally achieved a varsity letter after overcoming a mind like Rambo and a body like Einstein. This is even more true after his two month diet in which he fell from the world of the mighty titans into the realm of mere mortal men. Eb is one of the easiest going guys as long as he hasn't frequented one of the local taverns; just ask Ben Torreon. You know Eber was going to the football banquet when people started locking their door at eight o'clock. Seriously, he is a good friend and roommate even though he does have a bit of a neatness problem (he is a little too neat). Good luck in your career, you bubblehead. JTW.

John Thomas Walters

John's existence merely proves that there is no correlation between intelligence and neatness. John doesn't conform to the stereotypical person with his grade point average. Hopefully, Nuclear Power School will end his quest for a university that can truly challenge his scholastic ability. When liberty is called, John is quick to put his suede Hush Puppies on and head straight for Baltimore where his mother and girlfriend, in that order, can give him the tender loving care he desperately needs. John's greatest hope in life is that the leisure suit be reinstated as the current fashion. Until then, he will continue to wear various colored flannel shirts, sport polyester, and boast ties wide enough to be mistaken as tablecloths. John will be remembered as a good guy who would always help at any time with any problem or subject. John could also be counted on to lift up the company's spirit with a midnight pro-flick. ELV.

Daryl Vaughn Watkins

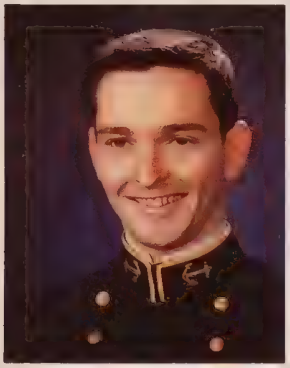
Thirty-five's finest bopped into 6 where he led people academically, physically, and socially, of course. There Speed learned to obey some of the regs at least some of the time. Daryl matured from the days of his impressionable youth when he fell in like quicker than he changed his socks and more often than his roommate shaved into a playful, dedicated individual devoted only to Lori. A man who makes his decisions with his heart and later analyzes them, he will be known forever for his enthusiasm for his magic bus, transcontinental voyages, a good party, adventure, and strong friendships. People will remember you when you listened patiently, as one who developed his own values and held to them dearly, and as one who will never go hungry. A bad day anywhere with Daryl is better than a good one on Newport Beach without him. Hey Bud, let's continue climbing the ladder together. THM.

Ty Alan Schieber

Ty joined the brigade from the backwoods of northern Michigan, and after a year in twenty-second company, found himself in Slack Six. His main interest seemed to be in the military and academics, but it didn't take long for the interest to move over to 10 Porter Road in the form of a tall, blue-eyed, blonde-haired girl named Liz. This convenient location for a "wife" provided his roommate with many quiet hours alone in the room, and even when Ty was present it was still quiet, because he was usually asleep. Second class year passed by rather uneventfully, and first class year brought Ty the dubious honor of being company commander, but unfortunately sent Liz to JMU. A successful three-stripe tour was followed by the heavy responsibility of company drill officer, every mid's dream. Come May '87, throw away the Navy blue and don the Marine green. Thanks for the memories. ALY.

Patrick Owen Shea

I don't think a paragraph can be written about Pat without mentioning Youngstown, Ohio. Apparently, every major player in the NFL is from there, or at least from Ohio. All joking aside, Pat is a very strong believer in his home and his family. He puts intense effort into all he does, from his oceanography major and his demanding weightlifting schedule to fiancee, Paula. One of the few people I know who can carry on a conversation with a bench press, Pat has developed quite a physique. First and Second class years brought many adventures for him including numerous road trips and a wild fling with a spunky little road whore named Boom Boom. Alas his affair has ended and now he will settle for a quaint little domestic life with his new German ride. Pat, I wish you the best of luck although I know you won't need it because you are the hook, the ticket, the big dog . . . Al.

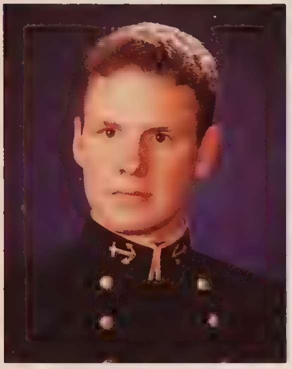


Terry Robert Takats

Regardless of the expectations of others, he made it. No malice, no regrets, laughing all the way. Ya'll be cool.

Ben Eugene Torreon

"Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes . . . " — Thoreau. Slow forward: NAPS, 26th Co., madman, youngster cruise and the 1052, the Philippines, Academic Probation forever, home cooking, short road trips, sweating it, two for sports, why?, summer '85 and Maria, short road trips, help, w.workers, D.K., studying in Nimitz, gouge?, freedom 2/c year, M and M Millan, home parties, New York on the 4th, car, B.D., P.G.C., family, glasses, rings: fast past. Thanks guys: E.R., F.R., P.L., R.N., R.H. and D.W. too. Thank you mom and dad for all your love and support the past four years and thank you Maria. "The best way out is always through . . ." — R. Frost



Andrew Lee York

Drew came to Navy from suberbia-Illinois in pursuit of the elusive "wings of gold." After an intense plebe experience in 23rd, the switch to Slack Six was a welcome relief. Andy quickly earned a reputation for his soft-spoken, sentimental qualities — he never had a harsh word for anyone. Youngster and second class year were challenging, but hard work and perseverance pulled him through. An Australian exchange cruise first class summer provided a cultural awakening, as Drew explored the peaks and valleys in several foreign countries. He returned to the Academy a changed man, and served as company sub-commander. Study as much as he did, Drew was never lacking for women. Despite all of his talk, he even managed to establish some very localized relationships. Drew is now P-Cola bound. The fleet best prepare itself for a person with sights set high and the talent to be the best. Godspeed my friend, and good luck. TAS.

BATTALION OFFICER

Commander Brian J. Barry

Fall Staff

Battalion Commander
Marc H. Dalton
Battalion Sub Commander
Jennifer Culbertson
Battalion Operations
Robert P. Pignataro
Battalion Adjutant
Charles Ferguson
Battalion Supply
Ross C. Beaton
Battalion Administration
Linda M. Hunter

Spring Staff

Battalion Commander
Mark R. Broskevitch
Battalion Sub Commander
Christopher Thomassy
Battalion Operations
Mary E. Balch
Battalion Adjutant
Robert S. Hopkins
Battalion Supply
John L. Jenkins
Battalion Administration
Lee Anne Lambert

THE SECOND BATTALION

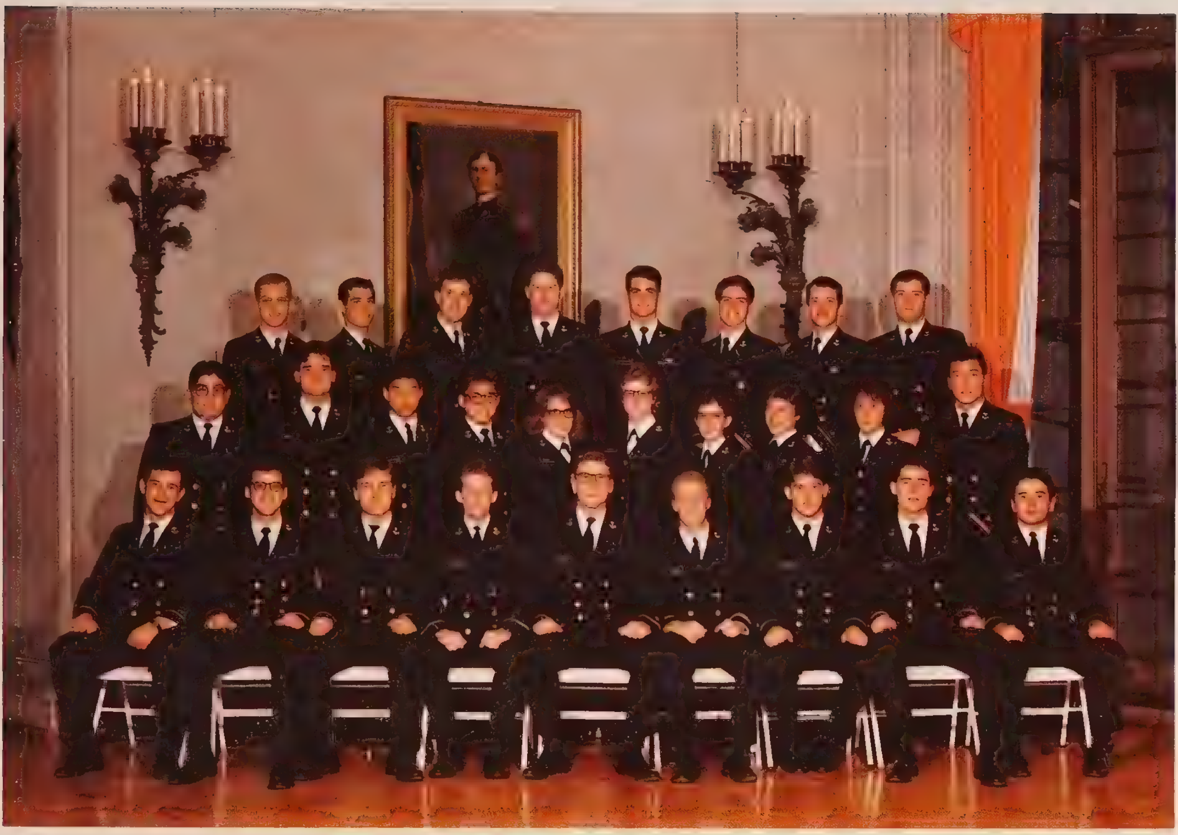
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Sandy MacMurtrie
Company Sub Commander: Keith Holden
Company Adjutant: Craig Burris

Spring Staff

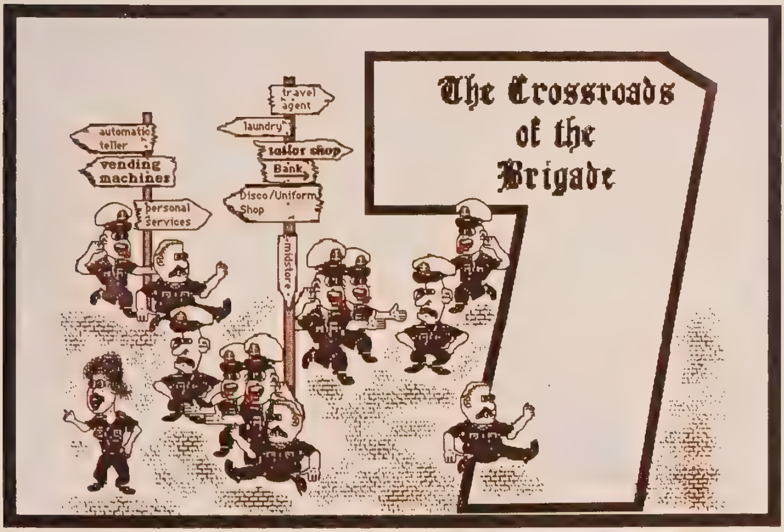
Company Commander: Stephen Thompson
Company Sub Commander: James Lelio
Company Adjutant: Glen Campbell

LT Rob Winsor



The Class of 1987

Row One: Duane Walters, James Lelio, Jeffrey Shirk, Louis Poore, Edward Sullivan, Patrick Stauch, Stephen Ruggirello, John Ribera, Thomas Hearn **Row Two:** Fred Redling, Craig Burris, Jason Wong, Rodrigo Dill, Laurie Musiek, Dawn Driesbach, Linda Hunter, Leslie Hirko, Patricia Corsello, John Titus **Row Three:** William Muscha, James MacMurtrie, James Walter, Glen Campbell, Robert MacFarland, Jerry Holden, Stephen Thompson, Dana Ruge **Not Shown:** Meg Green


The Crossroads of the Brigade
travel agent
laundry
tailor shop
Bank
Disco/Uniform Shop
midstore
automatic teller
vending machines
personal Services
7

The Class of 1988

Row One: Mark Hernandez, Bruce Morris, Paul Fletcher, George Vassilakis, Zachary Scruton, Jeffrey Adams, Jon Elston, Colin Kane, Paul Pensabene **Row Two:** Douglas Moberg, Jeffrey Reagan, David Bondura, Roger Isom, William Blackstone, John Garcia, Juan Balboa, Timothy Tumelty, Matthew Bills, Gary Armstrong, Robert Thornhill, Kevin Brooks, George Meehan **Row Three:** Ricardo Gonzalez, Malcolm Wheatley, James Fontanella, Glenn Allen, Robert Gray, Erik Wright, Kevin Umbaugh, John Reuter, Timothy Hoke, Michael Danford

The Class of 1989

Row One: Peggy Bosnic, Karen West, Grace Stover, Christine James, Michele La Duca, Jane Kurtz, Piper Smith, Edward Sterling, James O'Farrel **Row Two:** George Capen, Rafael Curbelo, John Trower, James Harris, Patrick Herring, Scott Powers, Joseph Begley, Douglas Nekrasz, Vincent Zarasua, Gregory Wagner, Edward Gray, Benjamin Goodwin, Timothy McElligatt, Robert Lewis **Row Three:** Paul Zippel, Stephen Verner, Joseph Smith, Andrew Wilson, James Cooney, Ingar Grev, Norwin Fischer, Timothy Buffington, Jeffrey Tomlin, Jose Morales, John Kainer **Not Shown:** Leonard Cooke

The Class of 1990

Row One: Tina Lawson, Tara Traynor, Christopher Rosen, Peter Jenkins, Steven Wood, Brian Hoyt, Michael Villegas, Ariel Soriano, Kara Flatley **Row Two:** Carla Meyers, Pamela Nolton, Joseph Czopek, Charles Sparks, Kevin O'Brien, Gregg Manazir, Stephen Liszewski, Kenn Knittel, Donald Osborn, Charles Gillum, Christian Cabaniss, Daniel Underwood, Charles Lovett, Michael Decker **Row Three:** Manuel Burgos, Gregory Eytchison, Donald D'Andrea, Scott Davids, Todd Carlson, James Lee, Michael Nikolich, Charles Simpson, David Springer, Joachim Cox, Brian Fitzell, James Foster, Raymond Ott **Not Shown:** David Wasson

Craig Burris we knew you could do it! We are super proud! Love, your family.

Norman, thanks for these 4 years. — We enjoyed while you endured. We'll always be here for support. Good Luck, Marine. With pride and Love, Mom and Dad.

Ed Sullivan, 7th Co., from start to finish we have been proud of you on job well done. May God always be your copilot. Love Mom, Dad, and all the family.

With pride and admiration. Congratulations Tom Hearn and 7th Co. Love Mom, Grandma, Jackie, Bob, Diane, John, Rory, Daniel, Maryellen, RJ, Jeff, Ryan, Justin, and Missy.

To 2LT Louis "Bing" Poore USMC; John, Drew, and the rest of '87 — Congrats and and best wishes! Veni, Vidi, Vinci! Mom, Dad, and Chris.

With love and pride, we congratulate you, Tim Walter and the whole gang. Dana, Duane, and Glenn. Thanks for the memories! With love, Mom, Dad, Jeff!

Craig Martin Burris

Burrhead arrived here from Brown's Valley, a backroads little town north of Sacramento. We sure thought that he was one serious guy back in '84. Here was a person who seemed to rarely smile, and intimidated everybody he met using those intense eyes. Burrhead though, turned out to be a fun loving guy. Once you got him talking about open country, cars, or life in general, he couldn't stop. 3 o'clock was always an early time for Craig to hit the rack after starting to study for EE at about 1! Of course, he always pulled out of those tough engineering classes by complaining his way to an excellent grade. But it was outdoors where Burrhead really shone. Fieldball was his main sport, and he made sure that the refs and other players knew that. Second class summer was wild but we lost him to Michelle soon after that. The Marine Corps has a stong Christian leader now, and his best friend wishes him the greatest luck in the future. JDW.

Glen Scott Campbell

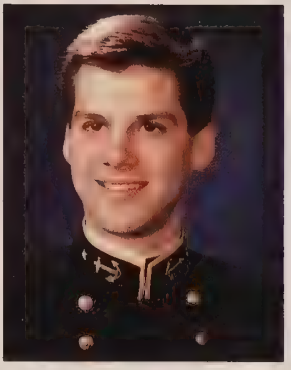
Glen Campbell descended from the wild coast of Haines, Alaska to carry on his seafaring life for the Navy. Though he looked half Alaskan Huskie and half snowman, he carried awesome stats: first of his class of 31; a 6 foot, 220 pound basketball player; and the first to be accepted from his area. He left behind his folks, Dale and Barbara, and his little brother, George. Beef, as he is affectionately known, enrolled in Mechanical Engineering before settling into a more General curriculum. Leaving 27th Company after plebe year, he learned true leadership in 7th Company. Falling in quickly with the Butt Brothers, he was eventually weaned away from a lucrative managerial position on the Rugby team and to the more demanding company sports. A lady's man, he stole a heart each year, in a new area where his reputation was clean. Seriously, Beef was the most generous and gentle roommate a mid could ask for. DAW.

Patricia Marie Corsello

Patti came to USNA from the wilds of Jersey with a basketball in her hand and track shoes on her feet, which gave her a little trouble on hardwood floors. Youngster year, she abandoned the courts for open fields, then for wire wheels. Between two-hour runs and racquetball sessions, she props open her books with one hand and shoos away guys with the other. Still, she's never put all-nighters ahead of a night on the town, or friends who needed her. First semester first class year, she studied conduct offenses; second semester, she committed them — and inadvertently got caught. Now that she's out of hack, she's off for fun in the sun with CEC. We don't have to worry about Patty; we know she'll do well because wherever she goes, she'll always make friends. love, JAS, MEG. P.S. Patti, I will never forget you or the love we shared. I will always be there whenever you need a hug. Keep the faith! ILYF (WYMM) BUD.

Rodrigo Matutina Dill

Young Rod's conservative Atwood, Kansas upbringing is easily seen in his lifestyle. Not quite a mooch, he does like to wear other people's underwear and the combat boots he found in a garbage can. Truly progressive, he was always the first to blow his pay on clothes, listen to the Screaming Blue Messiahs, and totally trash a new vehicle. Rod endangered his flyboy career when he traded in his motocross bike for a tray to sled vertically on. Girls also constituted trouble. Between plebettes, married women, and 14 year olds; he has since sworn off all females. We like you Rod; that is why we left you behind when we drove to Ft. Lauderdale, but we'll still share a beer and a pool cue at Pete's with you, as long as the shirt stays on and the ripples are hidden. Fly high, hang low, ride fast, and stay ahead of your time. BEEF, BUCK, FREDLING.



Jerry Keith Holden

Keith came to the Academy with a positive outlook on life that couldn't be dampened, even by his plebe year roommates; A Wild Puerto Rican & Mr. Sweat. In fact, he liked them so much, he took one roommate's future fiance' to a Christmas formal, and the other's sister for late walks on the beach. Keith's first "War Story" came off the flaming shores of Lebanon when he was three days in sick bay because of a flu vaccine. Youngster year found Keith and I with a lot in common, industrious studying not one of them. Most of our time not taken up in full contact wrestling, was spent planning attacks on the total female populous as soon as we could get a car. Well the car finally came, and the girls at U of D will never be the same. Things change, and Keith has traded his Little Black Book for a diamond ring, and his Trans Am will soon have afterburners, so when I need some fire support I know he'll come quickly!-Mac.

Linda Marie Hunter

Half-pint came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Oil City, PA. Linda is not the kind of person that would let this small town background, or her small size, slow her down, though. Remember Washington Week? She began plebe year as a walking bass drum in D&B, and then became a set of timpani with eyes. After this short period of drunken excess, she saw the light and changed to a more sane extra-curricular activity, Women's Crew. She will probably be the only coxswain in NWC history to carry 18 lbs. at the Vails. A math major, Half-pint can do anything with numbers, except please medical. She spent most of firstie year, after surviving a semester with Renzo, driving me crazy with her VW project. Thank-you, APL. A cryptologist on her way to Italy, Linda can expect more of the same success she has had here at Navy once she gets to the fleet. Good-luck, H.P., and keep knocking down those walls. LEH, PSB.

James Francis Lelio

Jim Lelio came to his new home from the boonies of New York, with the high hopes of being a tennis superstar. Once here, he decided to join a sport to fit his limp wristed life-style. One of his greatest accomplishments at the Academy is the amount of time he logged in the rack. Jim is one mid that worships the blue magnet religiously. If he is not in the rack, he is trying to attract girls of all sizes. Once he meets girls, he has this problem of being "backed 15 yds and punted." In other words, he isn't seen with the same girl for very long, and it isn't by his own choice. He was with the "dutchboy-hairdo girl" for awhile, but they had conflicting naval goals when they graduated. Jim will always by remembered for his purple jacket, dumb jokes, and uncoordinated dancing (he *thinks* he's pretty smooth). All in all, he is not that bad of a guy, and we will all miss him, especially the person who wrote this. JDT.

Robert Steele MacFarland

Mac can best be described as innovative, coming up with wild ideas and keeping everyone around him in hysterics. Rob will be remembered for many things: Plebe year — that "special" attention received at comearounds from one certain "well-known" cheerleader. Youngster year -Haifa, Israel's stomach turning experience, "Ralph" the spider plant, his talking desk, walking handstands, aerosol torching, and our combined QPR of 3.0. Second class year — his "unique" lovelife which was definitely a "risky business," and his innovative kite flying, a locust with Sigma Epsilon Chi, and his soon to be released book on "3-striper life." Rob will be missed by everyone, but mostly by me. Those late night chats, trying times, and great weekends make for a lasting friendship. One that distance will test, but never weaken. JKH.

Dawn Helene Driesbach

Dawn came to 7th Company from Frankfort, Ohio, after a fun-filled "freshman" year in Fabulous Fifteen. Upon arrival in Lucky Seven, she quickly proved to be a true friend, going out of her way to help us in time of need and desperation. Originally an Ocean-O, Dawn found Engine Math too trivial to bother with, so she switched to Phy. Sci. Skilled in volleyball and softball, D.D. established herself as a relentless racquetball competitor. The pride of 2nd Battalion ate up the competition and picked on the guys for fun. Given that her favorite uniform cosists of Levi's and tennis shoes, Dawn's interests (other than studying) range from partying in cemeteries to scuba diving to dancing at various G-town clubs (my feet are *still* tired). The best lefty driver, she stopped only to refill her tank (Bartles-n-James don't count!) Everyone here will miss Dawn, but no one will miss her more than me. Good luck, but not Sayonara! ECW.

Mary Ellen Green

Meg came to USNA from Dahlgren, Virginia. Most people see Meg as being very quiet and studious, but to those of us who know her well, she is an outgoing, warm girl. Most of her free time is spent with her horses, her pleasure books, and the fencing team, of which she was manager for four years. As an English major, Meg put her fine reading and writing talents to great use, earning close to a 4.0 each semester throughout her four years. Her scholarly abilities are not restricted to English, she is a wiz in every class at the academy, including EE (but one semester it gave her intense problems and caused her grade to sink to a "B"). Although most people at USNA are not too excited about serving on a grey ship, Meg is extremely anxious to become a surface warrior. Meg, thanks for being the best roomie in the world. Anyone who can put up with all the visitors I had is a saint. Good luck on AD44! Love you, PC.

Thomas Patrick Hearn

"Hearndog" came to the Boat School from the burrow of Pt. Pleasant, New Jersey, after a brief stint in Laredo, Texas. After a psychotic year on 7-4 with Kaiser and the boys, Tommy joined us in 7. Youngster year he resided where doves cry with a bedwetting roommate. They could often be found with hangers on their heads and tricks up their sleeves. Searching the far extremes of the Goucher Galaxy, Tommy finally found R2-D2, plunging later towards the Rosemonster at Second Class Army. First Class Army, on a desperate search for deer meat, Tommy would not relinquish his protective shower cap, even when he dropped in on the lounge, where he learned one of his many languages-jive. Throughout his four years, Tommy considered crawling around with the Grunts, only to hear his true calling, Cryptology. A pleasant alternative for his dear mother, Chicky, and family. Good luck T. Hearn, your wit made our stay a lot easier. JJR and ECS.

Leslie Ellen Hirko

Giving up an opportunity to go to Party School, USA in her hometown of Chico, California, Leslie found a new home in 15. She spent much of her four years at the boathouse as the original "amby." While perfecting the art of abusing her body, she brought spirit and life to those long workouts. Youngster year brought Leslie down to 5-0. She then decided that the fountain pen was mightier than the keyboard, so off to Sampson she went. Second class year held a new roommate and a reputation to uphold. Untouched by Paradise Alley, Sarge ran the plebes as she learned in Mean Fifteen. All soon learned, call her anything else — but don't call her "sir." Firstie year came, as did chow packages (thanks, Mama). Being "too gungy for Quantico," Sarge opted for a career as a surface warrior and headed back to the west (best?) coast. Surface line is in for a pleasant surprise. They've certainly gained one of Navy's best. Good luck, Joey. LMH,PSB.

James Alexander MacMurtrie

Sandy came here after spending a year at Villanova, where he realized his true desire to be a humanities major. He spent plebe year in 33rd company. After working hard on his youngster cruise, Sandy showed up on 5-0 ready to fulfill the duties of a history major. He proved himself to be a motivated individual, going to Airborne school and being a company commander during plebe detail and academic year. He was a very dedicated member of OCF, a great guitar player, and was always willing to help others out. Along with RSM and JKH, Sandy always helped to make life in the hall more fun than it really was. We knew where his thoughts were, though. He was one of the few who found the girl of his dreams before becoming a mid. Thanks for being such a great friend and roommate all these years. May you have all the best in the USMC. WRM.

William Robert Muscha

Bill hailed from Fargo, North Dakota and spent his plebe year with the boys from Four, most notably John L., Dave S., and Mike H. After garnishing honors as the plebe chow-call scheduler, Bill bolted for cruise and eventually returned to his new niche in Mother B. — Seventh Heaven. In Lucky 7, Bill distinguished himself as an aero stud, a dedicated CCD teacher, a fine violinist, a Con Squad instructor, the First Class Ticket Coordinator, a great guy for K.H., R.M., and I to rumble, and an outstanding roommate. After graduation, Bill will put his aero ability to work as an NFO, and hopefully land in the space program. When I reminisce about "my Academy days," the first person who will come to mind will be my friend and roommate, Bill Muscha. I don't think I'll ever forget Bill's warm, friendly, often mischievous grin, and his loyal friendship during the glory years of 7th Company. Thanks for everything, Bill, GO BISONS! Sandy. JAM.

Laurie Musiek

Laurie came to the academy from Meadville, PA, two years before us on the crest of a wave. As a member of the Class of '85, she was determined to become the best swimmer in Navy's history. Stroke after stroke, she drowned her competition until Lejeune ran out of wall space to hang her awards. But this little mermaid was soon mesmerized by King "Bill" Neptune. With engagement planned, Laurie left USNA to become a household landlubber. Deciding there were better fish in the sea, the engagement sank and Laurie returned to the academy to become a member of the best class. Her decision gave the 7th company a chance to get to know the real Laurie. She learned to party with the best of us, even though her quarter never found the shot glass. We will always remember your great personality and the Musiek "smile." Best of luck to you and Angelo in the future. Reach for the stars and you will find happiness. The best class "85N2." DDR.

Louis Edward Poore

Bing came straight to our beloved academy from Slidell, Louisiana. After a brief stint with Dru, Daff, and the boys in 33, Lou joined us in 7A. Being one of Al's boys, Bing enjoyed many experiences throughout his running career: the brawl with Ron before Army, the pie at Marquette, and the unexpected call from Mom at Ron's house. Bing's success on the track brought him eight N stars. Louie was not as successful with the conduct officer, as youngster year saw 32k, and many days in jail (which went faster than expected). Bing learned no lessons though, as many late Saturday's were spent racing back for taps after a lost night in G-town. First class year saw Lou hitting the streets of D.C. again, mostly to visit Susanne. Mom, Dad, and Chris supported Bing every step of the way, even when he became a Jarhead. Louie is off towards Quantico, and the Marine Corps will never know what hit them. JJR.

Fred Eugene Redling

Fred, you should come out of your four year catatonic sleep in time to read this. We know that the more you doze the less time you spend here. Hey, you are the only mid to ever wear a hole in his rack. If we count your time awake, you're still a plebe. Face facts Fred, Debbie's dream to domesticate you — WAKE UP; IT'S REAL!! No car from your loan, noooo, you had to get *furniture!* At least you only have to run a mile to get to your apartment. It will take a mountain of soda cans to get ticket fare to Hawaii for you both. You'll still be hoarding them under your rack at flight school. We just want to know if you'll retire to be a chef or a bartender. With Deb's home cooking, and your bartending degree, you could open a great mid hangout in five years. It's not so far off, the time will probably fly by like a forgotten dream. Luck in marriage (who me?), from the singles. DAW, RMD.

John Joseph Ribera

"Bito" came to the Academy from the Northern California hamlet of Belmont. After an uneventful plebe year, John moved to 7A, where he began to count calories. During commissioning week youngster year, John bought a rear loading Personal Computer. At the beginning of second class year, John got friendly with the natives, and even aliens such as Darth Vader. Second semester was confusing for John, first he went south looking for the ultimate donut, only to come back to D.C. and see the panic of 86: his Ring Dance date, "Stretch." Much to Shirley & Ernie's delight, John persevered and got his letter in track. First class cruise saw John in Hawaii establishing a beach head and learning from CG-29 his true vocation: NAVY AIR. During first class year John's service contract on his personal computer was renewed. Academically Bito survived the Rocket and Mech E. Bito you've been a great friend, Good luck. ECS, TPH.

Dana Dale Ruge

Dana came to the lovely eastern coast from the mountains of Central City, Nebraska (pop.: a couple three thousand). He entered the 21st company only to become all too familiar with a squash ball, and the fun times of plebe summer. As a plebe, Dana chose the almighty math major right from the beginning. He knew what to pick — after all, he had to get his rank high enough to be able to select special operations . . .oops, surface nuc. After the scramble, Dana was thrown in with two people who had almost the same name. This was purely by chance, since his name was Ruge — that's "ROOGEE, sir." Well, as the years passed on, Dana and his friend Archibald amazed us all. Dana had this uncanny attraction for black things, and certain innate abilities like consumption while lying down, instant SWO daddy, and pseudo brigade striper. What did he do anyway? For someone who likes to drive in the median, SLMF. JAW.

Stephen Matthew Thompson

Steve came to USNA from the badlands of Wyoming, with a winning personality, a cheerful smile, and a desire to learn. Learn what: that Virginia isn't for lovers, the Philippines are, that "trolling" has nothing to do with fishing, that there aren't any foreigners at the Canadian Club; it's just a place where people talk funny and the chairs move (roll?), that if you scream "BRUUUCE"! loud enough from the 13th row, you can't drive safely. After 4 years, those of us who know you still have some unanswered questions: does the "Birthday" on your license read "N6T5?" Exactly how did you end up with friends named Tobes, Wally, Beef, and Roundman? Where Is Jackson's Hole? Seriously, be proud of your accomplishments — Pistol All-American, Company Commander, Airborne — as we are proud of them too. We know you'll do well in P-Cola, as you always have. Take care, friend, and we'll see you in Wally World (if the Mustang can make it!). MAT WRK.

John Daniel Titus

John comes from one of those exits on the Jersey Turnpike. Though you probably already have a bad feeling about him, it shouldn't stick. After a brief stint in 18th Company, John is the first to tell you he's the most squared away person around — he'll then continue to tell you about his "GQ-doo" and his $20,000-plus status symbol that he's trying to keep payments on. His personality is as slick as his 'fro, and this is the main reason to keep him from your fiancee. Yes he has had some problems in this area which he shrugs off as, "a girl with a stone just hasn't met me yet . . ." This is a minor problem however, if you consider taking him out on the town. In the middle of the night John loses control of all bodily functions. It has gotten so bad over the years, that he has passed this trait on to his Firstie roomie, "Sponge." For John, USNA was just a stepping stone. As he says, "I'm getting primed!!!" JFL.

James Anthony Walter

Jim, better known as Wally, came to the Academy from Warren, New Jersey, via the turnpike. Sweet 16 initially protected his gullibility, but this ended upon entering the elite 7. His alphabetical roomies soon taught him the ways of the world, creating a monster. From the camper in Pennsylvania, to the rooms of York, Sweet Briar, and Bucknell, Jim's presence was felt. His wisdom and experience even had its place in the hall. It was only appropriate that his favorite possession and trademark was his blue '69 Corvette. Countless hours were spent each night discussing weekend "results." But then why should we math majors use study hours effectively? Jim's 3 year commitment to the corps was finally overshadowed by the lust for money and the dream of "glowing" in the dark. At least you chose surface! We've had a lot of good times together and many more to come. Enjoy the "long" Nuke deployments. SLMF. DDR.

Duane Allen Walters

So how's that saying go, "Large butt, warm heart?" Something like that. Bucky, you're an enigma. Who else would drive 1300 miles each way to see a "friend" for the weekend? Golly Gee, we've had so much fun in 4 years by the sea, it's only too bad we can't talk about what really happened. Don't worry, Tom and Shirley, we didn't corrupt him. But seriously, Duane, you haven't changed much. (What's a few pounds and some hair between friends, hmm?) Hey, you survived Mech E, and for what, to bore holes in the ocean? You think maybe the skipper'll sacrifice a MK 48 for all your CD's? Can bubble-heads party? Can you say, "saves money?" Yeah, until you pull in to P.I. You've done pretty well for a guy who absolutely hates this place. What can we say to a guy who just won't get engaged, despite all the congrats? Good luck, and God speed, RMD & GSC. P.S.-PRTYNKD.

Stephen Ruggirello

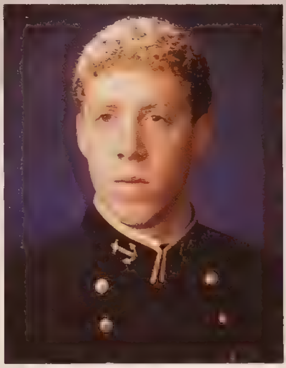
Ruggs came to the Academy from Huntington, LI via NAPS. He got on easy street starting Plebe Summer by blowing out his knee. He stayed on it to the end. He played Lax for a few years, then traded in his cleats for brew. We can't decide who corrupted whom. Ruggo played the entire outfield at the wiffleball tourney because Helmet (aka Helen Keller) got moved from shortstop to the outfield for a few errors. Our livers got pickled that weekend. They've been pickled ever since. Who could forget second class summer: the Marines at Groton, the stewardess and Whemo's nose in Pensacola, and Ocean City. Ruggo was destined for Pensacola especially after getting his '86 944. For some odd reason, he thought the speed limit on 301 was 135 mph. But then again Ruggo was always one for speed. He was famous for his personal services — no line and the haircuts were better than the barber shop's. We had some great times. Keep in touch. Hogie & Whemo.

Jeffrey Scott Shirk

Jeff Shirk was transported here from Balto in the back seat of his parents' car. After he finished partying, "Shekter style," the night before, he left his parents an unexpected present all over the back seat on the way to his new home. Jeff has many code names that are used by his friends and admirers. He insists that he is known by his admirers as TM, but his friends know that Jeff needs EI in this category. Shector is always known to score heavily with the "good looking girls." Some of his most impressive scores have been the likes of the human bottle opener and most are above one and a half bells. One contributing factor to his success is his diet of barley and oats before going out. Jeff is the one man freak show in the company that will be missed by everybody, especially by the boys in 7A. JDT.

Patrick Sullivan Stauch

"Sponge" came to the Naval Academy from Falls Church, Virginia, where he excelled in soccer. Claiming that he escaped plebe year without being a plebe, he decided to join the corps of company 7A. He lettered all four years with the soccer team and was voted team captain for his final and best season. He leaves with memories of just sticking to the story, numerous parking violations, missing the M.O. to New London, and living free of Mother B. His friends will never forget mess night and port wine, his waterless shower, endless mail, "think it'll fit," writing 40 pages for papers in three days, a 2.7 QPR through osmossis, messages to call Janice, and his buddy at Griffins. Pat has been a great roommate and friend. I wish him well at P-Cola, and the rest of his career. ECS.

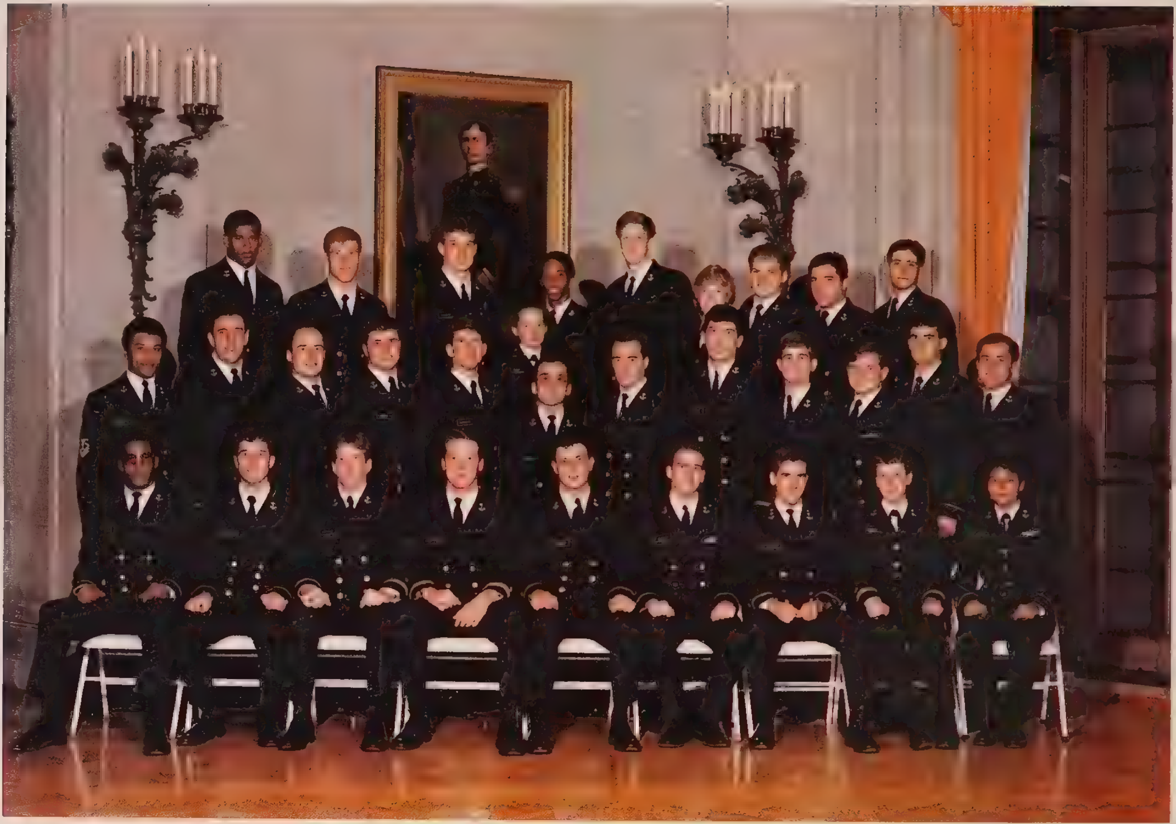


Edward Charles Sullivan

After a brief stay in Newport, Rhode Island, Sully joined us at the boat school. Following a rigorous stint in Seventeen, Ed found happiness in 7A. Sully also found happiness in New London during second class summer, right before Brian quenched his thirst. Second class year kept Ed busy, after prime time he wrote lots of letters, parted the Red Sea, and still found time to babysit at Killington. Second class year also saw the birth of the Texas Tremmer as we now know it. First class summer saw Sully contribute to California's pollution problem, let alone Shirley's iron cord. First class summer in the South of France, he hit paydirt. Charlie and Barbara were always supportive, and the food wasn't bad either. Sully, good luck with Navy air, you've made it a fun ride. JJR and TPH.

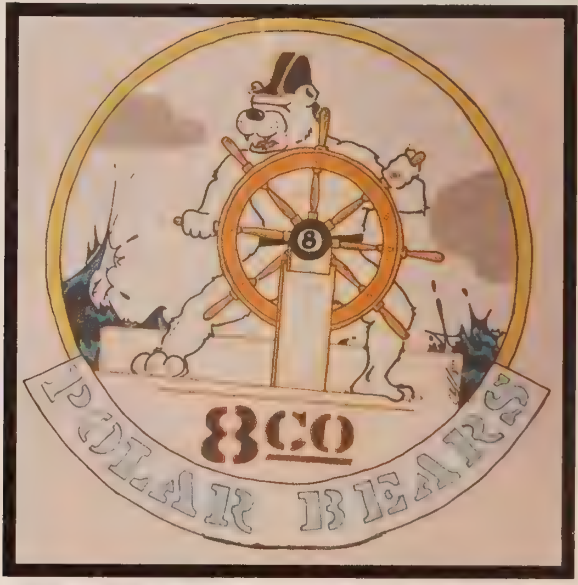
Jason Dutming Wong

Jason, Duthing (Da'thing), came to USNA from Fresno, CA, via TAD in Seattle. After plebe year, and an awakening summer of sailing, Jason found himself in Seventh Heaven. Soon thereafter, he was granted the eternal title of "Duthing" by mutual consent of his Senator and roommates. Jason began youngster year with a burning desire to excell as a systems major. However, the fire nearly flamed out by the end of second class year. Duthing found rack, finances, and order versus disorder more important than gectorizing. Jason found another distraction, of the female type, about Christmas of first class year, whereupon his financial interests quickly turned to financial troubles. Despite his less than sweat attitude, and legal blindness, Duthing managed to get his NFO billet. Jason, we will miss your smiling face, interesting perspective, and ability to laugh at the stupidest jokes. Remember us, and don't forget those things of eternal value-Burrhead.



The Class of 1987

Row One: John Wilson, Timothy Bonn, John Bramble, Clifford Blumenberg, John Wanebo, Timothy Rayner, John Metzger, Jennifer Culbertson, Michaele Laforge **Row Two:** Howard Merritt, Gregory Stefanon, Patrick Gallop, Scott Leach, Christopher Thomassy, John Sledgianowski, Paul Lewis, Marshall Brown, Charles Casson, Thaddeus Kuziela, Lawrence Britt, Donald Robbins **Row Three:** John Fuller, Kenneth Ross, Roland Towers, Robin Stewart, Demetrius Flewellen, Robert Hopkins, Joan Rangitsch, Scott Quinn, Stephen Teeple, Douglas Hines



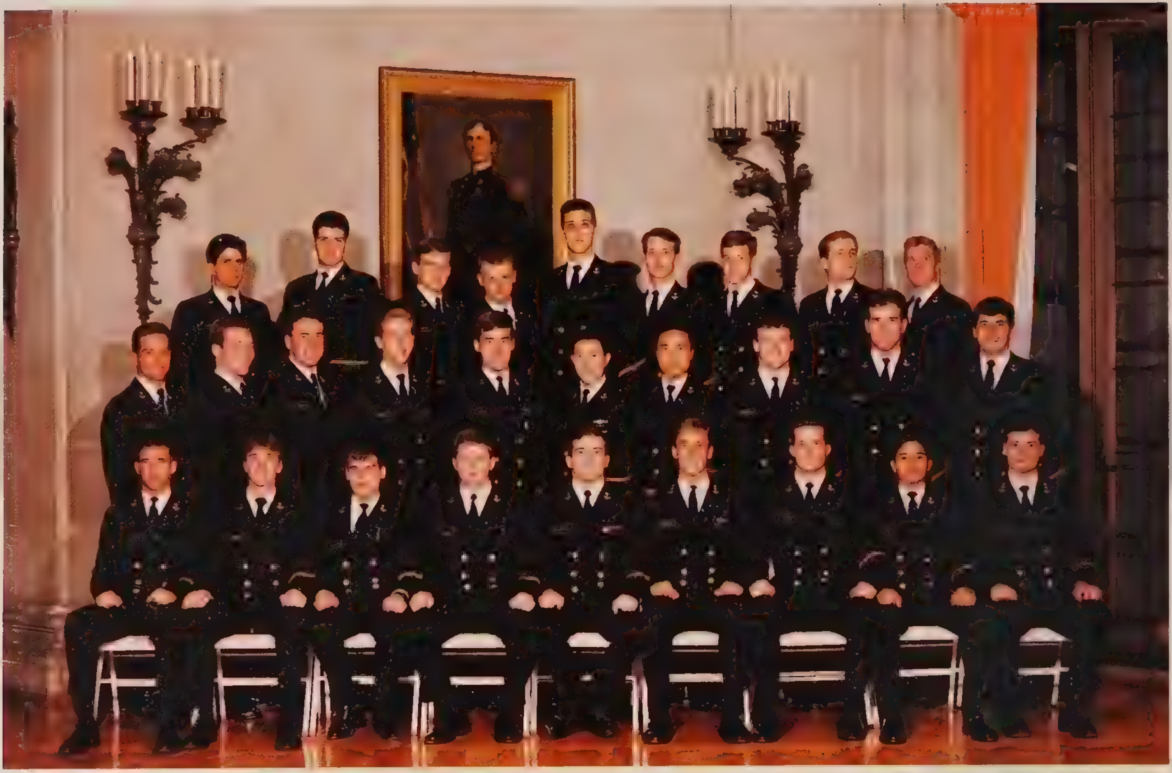
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Charles Casson
Company Sub Commander: Thaddeus Kuziela
Company Adjutant: John Metzger

Spring Staff

Company Commander: John Metzger
Company Sub Commander: Paul Lewis
Company Adjutant: Douglas Hines

LT Bruce Grooms



The Class of 1988

Row One: Douglas Hull, William Doney, Eric Kukanich, Kenneth Cooper, Steven Gall, David Kaufman, Thomas Cleary, Jon Quimpo, Richard Culp **Row Two:** Louis Adissi, Christopher Cook, Robert Joralemon, Rodney Mills, Todd Kiefer, Edward Chow, Joseph Abaya, John Eichelberger, David Edgecomb, James Cubbage **Row Three:** Christopher Verdoni, Patrick Porter, Daniel Haas, James Burgum, Cordell Harris, Michael Zimmerman, Thomas Base, Greg Jones, Timothy Heatherington **Not Shown:** Daniel Altomare, Kennon Artis, Albert Ferro, Daniel Hurdle

The Class of 1989

Row One: Loyd Rhiddlehoover, Catherine Masar, Heather Purvis, Orin Clay, William Ipock, John Lowrie, Nathan Beltz, Robert Velez, Mac Mera **Row Two:** Yessic Spencer, Ronald Kimberling, Rita Tauber, Reginald Howard, Kenneth Harris, William Filan, James Godwin, Robert Priest, Eric Buenviaje, Heidi Reinard, Nora Huml, Anthony Cox, Paul Basile **Row Three:** Richard Hulit, Evan Dash, Matthew Sturges, Stephen Hackforth, Brant Brockett, Brian Montgomery, William Moyer, Matthew Ungerleider, Christopher Schafer, Emil Peoples, Denise Shorey **Not Shown:** Kevin Stafford

The Class of 1990

Row One: John MacDonald, Brian Cavanaugh, William Bogan, Gregory Olson, Jon Olson, Joseph Daugherty, Terrence Fritz, Patrick Cronin, Darrin Guillory **Row Two:** Richard Boughton, Jerome Conner, Michael Gabriel, Matthew Polk, Joseph Solomon, Gregory Colandrea, Troy Jackson, Andrew Cook, Derek Frasz, Ronaldo Solomon, Timothy Keller, Samuel Pettus, Gerald Roy, Spencer Crispell **Row Three:** Gary Owens, Pete Nannini, Jeffrey Krusling, Joel Fantz, David Duff, Lee Pantas, Thomas Arbaugh, Theodore Scypinski, John Quinn, William Muir, Douglas Walker, George Franz **Not Shown:** Kevin Flynn, Robert Packowski

NAVY
NAVY FOOTBALL
NAVY

Larry, life is not having and getting but being and becoming. Congratulations! Love, Mom, Dad and Family.

Congratulations John-John
Number one son.
Love, Dad.

We're proud of you, Tim!

Your joy is shared in your dream come true. You have the wings of an eagle. Isaiah 40:31. We love you, Roland Towers, Mom, Dad, and all your family.

Prayers are answered. You have the ball, now run with it. Congratulations, Paul, it's been a long but short four years plus one.

John Fuller, we are very proud of you as you enter the service of our nation as a naval officer. All of us congratulate you and love you. Mom, Dad, Thomas and Duane.

Our gift from God is a child no more. Freely donning a warrior's garb he commits his life to sustain freedom. We love him and are very proud.

To Cliff Blumenberg, 8th Co. and Class of '87 — all our love. From Mom, Dad, Ellen, and Karl.

Well done Class of '87. We are so proud, Don. May God continue to guide in your future Navy endeavors. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there your hand will lead me and your right hand hold me fast." Psalms 139:8-9. Love, The Robbins
Congratulations to you both, Mike 'n' John — now you can smile again!
Love, Mom, Dad and Jackie.

Clifford Andrew Blumenberg

Cliff, a man of many talents: electrical engineer, navy pilot, regimental operations officer, lacrosse player, knight in shining armor, Blumenberg company cartoonist, best man, music buff, and most important of all: the best friend a guy could ever have. Cliff arrived in Annapolis out of Elmont Memorial High School of Elmont, New York. He spent plebe year in "Mean Fifteen," and it was there that his qualities were molded into the person he is today. After being scrambled, Cliff's next stop was in Eighth Company. There he made a large number of good friends including his most trusted buddy, me. During our three years together, he kept his mind off of his sweetheart, Debbie, by thrashing me at darts and dragging me off to work out. The Army games, polar bearing, the "ski trip," the late nights, all will be remembered. Cliff, you'll be missed by many, including myself. Good luck and cover your six! JMB.

Timothy Alan Bonn

Beak came to the boat school from Aloha, Oregon looking to change the world. As the magic age of 21 approached, Tim's interests turned from crew to wine, women, and whisky sours. A chance meeting in Dahlgren youngster year led to countless good times "in the fastlane" of Baltimore. 1985 proved very entertaining, including "memorable?" times at the Rosslyn Westpark and the mysterious Olga in Philly. Spring break 1986 demonstrated T-bone's love for Tequila shots. Tim's greatest talent, however, was his unerring ability to find a free meal any time of the day or night. This guy has lent a new dimension to the word frugality. He even got his "money's worth" in San Diego. First class year brought Tim "regular" status at the Ram's Head and a new main squeeze. By going nuc surface, he has assured himself the best of both worlds. Good luck in the fleet buddy, and don't crack your head on a desk. MBB.

John Michael Bramble

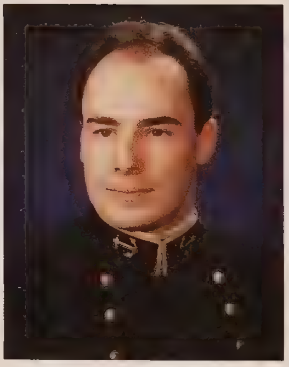
Mike came to Navy from Severna Park, via Kiski Prep. He was a killer duck for a while. *Br* followed *Bl* , making us roomies and beginning a strong friendship and trust that has grown for three years. I learned I could count on him when it mattered. I always knew Mike would listen to my problems and return with what he truly felt was best for me. Memories: perimeters, "Darts for Stronger Arms," teaching me hoops, Pete, and our cruise to Spain. Buddy, it makes me sad to realize we are parting ways. Of all those I know who are leaving this institution to enter an even more demanding one, I'm most certain you and Karrie are right for each other. These years have shown me that you two shouldn't be apart. It may be difficult, but if you display a fraction of the friendship, trust, and kindness you've shown me, I'm sure you will rise to it. I'm proud to be your friend. We have to find a way to keep in touch. Congratulations and good luck!

Lawrence Francis Britt

Larry comes from that great town of Port Jefferson on the Island only to meet his roommate G-dog on I-day and has since roomed with him all 4 years at the Academy. Larry and Gal formed their own diving team youngster year but it was off the Severn River bridge. Larry, who was known to work hard on cleaning his room for formal inspections, on 2 for 7 night stripped the floor without the use of manufactured products. L.B. thought the USNA curriculum was not sufficient so he substituted it with Ludlum and Personal magazines. After 4 years at the Academy he still has trouble distinguishing between regulations and liberty. L.B. is an avid supporter of James Webb's philosophy on women in the Academy. L.B. will bring his attitudes into his Naval career and he will be a great Navy pilot.

John Vincent Fuller

From Holly: BooBoo, gotta love that bush combed forward to expose the healthy ears. Baby Hulk without legs. Silent but deadly. Fire finder. Cleanest chicken bones in the world. "I've got to go to the bathroom." Feet that go every which-a-way. Nose guard on basketball court. "He's so cute!" Smurf King. "Let's watch cartoons!" Hatchet hands. Pez. Could start an earthquake with the snap of a finger. Next to Vince, the most z-ful. One of the boys, now and forever. From Nuggett: BooBoo, we've had a good one. Seems like yesterday when The Rust Crew began our reign at Navy. It would have been impossible to make it through without you. Grandpa Mac, Papa E and Uncle Jake would be proud. It's not over yet, we'll always hoox Gans and dish lining to weakmas. Diego will be live, as will L.B. Remember, togetherness is a state of mind, therefore, I'll always be there. Thanx to Mom, Dad, my brothers, the fellas and Maria.



Patrick Joseph Gallop

Gal started plebe year with a bit less than a full head of hair but has helped popularize the immortal Bruce Willis look. The Duke Space Shuttle has had an interesting career since arriving at USNA youngster year. Five moving violations and one engine later, the shuttle has been renamed the Challenger II in an effort to fulfill his need for speed. Academics was never one of Pat's fortes, one of his favorite quotes being "If books were weights, I'd have a 4.0." Although Gal was never a proficient swimmer, he is one of the founding members of the Severn River Bridge Diving Club. Gal, whose behavior has been noted as unorthodox, has taken to opening doors with his fist. Gal also immortalized the infamous quote "a little drinking, a little night life, a little romance . . ." All seriousness aside, we wish Gal good luck in the fleet and with his next stock option. LB, SL, DR, TK.

Douglas Michael Hines

Doug came here with a ten dollar bill in his pocket; he still has it. His generosity is apparent in bars with his friends; he's always willing to buy if his friends have money. He's great to invite home, if you remind him to bring his wallet and leave the burgers at school. His black sock look has become the latest fad, along with Goat shirts. A former valedictorian, Doug is the ultimate sweat about his 3.98; he stayed at USNA the first two weekends of each semester to do all his papers. Doug chose the dark, underwater career to share his genius, but we wonder if "dinero" wasn't a factor. Hopefully, this won't interfere with his love for women and the fanciful tales he shared every Sunday night. Doug is very kind and thoughtful and takes the criticism we give him in the humor that is intended.

Robert Scot Hopkins

Scot comes from Fairfax, Virginia, a town so rich that the "poor trash" are the ones who drive Volvos. Hoppy always knows a good deal when he sees one. He bought a used car (he always did like older things), got a girlfriend who made more money than he did, and went submarines. More dear to his heart than any good deal, though, is a dark room with a faint smell of ozone and a good computer. Unfortunately, he spent so much time playing games that his grades never reflected his computer brilliance. Whether he was sinking Kirovs in Navtag, obliterating dwarves in the Barbarian Kingdom, or bashing in the heads of enemy archers, Scot has always given his all. Although he might be a bit too tall, we all wish him good luck and know that he will do well wherever he goes. JVM.

Marshall Brent Brown

Marshall, a true Texan, had an eventful year in the Deuce Co. A separated shoulder and two Ac. Boards contributed to good times. Youngster year brought Disco D and a Baltimore red head. That summer he got to know a babysitter in a BMW. Second class year Downtown did his part for the Army exchange, taking two Woops on Friday night libs. After two bottles, they got a personal escort from St. John's police. Not to be deterred, MB improved USNA-St John's relations. He still gets nervous when someone whistles "Dixie." At the '86 CAA hoops tournament, MB decided to push the rented red Renault to the limit. He managed to get a ticket for 70 in a 20 mph zone. He later met Kathryn, who has figured into his activities ever since. First class year as a Platoon Commander, MB could usually be found in his jeep, at Rutgers, watching hoops, or at the Ram's Head. MB departs for a SWO career in San Diego. Good luck buddy. CEC.

Charles Edward Casson

The Assassin, from Lancaster, Mass., distinguished himself Plebe year as a "wild man." Third Class year Chuck emerged as a true partier. Goucher will long remember his twister moves. A M.O. to Del introduced CC to Jose Cuervo and ended his allegiance to hard liquor. Escorted to his room by a LT and a CDR, he still avoided a fry. Charles enjoyed Spring Break '86 at USNA. Late in the year Chuck met Amy, a relationship that has become an important part of his life. Cruise took CC to Tijuana. "Dos Carta Blancas por favor" is still the deepest statement in his Spanish vocab. This request was often heard at staff meetings in the Ram's Head. Chuck possesses a fine sense of direction, everyone comes home from DC via Baltimore. He has potential as a future USNA movement officer. A great Company Commander, CC promoted interservice relations with a fall trip to Colorado. Good luck in the nuclear navy buddy, happy hunting. MBB.

Jennifer Culbertson

Jenn arrived at the Naval Academy from King George, Virginia, Land of the Cows. Considering such auspicious origins, she had the gumption to try to make boats float. She discovered, however, that making boats float was not her greatest challenge; her challenge was not being known as Jenni NMN. Despite this little setback, Jennifer conquered and became a Trident Scholar. Her only problems now are Duty Petty Officers and parking spots. She does, however, graciously thank VGEPers and Color Company members. In all seriousness, though — I won't mention a bar in Sigonella — Jenn knows what she wants. She's a SWO. Presently, Jenn is on the breaking edge of sonar dome design, and I've no doubts that she'll one day achieve her dream of designing the yacht that will win the America's Cup. We all wish Jennifer the best of luck. May she always have fair winds and following seas! RAS.

Demetrius Lynn Flewellen

Mr. Dog, The Dog Monster, Mr. Bark, Double D, MD, Bark Monster, The Snooze Dog. What can be said that hasn't been summed up by his nicknames? Well, he's the first guy I've ever met named Demetrius, and also the first who was actually a Boy Scout and Sea Cadet. Truly, Mr. Dog is a breed apart. And like any breed of hound, Lynn enjoys his rest. In fact, I think his list of preferences is: sleep, computers, sleep, Cosby show, sleep, and food. I'll remember my roommate of three years as the epitome of laid-back California cool. I have yet to see him get really mad about something. Although he got beat up by the academic stick his first few semesters here, he never complained, but stuck with it. Years from now his comic books will be mouldering in an attic and his pet computer will be on a shelf in Goodwill, but Lynn will be the same as always, Mr. Chilled and the best friend a guy could have. Tear 'em up in the fleet, Bark Monster! HFM.

Thaddeus John Kuziela

This relic from the fleet had an up and down career at the Academy. From a shaky start plebe year to the high rank of 8th Company Sub-Commander. Still waiting to hear from Ed McMahon and the Clearinghouse Sweepstakes, the old man from the sea made a **big** catch on a fishing trip to Delaware only to have the fish jump out of the boat. Ted is a financial wizard who keeps VISA and Mastercard in business and anyone who crosses his path is destined for Econonic Sanctions. Kuzi learned the terrors of N.J. while sporting his new, freshly waxed Monte Carlo SS around scenic Alcyon Lake only to have his car requisitioned by the Camden Connection. All joking aside, Ted has been like a father to us in the 8th Company and many thanks are extended to him for keeping many of us out of trouble on our way to an enjoyable stay here at the Academy. SL, PG, DR, LB.

Michaele LaForge

True to her heritage, the former Hatch Chili Queen never satisfied her desire for Mexican meal, tobasco, or Taco Bell burritos. In an instant, she'd down her refried beans — or offer them if you seemed hungry. Plebe summer we rescued her from crew and made her a cross country stud. Her knees gave way (basketball injury) so she graced the golf and sailing teams with her talents. We won her back for the finale. Michaele can't be beat: the fastest car, the best racquetball game, the most defined muscles. She can conquer any soul wrestling. The coolest clothes and most progressive music — she topped us all. Her adventuresome spirit kept us on our toes. Who knows? Without you we'd have been stripers. Navy Air gets one of the best. Watch out, Gretchen. However far we stray, our friendship will be true. You have a great life ahead. We'll see you driving a white Porsche to the course; maybe we'll have time for RT. We love you. Bye!

Scott Charles Leach

Goat hailed from Pitman, New Jersey via the Marine Military Academy hoping to be a pilot and fly jets. He started his career with a stellar academic performance in the 14th Company plebe year. After the scramble, we came together here in the polar bear company. He was sort of USNA's answer to HULK HOGAN. Goat would never pass up a challenge to wrestle in any of the Annapolis and Philadelphia hotels. He was always the model midshipman, too worried about weekends to get into any trouble. Aside from his wrestling forays, Goat is pretty much a non-hostile person so don't think he means anything if he throws a beer on you. It's felt here that Goat missed his calling, he should've gone to modeling school to pose for the brown-eyed special. Goat, it's been a long four years, good luck in P-Cola and stay away from fighting the Algonquin Indians like your grandfather. TK, PG, DR, LB.

Paul Christopher Lewis

Arriving from Cherry Hill, NJ via NAPS, third class year found PC rooming with SL & TK & NavArc taking up all of his time to shower . . . thus "Stinky." Having enough of the x-dog clan, second class year saw PC moving in with CT & JW. Admitting defeat, Paul dropped up to CompSci only to drop down to PhySci months later. Army/Navy found him in U.K. — fingerless gloves with peppermint mouthwash. Each holiday found PC spending his last $ (and T's last $) trying to see T. An expert on MAC flights. It only took a few trips for T to realize that he was Navy's BMOC (wink) and the Yank for her. Guys became blokes and beer wasn't good enough unless dark & microwaved. First class year brought T to the US and a balanced check book. He gave her everything: love, money, and the Laser (which she drove like a WWII vintage jeep). Shakespeare once said, "The course of true love never did run smooth." These two are living proof. Looks like fun too.

Howard Franklin Merritt

How arrived at the Academy from Herndon, Virginia. Actually he's lived all over. Two of his favorite places are Boston and Monterey, California, where unbeknown to us at the time we graduated from rival high schools. Being How's roommate for three years, I've come to appreciate his interests which include the David Letterman show, Michelle LaForge, and music. To expound on his musical interest, How owned 0 tapes when he arrived at USNA. Now at just 9 weeks to graduation, that number is up to 144. This reminds me, How loves to spend money. One of his best sayings is, "Money is happiness — and you can never have enough happiness." How's goal is to visit all the Disney parks. He's been to Disneyland in California and Japan so all that remains for him is Disneyland, France and Disneyworld, Florida. He majored in English, and now he's off to the Supply Corps. Best of luck in the fleet Howard! DLF.

John Vernon Metzger

Ger comes across deceptively as a quiet, sensitive person until you ask about his .44 Magnum, France, the Marine Corps or the best state in the US, Wisconsin. When not simulating the park bench sleeping position with the *Post*, Ger can be found at the Ram's Head, Pete's, or the Georgetown waterfront casually reprimanding girls in French. Ger is known for jumping into paths of speeding buses while demonstrating complex moves from youngster wrestling. All kidding aside, John is one of the few people I know who is genuine to the core. I can honestly say that his determination and motivation have grown since he came here. He speaks from the heart. One of the best things is you always know where he stands on everything from the fall of Rome to why Mids are at the Academy. I admire him and have learned more about myself because of him. John is destined to do great things. I wish him all the luck in the world. Semper Fi. RSH.

Scott Wayne Quinn

Quinnie came to us from Forked River, New Jersey. Scott tells everyone he lives on the Shore, but I've been to his house and the nearest sand and body of water is five miles away and it's a creek. From plebe year to first class year, Scott excelled at powerlifting and won many awards. Scott stayed on the powerlifting team until first class year when he had a Major confrontation which caused him to leave the team and join company sports, at which he also excelled. First class year, Scott decided that after three long years of hard work it was time to relax, and relax he did. You've seen a paper weight, well Scott became the perfect Bedspreadweight. On the weekend, Quinnie could not be found at USNA unless it was beyond his control. Instead he would go home to visit his family and the appendage, Karen. I wish Scott and Karen the best of luck in the future and may God always be with them. Oh, and let's not forget S.W., Jr. SMT.

Joan Marie Rangitsch

Although Joanie came here as Wyoming's "Athlete of the Year" and Kemmerer's valedictorian, her volleyball career at USNA was soon spiked and her grades followed suit. However, she became one of Navy's finest hurdlers and reigned as captain during her last track season. What's more, her grades kept improving after she became a true scientist — no more computer stuff! Joanie's social life consisted of *People* Magazine, *Washington Post* Comics, plain M&M's, and Nacho Cheese Doritos, until she met her true love in the form of a varsity goalkeeper from St. Louis. Since then, junk food encounters have become less frequent and weekend excursions much more exciting. Joanie, you've tolerated a lot as my roommate over the last three years — the parties, the men, the booze, my insipid record collection and, above all, my messiness. Thanks for your support, your comfort, and your shoulder when I needed it. See you in P-cola. MLF.

Gregory Ernest Stefanon

Stef's four years together bay the bay can be summed up using his favorite phrase from his first trip to Chicago. "Oh my God!"

Robin Ann Stewart

Robin left the big city life of Miami and FIU to come to USNA. At 4'10" she was small in stature but filled with determination. She had her sights set on geophysics. Whether it was summers on YPs or the influence of her born-to-be-a-marine fiance, Robin realized the U.S. Marine Corps would bring her a happier future; once Robin makes up her mind there's no stopping her. After third class year, she dedicated herself to oceanography, the marines and her fiance Jay. Physical fitness became her new and lasting craze. 50% gumption and 50% insanity inspired her to run the USMC marathon first class year. She even finished in front of a few male marines! She said she'd never do it again, but she'll be running as a second Lt. next year. With her good sense of humor and unlimited spunk, Robin will take on TBS and probably even have fun at Quantico. We all wish her good luck in the Corps and happiness in her married life. JC.

Stephen Michael Teeple

Teeps came to USNA from Archbald, Pennsylvania, home of the famous (in his mind) Archbald Pot Hole and The Pipes. Steve arrived at Navy with fire and brimstone, but learned that everything isn't always fair at USNA. Youngster year was an eye opener when he earned 15 grand and a black "N" sweater all for two sips of beer. Teeps was recruited to play football, but a bone jarring tackle plebe year put Steve and his shoulder out of commission. After his accident Teeps stuck to company sports and excelled. Teeps excelled academically as a systems engineer, though you could hardly tell with all the complaining he did. Teeps planned on leaving a long string of broken hearts, but he was just "too nice of a guy" to let that happen. Now he is going to the world of surface warfare in Mayport. In his career and future I wish Teeps all the luck and happiness in the world. Most of all Steve, remember through it all "We did it our way."

Christopher Kerr Thomassy

What about Happy? His bio reads like a prison rap sheet. Without the help of his third class whisky love in statics, our 8th company hot head had to move from Ocean E into the "brotherhood," bumming it with the wind, sea and an oceanography major. Second class year was eventful. Starting out with Allison and ending with Valerie, with your usual ups and downs. An appearance as "Zeus" in a private unbridled Chip and Dale's routine, fulfilled his (and others') fantasies. Chris always kept a few pets; his plants and a pile of clothes which took on a life of its own. Maybe the strange emmanations from that conner furled his fighting spirit as "One-Two" Thomassy's boxing career took off, conquering foes in company football and soccer. Moving to be dirtball battalion sub-commander, he didn't forget his pets. Every family should have one. The Navy's waiting for your 1-2 combo kid. Kick major butt; take names my friend. JG, PL.

Timothy Hugh Rayner

Tim's career started in an unique Raynerian way; his Boxer Rebellion during Plebe Summer. Then he had a series of drinking adventures (every weekend) and love affairs (with every woman he met) to make it through Plebe Year. Youngster year saw the end of D&B and Gordon's "upperclamps," two cars: the Duty Underclass K-car and the lemon Mercedes, and finally, his Conversion. His meetings changed his life, at least a little, and he finally became serious. Right. Although he ended his adventures, he continued to have a good time at the expense of his math ($1,100 bill on a $500 Mastercard limit), and the other women he swore he loved. Whether trying out for every sports team USNA had, or finding yet another way to be different (Med School), Tim was never at a loss to keep his friends curious. He is the best, and he has made his mark. USNA was never a hindrance to his lifestyle; his lifestyle proved to change USNA. PSB, CMK, JAM.

Donald Wayne Robbins

An oysterman, Don came to the Naval Academy from south New Jersey. Dewey, who has spent many hours riding with G-dog for experience, had to learn cars don't bounce off of telephone poles like soccer balls. Don had been a star in high school and planned on continuing it at the Naval Academy, but Coach #&@!& convinced him to drop the athlete part of student-athlete. Once caught in academia, Don could be found sweating grades occasionally, at least until 4-weekers, when all of his papers were complete. Don doesn't care much for physical exams, wheezing at the sight of his own blood (or others' for that matter) and nearly losing it all when Captain Hook inserted his crook. One can always tell when Don is laughing, though, either that or a three alarm fire is in progress. Don's headed for a career with the bubbleheads; his big-hearted generosity should get a little bigger now. Best of luck in Orlando. DMH.

Kenneth Andrew Ross

At NAPS Ken was a gridiron legend (in his own mind). Coach T quickly revised the books though, as Ken became a boxer after two weeks. As an ex-football player he was a terror, but not terrible enough to pummel an ex-trackman or rugby player. Tired of our comments, he left the ring due to an ear-ailment. Pumpkinhead is known for generosity (parties for Army, with no girls) and academic prowess. Ken prays regularly to Tecumseh, and noone can get gouge because he owns the file. Cruises were his opportunity to excel. One ex-mid went to captain's mast after waiting all night for Ken to return from a 15 minute rendevous. Pumpkin turned pink and red on the beach, as everyone else became part of the big green machine. Speaking of Marines, a certain USIS major (the company Marine rep and Ken's instructor) was his big brother for a semester; no longer, as Ken went Navy Air. He'll be a welcome addition. Best of luck. DMH.

John Forest Sledgianowski

To paraphrase the Bible the question is posed: "Can anything good come out of New Jersey?" Don't ask what exit. John answers in his own unique fashion. But then again fashion is hardly a term one associates with Sledge. Knowing no other meaning for G.Q. than general quarters, his favorite civies consist of bellbottom jeans and a dungaree shirt. However, to his credit, he refuses to stencil his name above the left-hand breast pocket. Perhaps his most telling downfall is his ability to find jobs requiring copious stacks of paperwork ranging from OCF activities director to battalion sailing coach to company conduct officer. However, Sledge knows his limitations, so when knocked out of the fox hunt by a young vixen from Southern California, he evaluated his finances and realized there was but one service selection-nuke sub. So John if while enjoying the big bucks you happen to gaze skyward, remember your old roomie. God bless you. RT.

Roland Michael Towers

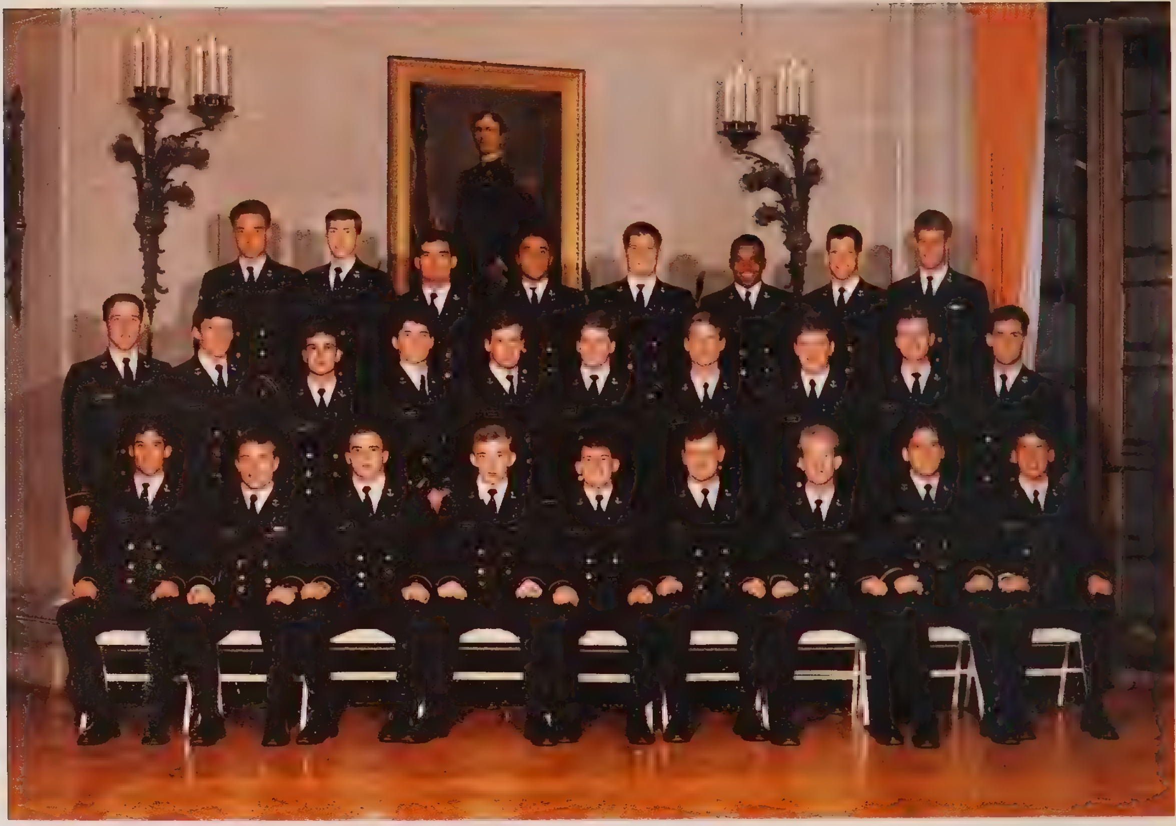
Auspicious is a good adjective to describe this quiet shasta mountain-man from Redding, California. Roland's subtle charm seems to follow his every endeavor. Whatever he sets his mind on, he seems to succeed at, whether it's excellent shooting at the varsity pistol range, scoring several touchdowns for the company football team, or leading his platoon in precision drill. R.T. can also be found demonstrating his social expertise with a particular Goucher student with whom he has succeeded. Roland has had his ups and downs as an aerospace major. Many of these ups and downs were also experienced during the intriguing trips with Wally's world tours. These trips also found Roland in peculiar predicaments which included close encounters with sharks and wild hotel Chinese fire drills. The best of life is wished upon Roland during his future flight training and naval aviator's career. JS and WK.

John Eric Wanebo

The key to John's success was his uncanny ability to avoid knowing things that might prove inconvenient. Improvised ignorance saved him from the drudgery of the cognizant, leaving him plenty of time for running, cycling and skiing. There were times when his unique skill failed him: at the plebe year dining-in he arrived with woman's tie. Youngster year, John gained fame for returning every weekend at the five minute chow call. That training came in handy during spring break when he made his last run down a Swiss piste with less than 24 hours to MAC back. Despite appearances, John always had his bases covered. Second class year, in case of a change of heart, he enrolled at UVA. He lost the dorm deposit, but we were glad he stayed. First class year, like a snake in the grass, he combined summer school, validation, and overloading to meet premedical requirements. Years from now we'll be hearing about John as a top notch Naval Surgeon. THR.

John Gregory Wilson

J.G. came to USNA via NAPS with a childhood history in Camden, New Jersey and a determination to become an EE major. Third class year proved to be a challenge for J.G. and saw him having to settle for GE (if he could hold it). He still managed to sharpen his skills in EE on the many weekends at USNA by fixing almost every appliance in the company, even if it wasn't broken. No wonder nothing ever worked correctly. J.G. spent much of his time second class year boxing until his studies caught up with him and told him to divert his time to aerobics, which he soon became an instructor. His workouts were great but his junk food diet had to go (Frankenberry, Coco Puffs, Applejacks, etc.) No wonder he was always dancing (with or without clothes). One thing always impressed me about J.G., he always helped us keep our sense of humor. PL, CT.



The Class of 1987

Row One: David Bisaillon, Matthew Sampson, David Major, David Burns, Jean-Pierre Bolat, James Todd, Edward Miller, Eduard Gottschalk, Orlando Gotay **Row Two:** Drew Wasson, Christopher Upham, Stephen Tackett, Daniel Doherty, John Lewis, John Rinkacs, Dennis White, Richard Witten, Anthony Fabian, Kevin Potts **Row Three:** James Beggs, Kent Ubellacker, John Slaughter, George Council, Patrick Sims, Wendell Ross, Bernard Koehr, James Henderson **Not Shown:** Thomas Clark, John Mckenna, Robert Pignataro, Michael Weiner

LT Bobbie Aten

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Kevin Potts
Company Sub Commander: Kent Ubellacker
Company Adjutant: Eduard Gottschalk

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Bernard Koehr
Company Sub Commander: Anthony Fabian
Company Adjutant: James Todd

The Class of 1988

Row One: Joseph Lasala,Brian Street, Mark Wierman, Martin Cade, Craig McCarter, Eric Block, James Vohr, James Rossi, Andrew Waters **Row Two:** Roger Grayson, Shri Drake, Julie Chalfant, Salvatore Dipaola, Jeff Sheedy, Bill Hoban, Dez Quigley, Alan Sitlinger, Mike Leary, Ford Williams, Warren Jernigan, Robert Tomiak, Joseph Maguire, Lydia Derrington **Row Three:** Mark Peters, Bruce Fauver, Thomas Wando, Tom Arnold, Steve Rasmussen, Robert Durand, Carl Graves, Bill Schmitt, Ruth Miller,Nena Harman **Not Shown:** Sarah Michael

The Class of 1989

Row One: Tom Heatter, John Wolfe, Bert Pangrazio, Rob Roy, Bill Misita, Steve Baker, Chris Quilty, Jim Fulton, Bill Jividen **Row Two:** Carl Salazar, Brian Treanor, Noel Denney, Jean Pierre Brousset, Greg Meyer, Michael Shoup, Christopher Urinyi, Jeffrey Jones, Rob Cassady, Thomas Sammon, Jay Wigley, Faustino Baysic, Jon Jerge, Stephen Braun **Row Three:** Dave Walker, Mario Herrera, Pete Garvin, Aaron Kushner, John Ostrowski, Tom Kubista, Tung Ho, John Herman, Jay Carroll, Tom Wando

The Class of 1990

Row One: Robert Bohanek, Julius Fuchs, Jonathan Glennon, Todd Mayfield, Scot Somes, John Guiliano, Michael Rein, Nick Shaffer, Glen Leverette **Row Two:** Maryanne Hansel, Sheryl Ames, Michael Byrd, William Haggerty, Peter Schlegel, Mark Prybell, Matthew Ehland, Steve MacLaren, Edward Sorrel, Cary Smith, Robert Bunger, Susan Lee, Heidi Savage **Row Three:** John Martin, Eugene Malveaux, Joseph Bertoldi, Stephen Amiaga, Richard McCormack, Alfred Breed, Eric Pihl, Daniel Cook, Steven Doyle, Kendra Koenig **Not Shown:** Jeffrey Masters, Christopher Ortega

Congratulations from the Family of Tony Fabian. "You done good, George!"

Congratulations George. 1987. Mom, Dad, Teri.

Go for it, Steve Tackett and cookiejury of 9th Co.! Our best wishes to all of you. With love, Mom, Dad, and Frank.

Ensign Burns, Congratulations. We are proud of you David. May your future be bright. Love, Mom, Dad and Cynthia.

Congratulations Class of '87, 9th Co., and a son we're so proud of. May you always serve the Lord, who has so richly blessed you. From the Family of Mike Todd.

Capt. and Mrs. Charles Witten.

Congratulations Ens. John S. Rinkacs. We thank you for the good times. Good luck and godspeed. Mom, Dad, Family, Grandma, Felix.

Well done Ensign David G. Bisaillon (Biz) with love and pride Mom, Dad and Steve.

Congratulations to the Class of '87 and Drew T. Wasson. You've done it, honey. We're real proud of you. Love, Dad, Mom, Kate, Rob, Rufus, and Jane.

James Harrison Beggs

What can one say? I know that whoever is reading this bio is smiling- Jim was just one of those guys; from sinking Orlando's battleship to fluttering Pig's ears, Jim kept 5-4 a lively place. Hailing from Bethesda, Maryland, he went through NAPS and 25th Co. to arrive in Cloud 9 youngster year. Maintaining an on-again, off-again romance with Navy Crew, Jim won a Gold Medal in the IRAs Plebe year, yet decided to devote himself to academics and rack third class year. However, Mech. E. meant unsat meant no libs and Jim became a General, before maximizing his free time by switching to Phy Sci. Always happy-go-lucky, and ready for love, Jim's adventures included intellectual women, Mt. St. Anne, rejoining Crew, NapsII, and being a squad daddy. The best of friends, and forever one of THE BOYS, Jim will make an outstanding officer. Good luck, buddy. JAH.

David Gerald Bisaillon

Well, I guess this ends four years of mediocrity. Let's go to the bah! Plebe year and no dirt? Come on, you must be kidding? Youngster year's move to 9 had to be unforgettable: Bob Poor and his Phil Collins, Fran's lost love, the beginning of the Madge era, George's fashion lessons, and being named an honorary brother. Let's not forget the Cain Mutiny. Second class year and the move upstairs with Illness, poor boy. But look at the bright parts: second semester with me, the Willie Nelson question, getting knocked unconscious, changing majors, the end of the era, and the balloon getting busted in Florida. My task however was not complete. First class year: the wall pictures, wedding dresses, sweating selection night, peppermint schnapps, galloshes in the rain, the three girlfriends in Crabtown at the same time, V-day, and fat ankles. Thanks for the help, conversation, and craziness. Good luck in P-cola. MAJ.

Jean-Pierre Bolat

JP is truly one full of life, a real wavemaker. So many waves did he make that you either loved (as most did) or hated him. JP was never one to be idle, as he was on the soccer team for four blood and sweat filled years and was the main man in the Catholic Chapel Organization. He even convinced his plebes that he was going Chaplain Corps. A helpless but always forgiving romantic, JP is an idealist with a great shoulder to lean on, always with an open ear. This contributed to his WL tendencies (PC) but he'd be the first to admit it, never worrying about what others thought. You can always see a friendly smile on his youthful face and somehow know that he is a person of great compassion and uncanny truthfulness. I'll always know that you are one of my most treasured friends. NORVAL. JP, you were always there when I needed you. Thanks for sharing your love with me and helping me keep the faith. I will never forget you. ILYF (YBINMT). PC.

David Allen Burns

Dave came to us from Lexington, Kentucky, but was actually a native nomad — born in Michigan and living also in Delaware and Ohio. Dave endured the grueling plebe environment of 18th company before coming to 9 in the Great Scramble. Dave broke the shackles of physical science and became a general engineer second class year, a rare feat and a tribute to his quiet dedication. He gained fame as the company in-house college basketball expert, organizing annual tourney pools in which he always came in second. The highlight of his Navy sports career was coaching the company lightweight football team. A SWO all the way, Dave picked the USS BIDDLE (CG-34) as his first stop. The only thing they can be sure of is that he'll stay out of trouble. Thanks for the laughs, Roundhead, glad to have had you "around"! AJF.

Orlando Gotay, Jr.

Progo, C.C. Jr., Orlando hails from the Pearl of the Antilles, Puerto Rico. He thought Plebe year was going to be cake, since he was coming from NAPS. I don't think his squad leader and second class agreed with him. Youngster year went smoothly for Orlando except for the first day of Christmas. Back then Mary was in his thoughts. She worked laboriously to help him earn the stickers he wore under his cover. Second class summer took him to Europe where he had a wild time except for when he came back and visited Capt K. His plebes loved him and his new computer frying program. First class cruise took him to the Orient where he found out that Nakasonas didn't have it sideways. He came from cruise making sound signals in the Tuna Boat, his beloved Cougar. One of these days we'll see him in a Town Car, sporting the plates of Governor of P.R. Fair winds and following seas my roommate, my friend. God bless you. EEG.

Eduard Erich Gottschalk

Ed came to us from that beautiful country in the Caribbean, the Dominican Republic. When he got to USNA, Father Guido realized that his chowcalls needed a lot of work, as no one understood them. Plebe year went by quickly as Ed spent his time dreaming with Frauke. As a youngster he found that it pays to study just as hard for all courses as he had 5 A's and 1 F in his favorite one. He's had more than his share of academic grief as Profs. Hall and Allen joined to make liberty almost impossible for him. He also managed to almost make it through USNA without getting fried, but a mouse that roamed the hall prevented him from having a spotless conduct record. First class year saw him with Sara, his new OAO. As company adjutant Ed gained immediate popularity with the mates. A great roommate and friend, I'm sure we'll see him make a fortune in GTI, his aerospace company. Buena suerte, amigo!

James Anthony Henderson

Hendu is a tough guy on whom to write a bio; there's just too much to say. Hendu scrambled into nifty 9 from 19 to remain always in the limelight; talked everyone's ears off about pro knowledge, made sure everyone recognized his humbleness, and established himself as one of the premiere dressers in fashion history. We'll never forget the tales of all the gorgeous girls or all the supposed mountains that became mole hills, like the unbelievably affordable "luxury" condo in Quebec . . . All laughs aside, Hendu was a superb classmate, a crew jock, a cyclist, a 4 striper, a History major, a two-time plebe detail member, an electee to Who's Who, and a grad student. Jamie is and always will be one to rise to the top and stay there. But, the thing we'll best remember is that Jamie was a great friend and the kind of guy you don't ever forget. RP and JHB.

Bernard Edwin Koehr

For those of us who know and love him, Bernie got off to a good start plebe year with second class Pierce and 25th Company. Rumor has it that Pierce hasn't survived, but Bernie has. Moving into 9th company, Bernie had Jim B. as a roommate, and on one occasion, a goat with which to share his bed. EE proved to be too much for him, so Bernie took to Physics as his next best choice for a major. Second class year won Bernie the respect and admiration of his plebes for his dedication to professionalism. His locker storage was also something to admire. And then there's the night of the exploding apple. Thanks Bernie. First class year almost did Bernie in as our company commander. Fortunately, he's come to realize that there's more to the Navy than USNA. As we now depart our home of 4 years, I want to wish him the best of luck as a future sub driver, and to let him know that I'll always be there when he needs me. DTW.

Thomas Joseph Clark

T.J.'s theory-never let academics get in the way of your education. Instead, learn the ways of the sea. Is that not what we are all here for, anyways? Do this and you shall surely finish in first place, not third, or so he says. Fair wind and following seas, always. KMP.

George Horace Council

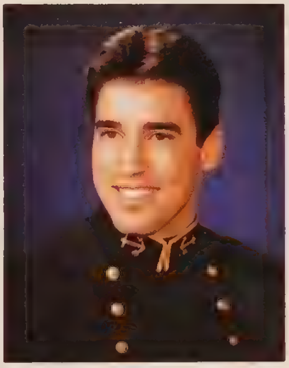
Stepping out of the car on I-day sporting that cut and a Fred Perry, it was obvious that the city of brotherly love was upon the navy. As a lean mean jumping machine, Ice amazed fans with the grace and style only known to Sixer fans. Its been five years since those glory days of motorcycles, the bomb squad, and OP3 but the jumping ability and the cut still remain. Plebe year you and Eileen managed to survive the cab fares and T.P. Youngster year brought new challenges as you devoted your life to loving. Now one engagement and four PCRs later, its all over for the Corps awaits Salt and Pepper. Halsey and Macdonough will never be the same without you. Good luck to you and Stinky.

Daniel Joseph Doherty

The defiant son of a former woop, Dan came to us from the arctic region of Minnesota. As an acknowledged plebe year sweat, he was introduced to a life of slothfulness second class year. No stranger to G-town as an underclass, the best in Dan was brought out by schooners, which made a night out on the town with him a real adventure. Dan's incredible dancing ability earned him many a pen pal. (Where was that, Dan — the Bahamas?!) Always a professional mid as long as it did not interfere with his weekends or rack, he found that he was fighting a losing battle when he moved into the barn with the other animals. First class year brought the completion of Dan's goals with the purchase of a gaudy 'Vette and obtaining that much desired flight billet. Good luck and fly high young man, you have served your masters well. JSR & JSL.

Anthony John Fabian

Tony came to good ole USNA from Leadville, Colorado, a small town in the Rocky Mountains and the highest in the U.S. He ventured into the 21st company as a plebe and had a "real" plebe year. After the Big Scramble, he ended up in Cloud Nine. Second class year came along and Tony was a real flamer until he was told to chill out by his marshmallow squad leader. Things perked up for him when he bought his T-bird — his pride and joy. Then came first class cruise, when Tony fell in love with the Iowa so much that he chose it for service selection. After first class year, the trips to Delaware and "Pulsations", and the business about his pay getting "gronked!," Tony was more than ready to graduate. Bye, bye, Squarehead, see you in Norfolk! DAB.



John Scott Lewis

Loomis comes from backwoods Ohio where men are men, beer is plenty, and a fast car is more important than a fast girl — or any girl in John's case. His taste in girls was characterized by the photo of his prize winning bovine on his desk. John went unnoticed the latter half of plebe year with the help of Bombs and Gards, remember how you "shared" their stereo? As a youngster he learned how to max rack, liberty and slovenliness and still get a 4.0. Intoxicated he could do more and think clearer than most sober people: remember PSU? Second class summer John was taken under the wing of the legendary PJ, USNA's hardiest partier, and has used his acquired skills since. Rooming with John was a joy as long as you didn't wake him up, take his paper or badmouth his beloved Mets, Celtics or Navy B-ball. John's dreams of surface life were lured away by $ and subs. John, take care it's been a pleasure. Run hard and dive deep. JSR DJD.

David James Major

Allo! Well, it's time for this big city boy to hit the real world and build his way to fortune. Plebe year proved to be a real challenge as he realized he didn't have enough stripes to keep his lady love interested, so to vent his frustrations, he joined the rugby team. Knee surgery #1 soon followed. Three slices later still found Butchie leading the ruggers in their revelry. The move to 9 was numbing; and you thought Rubik's Cube was bad! Air Force rugby, Fat Pat, underage drinking, Torquay, and the death quiver were highlights of 3/c year. The Iona trip corrupted a friend, but gained a brother. Maj found Blitz the next year, and thus another project to work on. He also worked on his dancing in Tucson with the biting tree in the parking lot. Senior year saw four different gals and a visit to Hillsboro. How about Stevie Ray? Fortunately, the end was near. Good luck in the Corp and thanks for all the "education"! Biz and Bags.

John Joseph McKenna

I would like to thank my friends for a terrific four years. Never have I met a group of people like this. The special bond that has taken four years to develop is my most precious memory. Without them I never would have made it. I wanted to take this opportunity to thank "use guys" and remind you that this is the end of the beginning. A special thanks to Peg, my best friend and the person I will spend the rest of my life with. I wouldn't trade you for the world. To mom and dad, thanks for putting up with me for 23 years. To my mother who has always been there to give me a boost: I want to tell her I love her. To my father: I've always wanted to make him proud of me. At graduation, even though he couldn't be there physically, I know how he must have felt. I've dedicated my 4 years at the academy to you dad. I wish I had the chance to give you just one more hug and I hope I can be the father that you were to me to my children.

Edward Upchurch Miller

God's Country and the Action Family yielded up its prodigal son; first to NAPS and then to Canoe U. Ted never wasted any time letting his viewpoints be known: especially at the Litz Club where his campaign for presidency started, and the M.C. Ball with the table he was to drink Mr. Maj. under. (He and Mr. Jack went under instead.) Ted was successful on many of his hunts for affection, the "S-hook" stuck everywhere, even in hard to get places. A tune-up for his machine was always welcome. Spew was a die hard Marine until airborne school motivated him for Navy Air. We couldn't see Ted jamming in a high and tight anyway. The confirmed bachelor of the the century fell pray to a southern belle, setting a world's record on wedding plans. We'll always remember his smile, drawl, and Cope. But more importantly his sincerity and love of life will be missed most. Good luck, dude. DOG & MAJ.

Robert Paul Pignataro

Writing Pig's biography is somewhat redundant, since it will no doubt be out in book form shortly. Perhaps the perfect mid, Rob was #1 in the class militarily, an aero major, a perennial Supe's Lister, in great physical shape, a windsurfer, a Who's Who and a 3 striper. He also enjoyed Mt. St. Anne and Plebe Summer the second time around. In fact, the only things he lacked were a sociable personality (Steve can attest to this!) and fits of genius ("Jim and Jamie, you guys can't cheese me!") When almost cured by his friends, Pig threw it all away for the girl of his dreams, Angela, who liked him despite his ears. No need to ask where he was going on weekends anymore — it was always to Baltimore. Pig is a terrific friend who will certainly do both Angela and the Nuclear Navy proud. JAH.

Kevin Michael Potts

MARINE CORPS

A bright orange sun sets on an open beach,

Seagulls stand beyond the waters reach.

The whole world lies beyond the shore,

Someday we will compare stories about who has seen more.

Kevin, you have given this place your all,

Never losing the great attitude you have always had.

When we come back after all the years,

I am sure there is one thing you will be hoping for.

Combable hair.

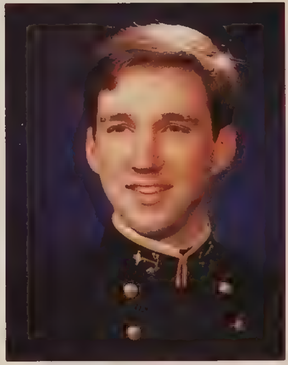
T.J.

John Stephen Rinkacs

John came to us from the Iron City with a mouth and a heart to match. After skating through Plebe year, investing in a window at Timmy's, and decorating the city dock, John realized his calling to Surface Line while spending the summer hanging over the railing and feeding the fish of the Atlantic. As a youngster, John's sensitive, non-antagonistic personality led to many a messy confrontation with our neighbors, all in fun of course! Our lovesick puppy was never one to hold onto his freedom or money. After many unsuccessful bouts, he landed Jen, or vice versa. (Suuure . . . it was her first time at the Pen.) Since then John divided his time between Wilson, racking with Teddy, and reedin leddurs frum Opie. Take good care of our good friend Jen, we've served our time. DJD JSL.

Wendell Ross

As a five-ten power guard out of Macon, Georgia, Wendell "Geechy Butter Dan" Ross hit NAPS with his jumper packed away in his suitcase. From OP3 to the E-club to deep voices, Butter hit the Prep School like a Charles Barkley dunk. Though the Falcons, Hawks, and Braves were floundering, Butter Dan was hitting the pool like Mark Spitz: daily! Plebe and Youngster year Butter decided to open his suitcase and unleash that jumpshot. From refs to J.P. to Arlita, Wendell found some difficulties. After being taken under my wing, Butter quit B-ball and became an intramural all-American. Bills rolled in . . . cash rolled out . . . from rings to cars to gold to Holidays the money stretched. But how many people rate a Prelude? From romantic Arlita rendevous to Double Dhawale the "defishit" continued but Arlita's love prevailed. Good luck in the brotherhood of the Corp. "Let it suffice that the day will end and the end be known." Julius Caesar. George.



James Michael Todd

Mike is a very solid person, as is to be expected considering his life is centered on trying to please God. He is an interesting person to live with. Only after much experience can one see through his dead-pan humor and realize his true character. Remember the Great Mirror Wars, the infamous BB-gun incident? Mike is very proud of his '72 Duster as it undoubtedly leads the Brigade in rust, but at least it is more dependable than that mistake of a GTO. Being a nuke, Mike can afford at least two cars. Mike is a quiet kind of guy who doesn't lead an overly wild social life. His idea of a fun weekend is sitting in the wardroom eating junk food and watching such classics as "Blade Runner" and "Rocky IV". Mike has been a great inspiration to us all the past three years. I wish him well and hope he doesn't fail out of nuke school. Good luck, Mike, and remember Jude 2:8. Slackett.

Kent Lee Ubellacker

Kent's story here at Canoe U. provides a ray of hope for all the gectors and otherwise stellar performers of the yard who may have already resigned themselves to lives of social negatry. Tending bar from the passenger seat, Glee-club sponsored debauchery, care packages from girls he's never met — it's a wonder his parents still recognize their little deformed ducklet. Sure, he still has his stigmas- pinging to classes even as a firstie, studying too hard even though he never had a real major, an inability to grasp basic dance moves, an exponentially-decreasing set of standards regarding members of the opposite sex (the goggles thicken as nuke school draws near.) But hey, some vestiges of social ineptitude are more easily cast off than others. All things considered though, the Kent-man turned out OK. Best luck in the future, The Chris-man.

Christopher Ivan Upham

Chris "Ivan the Terrible" Upham is a ladies' man who hails from Texas. (Steers and Queers, right?) Chris is searching for that special someone to give order to his life. Problem is, when he finds someone, he gets cold feet. It's not his style to dump them, though. He just makes them want to dump him. Chris loves going out and dancing. He's now looking for an interested second class so he can go to 3 ring dances. Fran still holds a special place in his heart though. When he's on the dance floor, anyone within 6 feet is in peril of their life. We will remember Chris for: BB Gun and mirror wars (Cut that out Mike!), that high-pitched laugh (It wasn't that funny), the Roches (Did you ever hear from them?), pick-up B-Ball games, and academics (Are you sat finally, Chris?). The plebes and his classmates will remember him well. Chris, that red welder's jacket is not in style! Good luck in the fleet, Smooth seas, etc. RMW.

Drew Theron Wasson

Like his infinite-loop Genesis tapes, Drew's habits seemed to have been created to test the breaking point of his roommate. After four years of intense training, I am sure Drew is ready for the Olympics in the rack endurance event. I guess I was just jealous that he could graduate with distinction without ever seeming to open a book, but he always drove me crazy when he would get so bored that he would do crossword puzzles until one in the morning. However, no matter how much I complain about his annoying idiosyncrasies, I will forever remember Drew as a friend when I really needed one (who else would lend me three hundred dollars without a question). He was always there with an understanding ear and a few encouraging words. Best of all, I could always hit him up for a free Pepsi when I ran out of change. BEK.

Matthew Thomas Sampson

Matty came to USNA as a SGT. in the U.S. Marine Corps having a superior knowledge of rock apes. After four years at Canoe U., his former high-and-tights became regular haircuts and he learned to tolerate the Navy. Matt was nearly engaged upon his arrival, but ejected after being driven to the brink of insanity. This was appropriate for the future Marine pilot. Flip juice, action family, and 7-11 were good-times we'll remember. Not to mention Mollys, URI, Numbni House, babysitting, the Marine Corps Ball, and ankles. The "hog" was an added feature to his stone image. But how he was infected with his hall romances, I'll never know? Lonnie is a good maid and a great friend. 150's made him hard to live with, but who's perfect? Good luck with that special someone and leave some pieces intact. I wish him the best. E.U. & MAJ.

John Beauregard Slaughter

John came to USNA from sunny Daytona Beach to spread his social wealth and genius. He was involved in many activities, including the scuba, flying, and powerlifting clubs. Socially, John and I will remember road trips to Delaware, Florida, and Washington State. John, being the worldly individual he is, was a political science major. Although he had little spare time due to studying and other activities, he often delved into the field of astrology. In fact, he was the first to spot the three moons of Jupiter during Spring Break '86. Affectionately known as the Slaughterhouse or Sarge, John had a total of three roommates at USNA. Two found new careers in CIVLANT before graduation. John has fond memories of the days they spent together in Smoke Hall. I hope our paths cross again, John. With your diligence, I'm sure you will be a success in any endeavor. DBW.

Stephen Howard Tackett

When Steve was a plebe, he was ranked 37 of 39 in his company. Since that time he has really blossomed into an outstanding performer as he is ranked in the top 50 of the class, wears stars, and is a beacon of professionalism. But things weren't all bad for Steve plebe year. That's the year he met Christ and has since been working diligently on cultivating his life as a Christian. Steve has been very involved with the Navigators and has grown much through that organization despite his aversion toward 0-dark-30 meeting times. Steve has proven to be a very easy-to-get-along-with roommate, patiently enduring unlimited abuse from many of us (mostly DBW). Steve has also had the moral courage to break free of his stereotypic "nuc" looks, choosing Navy air instead of subs. Steve is a trustworthy friend and we wish him the best. God Bless Steve, and always remember 3 John 2:8.

Michael Scott Weiner

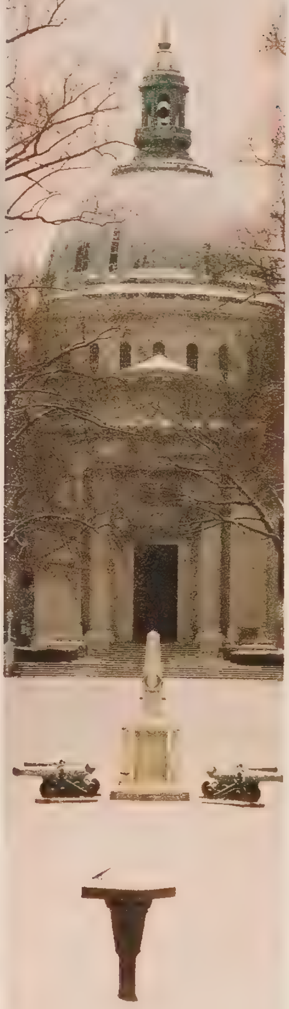
Screws fall out . . . the world is an imperfect place.

Dennis Bryan White

D.B. made his debut into the Annapolis scene from the all-natural Pacific North-West city of Vancouver, Washington. Being clueless in such subjects as Calculus, he reached deep within himself and tapped that remarkable innate ability of being able to quickly master a subject new to him almost instantaneously — an ability which saw him through plebe year much more unscathed than the rest of us. Potentially a track stud, he opted for stardom with Ninth Company basketball and football. At first seemingly inhibited socially due to a transcontinental relationship, he soon broke the mold, disproving the Cuber accusations, the Mech E. syndrome, and established himself as a true party animal, though we are still concerned about his bubblehead future. As a fair, yet tough, 2-striper, he always was willing to help others less gifted than himself. May you forever have fair winds and following seas my dear friend and roomate. JBS.

Richard Mahone Witten

Ever since, it's been downhill for Rich. Maximizing his eating, sleeping and drinking with Garfield-like apathy, Rich managed nevertheless to give a respectable showing morally, mentally, and physically. Also, he's probably the nicest, most well-mannered, easy-going guy you've ever met. (OK, so we're taking some liberties with honor here, but what the heck.) His approach to academics was anything but serious. (Well rested, well tested, right?) Study hour consisted of TV, rack and a dart game thrown in for good measure. All in all, the random pencil roll technique served him pretty well. True, other aspects of life at the academy didn't leave Rich quite so unscathed. Somebody needs to tell this guy what the term credit limit means. Rich, the great American Consumer, the leader of the fringe element (according to Q-bert), and all that. May your life and career be as long and full as your credit card statement. CIU.

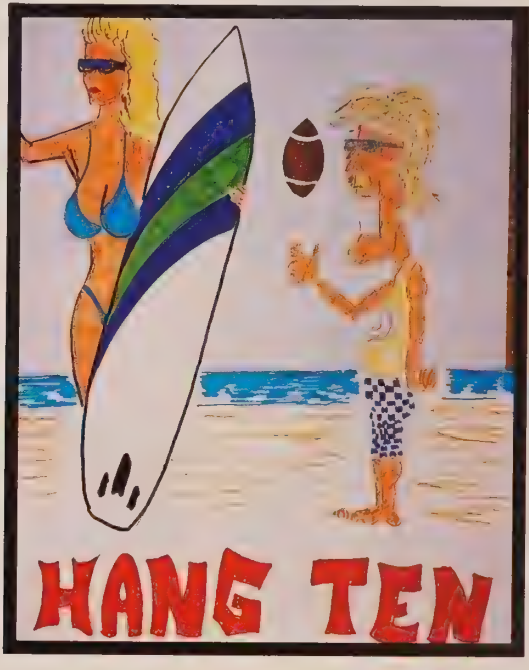


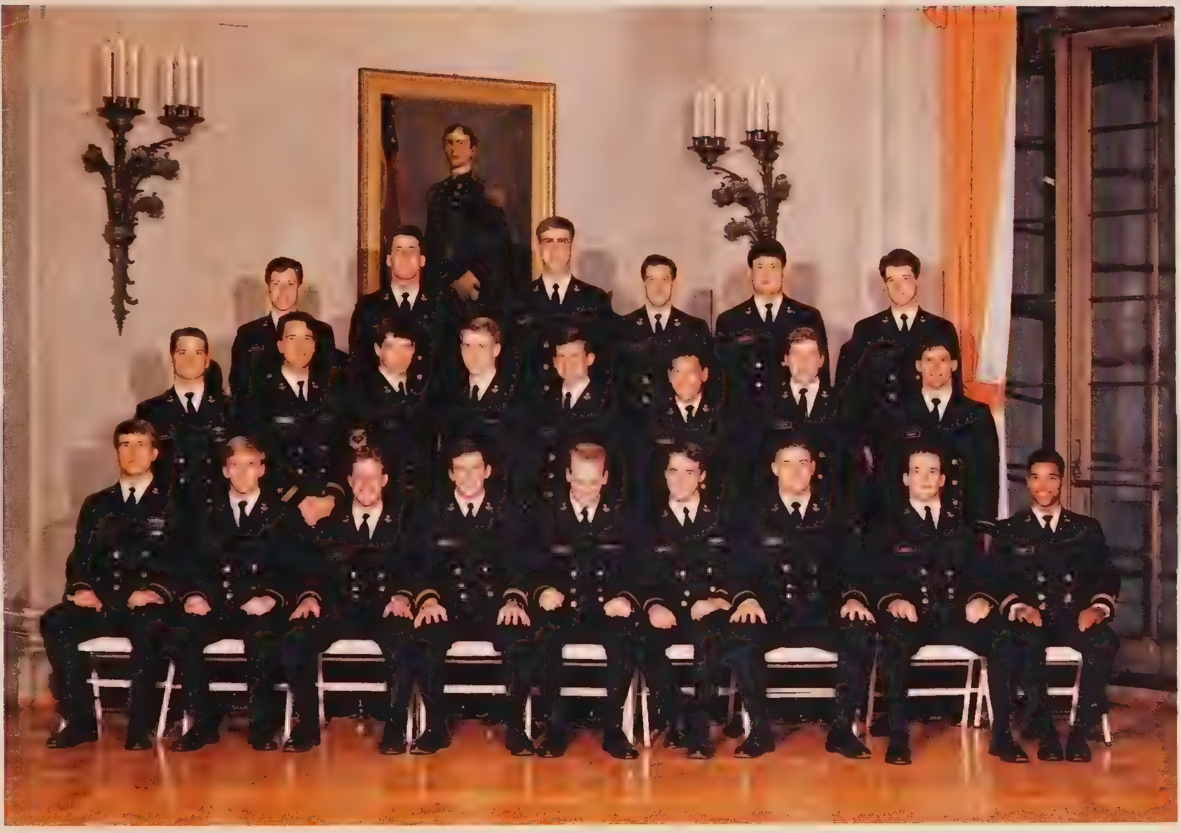
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Darrin Grover
Company Sub Commander: Michael Bell
Company Adjutant: Edward Magee

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Thomas Macrae
Company Sub Commander: John Lesniak
Company Adjutant: Joseph Campbell





The Class of 1987

Row One: James Baker, Roger Harris, Michael Bell, Thomas McKenna, Charles Sullivan, Joseph Campbell, Dennis Mollon, James Emmitt, Edward Magee **Row Two:** Todd Allison, Darrin Grover, Jeffrey Valmus, Peter Turner, Thomas Macrae, Dean Sadanaga, Siegfried Wulff, Jeffrey Lukish **Row Three:** Thomas Nilsen, Thomas Casey, John Jenkins, John Lesniak, Joseph Buenavista, Stephen Day **Not Shown:** James Alley, Scott Boyer, Alexander Edwards, Charles Ferguson, Donald Griffin, Brian Haley, James Hogan, Robert Lyon

CAPT Pete Whitenack

The Class of 1988

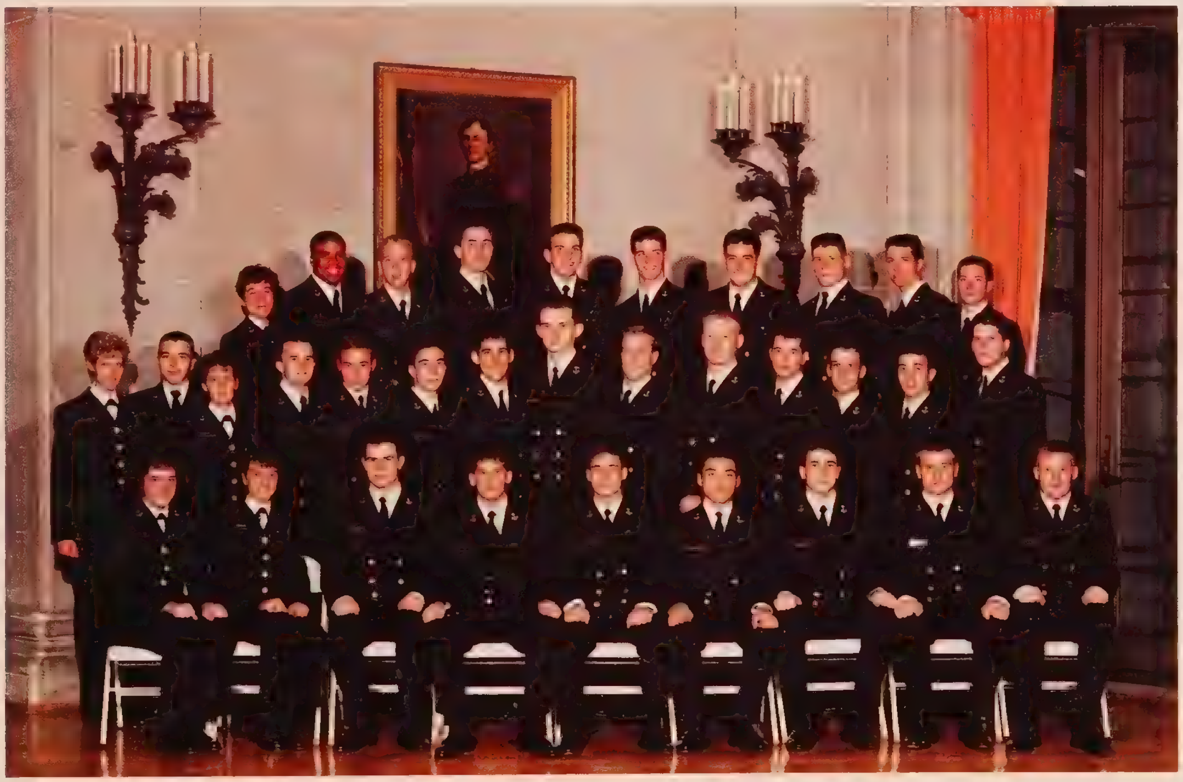
Row One: Robert Banker, Richard Vaill, Michael Greene, Frederico Morales, James Boland, Kenneth Caraveo, Mike McKee, Gregory Shimp, Edward Grinnell **Row Two:** Sean Epperson, Matice Wright, Galen Negaard, Billy Bray, Karen Povlock, Eric Ruttenberg, Jay Patsey, Jeff Hahn, David Dawson, Scott Granger, Trevor Lennard, David Dawson, Varanda Williams, Pamela Hilton **Row Three:** Donald Dracon, Michael Wilmot, Chet Woolley, Timothy Salmon, Tucker Hite, Scott Dickson, Stuart Gaudet, James McKenna, Anthony Villanueva, Michele Daley, Jamie Moore **Not Shown:** Francis Hall, Charles Lochard, Domenick Micillo, David Simon

The Class of 1989

Row One: Steven Fong, James Schroder, Joseph DeSantis, Steven Boyles, Matthew Bishop, Mark Rawlins, John Mohn, George Acosta, Scott Abel **Row Two:** Darryl Anderson, Doug Brown, Bruce Black, John Hammes, Charles Cooper, Mark Hagler, John Tregoning, Edgar Jimenez, Ronald Pawlo, Charles Gray, Alireza Imanian, Christopher Zito, William Harber, Michael Knowles **Row Three:** Barney Carter, Kevin Shanley, Thomas Spatig, James Snare, Mark Metzger, Doug Perry, James Flautt, Andrew Kenny, Gary Deal **Not Shown:** John Drake, Mark Samuels

The Class of 1990

Row One: Kathryn Dailey, Donna Pensabene, Robert Pritchard, Adam Scheinin, Scott Horan, Elvin Rodriguez, David Stamm, Charles Vickers, Michael Kostiuk **Row Two:** Christi Salazar, Joshua Kitchen, Mary Hanlon, Brian Huey, Eric Lewis, Michael Florence, Harold Katz, Francis Blackburn, James Pfautz, Perry Oliver, Steven Sloan, Raul Gandara, Raymond Tortorelli, Jeffrey Jockel **Row Three:** Melissa Bowers, William Jones, Leif Steinbaugh, Gilbert Miller, Dale Minich, Timothy Winand, Wesley McCall, Edward Dewald, Vincent Panella, David Bouknight **Not Shown:** Hugo Gutierrez, Anne Katcharian, Marcos Lopez



Congratulations Steve Day! you did it, babe! You made your dream a reality, and you have our admiration and respect. Thank you for being our son. With great pride and much love. Dad, Mom, Brian, Lisa and Rob.

Banzai Dean!
Well done. We wish you continued success.

Congratulations Ens. Tom McKenna and Class of '87. God bless and be with you always. Love Mom, Dad and Walter.

Ensign Chuck Ferguson II. Good Luck and Success. Love Dad, Mom, Sean and Todo.

Tom Casey and Class of '87 Congratulations and success in your careers. Serve God and Country well! Ceil, Bill and John Casey.

Tom MacRae-Congratulations You did it your way. May you always have smooth sailings. God bless you.
Love Mom, Dad, Kevin, Mary
Uncle Tommy, Aunt Anne.

The Family of Jeff Lukish wish all members of the brigade the best of luck in their careers.
Especially Jeff and Ed.
The Lukish.

With great pride, love, and admiration, we congratulate the Class of '87 and especially Brian Haley. So far, so good! Keep up the good work.
Dad, Mom, and Jen.

Congratulations Ensign Jeff Valmus! I share the joy of your great accomplishment and consider it a priviledge to know the extraordinary person that is you, my son. Love, Mom.

Keep your sights high
and the
sky shall be your limit.

James Scott Alley

Scott's Naval career got off to a great start with a 5000 for drinking in G-town, but that was pretty much the end of his derelict days. "Alley Dog" tried hanging out with "striper material," but all that got him was Helen and a Hell's Angel Honey with a tattoo. "KISS ME!!!" Thanks a lot, Tom. Spring Break '86 was a welcomed break from babe-chasing. Scott saw Antigua up close, mostly face-down. But he gave up the "rasta-burgers" (what was in those, anyway?) and Black Label for his one true love. Yes, Michelle was special — she could stay out past 11. See, there really are other bacala in the sea. Do the words "You're hot" or "What's he doing to my friend back there?" ring a bell? First Class year came and went, and all Scott did was study and build the "shrine." So why did you owe Master Card so much? Good luck in the Corps. We'll really miss you. You have 30 seconds to tell us why you want to be a Marine . . . GO! There you have it.

Todd Michael Allison

Even though Todd attempted to bend over backwards for his classmates, they didn't flip for the idea. But eventually a positive neutrality was achieved, luckily without a lottery. His 10K loan went for a 17K chrome plated, 4 wheeling, tailgater of a machine (you do the math?) He tried to qual early for subs by avoiding light and wearing his poopy suit as often as possible, not to mention two sub cruises and a Marine E to boot (luckily, that's as far as it went, if you know what I mean, honey). It's amazing how Todd averaged only 4 hours of sleep a day during the weekends and 14 a day during the week. He became unsat (there is justice) and AC officer, too. He skated out of duty, literally, youngster year. First class year saw a couple of changes for the better, acceptance and an acceptance, by his classmates and one for a June week wedding with Michele, respectively. I wish you only the best for a great life with a great girl. DMG.

James Matthew Baker

Matt left the jungles of Panama to spend a care-free year at Rice so he could start to fill that three-ring binder he uses as a "little black book." Matt used his USMC bonus to buy the black streak, a Saab 400 Turbo. He has definitely left an impression on the Md. Highway Patrol. I still think 125 mph is a little fast for West Street. Matt's faced with international relations when dating (i.e. Canada — France- Annapolis (4-2)). Between the two of us, I'm sure that we've inspired hundreds of legs to become Airborne; their mothers are still writing us, sending their thanks. Speaking of mail . . . please send some to Matt. Whenever he gets "shut out", I have to put on my flash gear. Send it to 1/c Matt Baker, Frat 10 U of Md., indicate GRAD. As we part, we leave Matt to higher education and the Marine Corps (figure that one out). Take care and when you need some NGFS or a hot meal sensa-sand, your roomie'll be there. JAC.

Michael Denis Bell

After a year of tidiness, a few hundred parties, and a well-kept lawn under his window, the California Kid left Newport to start his four year sentence. The Polo team kept Spiker busy while the compassionate upperclass of 12 rested. Tenth Company brought Spike many roommates, an engineering degree, and a chance to reach out and touch the face of God when he selected Navy Air. When Spike wasn't hibernating, he kept us laughing with his relaxed, easy-going attitude. Trips to the beach and mountains with Keanbean, Scrotie, and Ken; Antigua with the boys of Ten; late rides back from College Park in his favorite jeans; Frederick, MD; pig noises senior year; and a nearly unblemished conduct record will be some of our best memories of you, We hope you realize your dream of getting a guitar, growing long hair, and starting a Reggae band. Spike, Pensacola's getting Navy's finest — we hope you make them as happy as you made us. THM.

Stephen James Day

The Black Plague of '85 had an obvious effect on Steve. Judging from his blotter which contained thirty pictures of himself, you could say he became somewhat independent — his own best friend. But another casual look at his blotter will tell you that he really didn't keep to himself. All those girls in his blotter reflected that. He must've put all of Kokomo's elementary schools on a layaway plan. After plebe year, we became roommates. What a year! Killing our livers on Labor Day weekend in G-town, helping me with aero every night — too bad I'm an oceanographer — and your endless efforts to enlighten me on Kokomo. I still think it's a corn field. From then until now, you've done a lot worth mentioning, pogue — tackling wood stumps with your car, NL lectures at the stadium, and beer breaks at the GASH. You're a good friend with a good head on your shoulders, so why did you go NUKE? Good Luck. Dean.

Alexander Hamilton Edwards

Alex . . . Big Al . . . The Booze Cruise Skipper. God bless the charette. What cruise are we up to anyway? 58 or 59? We've all lost count. We enjoyed drinking out of your shoe, but that was only because of its size not because of its taste or smell. Work on it, Al. You know Alex has got connections because he always manages to get that parking spot right in front of Mum's and that bar stool right in the middle of all the action. The countless rummy games, the countless open-aired roadtrips in the caddy . . . sorry Alex, we can't remember them, too many dead brain cells. Well Alex, the past couple of years have been a pleasant, comfortable, numb blur and we all owe it to you, you big lug. We're all a little bit worried, Alex, because now that you're a SWO daddy, you're going to go on the international booze cruise scene, and there won't be enough for the rest of us. Take care and good luck. MGM, PES, DPW.

James Dore Emmitt

Jim came to USNA from Columbus, Ohio on the advice of a former Navy Commander. Never a stranger to hard work and always choosing the most challenging path in order to better himself, "M.I.T." chose the delayed entry program of Marine Corps enlistment while in high school. Soon, more people noticed his potential for leadership and started the paperwork to get Jim to the Naval Academy. Jim's strong-willed character makes him a formidable enemy, but also a friend who can be counted on. It shows in his devotion to sports (a four-year member of the 150-pound football team) and ECAs such as Glee Club, Semper Fi, and Officer's Christian Fellowship. He has also put his voice to use in the Academy chapel as a member of several of the chapel choirs. Though our friendship has known some rocky times, it has grown through it all, and I thank God for sending me "a friend that sticks closer than a brother." (Prov. 18:24). DCM.

Charles Daniel Ferguson

Up-Chuck emerged from the back hills of Pennsylvania to appear at USNA. Despite a 1.000 batting average, spending a year with the Six-Pack failed to bring Chuckie to the Majors. Sharp-minded, Chuck has managed to conquer academics with the greatest of ease. That's not the only "THING" he has conquered. Remember "Det stor svensk flicka." Chuckie Cheez now embarks on his greatest adventure yet, a five year tour at 20,000 leagues under the sea with Capt. Nemo. Glowing in Groton, Chuckles McGrifter will undoubtedly discover new "mates" in Wednesday's and 101 ways to remain sane inside a sub. Anyway, CD's already met his first CO — Capt. JD — and knows him intimately. Three-Striper Libs have never looked better, just ask his disgruntled roommates. AMF, Chuck, and lots of luck from the Annapolis Drunk, and just remember the K-Master's tips on the hunt. TG & JK.

Scott Alan Boyer

See ya.

Joseph Constante Sears Buenavista

Special thanks to Mom, Dad, Jim, Bart, and Cliff. I love ya. Also thanks to my whole family, the Maggioncalda's, the Lorenzo's, my disciples Bill, Chad, John, CJ, bums in CA — Fred, Bri, Mo, Yo, Ed, Steve, Mark, Lar, my pet gecko Tom, and everybody else who has helped me and will now dismember me for forgetting them. I guess you expect an incredible earth shattering revelation or some quasi-intellectual statement of theory reflecting on the arduous, soul wrenching struggle to climb,-to mount, nay, to overcome the seething, searing hellflames which scorched and licked the pure essence of my being — my inner entity — the intangible embodiment of spirit which has fueled my existence while enduring countless tragedies, calamitous events, and wading through the putrid muck in hip boots these four years. No. Your expectations will not be satisfied. Later meat.

Joseph Aloysius Campbell

Joe is every mother's dream. The perfect young gentleman, complete with Southern accent, perfect manners, and cherub-like smile. "What a nice boy!" they all exclaim. Let's get real, ladies. This guy'll spend more time jumping out of planes and working on his car than with your daughter. Never mind the fact that he'll help you out no matter what the personal sacrifice. This guy's mean. Take a typical day 2/c year: "Hey Joe. How was your Mech E test?" "@$% & Mech E! Where's my chowcaller? You there. How many hairs does Mr. Griffin have on his back? You don't know!!" What of all those offers of hospitality? They were just excuses for wild drinking and frightening roommates by doing 40 mph, at night, on ice, on a trike. And oh yes! Weren't we all sorry about Kelly? The ole boy even had his roomie fooled, until I found out about Donna, Jill, Katherine, and who knows who else. Fair Winds and Following Seas, Good Friend! JMB.

Thomas William Casey

Tom was always a quiet man, until . . . Originally one of Robinson's army, Tom left hoops for boats and joined KD's Mammals. The effect of crew was slow, but inexorable. Tom's Mech E buddies saw his grades drop, he was sometimes seen driving 'The Beast' about town, the HS gal went "Out to Africa," weekends ended early — Sunday AM practice- another girl returned to sunny CA and Tom's lust for Fred (or was it Ethel?) all indicated his decline. Salvation in the form of stripes and Big Al Konetzni saved Tom from Rex the demon coach. Responsibility weighed heavily on the PA boy, but the fish with the experiences of crew, Big Al, Bob, both Chucks and the Spiker let the quiet man handle "First Regiment!" There it is, then. MPG.

Donald Lamar Griffin II

Plebe year, "Doug" got off to a poor start. He lost 40 lbs, had a QPR above 3.2 and no fries. Youngster year, however, things brightened up with a 5000 series, "at an establishment known as Armands" and plenty of restriction. Second class year showed his impeccable taste in clothing, hair styles and other apparel. Nice earring. He also met many new friends this year. There was Ralph, Gordon, and his buddy the fire extinguisher, who he met after the Rugby banquet. But let's not forget the old trusty automatic teller. His final year was centered around a few beers out in town and his many good flings. Watch out for those cold bathroom floors. Don was always good for a jam session and we'll always remember him as the honor exempt, junk food eating wonderboy in white works. Quit complaining and good luck at Pensacola. JSA.

Darrin Michael Grover

The Academy sure wasn't quite the same after Mike entered the scene. Hailing from Lawton, Oklahoma via NucPwrSch and NAPS. Mike soon found that he had a knack for beating the system while still ending up smelling like a rose. After overcoming such obstacles as Crisco (and the Bat) plebe year. Mike finally reached the freedom of youngster year, but kept his dating confined to the yard (i.e. Buchanan House) for a while. Still a Systems Major at heart, during second class year, he was also surprised to find that he really could get good grades. But after wow-ing all with his Silent Drill routines, Mike turned his sense of humor(?) to WRNV and ended up with the "most-coveted" show on the air. (Right, Mike?). To know Mike is to know that he is the kind of man the Academy was made to produce: witty, intelligent, confident and career-oriented — a man whose loyal friendship will certainly be treasured by all. Good Luck, Grover! DAJ.

Brian Elliott Haley

Bri and Chuckles were a real trip to live with. you know the old adage . . . nice place to visit, etc. Between his bike and being a bull major (He was bull-headed too), we had ample tidbits to debate. Overall, though, this "cool" guy from Indiana (500) wasn't that bad. Hope the winds always to your back Brian. And the sun's out of your eyes. Fly Navy! Grover.

Roger Allen Harris

The Cogger came here from the Hoosier state, but Rog, that doesn't mean you can play hoops. Hey, Schween Bag, did you ever get the stats straight? (You never could keep the camera on the man with the ball!!) And how is that home-built, broke-down speedster running these days, 007? You didn't have to listen to me Rog, it was just revenge for that blind date. How is Christine since the Skifest? And speaking of girls, did you ever pick up your look-alike from Bucknell? What was that girl's name with the ready made family? Spoken to Sheedy's little sister lately? What did that cop say when he found the van in the cemetery? But what about majors; first a Marine Engineer, then came the computer games, then you were unsat, and then OOOPS!! You were a roommate that could take a joke, though; "Yeah Slob, those colors look good together." Enjoy the Corps (Supply Corps). And clean off your side of the desk will ya, scheesh! JJ RM.

James Patrick Hogan

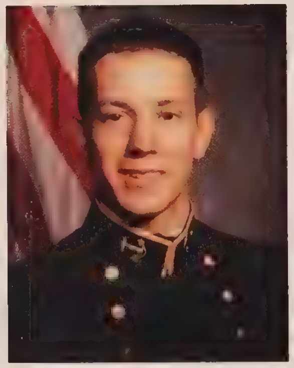
I knew the remaining three and a half years were going to be wild after golfing in a thunder storm with Hogie. Our only company was a case of beer and a gopher we chased . . . it got away and we got stuck in a ditch. Friday night libs began youngster year. Who could forget the quarters game at Bob's? The recruit left with a smile . . . so did we! The Army-Navy football game was literally a HUGE success. Lax spring break in Fla. was quite a catch. (ask Eddie Murphy). "Yo man, watch the shirt." Jay's wiffle ball tourney was out of control. Six kegs and 24 cases of beer between 30 guys in two days! The remaining time at Navy was nothing less than a weekend party. Hogie leaves Maryland breaking many hearts as well as with the undisputed title "Helmet." To the person who helped me through four years of ups and downs, good luck and God bless. Wehmo.

Dennis Clyde Mollon

Dennis, sometimes known as Dennis Clyde, is about as much of a Californian as a guy can be. Yet an equal amount of desire and determination for the Marine Corps can be felt as well. Despite its rocky places, our friendship has endured. God certainly put us through some tough trials, but let it be said that Dennis's compassion and inner strength prevailed. That's probably why he is going Corps. Dennis was an active member of Officer's Christian Fellowship and Semper Fi, as well as moonlighting as a violinist in Glee Club musicals. A Marine playing violin? H — Yes! Marines can do anything! By the time this is out Dennis will be finishing up TBS. I have faith that he will have done his utmost to excel in the eyes of all. Dennis knows that life is an attitude of servitude, and when he says (like all Marines) "follow me," his men will do so with the same attitude.

John Lawrence Jenkins

"JJ" came to the Naval Academy via Iowa, the Marine Corps and NAPS. Too bad he didn't have a "real plebe year" in 16th Company. The ptyredactyl had his fair share of roommates. Is Charlie speaking with you yet? I heard the grey ghetto go-cart, iguana, llama, etc. broke down . . . again. The old heap just ain't movin' (unless of course you don't think 90 mph down West Street is too fast). Speaking of old heaps, JJ is probably still the oldest person in the Marine Corps. As a company commander at NAPS, he received his first Silver Dollar long before he got his commission, remember the ratey little booger. JJ was really a great guy, especially after payday when he had money. He was a good friend to go out with and have a beer with and we always enjoyed his company. He will do well in the Marine Corps, and we wish him all the luck in the world. C'est la vie, Buddy. EOM, JSA.



Thomas Gunnar Nilsen

Barnum, Barnbuster, and the ultimate of Three Ring Circuses came to the Naval Academy via the highest per capita drinking state in the union. Determined to uphold the rigorous standards of his hometown, TG has been living in the bottle since I-Day. He currently owns over 50% of the stock in Riordans, Inc., where he usually can be seen hunched over the bar mumbling to one of Annapolis's finest. Anyway, TG is venturing on a quest for TOPGUN to uphold his brother's conquests. Watch out P-Cola!!! Battling the likes of 'Moose' Peruse, The F-Troopers, MIT, Lovely Linda, Helen of Troy, The Swedish Connections, Laurie H., The Baltimore Bombshells, and one of College Park's finest, TG has had a largely illustrious social life. Tom, I wish you the best and brightest future, just don't let Uncle Jack run your life. You are a great roommate and friend! Kick Butt and maybe I'll call your squadron for a strike someday. JK.

John Francis Lesniak

Johnnie K came to USNA from a small coal town in PA following a year at NAPS. Prospecting to be the first Middie to run a 4 minute mile, he fell short of this goal (partly due to numerous bouts with Al). Enduring three years of unsatdom, the 2.0 sock pulled through Christmas '86, almost ensuring graduation. Booze Cruise '86 proved that John could exist despite his inability to remain coherent. Not only that, but also complete the Gate 1 Hundred Yard Dash in under 10 seconds. After a one-night stand with a tree, John found himself attached to a certain Annapolis belle for an unbelievable four months -hard to conceive if you know John's track record with the ladies. All that behind, John lived a life of indecision until he fell into PW's grasp and took the 2.5K plunge. Next stop: The Home of "The Hawk!" I'll miss ya, Johnnie, but STFB when Barnum's in town. The Three Ring Circus never dies because the show must go on. TG.

Dean Alan Sadanaga

After a long plebe year year with Lt. Pain, Dean and his Walkman demerits descended upon the perfect company. His affection for fire crackers soon meant more demerits; luckily, the Trojan incident didn't blow up in the mail or he'd still be on restriction. The 3rd Lts. at Quantico will not soon forget him, but then again neither will the officers at Pensacola. His face was beet red that whole summer, and it wasn't because of the sun. During the fall of his first class year, Dean met Roberta and we haven't seen him since. Obviously they have spent some time here at Navy, judging by the Chiquita sticker on his nameplate. Ahhh Sadanaga! Best of luck in Pensacola, Dean, and don't ever fly with any pogues. PT.

Jeffrey Lyon Lukish

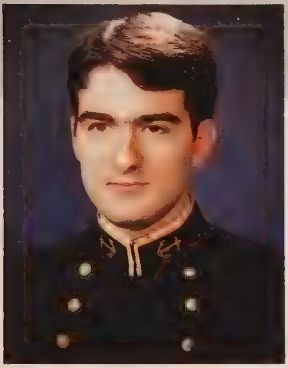
"Luke" and his international terrorist activities all started out in Richmond, Virginia. After a year at NAPS, plebe year was a joke. But when things got rough, he would relieve the tension by banging his head against the Wall. Had trouble not banging caveman's head against the wall youngster year. Have you learned everyone's name yet? They still don't know your name! Next time you go to Italy, stay out of the prisons; the food in the restaurants is just as good. When is the Lukish Memorial study room going to open at the library? Did you really study there every night? The 150# football team will miss the speed from its d-backs. If you sell this Lucky Bag, that's $35 you can spend on Donna. DR. LUKE, old dreams never die, they just get you life in the Navy. Best of luck at med-school. What will you do without the best roommate in the world? Call me in 2003!

Charles Francis Sullivan

Charlis is one of our "old men from the sea" who avoided a return to the nuke community. His stay here was rather interesting: despite two academic boards, three PCR's his fourth class year and having the dubious honor of being the first member of '87 on restriction (plebe summer), he survived with his commission intact. Though he was moody, he was often found going out of his way for his close friends. He became a published author — good for a bull major! But his crowning achievement was becoming the Head manager of the Football Team — a job few knew how well he did or how much he cared. He also rooted for the O's, Caps, and Skins despite our best efforts. Later dude — your presence will be missed by those who knew you best. MLC.

Robert Allen Lyon

The Stork: Rob Lyon is a native Californian from Sacramento. He came to the Naval Academy to play baseball and that is just what he did. The baseball team used this Californian's natural talents as a pitcher for three strong years. The team is also where Rob picked up his illustrious nickname, Stork. The Stork was a two-time letterman in baseball. These were not his only achievements. He is an electrical enginnering major who has flirted with the top hundred his whole time at USNA. He has been choosen into the Nuclear Power program and we are all sure he will have a great career.



Peter Noble Turner

Peter came to Navy after a productive year in Southern California. His plebe year calculus grade left a lot of unanswered questions concerning his math SAT score. I don't know which was worse, Kaplan or the black plague? Later that year he knocked the bottom out of a knockabout. Due to the mild Annapolis weather Pete had to travel to Maine to see an actual snowstorm. Youngster year Pete realized his athletic prowess by making first team All-America in pistol. Pete was also well-liked in his company. He once even mailed his raingear to a plebette in need. He was offered a full ride at Texas A&M, which he considered to the point of making several visitations, but finally he turned it down. Pete faced a dilemma at service selection because he passes out at the control of small planes — what a night that was. Good luck in Pensacola, Pete. DB PR JH KV.

Thomas Hugh Macrae

Tommy is at his best in a crowded party. He loves to be the center of attention, and thus is always willing to strip down to his multi-colored boxers. Undoubtedly, his favorite party location is the Thrift Inn (room — ask for Macrae at the desk) where he can unabashedly cast his drink on the wall to the tune of Gilligan's Island. "Irish" loves water, whether surfing, swimming, sailboarding, or taking pictures of sunsets and rocky beaches. The Bahamas, Antigua, Florida, Mexico, California, Virginia Beach, and the Ocean Cities of Maryland and New Jersey have been the playground for this Jimmy Buffet fan. (Oh! Chestertown and St. Elizabeth's College, too.) But, one voyage to Singapore and one very special woman later, Tom has almost reached the top of Maslow's ladder. He is one of those few people that you think about and smile, that change your life. Tom: "Ne te quaesiveris extra" (Emerson) Do not seek yourself outside of yourself. DVW.

Jeffrey Lofton Valmus

Jeff Valmus came to USNA from Brendon, Florida, and he is a true Floridian. Like all Floridians, he believes everything from Florida is great. Jeff is a multi-talented athlete who tried his hand at many sports at USNA. He had a couple of stints with the golf team and was very strong in the bowling league. Jeff also tried his hand in a few different companies but found a nice little niche in 10th Company. Jeff has done well academically at the Academy, at least well enough to learn what life under the water is all about. The sad part is that such a life will separate him from Cathline, who we all know has a special place in his heart.

Edward Ossie Magee Jr.

"Easy Ed" came from that tiny Cajun city of Lafayette, Louisiana. It was evident when he arrived that his innocent attitude would have to end. Rooming with Ed for four years, I have shaped him in my likeness; sweet as cherry pie and as wild as Friday night. Who could ever forget that red light in B-more, or his floor routine after a bottle of rum. I should have known then that he was going to be gymnastics captain. Plebe year was a breeze for Ed after he developed quality study habits, i.e. typing all-nighters. The following year saw the beginning of the provocation wars and the no-win scenerio. Ed realized then never to bring a sandwich up from lunch. The next year was great for Ed, he "rapped-up" a fine gymnastics season among other things. Senior year meant for Ed legal age, red "lude" and Wall Street clothes, what else need be said. Many thanks Eddie, you're the greatest. Okay! you got the last laugh. Call me in 2003. JRL.

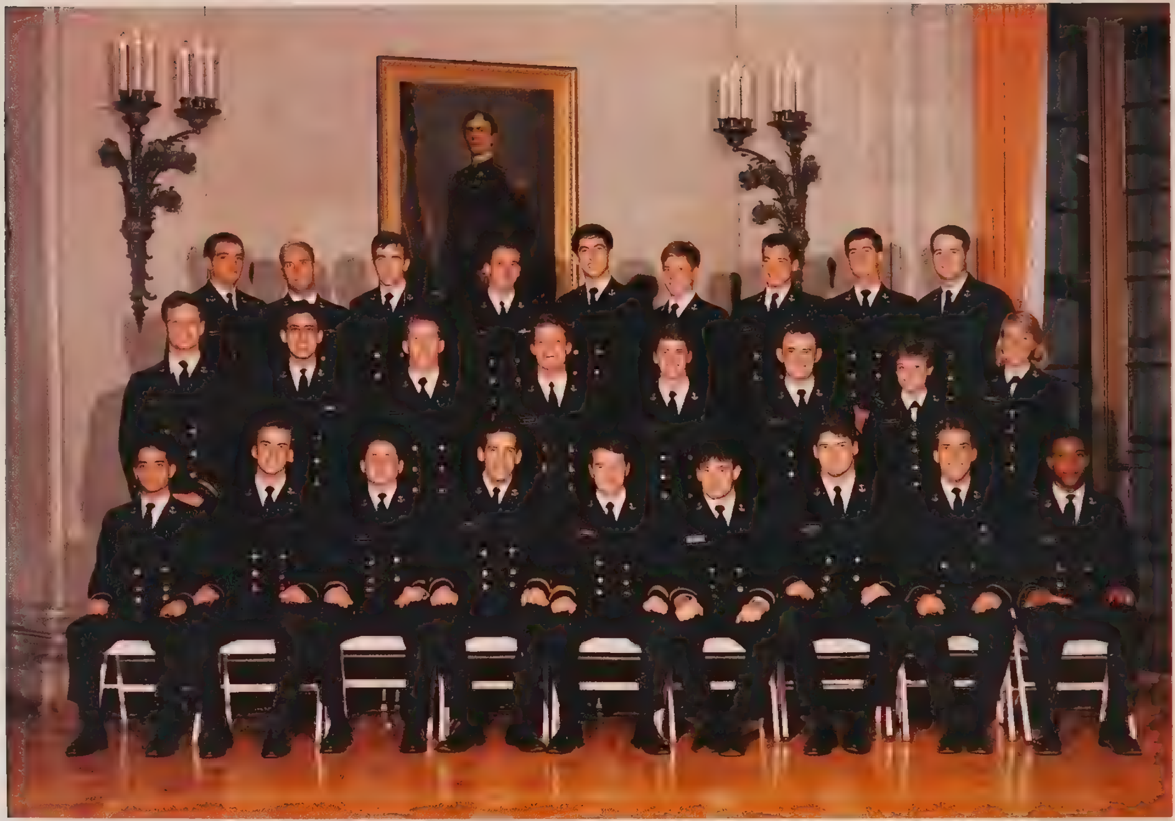
Siegfried Roland Wulff

Plebe year, Ziggy had his sights set on the Marine Corps, but he got along with their hair regs about as good as he got along with Don. That year he also became acquainted with the medicinal qualities of Lysol — OUCH! Youngster year began with a few good experiments in psychology on his roommate. Brian has yet to find his mind, much less his sheets and term paper. His favorite pastimes were Rugby, drinking, sleeping, girls, and standing restriction as a result of these. He also enjoyed lifting weights at the Scenic Overlook, and how about that bleacher creature? Sometimes he was just so DAMM stupid. Zig however, was always there when you needed something, like an ID card or a few beers if you were a plebe. We wish Ziggy good luck with Navy Air; he will finally be able to outrun the State Troopers. Take care of yourself, we won't always be there to keep you out of trouble. JSA.

Thomas Arthur McKenna

Out of the New England woods and into the real world stepped "Killer" McKenna four years ago. He charged into Mother B. with bugle blowing, instantly setting a place for himself in the D & B. Never a challenge did he fail to meet head on, and plebes feared his presence. Then one day he came face to face with the Florida 'Cane and alas his campaign was pacified, however, his bugle blowing earned him three out-of-company stripes first class year. But woe the man who steps in front of "Killer" as he rides the waves through scuba school, airborne training, and the SWO community, hopefully right smack into BUD/S. RAL.

11TH
COMPANY
TIGERS



The Class of 1987

Row One: Carlos Zengotita, Christopher Schenck, James Childs, Ned Metcalf, John Cameron, Dimitrios Pappas, Napoleon Cayouette, Frederick Latrash, Kirklin Fletcher **Row Two:** John Fickle, John Wirries, Bartlett Harwood, Robert Monroe, Charles Gordon, Jimmie Tadlock, Susan Williams, Mary Balch **Row Three:** Joseph Morales, Matthew Bliss, David Ogden, Timothy Raynor, David Schiffman, Thomas Watson, John Martins, James Schmitt, Alan Boyer **Not Shown:** Mark Girardi, Brigitte Horner, Lee Lambert

LT David Portner

Fall Staff

Company Commander: James Childs
Company Sub Commander: Ned Metcalf
Company Adjutant: Jimmie Tadlock

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Chris Schenck
Company Sub Commander: Alan Boyer
Company Adjutant: John Martins

The Class of 1988

Row One: Robert Curran, John Meighan, David Donnelly, Paul Tiede, Joseph Brennan, James Protin, Michael Beno, Alan Miller, Paul Bertholf **Row Two:** Brian Novotny, Allen Mitchell, Brian Alexander, Carl Peterson, William Daisley, Todd Odegaard, Charles Marks, Henry Marxen, Daniel Hebert, Charles Howsare, Brian Gummin, Michael Hogan **Row Three:** Edward Strasser, Michael Lowe, William Cook, Stephen Ellis, David Maxwell, William Stites, Mark Franke, Daniel Garcia, Eugene Corrao

The Class of 1989

Row One: Felix Bustillo, Dawn Hixson, Roberta Hahn, Kathleen Stepien, Roni Plautz, Barbara Sousa, Lisa Skaggs, Haydee Lewis, Stephen Palmer **Row Two:** Clinton Carroll, Richard Williams, Roger Galbraith, Randall Casement, Stephen Dininger, Joseph Parks, Andrew Caufield, Michael Ladner, Bruce Czaja, Thomas Munro, Scott Wine **Row Three:** John M. Hunczak, Paul K. Averna, O.J. Block, Stephen Cook, John Ries, John St. Clair, Carl Ward, Raymond Vuicich, Paul Tortora, Glenn Barker **Not Shown:** Aaron Burton, David Cloe, John Coney, William Triplett

The Class of 1990

Row One: Daniel Frost, Frederick Kacher, Warren Abel, Mark Hoff, Kai Yeh, Joseph Hyndman, Harvey Klyce, John Hardaway, Paul Sullivan **Row Two:** Frank Bendik, James Welsh, Jerome Wallace, Stephen Farmer, Sidney Jones, Michael Sweeney, James Burmeister, Michael McMillan, Earl Knight, Jaime Engdahl, Mark Donohue, Mark Dixon **Row Three:** David Shay, Richard Grochowski, Andrew Cain, Bert Hays, Jerry Lavely, Alexander Chalmers, Enrique Palomo, Robert Garretson, Merle Hagmann, Chris DeChant **Not Shown:** Bryan Baquer, Peter Heringer, Douglas McGoff

BIG SKY

Mom, Dad, Karen and Boomer salute Ensign John Kenneth Martins, our aerospace engineer. We're happy and proud for you. Fly like an eagle and aim for the stars!

Congratulations Terry. Love Molly, Rosie, Amy, Hannah, Alicia. Yea, Terry Tuffer, Brack, Alec Con, Ben, Sam, Bruce.

2nd Lt. Jimmie Tadlock, USMC, "Semper Fidelis." We're very proud of you. May God continue to be your Guide. Love, Mom, Dad, Jerry, Johnny, Grandma.

Tom . . .May the wind be always at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face . . . Love, Mom and Dad

It is with admiration and joy that we bless you, Rob Monroe and we pray you'll use great wisdom in the knowledge you've received. Love, Dad, Mom, Joel.

Congratulations Ensign David Ogden. Your determination, ability, faith and love will always make us proud. Mom, Dad, Suzanne.

Congratulations to Ensign John Wallace Wirries. The first four were hard. The next six will come easier. God bless, keep and protect you. Your devoted Family.

Congratulations to the Class of '87, especially Mary Balch. We love you and are very proud of your accomplishments. Mom & Dad

Mary Elizabeth Balch

Mary arrived at USNA from Cheshire, Connecticut wearing the smile that became her trademark. Knowing the ropes from older brother Wally '86, she breezed through fourth class year. With the '87 scramble Mary moved from 19 to 11 where we became inseparable roommates. Mary became an academic inspiration to us all as she began her third semester on the Sup's list spending every night in the library. An interruption to Mary's studious habits came in the tall form of a Navy hoops player, Carl. Second class year brought academics that threatened to bring gloom to all except Mary who became our in-room EE prof with her "Undercover EI Sessions." First class year came and Mary became the XC captain, a role she filled excellently. Being a firstie also made life easier; Mary felt she needed to take the PCR twice just for the challenge. While Mich will remember you for your cat actings I'll remember you for being the best roomie. SLW.

Matthew Scott Bliss

Matt reported to USNA with a bad case of the runs, but he managed to make it through plebe year without being deflowered at the hands of his "real navy" roommie. After spending a summer on the yawl from hell, he showed up in 11 for a year of intense studying and tape making. However, that was all to end upon formation of the Pub second class year. That din of iniquity sent all its members' QPRS into a downward spiral as we attempted to set the rack triad record. After Christmas, Matt was mobile. Hello Manhattan. Spring Break with Dave and the boys, end of semester on Tybee Island. Matt returned from first class summer with a new set of fish and three stripes. Quick trip to Tybee, and we only broke down once. Then the weekend shuttle to Ithaca. After Christmas, mobile again. New Market: beer and quarters and flies. Thanks for all the good times buddy, happiness and success to you and Karen, see you on Tybee Island. JAM.

Alan Lee Boyer

Alan Lee Boyer marched into Camp Tecumseh from the spud fields and mountains of Idaho via "Aggieland," a seasoned veteran of the military school scene. His first bad decision, and one that he would curse for the much-studied years to follow, was to become an Electrical Engineer, condemning himself to that select few in the class with grades lower than the voltages in small batteries. Al has survived the program nonetheless, melting only a few resistors and EE lab desks on the way. His life was changed, however, when he met his wife-to-be second class year and decided to move out of Maury and into Baltimore. Those of us who had the pleasure of really knowing Al can say that he truly cared about all he did and stood for, and we wish he and Maryellen the best of luck and all success in their life together. (We have all decided not to tell Maryellen how Al manages his finances.)

John Scott Cameron

John Scott Cameron. Milton Academy '81. 2 years at NAPS. Hamblet, Cameron, Keller, Rawhouser, Schofield. Mr. Kumangai, I don't know how to tell you this . . ."Tube steak smothered in UW." Black N Varsity letter offshore sailing. Brigade boxing. Deakin, Guy, Nagy, Brian, Bill, Merna, Cody, Roger, Phil. Never got to Panama. From Major Melson to Company Honor Rep to Deputy Vice Honor Chairman. "That'd be me sir, I'm the senior man here." Three striper libs convertible bug. Annapolis gigolo service. "Did you ever tell a girl you loved her?" "Customer always comes first." Confirmed bachelor. Phone in his room. I know BH fan club. Great gymnastics fan, weekends in NH, fetal position. "I never . . ." "Buddies for life." Hey buddy, sport, pal, etc. What's her name again? TAD in Paris, Navy Air!, my best friend. WPH.

Mark Edward Girardi

Mark had it rough his early years at the academy, despite Earl's best effort to prepare him. He discovered being a midshipman has advantages as demonstrated by the hospitality of the Pasadena police and several other run-ins with the law. Within the academy, though, being a mid was not so impressive. "What, me a midshipman?" Mark spent much of his youngster year behind bars. He was forced to switch majors second class year because his rate of brain cell kills was exceeding the absorption coefficient needed for ME majors. Second class summer Mark toured with The Band occasionally being mistaken for tourists. The following summer he debuted as a solo act doing "Tequila." He also broke out of his slump in grand fashion going 4-for-4. This was a sign of better things to come. Firstie escapades followed: The Cabin 1&2. Lake Placid. Academy Motel. 5122. With Pensacola on the horizon, there is much rejoicing. JES.

Charles Michael Gordon

The earring before plebe summer pleased the 'rents-gave them confidence-Flash would be a success. Rigging heads and runic symbols; flipping classmates' racks; VanHalen Halloween and the annual fiasco: rack, eye chart, stereo. Wild man, following a truck by bike; the beginning of the gang; hurricane bath; then selling it to a naive boy, tsk. Having your license revoked; quadrupling pop's ticket record; Buy an RX-7, fuzz buster, a CB, & get two licenses. On the edge. By the edge? Speed records to Yale, GA, FL, NC, TX, OH. Women: Frank's sister, Int'l Ball, Copa, Fish Market. Jennifer; what's her name this time? One girl? Mindy. Wild man, wild woman: School; rumbles with Matt-EE=2 hours sleep. Math=unlimited. Sup's stars? psych! Summer: sailtramid grease; The Button; Panama; scuba boating; tequila shots and Trivia — Political posters and Guads — Jose Cuervo parties SA. Edlaine — You surprised us all you made it. SJ, TS.

Bartlett Harwood

Terry spent plebe year in 29 and ran into some gung-ho squad leaders during plebe summer. Needless to say, Terry caught the Marine Corps bug about two weeks into U.S.N.A. and has had no hair ever since. Terry made the move to eleven in the "great scramble" and coped with the challenges of being a Mech. E. and varsity oarsman. Well, Mech. E. took a hit along the way but Terry continued rowing and getting haircuts for all four years. Throughout his time here, Terry has set a good example always telling me, "If you're going to do something, do it right!" Terry's attitude will make him successful at whatever he does. Best of luck to a man soon to be married. It's been a pleasure knowing you! JD.

Brigitte Horner

The Gidge came to "this wonderful institution" all the way from Osterreich (that's Austria for you foreigners) via Missouri, USA. She quickly showed everyone why she made it here with those great grades and long jumps. Can you say study-buddy? Sometime into Second Class year she grew out of this pseudo-intellectual phase and acquired some useful knowledge of what this place is really about — sleep! Her technique was perfected First Class year when she discovered she could still get the grades and turn out the lights at 9 pm. Aero engineering always was a cake major. The two loves of Brigitte's life are long jumping and flying, so it made sense when she chose sailing as her Firstie sport and General as her service selection. Whatever Brigitte's choices in life, they will lead to success. Have a great first tour in the beautiful state of Alaska. You'll have to show them what skiing really is — God Bless, Gidge. You've made it!

Napoleon Antoine Cayouette

"Oh you can't help that," said the cat: "We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."
"How do know I'm mad?," said Alice.
"Oh, you must be," said the cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."
-Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland*

Lee Anne Lambert

Through the years at the Academy, through all the trials and regulations (EN,EE,reg PE gear) "the Kid" discovered the true meaning of First Class year (the rack by 9) despite a heavy academic load (English) and "Bend-Over Buddy." "The Kid" almost left this great institution of higher learning youngster year, but she made the right (?) decision and graduation is finally here. Along the way she managed to earn a brown belt in Judo along with her jump wings and, let's not forget, the masterful completion of EE 622. That was Second Class year. Receiving her MRS degree, a total surprise to everyone, she was ready to face her final battle with the alarm clock First Class year (will it survive the trauma of the wall?) Yes, three years have passed, a time in which I have come to know "my roomie" better than perhaps even she realizes. Yes, the Corps is getting one heck of an officer. Always have faith, Lee, always go for the gold.

James Carlton Childs

James (Chilos) left the slopes of New Hampshire and came to USNA with his eyes on an F-14 and wings of gold. He quickly made friends and rose to be the "creme de la creme." Youngster year saw the satisfied bachelor return from Christmas leave a one-woman man, but who wouldn't have fallen for such a sweet girl? Second class year saw the death of his most prized Solomon T-shirt. As a first class, James discovered that his eyes didn't have the right stuff. He decided on the silent service, and soon found that talking to bankers about mutual funds was more lucrative than talking to "egos" with your hands. A Shakespeare-spouting math major who was always king of company racquet sports, he had a short fuse at times, but was always the best of friends. We will miss his humor and his good nature and we wish him the greatest successes. CRS.

Frederick Latrash

Narrowly escaping a perilous childhood in the jungle of Brasil, Fred "Pepe" Latrash took sanctuary at USNA. Unwittingly, he'd gone from the headhunter's broth into the "fryer." Entirely too visible, the elevator POW smiled through year #1. With the cult of the brick alley pub, he learned to "sail and win," "drink and lose," and "hunt shark" enroute to the islands. Europe was next. Making a splash was the game and hidden Alpine rivers and lovely Venitian canals were the same. One summer, in a desperate attempt to purge gunginess and acrophobia, Pepe risked and fell from perfectly "un" safe airplanes in order to make it to the beach by fourteen hun — um — 2 p.m. "He's a lover; he's a fighter; he's a Navy diver." Universal Truths: Never going to get married. Ned's a wild babe. Never going to die — unless the Boy falls into his own smile, but know that he'll drag you along, baby. Asteroids are closer in the front seat. Love, HSH, Inc.

John Hugh Fickle

John came to us from Elkhart, Indiana and can best be described, in his own words from youngster year, as a mutant. Never one to do things in the same manner as others, John's greatest studying technique was the "rack-on-it" method — the little known method of throwing your books on your rack and having the rack study for you. It must work since John wore stars during first class year. Academics was not the only thing John did differently. In athletics John was playing heavyweight football and plebe year crew, he demonstrating his love for the contact sports or those which are just messed up. If he did not get his way on the playing field, John would just redouble his effort and apply the "Fickle force-it" method. In his social life, John could party and abuse people with the best of them and demonstrated it often. He enriched all our lives and will be a great addition to the submarine force. Live Long and Prosper, John DLS.

John Kenneth Martins

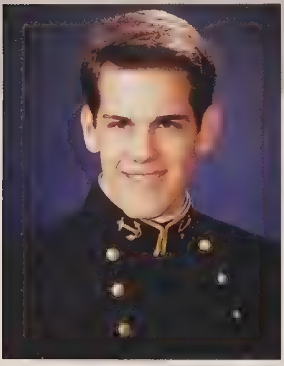
"And I've got a strong urge to fly!" Hey Hey John, (Jahnnie, Buddha, Schweemball) what have you done? The happy child from East Lyme, Connecticut makes a splash with a mangled wrist all through plebe summer! Gaa! Sweet Innocence marching the bricks for the rest of plebe year. Drinking, drinking. Youngster year and the Rugby Man! A day in the life — Boom! Drinking fry. Hey ho, a purifying restriction. Balding, drinking, Ned (Ned?); "That's not even cool!" Big type Second Class Honcho; can we say "The Worm"? Clean this room! Such a mess. Sweet sound of a crying alarm and lost roomie. "You turned the alarm off!" Sleep, baby. Aero-what? "No, I really failed it this time." Dant's List, honey. And the ladies. "Open your eyes, I've got a big surprise." 20/25? Sorry. First Class, all the way. Happy Squad Frumpy-Aviation-Tweetie-Crabs. Knisely done. Future: "Best Damn Fighter Jock!" We know it's there.Fly high and proud. JGS.

Kirklin Cathedris Fletcher

I came here thinking that it would be a cool place to hang out for four years. As it turned out, it was not quite that cool. I did, however, acquire knowledge and discipline that I probably would not have found anywhere else. Thoughts of becoming an officer did cross my mind every now and then, but I was not sure as to what type I should be. Now, only four months away from The Basic School, I am sure that I will be a fine officer, despite what some people think. I spend my free time, what little I have, talking to the ladies and mixing all types of crazy music together. These activities even keep me sane during times of anxiety and depression. I will continue to mix songs together as long as there are songs to mix, and talk to the ladies as long as there are ladies to talk to. I think I may even continue to be a marine as long as there is a Marine Corps to be in.

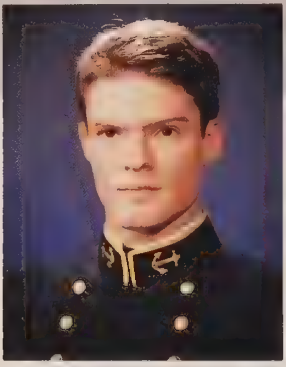
Ned Winford Metcalf

What ever you want to call him-"Buddha" "Ace" *@&x?!!! or just plain old Ned, He's the best of friends. You'd like to hear some stories? Hey Ned! What about the picnic tables and obnoxious dogs of P-Cola? How about Pittsburgh's stewardesses wanting to spread their wings? Sleeping Ring Dance dates ... that wake up? Flight lessons with sleepy instructors? That hole in the LZ at Quantico? First Class cruise and the English girls of Venice? Rainy days in Quebec, Your skill as an all-weather driver. Don't forget Plebe year, NAPS, The good times with Tim, Your great friends in 11th company and the rest of the Brigade, and your super Family, especially your Mom. Fair winds and following seas my friend. Keep in touch with your friends and good memories. We'll read this together someday and laugh about the old days. MB.



Robert David Monroe

Robbie, Golden Boy from California. Plebe year: Lee, Wayne, Mark, shower photos, Kris — 2 letters a day. Youngster year: New roommates, both extremes, nightly debates, the superiority of Engineering. "Her? I met her in Japan." ASTRO, a frigid X-mas dance, POLO! 4000 at Army. 2/c year: two-man room? Psyche! The superiority of Poly-Sci, sexed by J.C., flaming ants, cheated: Ring, N, Dance and Prom. Summer: Marine, er, Surf-bum, F/A-18 ride, canal skiing and late night doorbell ringing. Lee and Chel till 4? 1/c year: Polo, no polo; car, no car; Log: Co cuties to center fold. 16-year-olds: a future investment. Crossing Khadaffi's "Line of Death" brought stories forever but hope bombs don't do permanent damage. We shared everything from clothes to money to girlfriends. You stick to politics and I'll handle the sports page.Our fond memories(black socks)will always be on my mind as your alpha code in my locker. Merry xmas baby. Lee.



Joseph Arthur Morales

Life at the Academy was never particularly tough for Joe (a.k.a Crash), especially when he wasn't on restriction. Possessing the uncanny ability to derive formulas on tests, some call this genius, Joe never studied much and was able to log more rack hours than both of his pub roommates combined. He also found time for activities such as inventing the better doorstop, trisecting an angle, and road tripping with the boys to Savannah in his trusty bug. Joe returned from Colorado for first class year after slipping the rock to his high school sweetheart and renewing his friendship with Budweiser. Other memorable moments in the Mexican's career were the black eye that ate Manhattan, muggings in Washington square park, eating live flies at Mac's cabin, and getting airborne qualed from Mike's roof. You've been a great friend, I'll always remember afternoons at Cantler's and nights at the Korean Village. MSB.

David Averitt Ogden

Dave entered the naval service via NAPS a naive schoolboy. After a year with the "real Navy", Dave checked into 11 as the company lonesome cowboy. Youngster year, Dave realized EE wasn't enough of a challenge and asked the AC board if he could switch to Phy. Sci. This is when Dave developed his 9mm and Harley Davidson fetishes. However, by the end of second class year, things were looking up. He returned from Savannah in the Blue Devil, which became the Pub's traveling gun shop and liquor store. First class year brought many new and exciting changes. After sleeping on the lawn of the Tri Delta house at Cornell, Dave managed to win the heart of Nancy (a 100% yankee) in the midst of some pretty stiff competition. After which, Dave made many high speed and heavily armed trips to Ithaca and towns in between. At the time of this writing, Dave's drinking Coronas with the Skivs deep in the heart of Texas, where he always wanted to be.

Jimmie Carter Tadlock, Jr.

Poor Jimmie came from the wastelands of Texas, a barren country separate from the US in it own way. Upon arriving to USNA, Jimmie had an especially difficult time as he was not only made to put up with the pressures of plebe year but was also forced to learn a new language, English. Even as a first class, Jimmie would sometimes drift back into his own dialect. If it had not been for his roommate of two years, Dave, who translated on many occasions, Jimmie could have gone weeks without being understood. As first class year came to an end, Jimmie finally became fluent in English. However, victory was not to be won by his roommates, who had worked so hard to teach him English. For service selection Jimmie chose Marine Corps, and as everyone knows, Marines don't know how to speak English either. If they could, they would not have to bark to be understood. So alas poor Jimmie will have to spend 6 months in the swamps at Quantico.

Thomas Cooper Watson

Tom comes from Birmingham, Michigan. He graduated an electrical engineer and surprised everyone service selection night by going Corps. He spent three and one half years as a varsity sailor until his desire to be sat and take weekends forced him to play company intramurals. Tom and his roommate Fletch will always be remembered for having payed Rob and Gordo fifty dollars each for their room first class year. It was named Cap'n Kirk's Motel and was the only room in the company to have two complete stereos and a carpet. Tom's '74 Mustang was the butt of many jokes, spending more time in the shop than on the road. The computer he was able to buy, however, saved the life of many of his classmates the night before a major paper was due. Thank God Tom is not going SWO after the Shenandoah disaster in Atlantic City. Tom's lasting mark on the Academy will be his work on Patton's for which his name will be forever cursed among plebes.

Susan Lynn Williams

Sweet Susan arrived at USNA as a true Southern Belle from Monticello, Georgia. Bearing the nickname "Scarlet," she survived plebe year with her roommate Suni. Third class year Susan put down her pom-poms and donned foul weather gear, as she began sailing 420's with her All-American skipper, George, and her dear friend Allie. I finally moved in with Susan and at the same time Navy's point guard moved into her life. Now the both of us became avid b-ball fans making many road trips, especially to JMU. The academics of second class year hit hard. We learned that you can cram 4 weeks of EE in 1 night, that the PCR was meant to be taken twice, and we'll all pass the mile with help from good friends like Jeanne. First class year came and Susan took advantage of every liberty moment cruising out of here in her Porsche. Phew,we made it! Look out INTEL here comes our Belle! Roommates for Life. Love ya Susan, Mary E.

John Wallace Wirries

John came to U.S.N.A. from Minnesota with visions of jets in his mind. After signing up for aero and too many all-nighters, he and the eye doctor decided that flying wasn't for John. After trying varsity track and varsity sailing, John decided that he needed the grades more than the thrills and hit the books. But studying paid off with good grades and an appointment to nuke school in Orlando, Florida. John leaves U.S.N.A. for deep blue water and points unknown. His silver dolphins earned over first class cruise give him a good start on his career. I'm sure his nuke bonus won't hurt either. Happy hunting. Terry.

Dimitrios Anastasious Pappas

After brief stops at NAPS and 28th company, Dimi began his first class years. His logic was already fouled, however, with the loss of Linda Lou and the start of his parting with wrestling. "She's not that tall, short, young; When I'm 30 she'll be 23." No Dimi, when you were 16, she was 9. Without the Nuge, Dough Boy was his release. Dimi wasn't as shackled in his 85 and 86 first class years so he could go to New York, maybe Europe, no wait, the Vous or Florida all at 8. Dimi always keeps us laughing. Who could forget the dizzy izzy king or the biker with the surfboard? Remember when his brother played a practical joke on him by parking various cars around the yard? Dimi knows cars. Turkey day — no alternator. Crossing tires when rotating. For these reasons, Dimi got a van or was it a bike? No, wait, it was a 'vette- I think. Good luck in your quest for .500 and at Pensacola. I'd trust you with my $40 million aircraft. MEG.

Christopher Robert Schenck

Chris Schenck, or the "Shanker," as he is affectionately called by those who have had the dubious honor of playing squash and basketball with him, sauntered into Canoe U. one fateful summer day in '83 leaving Rutgers and southern Joisey behind. Little did he know of the soaring heights of magnificence he would achieve in his brief but fun-filled tenure. There was, however, one small detail that he did know, unequivocally and without question: he was going to be a fighter jock even if he had to sleep constantly to avoid straining his eyes. In fact, Chris could be seen many an afternoon dreaming about the wild blue in his rack, always face down to keep the eyes moist, while his books lay ever waiting and lonely on his neglected desk. Chris' openness and unflagging devotion to everything he believes in has made him a friend to all, second to none. We wish Chris and Beth all the good times and success they so richly deserve. JCC.

David Lee Schiffman

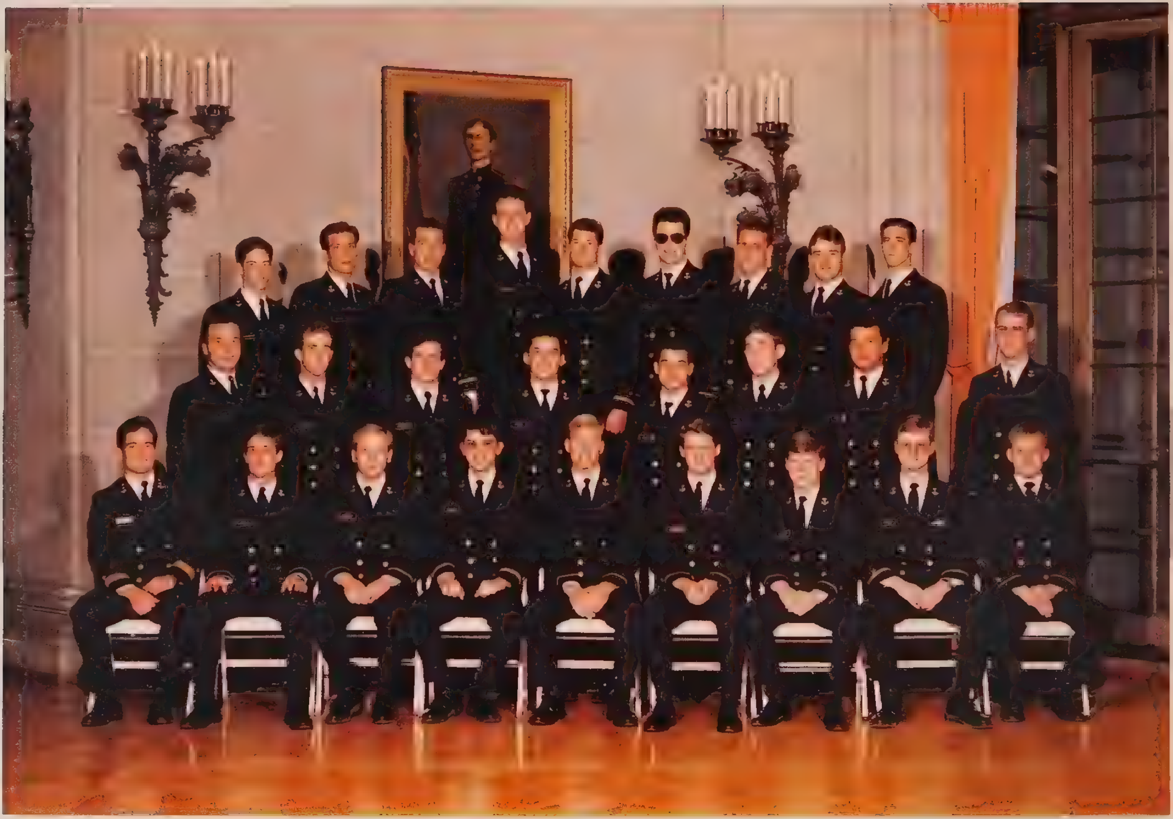
Shifty came to us from the great state of California. His home was the port of San Diego, where he first fell in love with the sea and surface combatants. Of course he was slight of build when he arrived at USNA. This came from his avid love of tennis. By the end of a very tough plebe summer, Dave was reduced to a meager 120 pounds. Not to be undaunted by this setback, Dave quickly applied himself to his eating. He perfected the art of obtaining seconds in King Hall. His system included several chiefs and wardroom workers, who were always ready to provide Dave with the extra calories needed to be a proper SWO daddy. The resulting gain also provided Shifty with more friends, those that worked in the repair tailor shop. Dave definitely made these individuals earn their wages as he often brought down pants to be let out. In the end his hard training paid off as he selected SWO and even got to return to San Diego. JT & JF.

James Gordon Schmitt

"And a rock never gets small!" Coming from high school, Jim quickly adapted to life as a history major. After the D&B drinking fry, he discovered the "Four years together by the bay" weren't going to live up to the time in '69 when the Mets went all the way. Handing papers in 3 weeks late, he turned to the Talisman to substitute for thinking sessions under the big tree. With the discovery of Binghamton, he ventured into the world of women and alcohol and the sink would often be filled with his dinner. Having survived the USNA laundry system, the future Pinochle King will have no problems on the USS Vreeland after he learns to like black coffee, puts on 30 pounds and becomes a chain smoker. Whatever happens in the future, Jim will be sure to return to Farmingdale, L.I. for the annual Turkey Bowl and to resume his competition with Corky. We wish him luck. JKM.

Carlos Juan Zengotita

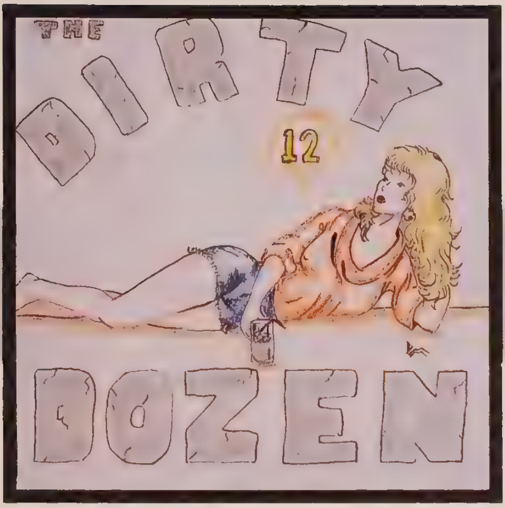
Zengo came to good ol' USNA from the Big Apple via the Navy's enlisted ranks. He was always pretty quiet and to himself in the Hall, but when it came to meeting women this Puerto Rican Casanova had no problems. The impossible did finally happen during his final year by the bay. He fell in love with Rita, and wedding bells rang. Rita probably isn't aware of what a good jumper C'los is, but if she says "Zengotita jump a little higher!", she will find out. She also probably doesn't know that he used to be the lead barber at the 7-1 barber shop Plebe year. Of course he didn't cut hair for nothing, he did march tours for everyone's hair he cut. Carlos had the aspiration to FLY NAVY and be a P-3 Jock, and his dream came one step closer Service Selection Night. Hopefully he will drive those birds better than he does his Volkswagon. All kidding aside, Carlos has been a great friend and a fun person. I wish him all the best. KRB.



The Class of 1987

Row One: Marc Dalton, Guy Jackson, Edward Kovanic, Gregory Contaoi, Douglas Masters, Philip Horrisberger, Edward Holland, David Bragg, David Wertman **Row Two:** John Ortiz, John Hair, Paul Espinosa, Joseph Lara, Thomas Belesimo, Jason Pugh, Stephen Garrett, Kenneth Clark **Row Three:** Mark Broshkevitch, Robert Dietz, Ross Beaton, John Stevenson, Andrew Pray, John Adams, David Folsom, Daniel Basil, Olin Filyaw **Not Shown:** Kirk Benson, William Byrne, John Loesch, Michael Spanos, Chad VanHulzen

LT Paul Hoban

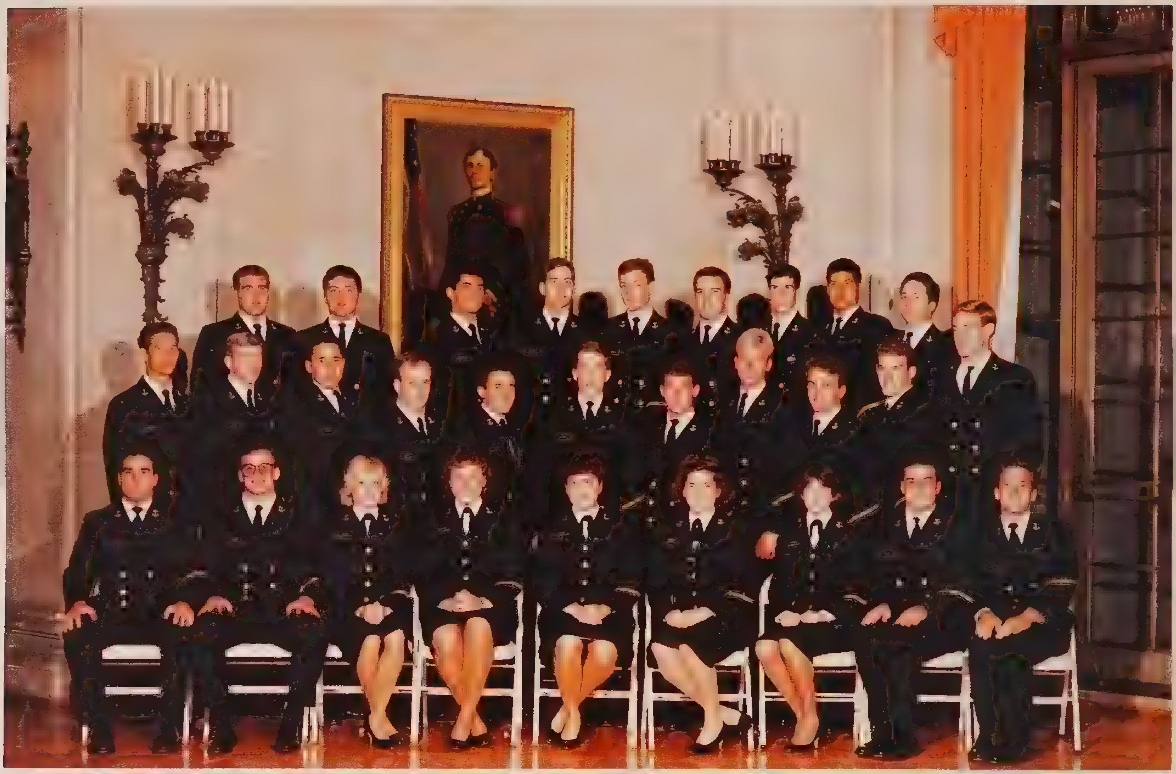


Fall Staff

Company Commander: John Ortiz
Company Sub Commander: Gregory Contaoi
Company Adjutant: John Stevenson

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Edward Holland
Company Sub Commander: Chad Van Hulzen
Company Adjutant: Philip Horrisberger



The Class of 1988

Row One: Jeffrey Forte, Donald Holl, Erin Martin, Brandee Polowy, Kathleen Toomey, Kerry Romig, Patricia Turney, Scott Kisch, Bernard Werner **Row Two:** Michael Samuelson, Eugene Cobey, Bernardo Roig, Patrick Steele, Erik Knutila, Anthony Eaton, John Watson, Richard Kammann, Paul D'Alessandro, Glenn Gay, James Darcy **Row Three:** Thomas Ungard, Fred Severson, Eduardo Sandoval, Dirk Heinz, Craig Miller, Robert Jackson, Sean Hamilton, Juan Osorno, Mark Miller **Not Shown:** James Laingen, Frederic Malek

The Class of 1989

Row One: Jarrod Nixon, John Wilson, Gregory Potteiger, Robert Smith, Michael Elton, Edward Iocco, David Laderer, William Pennington, Javier Garcia **Row Two:** Kevin Campbell, Wade Turvold, Matthew Groom, John Orr, Curtis West, Dave Maxwell, Troy Holland, Paul Dabbar, Daniel Thoele, Paul Ghyzel, Anthony Bogard, Marko Medved, Samuel Nava, Brian Britton **Row Three:** John Hogan, Matthew Shade, Kenneth Grimes, Earl Jones, Kevin Voss, Dennis O'Leary, Todd Flannery, Paul Cook, James Gay, David Anselmi, Brent Courier, George Apollonio

The Class of 1990

Row One: Philip Beckman, Eric Zerphy, Eugene Robertson, Thomas Williams, Gregory Gillette, Paige Fraughnaugh, Todd Douglas, Richard Haberlin, Michael Gochis **Row Two:** Scott Murray, John Fischbach, Francis Castellano, William Jetton, James Proudfit, Martin Whitfield, Geoffrey Grindeland, Michael Crespo, Keith Knutsen, Kersas Dastur, Linda Slootmaker, Leonard Reed, Sinthi Nguyen **Row Three:** Frederica Spilman, Michael Giles, Michael Ruehring, Darrin Frazier, Raymond Roberts, Richard Reynolds, Putnam Browne, Michael Stanzel, Kelly Mackey, Matthew Klemish, Kevin Steck **Not Shown:** Stacey Dannenberg, Daniel Gordillo

Congratulations and best wishes to 12th Co. and the Class of '87. Daniel we are proud of you. Semper Fi. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Greg! As ever we're very proud of you and we love you. Mom, Dad, Robert and Roxanne.

Congratulations Kirk, we never had any doubts you would make it. We are proud of you. Love Mom and Ron.

With love, admiration, and great pride, we congratulate Ensign Chris I. Upham 12th Co. God bless you and keep you safe from harm. Mom and George.

Congratulations Joseph- We're proud of you! God's speed to you, 12th Co. and Class of '87! Love, Mom, Dad '61, Jim '84, Anne Marie (CSU '87), Mike and Scooter!!!

Congratulations and best wishes for a bright and successful future to Ensign Bob Dietz, the 12th Co., and the entire Class of '87. Your family and friends are extremely proud of your accomplishments. Be proud, be confident and continue to set your goals high. May God be with you always. Love Mom and Dad.

Thank you Lord Jesus, for seeing him through, he couldn't have made it with out you! Congratulations Ensign Tom Belesimo. We love you. Dad, Mom, Frank, Nick and Adam.

To the Class of '87, Bravo Zulu!

To ENS Mark Broshkevitch and the Class of '87: Congratulations and God's blessings! Love, Mom and Dad.

Dear Doug, Congratulations on your greatest achievement ever. May your future always be bright. Love alwyas, Mom, Dad, Lori, Dena, and Brian.

Congratulations John Hair and 12th Co., Class of '87. John, we're proud of your accomplishemts. Well done! Best of luck in the future. Love, Mom, Dad, Kathy, Curt, Mike, Janet, Steve, Tom, Gma.J., Gpa.G.

To Midn. Brian Wertman, and all his fellow mids in 12th Company and the Drum and Bugle Corps:

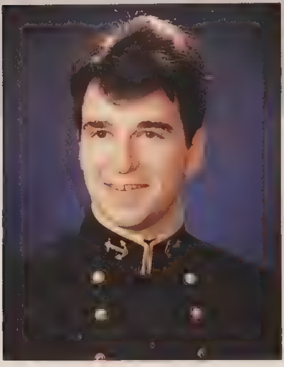
"Best wishes in your lives and careers . . . May America's leaders never ask you to fight for any cause less than Victory!"

COAST

DIET PEPSI

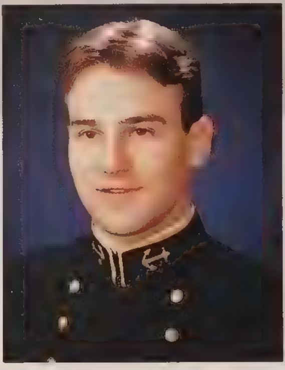
John Jay Adams

When I first met J.J. I sent medical in to see if he was alive. It turned out he had a rare condition; he had to remain horizontal for extended periods to prevent excessive blood flow to his feet. Coming from a tobacco farm in backwoods Kentucky, J.J. earned recognition as a P.O.S. J.J. was well known at local high schools as the lollipop kid, where he found his first love, Mitzi. J.J. was known for road trips: Pottsville, Delaware, R.E.M., Hood, Goucher, and his favorite, out to B.K., where he has tilted a few brews. I still remember his "dining out" chits (grabbing a burger on the way to the airport). Roommates were always a problem, like PeeWee, Cocoa Daddy, and Ditz Daddy. As an underclass, J.J. was known to cause some commotion, especially with Depino. As a CompSci, J.J. spent four years in the rack, getting ready for the Supply Corps. Good luck in the real world and with I.B.M. We'll all miss you and your wit. DLB.



Daniel Lee Basil

From Dundalk, Maryland, Bagel came to USNA — for what, I haven't figured out. It's free? We met youngster year, and we've been roommates ever since. Dan had priorities, rack now and rack later, and he set out to sleep at least two of the four years here, waking up for the weekends. Liberty with Dan was great, checking out the BK lounge, high school girls, touring Pottsville; moving on to Sting (tree action), Philadelphia twice, my first time in Dundalk (hold your nose); and making the circuit (w/Olin) to Hood, Goucher, Notre Dame, plus many nights at the Depot! The Kid spent many hours working out; little did he know that it was for the Marine Corps (flip a coin). Dan was the B-ball fan, especially for a road trip to Dayton. Remember budget beer, Ft. Lauderdale with Cocoa, spring weekend in Kentucky (You saale shuus?), fieldball, Vice club, PeeWee bonfires, supporting Spoonie, adopting Olin, plus the Coast Button. JJA.



Ross Cameron Beaton

Four long years. Long years, but good years. Where else can you get paid to go to school, and then get a job right after graduation? I came to the Academy to be a jet jockey like my uncle. I'm leaving the Academy as a bubblehead like my dad. Why did he do it, you ask? Was it the money? No, tasting and retasting my lunch in P-cola is what convinced me. So, I won't be Top Gun. I'll be Top Torpedo. Strive for excellence. That's the goal of this place. Grades, ECAs, Sports, Social life. I devoted a year to each one of those. I don't know which I like best, but it's definitely not the academics. Too much work. After three years, I know twelfth company pretty well. We survived a lot of changes. I hope we can do as well in the future as we have in the past. Good luck to all of you. God Bless.

Thomas Raymond Belesimo

"Bullethead" came to USNA by [illegible] North Babylon, New York, and a close-knit family that followed his successes with proud admiration. An accomplished gymnast, he devoted long hours to practice, perfecting the routines that he executed with what seemed to be effortless skill. Despite his near fatal crash youngster year, Tommy finished out his second and first class years competing for Navy. Adventurous and unpredictable, we never knew what Tommy was up to next. After his Christmas visit to Israel, we learned to expect just about anything from the mid with the psychotic laugh. But while he loved to do the unexpected, and make you wonder what was next, Tommy will be remembered above all as a dear friend who worked for the things he believed in. He shared his successes and triumphs with family, friends, and his Lord. RCS.

Kenneth Lee Clark

From the sleepy suburbs of Sacramento, Ken, a highly successful ET-2, took a wrong turn and wound up at USNA. Thinking he was smart, this closet History major became an Electrical Engineer. Instead of enjoying himself, the masochist "bettered" himself into an Ac-board. Fortunately for the EE gouge-seekers, Ken will probably be the first EE to graduate with 3 Fs. After Plebe year, Ken dropped from 7-4 into 12, where "wardroom" wars landed him with a 5K for disrespect. First class year saw Ken falling back on History in order to be sat and being a "big brother" to Debbie, a long-time friend from Sacramento who moved to Annapolis for want of anything better to do. Even after his illustrious career, Admiral McKee misread his nuclear application and accepted him into the Sub program. Although he's difficult in the morning, Ken is a great friend, and I'm certain he'll go far as a bubble head. DBW or PeeWee or Photon man or . . .

Gregory Vidanya Contaoi

Greg, a native Californian, came to USNA only to find that Annapolis is not as sunny as the West Coast. He lost his tan, but adjusted quickly and excelled during his next four years. Greg contributes his top 100 status to Friday night hearts, his powerful 2 watt stereo system and weekly excursions to Philly. But seriously, Greg's achievements are impressive: a major in systems engineering, a minor in German, YP skipper, winner of the ghetto lottery, NAVTAG genius, brigade handball champion and company subcommander. A true outdoorsman, he survived rattlesnakes and marauding bears at the Philmont Scout Ranch to represent USNA on his summer leave. Greg loves cold weather camping — absolute zero seems to be his ultimate goal. His car may not be a Porsche but it is equipped with a panic button. With his ambition, Greg will make an excellent SWO daddy. DRM.

Marc Henry Dalton

Accepted to almost every major college, Marc chose the Academy to pursue his unlimited potential. He still thumbs through acceptance letters, wondering what if . . . Just another presidential puppy! Then again, he's not "just another" anything. From the beginning, this Navy brat was out to prove he had something to offer. He blew through Systems and added some stripes for a challenge. Don't let him fool you -'neath the gold and glitter is an ordinary Joe out to kick a little butt, his own way. Skiing a double-diamond or pursuing nubile young lasses, the competitive streak rings loud and strong. You won't find him here on a weekend — too much out there to conquer. He's been set back, but he'll never admit it, which makes Marc Marc. It's scary to think about him with a nuke command, but I'm sure we'll read about it. To the old times, buddy . . . girls with intellect, mogul fields, compromise, no friction. A great friend, tear it up! WH.

Robert Scott Dietz

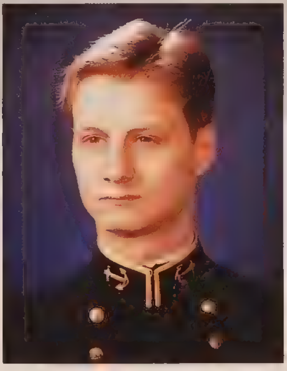
Bob came to Annapolis from Madison, Wisconsin. He wasted no time in making himself known around Hubbard Hall and proved an unexpected gift to Coach Dreyfus. Sophomore year began with a championship at the Head of the Schuylkill, and the beginning of a major in math. "No papers, no labs — that's the major for me." By this time it was obvious that Bob's accent was in no danger of eradication, and his nicknames blossomed. "Blob," "Coach," and "Ditz" are just a few of his many aliases. Junior year Bob ran as usual and took up biking. He also took up seeing a girl in Baltimore, and for never having enough time to spend there, he spent an awful lot of time there. Senior year culminated in a lot of hard work and harder play. Nuke School looked good, and Bob, as always, did what he said he would never do. As a veteran of many adventures with Bob and many Army-Navy games, I will miss him. A great guy and a fine friend, I wish him, as everybody does, only the best. STC.

Kirk Raymond Benson

Kirk arrived at Canoe U. from California and ended up in Sweet 16. After a grueling plebe year, Kirk "transferred" to the Dirty Dozen where he found life to be far different. Kirk made his first impression in 12th by spooning all the plebes the first day back. He soon realized that he hadn't had a real plebe year, although our first class made sure our third class year made up for any of our shortcomings. Kirk earned the honor of being the first of our classmates in the company to get engaged. Shortly thereafter he earned the honor of being the first to call off an engagement. Kirk was always extremely professional, so much so that he took the PCR 5 times. Service selection proved to be a difficult time for Kirk, especially since a coin has only two sides. Kirk is a great guy and a true friend. You will do well in whatever you do. Mabu Hai, Ensign Benson. PE.

David Lee Bragg

Dave arrived at USNA straight from the uncharted reaches of West Virginia, fascinated by such things as indoor plumbing and electricity. After an initiation in 23rd Company, Wiener had his real plebe year in 12th Company, thanks to Dan and JJ. A masochistic semester as an EE convinced him that his future lay elsewhere, namely, in front of a computer screen at three in the morning. The next two years Dave devoted to an intense study of the Blue Magnet and its effects on midshipmen. The findings of this study earned Spaz the "Rack King" crown despite intense competition from Holmes. Dave woke up long enough to collect his nuke power bonus and make his predestined choice of submarines. With his training we know he will succeed in a world without light. We wish him the best of luck. MRB.



Mark Robert Broshkevitch

Mark arrived at USNA on his eighteenth birthday with an impressionable mind and an extremely short girlfriend. Beaker survived a "real" plebe year in Serene Eighteen by keeping a low profile and avoiding Chuck Smith and Haaable. The scramble left him in 12th Company, where, thanks to Folsom, the still unexplained legacy of the "Holmes" began. Second class year Mark took a vacation to Colorado where his mind was poisoned by the Zoomies and he escaped the grip of the Short One. Holmes returned to USNA with a cadet girlfriend and thoughts of a career in the Air Force until the trauma of a semester with Daltoid brought him back to reality. Plebe detail was endured with the help of Fast Eddie and afternoon golf. Spaz and Holmes were the rack twins first semester but were broken up when Holmes became Batt Cdr for the home stretch. He got his pilot slot and headed to P-Cola with Fast Eddie and Philburt. We wish him the best of luck.

William Declan Byrne, Jr.

Thanks, Mom and Dad. I love you both. Thanks Jo-Ann, John, Tom, and Shannon for pushing me. Thanks to ALD, Bueno, CJ, Chud, Beave, and Mike for pulling me through. Thanks to Mo, Ed, Lar, and Char for still liking me after all those interceptions. Well, I fooled them all, and I finally made it! I'm history ... see ya, meat! WDB, Jr.

Paul Edward Espinosa

Paul started his illustrious career in 4th Company. It was there that he earned his first nickname, Bilginosa. Moving into the 12th Company, he received a chance to redeem himself. It was soon found that his nickname was not appropriate; he became known as a "plebe's best friend." In fact, Paul looked out for others so much that as a squad leader, he lost an entire night of sleep because he had to rank one of his squadmates last. Regardless of the personality that Paul projected, his innocent aura was far from truthful. After receiving his first 5000 series offense as a youngster for drinking on watch, those lonely days of restriction taught Paul a valuable lesson, don't get caught! Once he acquired the art, he escaped close calls such as driving in the yard on liberty in civies as an underclass. We're all happy you got your service selection; you deserve it. Best of luck always. Thanks for always lending an ear. ETK.

Olin Oscar Filyaw

Picture a 208-lb. mountain of marine potential coming to USNA. The result: a 175 lb. twisted individual at graduation. Each morning would find Ollie bright-eyed(?) and bushy-tailed(?), an optimist in the truest sense(?). Take a look at dis! Doiing! His taunting of poor Bagel, his gracious gifts to lady friends (lamps?), and his amazing driving ability have marked his senior year. Always a social butterfly, this year he even let JJ, Dan, and me go out with him sometimes. Through many hours of practice, he perfected the sleeping art form (SLUG!). From the rack, his leadership carried the company basketball team to Brigade Championship. His commitment to excellence is even reflected in his choice of roommates, P.O.S. and Bagel (where professionalism is the norm). The question — does Ollie enjoy anything? The answer — yes, anything that keeps his olin happy. I must admit, it has been a blast. It's finally over, imagine that. SCG.

David Robert Folsom

After four years, six roomies, two and a half million meters, hundreds of 0545 practices, four girlfriends, 144 semester hours, two cars, one short haircut, 30 days of restriction, one perpetually over-extended Master Card, and one great love for the rack — this had better be it. I guess, in the end, nothing here was impossible, only maturity-stunting. I've met some life-long friends here, but also a few people who deserve to be tossed off the Bay Bridge — in pieces. I don't think I'll be one of those grads who comes back, giving advice and talking about "the good old days." Rather, I'll be on the beach, if I'm lucky. I've got to catch up on all the socially destructive behavior I had to abandon when I came here. The Corps better understand. Thanks Hadji and the Smith Effect, for the first year; Stumpy and Philbert, for the second; and the Bear, for the last two. Couldn't have done it without you guys.

Stephen Chamy Garrett

Spoonie was unlike any other. There was the trip to NYC (expensive, yes — pleasurable, no!). The avid love affair with his alarm. (So how did you like shoveling snow?) And what's a year without great roommates! Mustn't forget the REM concert ($13.50 for a few hours of sleep). Whether attending an opera at the Kennedy Center, buying a beer at the corner, or, for that matter, purchasing a cheeseburger at McDonald's, Spoonie just never had quite enough money. And who would wonder why? With a wardrobe to out-do any trend-setter — his search was for the perfect moment of bliss. You see, Spoonie's dates were special, and his bank account usually reflected it. They started with initial investments that would have made Rockerfeller's mouth water, but ended in total economic deprivation (absolutely no gain, monetary or otherwise). $$ flashed in Steve's eyes when he choose nuke. As you set off for Florida, the boys wish you luck. OOF.

John Douglas Hair

J.D. came to Canoe U. from the Land of 10,000 Lakes, and had the fortunate opportunity to start his naval career in the "tough" company of Black Jack 21. Upon moving to the Dirty Dozen, one of his new company mates introduced him to Kirsten. Throughout youngster and second class years, she faithfully came to good ol' USNA to spend as much time as she could with him. At the end of second class year, J.D. had an impulse to buy a car to relieve her car of the miles it was building on it. Unfortunately his new car had about the same number of miles as hers when he got it. In the hall, J.D. was always willing to lend a helping hand with homework or anything else. When he wasn't doing that, someone was probably giving him a bad time. When people did give him a bad time, all J.D. had to do was turn them off with his remote control. To no one's surprise, he got his pilot billet and October wedding plans were made. Good Luck. KRB.

Edward David Holland

Fast Eddie earned his nickname by being the central wheeler and dealer during the room lottery at the end of youngster year. At least that's how I remember it, though I've heard other stories. Regardless, for himself and Orwitz he secured a room with a view of T-Court from which the two of them, along with Herb, spent time rating the drags. Watching from afar was all they had the stomach for after the fiasco they had both gone through the year before with the paperbag factory girls. He spent a dry 2/c summer recovering from mono brought on by the great trek, but he recovered in time to have an extremely wet 2/c year — some things will remain unexplained. During 1/c year he finally redeemed himself in the drag department. That, combined with 3-striper libs, resulted in a not-so-mysterious daily disappearing act come evening meal. But soon he'll reappear in Pensacola, and we both better arrive without any excess baggage. PGH.

Philip Gavin Horrisberger

Upon arriving at USNA, Phil immediately began collecting toys in the pursuit of his ever expanding interests. First it was fine art, next cycling, kayaking, canoeing, rock climbing, skiing, fishing, and the Jeep. There were also the mandatory Mary Kay weekends (every weekend). 21 was a big new adventure for Philburt . . . doing flips off the Gazebo with Speedy . . . the new experience of "dipping" . . . and finally hanging from the trees in September. Phil will be risking life and limb in Florida, with even bigger and more expensive toys. Thanks for all the hours a listening and good luck, I might surprise you and be in your backseat. GDJ.

Guy Delacy Jackson

Guy came to USNA from the warm steamy climate of Georgia to endure the arctic winters of Annapolis. He was dubbed Action during his plebe year and it remained his nickname for the duration of his indenture. Second class year was the big 21 and we celebrated in style, with private after taps rumbles becoming almost a weekly ritual, but none of this kept him from devoting most of his time to Al and the team. The migrating pile didn't swallow him up, but he has to be glad that it can't talk. He got his Jeep and he got his N* watch and eventually he even got Dant's weekends. Service selection came down to the line, but he got his NFO with 5 billets to go, so I guess I'll be spending some time with him in his own territory. And that suits me just fine. PGH.

John Arthur Ortiz

With his morning workouts, polar swims, and "Rambo" the camouflage Grenada, everyone was surprised that a man as demented as John went Surface Line instead of Marine Corps. It fit with his personality, though; John was never into (or capable of) conformity. He led us through fall semester as company commander, taking great pride in the unique ways he could report "12th Company formed" at outside formations. John was always busy; his weekends consisted of jumping out of airplanes, running from Jimmylegs, juggling women, drinking beer, and drinking more beer. Best of luck with "your ship" and with "them." Thanks for all the good times. JDS.

Andrew Gregory Pray

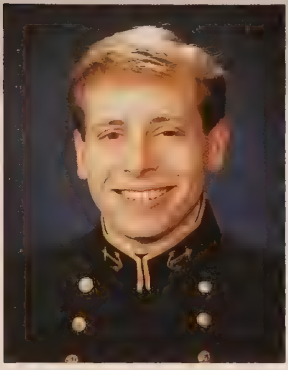
Greg left the sunny climate of Florida to come to USNA. Freshman year he was told that he would "never graduate" without some attitude adjustment. The adjustment never took place, yet today he is headed back to Florida to become a surface nuke. Command in five? During his tenure at Annapolis, Greg developed an infatuation for the game of golf. He also set out on a "One Way" quest for legendary abs. Spending most of his weekdays on the golf course or in the weight room left little time for studies. Fortunately his membership in the Ocean Engineering Brotherhood enabled him to keep a 2.7 cum and long weekends. Priorities changed senior year when he discovered his "Guardian Angel." The Commandant will be remembered for trend-setting haircuts (lack of), Ring Dance "shrapnel" (on my back), Gas Wars, Correlation, study hour golf games, permanent MIR status, and his laid back attitude. Best of Luck! JHL.

Jason Allen Pugh

Michael Louis Spanos

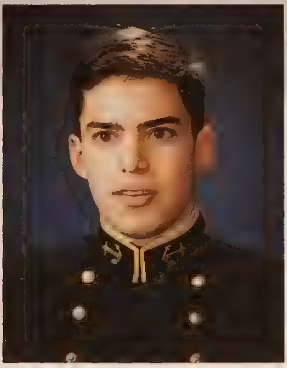
Edward Timothy Kovanic

E.T. came to TBS (The Boat School) from Pittsburgh, with high expectations. Unfortunately, he began in the Bufu Company (22). After surviving his "intense" plebe year, he was moved to the illustrious 12th Company. Throughout Tim's stay, he has always been able to follow the regs — his own! He has always been able to rationalize his actions by stating the obvious — "It's just a concept." Tim has always managed to pull the short straw for roommates. His luck began youngster year, a fun-filled semester with the infamous Chocolate Daddy. His luck has since continued, but he was always able to cope. Tim showed his hypocritical side when he bought his new car. First he said he could not understand how people could spend so much money on "just a car." Then, out of the blue one weekend he returned in his brand new Porsche. Tim has always been generous with his time and belongings. We all wish him luck and the best in Hawaii. JDH.



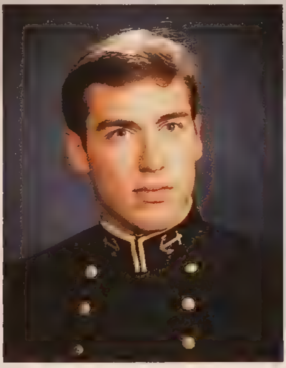
Joseph Michael Lara

Living in the bosom of Northern California, only God knows why the Bear chose the East coast. Pappa Bear ('61) and Jimbo ('84) made it through the place called Annapolis, so Bear thought he could do it. A three year stint with the swim team helped pass the time away. New friends, nicknames, and unique travels resulted. Second class year, the Doctor called, and together, they found joy in the many "Good Navy Deals" that came their way. After being associated with the many geeks in his major, having one scooter as a CO, and a coach whose initials are LZB, Bear struck it rich at Service Selection night. He chose the mighty combat unit known as CEC (NPQ). He's off to California and possibly CIVLANT in '92. As for the Navy, the Bear's going to be the "one that got away." Once again, the Naval Academy gets shutout by a LARA. DRF. To paraphrase Clarence, I was just "putting in time." Thanks, Mom and Dad. JML.



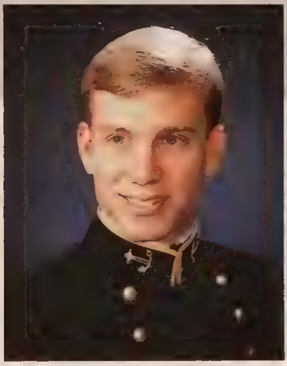
John Hugo Loesch

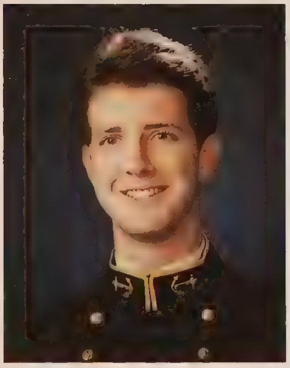
John arrived at USNA from a small, Mayberry RFD town in Pennsylvania after a year vacation at NAPS. His membership in the Ocean Engineering Brotherhood allowed plenty of time for golf and hoops. As company B-ball coach, "Rambis" took honors as "Coach of the Year" (undefeated in the U.S. and Canada). Loescher achieved a high class standing with minimal effort and maximum recreation. The tailgating/football seasons were well spent with the 'rents, Dr. A, Bubba, and the Tortugas. John fought off the nukes and their bribes for the less painful route — SWO man. John will be remembered for his "Screamin' TURBO Volare," relatives in high places, basketball roadtrips, Ocean City weekends, Ft. Lauderdale with Chocolate and Bagel, study hour golf games, Gas Wars, and 2/c Vice Club. John will now pack his 'vette and head for San Diego, where he will room with Roy Boy. I hope that you, too, will get command in five. Best of luck! AGP, RRL.



Douglas Ray Masters

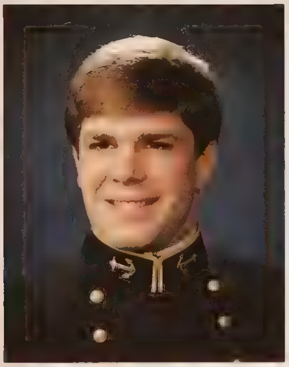
Doug, better known as "Dougie Fresh," came north to USNA from Jacksonville. If I didn't know better, I'd swear he'd lived in a hole in the ground because he kept the room rigged for maximum sleeping comfort. Despite his affinity for the rack, he made several significant achievements including moving up to general engineering and being a brigade handball and basketball champion. Doug excelled at darts, Nerf hoops and sleeping through reveille. He also had a love affair with the weight room and the golf course. Despite his complaints about the room's sound system, he never coughed up any dough for a better one. Doug is making progress, though, by studying personal finance. His biggest dream is to save enough money to buy his girlfriend an engagement ring. Doug was almost a Marine but chose SWO after service selection was postponed. Luckily, he hadn't visited the barbershop early. Godspeed, GVC.





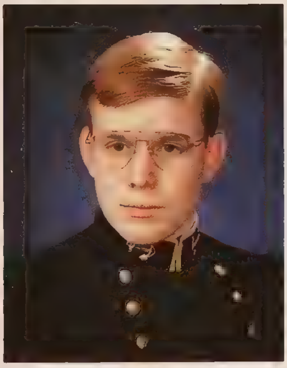
John Daniel Stevenson

An unlucky draw landed John with Bob and I as roommates for our final year at USNA. The Cleveland-born mediator could turn any discussion into a fist-fight and make decisions at the drop of a hat (or the toss of a coin). I'm sure he won't regret the toss that decided Marine Corps for him. His buddies Rock and Sluggo will help him make Quantico seem like running from Jimmylegs — a past-time that rated up there with girls, beer, and greased lightning. I hear they're serious about room formals at HQMC, so get in before 4 AM to wax. Best of luck always, and thanks. JAO.



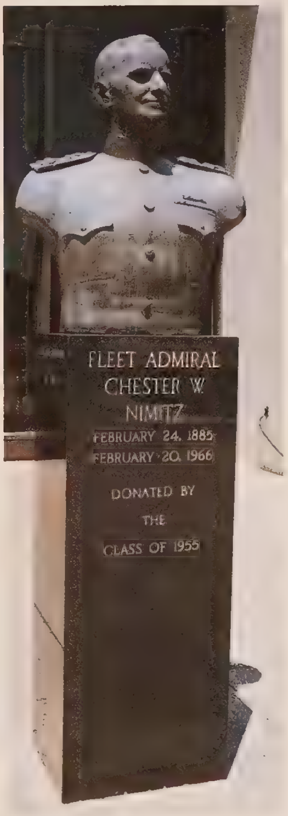
Chad Owen VanHulzen

The Mountain Man from the Great White North quietly conquered this place and now returns to the den, where Kay patiently awaits. After four years of passive resistance Chad finally threw in the towel. We all love Kay, but can she cook . . . in mass quantities? A gentle giant off the field, a defensive stalwart on, #85 owned the defensive line. This Nordic Viking, chiselled from stone, enters the Marine Corps, avoiding a float like the plague. It's about time you loosen your grip on those chow packages, especially those HoHos you were supposed to share with us. With your gung ho attitude and burning desire to excel you'll be a great leader, Chad . . . just don't lose your vertical hold. MLS, WDB.



David Brian Wertman

The road from Fox River Grove, Illinois is a long one, but Brian's peppy little Omni makes it in a flash — just ask him. Plebe year saw him become immersed in D&B where he has remained the heart, soul, and foundation of the Corps. Youngster year with JJ and DB resulted in his "dropping" from ESE to EME, but that has been his only short-coming since that July afternoon long ago (and it never stopped DB from using his gouge). Peewee has been a stronghold of each year's musical and the Brass Choir. Dubbed "Photon-man," this never-tiring bundle of energy always found time to do things no one else would. Submarines are his destiny; he had to find something to keep him busy which paid well enough to afford that baby grand he wants so badly. If his track record is any indication, ADM McKee should start cleaning out his drawers. He's truly been an example to us all. I wish him the best of everything — he deserves nothing less. KLC.



BATTALION OFFICER
Lt. Colonel Richard H. Kunkel

Fall Staff

Battalion Commander
Andrew C. Lennon
Battalion Sub Commander
Daniel J. Aldridge
Battalion Operations
Thomas P. Brasek
Battalion Adjutant
Brant D. Pickrell
Battalion Supply
Reuben D. Hart
Battalion Administration
Daniel R. Stonaker

THE THIRD BATTALION

Spring Staff

Battalion Commander	**Daniel B. Hendrickson**
Battalion Sub Commander	**David R. Marsh**
Battalion Operations	**Mark C. Gibson**
Battalion Adjutant	**Anthony J. Klimas**
Battalion Supply	**Robert B. Donahue**
Battalion Administration	**Curt C. Hartman**

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Fall Staff

Company Commander: Robert Douglass
Company Sub Commander: Nicholas Campbell
Company Adjutant: Sean Holmes

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Thomas Ives
Company Sub Commander: Daniel Stonaker
Company Adjutant: Richard Macchio

LT Curt McNew

The Class of 1987

Row One: Gregory Johnston, Herbert Hurler, Joseph Stillwaggon, David Biddinger, Jorge Esparza, Sean Holmes, Robert Hein, Thomas Ives, David Fennell **Row Two:** Craig Dellorso, Sean Carroll, John Dove, Daniel Stonaker, Curtis Morgan, Nicholas Campbell, Anthony Tolle, Rene Martinez, William Hallahan, Ross Mitchell, James Collins, James Gfrerer **Row Three:** Paul Bunge, Dale Szpisjak, John Rowan, Robert Douglass, Richard Macchio, Jeffrey Crymes, Jason Skubi, Curt Hartman, George Cox, Karl Brandt **Not Shown:** Marc Ruggiano

The Class of 1988

Row One: Jack Likens, Luis Maldonado, Robin Shoop, William Conley, Paul Chrisman, Kurt Hauer, Julienne Almonte, Sandra Hill, Kevin Furr **Row Two:** Donna Murphy, William Hittinger, Jeff West, Charles Litchfield, Todd Dierlam, William Collier, Ronald Copley, Scott Peterson, Ephraim Garrett, Harry Wingo, Gary Peters **Row Three:** Mohamed ElAfandi, Todd Hickerson, David Shanes, Mary Jackson, Edwin Veazey, Roger Bivans, Carl Kolek, Randall Martin, Michael Steinbach **Not Shown:** Dwight Fontilla, Andrew Johnson

The Class of 1989

Row One: Sean Fuller, James Demott, Michael Rodriguez, David Cox, Daniel Vetter, John Steidle, Mark Warner, Rob Bassett, John Czajkowski **Row Two:** Luther Archer, Michael Metzger, Tom Buthod, Michael Ballou, Frank Menarchick, Christopher Owens, Frank Salcedo, Mark Richardson, James Dotter, Ralph McDonald, Riccardio Gay, Gilbert Gomez, Glenn Miller **Row Three:** David Rodriguez, Thomas Hanzsche, Joseph Eisert, Brian Burke, Michael Ulses, Kent Brown, Brian Canova, Ronald Redick, Jerry Boster, Mark Hulbert **Not Shown:** Keith Kirol

The Class of 1990

Row One: Gene Granados, Hector Rodriguez, Scott Dimeler, Peter Charles, Charles Red, James Palombo, Mark Sumile, Andrew Burden, Catherine Moody **Row Two:** Tawnya Petrick, Richard Dromerhauser, Paul Thompson, Andrew Schoen, Doranea Clark, Herbert Race, David MacDonald, Lisa Tobias, Scott Parvin, Russell McCormack, Janelle Buck, Michael Araojo, Christina Frueh **Row Three:** Matthew Simms, Thomas Dent, Timothy Smith, Richard Edwards, Gregory Schmeiser, Raymond Bichard, David Kayea, Jeffrey Renwick, Joseph Blackstone, Roger Ullman, Michael Forster **Not Shown:** Monty Ashliman, Kurt Beyer

13

Congratulations to George "Fred" and 13 Co. for a job well done. Love, Mom, Dad, Bill, Chuck, Ann, and Sultan.

Congratulations to our son Craig Dellorso for a wonderful and rewarding 4 yrs. of school and wrestling. You have made us so proud. We wish you the best of everything in life. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Karl Brandt. The credit is yours but we share the pride of a job well done. Blue skies and contrails. Mama, Dad, Phillip, Nicole.

Dale-Best of luck to our all American Doc., mids of 13th Co. and Class of '87. May you experience the love, joy and happiness you have given us. God Bless all. Love Mom, Dad, Steve, Dawn, John, Mike and Kitt the Wonder Dog!

Congratulations Bill and to the Class of '87. Four years have flown by. We are proud of you and wish you the best for the future. Semper Fi! Love,
Dad, Linda, Chris, Bob, Jen, Chas.

To George Cox-Thank you for letting us share USNA with you. "Go Navy!" From the Admiral and Family

Congratulations Jim Collins. We are so proud of you. Love Dad, Mom, Paul, Steph, Steve et al.

Congratulations Class of '87 and 13th Co. Parents of Curtis Morgan. "Atta Boy" Curt! Our love and prayers.

To Robert, nothing is impossible; the best is yet to come. We love you and are proud of you. Good luck Ensign Robert N. Hein, Bill, and Co. 13. Mom, Dad, Denis, and Steven.

Li'l King Boggin designed a fine boat; earned many stripes; kept plebers afloat. Officer, gentleman, scholar and boner; 3 cheers for the son who's A-#1-er.

David Myrvin Biddinger

Burgers, Three Stooges, Fridays, Submarines, IROC, and Sandy. These are the loves of Dave. He took a short drive to USNA Plebe year, already with a hatred for WUB"A" and Fishwich. He could not sit still Plebe year, so PEP band was perfect for him. He is the Systems Engineer that should be in English; the *Log* magazine soon found out. His problem was that he couldn't read as fast as he could talk. He survived nightmares of the mile, the struggle, and Wednesdays without milkshakes, with his weekends and some Coke. Dave never won the football pool, but I did, so he had some satisfaction, but I had his money. I know after graduation, Dave will poke my eyes, hit my head, and say,"NYUK, NYUK, WOO-WOO, I'm gone!" Enjoy life. JVS.

Craig Steven Dellorso

Craig had two loves during his time at the Academy, wearing tights and hugging men and wearing tights and hugging Karen. Let's just say he had the best of both worlds. As a wrestler, he was a true champion. His record includes Captain of the Varsity Wrestling Team and victories at such places as Army, NC State, Wilkes, Penn State, etc. However, his most important victory was at Notre Dame. Since Craig met Karen, he has worn ruts in the road from Gate 8 to her apartment and has jointly accumulated many of the necessities for a happy marriage: VCR, microwave, and a pet dog. For a more complete history, see the Craig Dellorso Memorial in Cannonsburg PA. Best of luck in the real corps-the Supply Corps. JCC.

Karl Dietrich Brandt

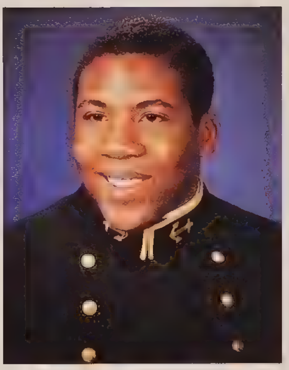
Karl came to Navy from Walhalla, South Carolina — a place that makes Crabtown seem metropolitan. Karl worked so hard (both academically and physically) that he had the terrible dilemma of being able to choose ANYTHING at Service Selection. After much thought, he decided to fly with the big Green Machine. Always the Devil's advocate, Karl was the mid allergic to the rack and the redneck with the "red" BMW. He took a lot of teasing and suppressed his desire to choke his tormentors with equal doses of Hank Williams Jr. and Jim Beam. We hope Karl will return early from a hunting trip to visit us at some future Homecoming. Happy hunting and the best of luck!! DMB. P.S. Thanks to Mama, Daddy, Nicki, and Phillip for their support. KDB.

Robert Iain Douglass

Brains and discipline. Rob's hard work has earned him honors and a full ride to the University of Michigan for a Masters in Nuclear engineering. But, what will he ride? Anyway, Van Halen, running, situps, how about all those girls, the LTD or is it a Cougar, and "don't forget to use your noodle." Rob can pride himself in more dance moves than MJ. Frankness, honesty, abundant generosity, and ambition will always be with Rob. On to grad school, nuke school, and command of the best sub in the Navy. Good luck. DRS.

Paul Dieter Bunge

From a coincidental meeting in Mitscher as plebes to several cross-country trips to Decorah, knowing Paul has been both enjoyable and educational. To some, Paul is a linguist — his command of the German language has served him well in both academic competition and his travels abroad. Others know Paul as a squash player, for Paul has lead 3rd Battalion to no less than three Brigade titles. Still others respect Paul for his technical competence. As the man in charge of lighting for Masqueraders, Paul has demonstrated his proficiency in EE with an added artistic flair. I've had the pleasure of seeing all of these dimensions of Paul's person, and I must say that good friends like Paul will always be hard to find. TJR.



John Calvin Dove

J.C. arrived at USNA via Huntsville, Alabama, and he came here with visions of playing Navy football. Well, size was lacking but J.C. fit in well with the 150's but soon academics struck him down. The boys from skate 28 helped J.C. survive plebe year and Geek Thirteen saw a rise in J.C.'s academic prowess. J.C. was an easy going guy who disliked very few things: Economics, losing weight, and Gibber. J.C. had difficulty laying off the cold Buds while losing weight but in the long run J.C. made All-League his last two years and is soon to be a coach. His decision to join the Marine Corps was a hard thought one, but I know J.C. will be a great officer because he already is a great person and a great friend. Beers on me Dover! SCC.

Nicholas Belvert Campbell

Having roomed with Nick for two years, he retaught me the meaning of the terms work hard and play hard. Academically, he never excelled but tenaciously stuck with his group one major, Naval Architecture, despite barrages of thermo, fluids, etc. Professionally, his goals were extremely high, making an excellent fall set company subcommander and spring set regimental subcommander. Twenty years from now he'll have a major command and he knows it. Socially, the guy's a charmer, working his way through ladies' hearts with a certain hypnotizing, wide-eyed stare and suave dance step he must have picked up somewhere in Jersey. Remember Nick, stay away from girls in red Fieros and Cincy, Ohio. USNA, you'll be proud of this graduate. RID.

Jorge Antonio Esparza

Jorge is the new standard from which all men will be judged. It must be noted that he has not always been the pillar of professionalism. I first realized the potential impact he would have at USNA by observing the intimate relationship he shared with the Admin Conduct System plebe year. Youngster year, unlike plebe year, promised Jorge a future at Navy. From the barracks of 22nd to Spanish Harlem of 13th, Jorge became a perpetual object of attention after his debut performance at Marla's party (I wonder what would have happened if Tracy had been there?). Being the type to outdo himself, his next adventure was to Pottsville to perform his SDB Caper. As XO to CINCRUP13, Jorge, earned his title as the Major of Marines and the Satisfier of Women. This title characterizes the heart of this man from Santa Ana, California. Good Luck! OCK.

Sean Christian Carroll

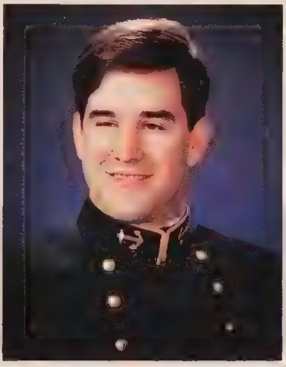
Sean, following in big brother's footsteps, came to USNA to fly. In the meantime this Greenwich, Connecticut yuppie spent his time sailing and partying. As the sailing team captain he won many races, spent many hours on the water, and yet always found time to take his company officer sailing. While most guys try and fail with the ladies Sean never tried but always succeeded. However, devotion to Libbie always kept him true to her. Sean takes pride in all he does yet we still can't figure out what's more important keeping his boat afloat or his prized BMW on the road. As Sean heads off to Pensacola his drive, determination and loyalty will give the Navy a truly great pilot and the world a great person. Dover.

James Joseph Collins

Jim came to Thirteen with only his Boston accent, and he left U.S.N.A. short one friend. Jim's primary academic goal was to make his six semesters as a physical scientist as difficult as possible. His ability to rack through class was unsurpassed, as was his ability to stay up all night. We'll always remember those black mornings when it took the Flopper to get him out of the rack. Jim has two qualities we will forever value, his gullibility, (How about those Dahlgren girls from Baltimore!) and his willingness to do anything for a friend. Jim will soon be bringing his stud body and good cheer to the U.S.S. Bowen. Please remember Jim, the CO's favorite drink is not ship-on-the-rocks. Good Luck. DRS, TMI, and Flopper.

George Frederick Cox

George arrived at USNA from humble beginnings in blue-collar, Piedmont, California. Never concerned about money, grades, or officers, this engineer with a bull-major's mind could offer advice on pro knowledge, NAVTAG, cars, or any other topic; it was the listener's job to sort out the answer. For a car he couldn't decide between the sporty Sentra or the sluggish Lamborghini, so he picked the Sentra (it attracted the the female mids' eyes). His motto for exams: "well rested, well rested". Study hour consisted of computer & board war games, long phone conversations, and a lot of television. George's friendliness and intellect will carry him far beyond USNA's gates, because George will always be there for us and vice versa. Surface line watch out! JPG.



Jeffrey Conrad Crymes

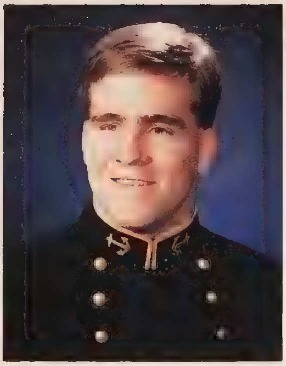
Jeff came to the Academy determined to be a naval aviator. There was never a doubt that he would be anything else. He wasn't your normal Aero Engineer, opting for weekends at Fran's rather than Nimitz Library. But that doesn't mean he didn't pull a number of all-nighters. It will never be said that Jeff was a lightweight when it came to drinking. Despite this he did have his great moments, like when he woke up in somebody's bed on 7-1 or when he walked Bancroft aimlessly in half a uniform. J.C. also had trouble oversleeping, I don't know how many times we missed quarters youngster year, also when he woke up 10 minutes late for the Army marchover. All 'n all Jeff is one of the greatest people I know and a great friend. CSD.

David Alan Fennell

The script about Ock is that he came to Navy from Columbia, Maryland via NAPS and landed in 23 for plebe year. With the "Q" in command and Bo Bo and the Tall One at the con, he left 23rd with an ingrained knowledge of the Rules of Engagement. After all the cards were dealt, he found himself in 13th Company's Spanish Harlem. It was in 13th where he first initiated his policy of "maintenance." As a result his grades took a big hit and he turned to Mick Jagger for guidance. He soon implemented his Hammer of God theory and assumed his first command as CINCRUP 13 and after a reassignment of orders, claimed himself Supreme Allied Commander of CINCPAT 13. Most noted for his participation in 3rd Battalion Squash and his youngster grease, his home team wishes him luck and hopes that he won't get lost on the fairways of Quantico.

James Paul Gfrerer

Lake Wobegon's loss was the Marine Corps' gain when Jimbo came to USNA. Life with Jim was a veritable zestfest filled with tank tactics and phone calls with the ranking officers of the Annapolis Complex . . . all the officers. His conscientious efforts at second class training earned Jim a trip to the Royal Naval Academy, where he learned about the life of the off-duty professional as well. (How does England look from under the table, Jim?) Jim's four stripes surprised only himself, his grip on the Concept of Duty always faithful. Jim's professionalism was matched by his humor and generosity, his always available word processor a savior to Thirteen. Keep the faith, Jim. Stay away from those hospital ships. SEMPER FI! Doc, Flopper.



William Douglas Hallahan

Spuds was a party animal from the word go. We realized this plebe year in Florida, when we saw him at 4 a.m. slurring about how he saved the honor of the U.S. Navy against the Aussies in a local bar (the one with funnels). Bill always had a thing for the letter K, (Kira, Kari, Kandi, etc.) but he settled for a feisty Terp named Kim. I'll never forget happy mornings, Towson rugby (the big 19), dead Mustangs, the Femmes, snow peas, late night toasts, 6 stops from the beach to my house, or one last cold one in the snow. The Marines have no idea what they are getting: All-Star Rugger, German linguist, political theorist, lady killer, and my best friend. You're more than a man Bill, you're a Manwich. Knock'em Dead! RNH.

Curt Carl Hartman

Curt came to Thirteen from Cincinnati. Youngster year we noted his strange carnivorous ritual with his socks. He maintained his grades while he lost the battle to save his plant to terrorist activities. Second class year we found out that Curt had a "turkey neck" but he still saved his "innards." As a member of CINCRUP, Curt was known for his loan agency and getting Steerage pizza. (Forget about that one, Bumper!) We were all surprised when he did not go to the Ring Dance because Curt knows so many women in the Annapolis area — they all just happen to work in King Hall. Curt is probably the only mid in the top 100 of the class to never make the Supt's List. Being a Batt striper, Curt's only inspections were done by his classmates to make sure his civies did not embarrass him when he left for his VGEP classes. Good luck, Worm, may you always have as many surfaces as dives. RPM.

Robert Nicholas Hein

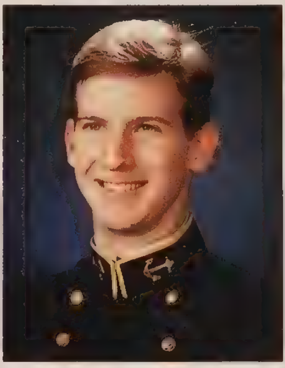
From hosting 8106 players to a 2qt girlfall, Bob always amused. Neither snow nor Muffin's culture could shake the redneck Jeep man, though adding argyle and the Heads. We'll not forget Rooftop Lounge, spiked dip, plebe chow packages of bourbon and codine, QPR scares, weights, boxing smells, Byrne lip synch, and dawn runs to Thrift Inn. Champagne and wall banging at 0530 — What flight? Whatever it took (Hunger? Eat cold cocoa fried flounder), "Terror Man" enjoyed and got away with it. China food is gouge; full uniforms and consciousness at Army never is. Bob never smiled, not even for Mom's photos nor when Skubs, Ruge, and I were M's cupids. Spring break, Bob opened his Ft. Lauderdale home to dozens of us, led Sunday school and plebe summer, showing beneath a rough exterior a true warrior, comedian, and friend. Thanks for the trips to Kim's. As every mate learned, "Jelska deg." Good luck with Muffin and surface warrioring. WDH.

Sean Allan Holmes

More nicknames than his height, but nothing larger than his boasting; these are the first impressions of our Sean. Never one to belittle anything, "The Noid" would do anything to make his prophecies come true. A snappy dresser, and a snappy repertoire, Sean never settled for second best, except for the Red Sox. Only the seagulls loved his car more than Sean. A self-proclaimed dominant force, Sean was as free with his fists as he was with his money. He'll never forget putting underwear on his head; we won't let him, just as we'll never forget a good friend. If you fight as hard at life as you did with us, you are sure to make it big. We all wish you luck, better luck than you had in Lauderdale. DRRGJ.

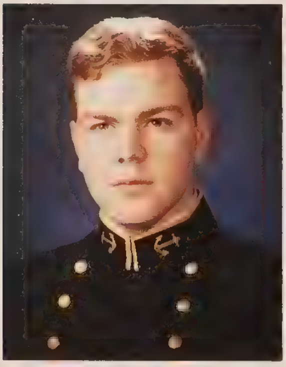
Herbert Hurler

Bert came to Thirteen with the intelligence of Einstein and the inspiration of a liberty pass. UVA, 99.1, Uncle Paul, Mixmeabatchamelonballs, Money, Gouge, Ballie, A.C., Future's so bright, The Noid, Headmadeaglue, and most of all, Ann. What does all this mean? A lot of good times, all-nighters, and Rack. 2nd Semester philosophy: "It's not your grades, it's how many rounds of free you can get in before graduation." Arriving in a Citation and leaving in an LXI: financial wizardry. See ya on the USS South Carolina and a lot of good luck in the PGA. DRS.



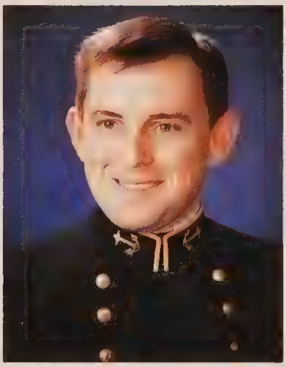
Thomas Michael Ives

"The window's dirty, the mattress stinks, this ain't no place to be a man;" but it was a place for Tom. At USNA, this poli sci guy from Michigan was able to contemplate Rand, Buckley, the 600-ship navy, and Tap, without the distractions that all too often are a part of civilian life. Youngster year, he became known as the Bonecrusher. His exploits on the Mudworm field will be fondly remembered by many, but painfully recalled by a few. From dark tans, to doubling down on tens, Tom enjoyed much in life, not the least of which was the company of those who shared his sense of humor. From a fellow Tap fan, let me end with this, "How sad it must end, But I'm glad I've a friend, sharing cups and cakes with me." Fair winds and following seas, JVS.



Curtis Alan Morgan

A former fightin' jackrabbit from Forney, Texas, Bumper, as he is affectionately called, came to Navy in a quest for adventure and excitement. He has chilled out a lot since his plebe year in Twelve, especially after his escapades in Spain during first class cruise. One would think that Bumper was destined for stars because of the way he could put everything into engineering or scientific terms. But spending study hour in the wardroom took its toll. We will surely miss him, especially his worm and Cox imitations. Good Luck in Pensacola. Fly high. And "forget about the pizza." JAE.



John Garand Rowan

John came to Thirteen from "God's Country," Staten Island, New York via 35th Company. As a bull major, he spent youngster year playing war games, reading novels, and visiting Grady's Tavern rather frequently. He became the Chief during second class summer because of his salty look with tatooed arms, tight fitting khakis, and his habit of carrying a morning cup of coffee. He began his social career by throwing wild weekend parties at his house and by having the truck to carrying the beer to company tailgaters. Chief started and ended everyday with his favorite word to describe USNA. We will always remember brown corduroy pants, a Hawaiian shirt and hiking boots. Chief strongly supports the American economy by keeping Budweiser, Copenhagen, and Maxwell House in business. Good luck, Chief. We hope you get your #*@ through many more years. RPM.

Marc Louis Ruggiano

Marc (Ruge, Rug, Brillo Head, assorted unmentionables) was a man among men here at the Naval Academy — Varsity letterman in Heavyweight Crew, Sup's List, number one in order of merit, organized, efficient, and punctual. A few of these aren't strictly true, but he was on Varsity Crew. Marc's life was continuously on the verge of turning over a new leaf. That started right after Joe got us locked in our room. He spent his money and time sorting out the Corollaries of Syrian Cyntax and having his Alfa Romeo bent back into shape. Life with Marc was anything but dull — if it was dull Marc fell asleep. My years shared with him will be some of the best of my life. Take care Ruge and hang on — you NFOs are along for the ride. JKS.

Jason Kenneth Skubi

Leaving the famous potatoes behind him, Jason came east with a penchant for beautiful women, fast cars, and hot planes. After a stop in 29, he met Kelly, the beautiful women part, and arrived in Thirteen only to be faced with Old Spice, Squishy Bear, Glade, broken locks, broken ducks, little pieces of . . . , and bent thumbs. One RX-7, lots of money, and even more work later, he fulfilled the fast car part, and it all seemed rosy, although despite his claims, it didn't smell it. Life wasn't a sure bet, but he heartlessly took advantage of things that were. He wouldn't stand for any arguments, though he'd sit for them all night, and eventually the hot plane part became reality. You've made it fun Jas, best of luck in everything. MLR.

Gregory William Johnston

Crash Johnston stumbled into Thirteen with a surfer look and a year in Skate Eight. He came equipped with his Dolphin paraphernalia and some fond memories. While walking was a problem, sports never were. He became one of the keystones of a Mudworm team of destiny. Nothing has been off limits to Greg, including the LT's IN box. Memories include: sock wars, bagel hockey, a last minute Ring Dance date, and much spilled milk. He may have stumbled along the way, but he'll graduate an Aero major. When he leaves here, some things will never change: die hard fan, loyal friend, no car, and no girl. Best of luck in a life without 3-0 Jack. God bless and please do not ever pass the captain his coffee, we know where it will end up. Beat Army. SRRBJ.

Richard Michael Macchio

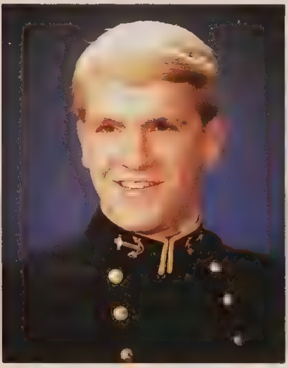
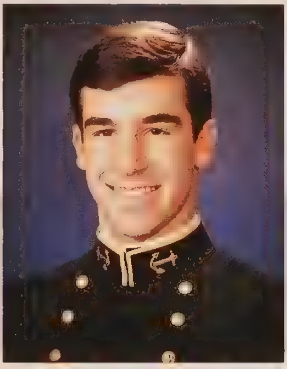
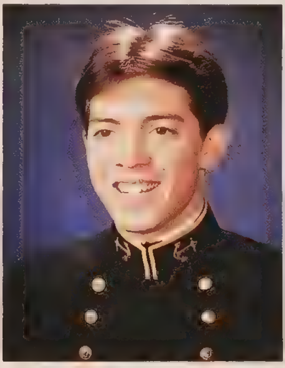
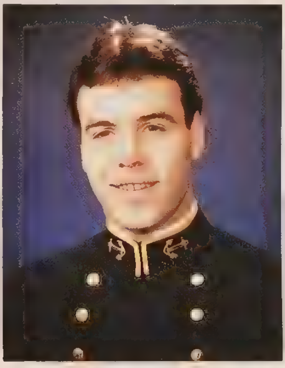
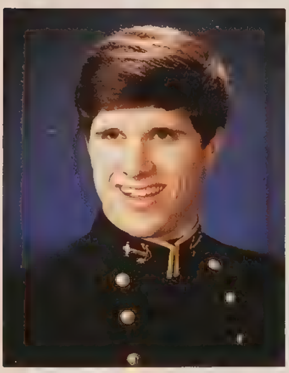
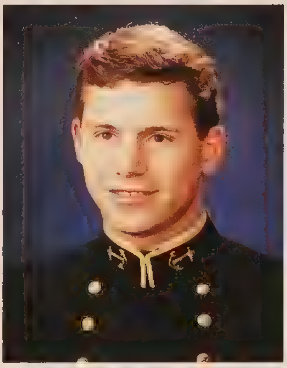
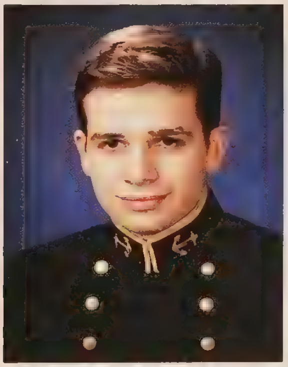
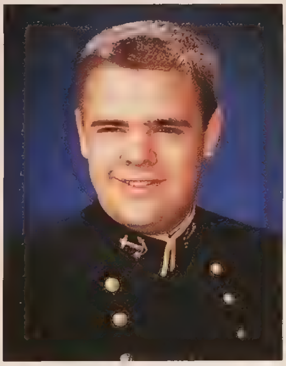
Rick could only run away from home for five days at a time, so he could never be found at USNA on weekends. He worked hard enough during the week however, making the top 100. He did this by introducing a computer into our lives and thereby lowering QPRs by 2 points. A loyal flag waver, a diehard Redskins fan, but never a geek, that's what he'll say. Macchio Man gets out of drill as fast as he can, but he was not fast enough for a certain propeller. He never complains; however, he'll be quick to point out any flaws. His heart wanted a jet, but his eyes ended up on an oiler. First will come a more important commitment with Lori. We hope you both realize your dreams, but now you must stay away for more than five days. SBRGJD.

Rene Martinez

"The Streak" came to USNA with a large handicap behind him: Texas. We overlooked this, bribed by sumptuous chow packages. That was not all he got free in the mail. He was the recipient of a subscription to *Working Woman* magazine. This forced him to prove his manhood by streaking from room to room. He was a renowned hitter, ask opposing receivers and Sean. We knew he was an Aero, because of his mastery of "Gas" Dynamics. The Rocket made it easy for Rene to keep up on his Bible study. A devout Cowboys Fan, he still kept a small place in his heart for the Wet Willies. He has his sights set on NASA, and he'll be there, as soon as he can figure how to get out of Santee Basin. He has a heart as big as his belt buckle. God Bless. SGRDJ.

Ross Paul Mitchell

Roscoe came to Thirteen from the wilds of Montana (Helena isn't exactly New York City), via NAPS and Slack 6, and quickly established himself as a ladies' (?) man, though some of his pickins' were a loose interpretation of the word. Always one for surprising us, he brought his "hogging and anthill days" to a close with second class Army and Jen. Though not exactly striper material, he got those "stripes of convenience" first class year and Philly soon became home. Surprise #2 was soon to follow — marriage after graduation for this Montana cowboy! A true rackhound at heart, Ross conducted many an eyelid leak inspection. During his few hours awake, he listened to The Boss or worked on his SWO belly. Good Luck in the future buddy, you will be missed. JGR.

Joseph Vincent Stillwaggon

Many were confused by this Yakimaniac's (major world city in Wash STATE) devotion to Orioles and Vikings, but few doubted his dedication to Navy sports, SWOs, Mudworms,and especially Jacqueline. Squishy Bear was the HH with technical knowledge and lousy grammar who was always able to see the funny side of life at USNA. An expert at officer avoidance and always barely sat haircuts, Joe was always there for help or a good laugh. Whenever I see covers full of obsolete paper, 3-0 Jack, Rice Crispy Treats, or terrible towels, or hear about taking Blueboy to Mansfield or playing DR ball or joining the Fitness Society, I'll look back on fun times and wish Joe the best of luck with the Callaghan. Hope to see ya in the fleet and BEAT ARMY! DMB.

Daniel Robert Stonaker

A tremendous person and friend whose life revolves around three themes; a major, a flame, and a car. Uncle Uldrick and the MECHEDEPT taught him the meaning of all-nighter. A gifted student, though not always shown in his QPR, Dano is happily Nuke SWO bound. When Dan looks like a four-year old who stole the cookie jar, he got a letter or package from his hometown honey. No wife yet, but six months of TAD at home after graduation? His pride and joy is his black and gold '86 Z-28. Its rubber signatures scar the streets of Georgetown while his dancing moves caress the bar's dance floors. He stands for all that's right. His men will see this and he'll be a superb Naval officer. RID.

Dale Frank Szpisjak

Straight in from the Windy City, Doc came to USNA from a real military (high) school. Initially unsure about Navy, this All-American rifleman and hard-charging three-striper blazed a path of success during his four-year tenure. His desire to escort female mids was surpassed only by his strong aspirations for medical school, which made him the first member of '87 to get accepted to med school (ala SIU). This chemist earned impressive grades, physically & academically, while a member of a demanding Navy rifle team. His exploits on regimental staff revealed a true leader with genuine concern and integrity. The Medical Corps needs good leaders also, and they are getting one of the best in Dale. So long Dale, but never good-bye. JPG.

Anthony Miles Tolle

Tony came from a small town "by the inland salty sea" only wanting to fly. Plebe year he made the 150s only to have his career ended by an injury. He stayed with the team all his time here, earning N-stars as head manager. Academics have plagued him from I-day and finals always saved him. He started in Aero and ended up PhySci, via Oceanography. During youngster year Medical had their way with him, tried to boot him, and finally declared him NPQ due to asthma. His car loan is in the bank since he owns a boat — a '66 Caddy. By a twist of fate SECNAV approved him for Interservice Transfer over the decision of the PRODEV board, enabling him to enter the Service he originally wanted 4 years ago. Tony will marry his fiancee of over two years the Saturday after graduation. Best of luck, AMF.

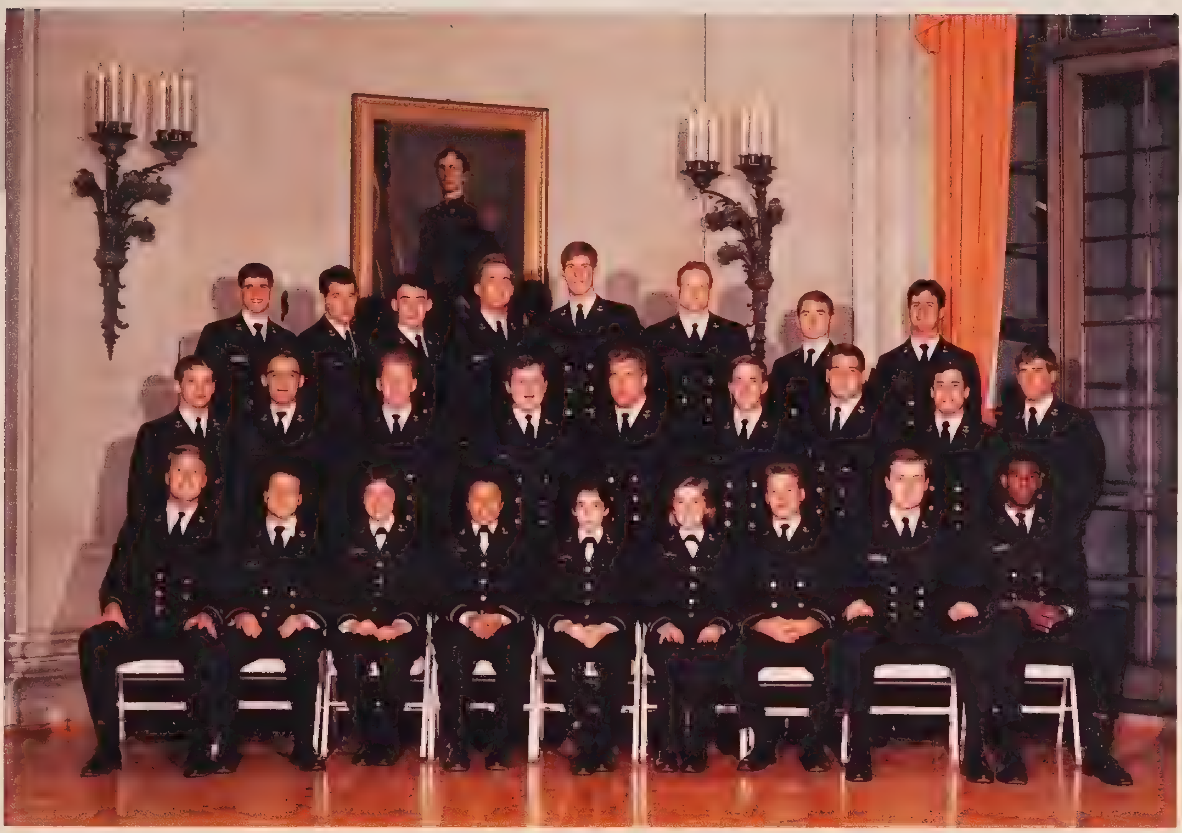
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Leland Hansen
Company Sub Commander: David Hughes
Company Adjutant: Wendy Sullivan

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Timothy Snoke
Company Sub Commander: Daniel Aldridge
Company Adjutant: William Hamblet

LT John Christenson



The Class of 1987

Row One: John Keane, David Hughes, Suzanne Massoglia, Francesca Gary, Wendy Sullivan, Erica Miles, Lee Miller, Carl Liebert, David Robinson **Row Two:** Timothy Snoke, Stephen Meyer, David Odom, Wallace Keays, James Cook, Mark Kozar, Thomas Doman, Paul Horan, Steven Swift **Row Three:** Leland Hansen, Daniel Aldridge, Stephen Cote, John Milliman, Andrew Gordon, Walter Sechriest, William Hamblet, John McGinley **Not Shown:** Daniel Hendrickson

The Class of 1988

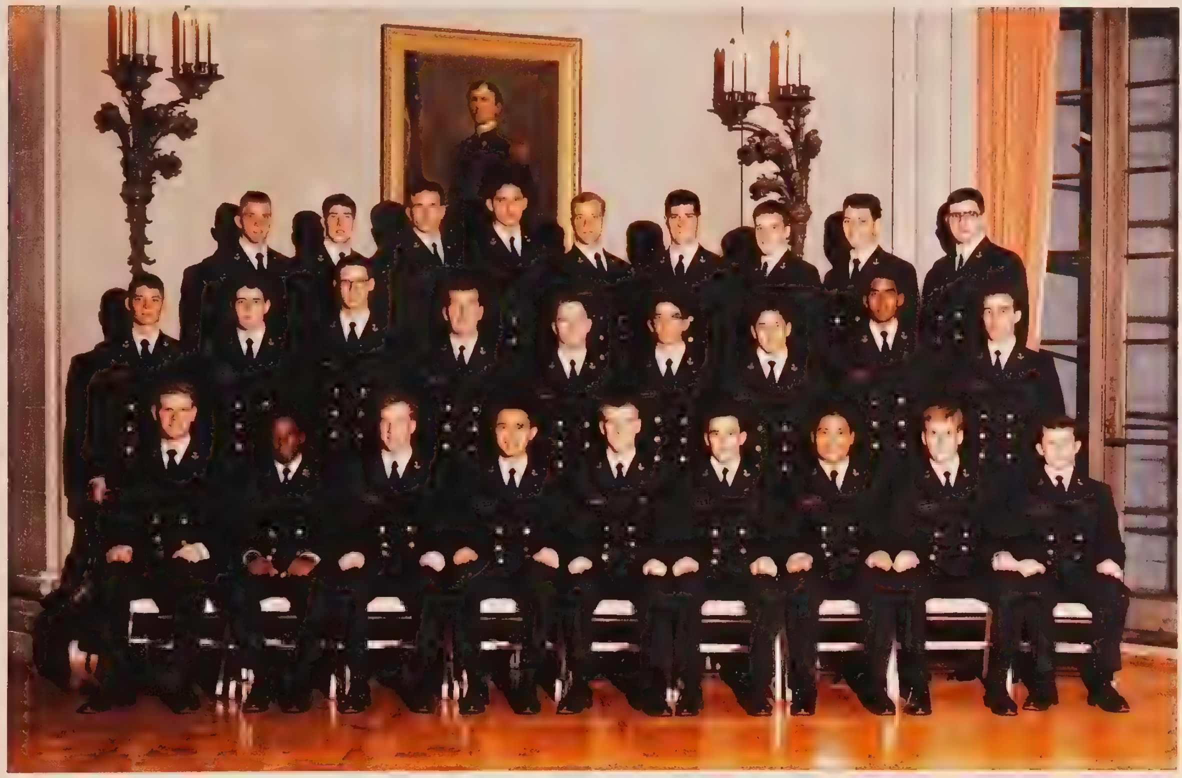
Row One: Eugene Burcher, Tom Hole, Walter Baugh, Rick Marchese, Dave Finley, Andrew Frie, Mark Dunleavy, Ralph Dengler, Sean McBride **Row Two:** Mike Moran, James O'Brien, Philip Barnett, Christopher Simones, James Dyer, Paul McGowan, David Clausell, Mark Salsgiver, Eric Buch, David Newton, Mark Hakun, Corey Keehn **Row Three:** John Hallenberg, Dennis Maloney, Bryan Burt, Michael Leidinger, Robert O'Connor, Matthew Aaron, Nelson Delgado, Stephen Donnelly, Eric Randler, Edward Gomez, Anthony Beers **Not Shown:** Richard Gendron, Christopher Mosher

The Class of 1989

Row One: Roy Perez, James Mann, Catherine McCann, Julie Anyan, Susan Koehn, Robert Waters, Eric Hruschka, James Rich, Jeff Tengonciang, Noel Pitoniak **Row Two:** Krista Harris, Tim O'Rourke, Scott Russell, Mark Paterson, William Irby, Stephen Johanson, Arthur Dove, Carl Jordan, John Lewis, Stephen Locke, Pat Paterson, Steven Kephart **Row Three:** Chuck Pucciariello, Timothy Maricle, Sean Kelley, Dan Lewis, Shawn Duffy, Anthony Altomari, Frank Goshey, Doug Lancaster, Robert Vogel, Thomas Bruno **Not Shown:** Ruth Chasen, Deborah Cuffe

The Class of 1990

Row One: Eric Chinchilla, John Proctor, Joel Davidson, Nilo Melo, John Frankhouser, Mark Fiori, Roy Brillante, Tim Smeeton, Michael Wallis **Row Two:** Ralph Stuart, Michael Hendrickson, Walter Coppeans, Eric Prime, Bradley Tidwell, Michael Wilson, Greg Wong, Robert Pragada, Stephen Trafton **Row Three:** Ryan Coughlin, Kent Schrader, Stephen Boals, Marcelo Perez, Tom Leutzinger, Jim Bartelloni, Karl Jensen, Walter Glenn, Joseph Darlak **Not Shown:** Matthew Caldwell, Mark House, Sean O'Flaherty, Timothy Rehmel, Jay Rexroad, Joseph Tamblyn



To our son, Lee H. Miller, and Class of '87. We'll always remember our full house and fantastic moments with you. Love, Mom and Dad, Linda and Uncle Jack.

God bless Ens. Tim Snoke, 14th Co. and Class of '87! As you place yourselves in harms way! Love, Mom, Dad, Grandparents, and all!

Congratulations David, Pride in accomplishment, loyalty, friendship and love will see you through the years ahead.
Love, Mom and Dad.

Walter Sechriest, you are armed with Eph. 6:10-18. Have and will always live Prov. 3:6. We rejoice with you and praise God for you! Mom, Dad, EB, Stu, Frank.

Jack McGinley: May the seas you sail be calm. May the wind forever fill your sail. May God hold you and class of '87 in the palm of his hand. With love and pride, Mom, Dad, Mark, Marti, and Joe.

Congratulations and future success code-man — the Cotes, Armstrongs, Nelsons and Zemas.

Congratulations Steve M. from your scarlet Mom, Tom and step-friend on a first class job. Adversity can be overcome!

Congratulations to Steven Swift, D & B Corps, 14th Co., and Class of '87. We are proud of you and of your success. All our love Mom, Dad, and Family. Hoo-Ray.

Andy, Best wisheswestfalls Congratulations to Andy from the Gordons.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. John C. Milliman from Pittston to Pensacola, Semper Fidelis. May God as your copilot keep you in the palm of his hand.

To Andy Gordon, with love, pride, admiration from Mom/Dad. Congratulations!

Congratulations, continued success, and love to Wendy Sullivan, Babs and Wal.

Best Wishes 14th Co. Class of 1987. The Hamblet Family.

Thomas M. Doman-Dedication, loyalty, and compassion are yours to maintain — Mom/Dad 3/8 and we still love you.

With our utmost admiration and love, we congratulate Ensign Dan Aldridge. We couldn't be prouder of you! Love, Mom, Dad, and Family.

Daniel John Aldridge

After three years of filling out applications, one of those years at NMMI, Dan "Juan Valdez-Columbia's coffee king" Aldridge, acquired enough of a brown nose to get accepted to USNA. When asked, why the Academy? he responds, "If you can't do the impossible, you're not a Navy pilot." Dan maintained a low profile — always staying out of trouble . . . because he wasn't around. Liberty was Dan's life. Many times Dan, in SDBs, left the Hall after evening meal, returning just before taps — was he at the library? Well, he's the only Midshipman who knows all the Jimmy Legs by their first name. Dan excelled in all areas at USNA, both academically and professionally (at least enough for a decent flight date). Dan, you have made many friends and always go "beyond the call" to help people out. I've never met anyone who had something bad to say about you. Good Luck getting the "wings of gold." LDH.

James David Cook

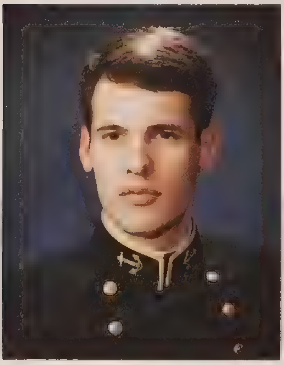
J.D. came to USNA from Northern Virginia via The Prep School. He has been Navy's great hope on both the wrestling mats and gridiron. His success in earning seven "N's" and a four-star constellation speaks for itself. However, J.D. has always been his own man and consequently found it difficult to fit the mold of the stereotypical "jock." Upon entering "The Loud Room" second class year, J.D. found the chance he needed to let his spiritual individuality blossom. Along with Walt and Brian, J.D. was known to decompress on the ledges of 7-4 at twilight with a clove cigarette in his hand and a CSN song in his head. Apart from these instances, he could also be found subconsciously incubating universal truths in his rack. Having maintained his "vision," J.D. will soon be exercising aerial agility as a Navy Pilot. J.D., thanks for the memories. We'd be proud to be your wingmen!

Stephen Paul Cote

Steve hails from the great state of Washington and came to the Naval Academy with a tremendous urge to fly. Coteman has worked very hard at mastering the art of the rack, spending between 12 and 14 hours a day in his never-ending search for the perfect dream. In his wakeful hours, Steve delved deep into the art of numbers as a math major, and has been known to delve even deeper into his pocketbook on weekends practicing the art of Zen and Germanic beer appreciation. Steve is a proud participant in the semi-annual Steak and Beer Fest at J.C.'s sponsor's, a tradition which will continue. (Right, Steve?) A future pilot, Steve is set to take Pensacola by storm. Go Navy Air. Watch your six. PTH, JCM.

Thomas Mathew Doman

Tom came to Navy from Royal Oak, Michigan as an All-American football player, and had a rough start at the Academy, missing ten days of plebe summer to play in an All-Star game back home. He started plebe year and finished with 79 tackles and an N-Star. The victory over the Armies in Pasadena was the highlight of plebe year. A knee injury sidelined Tom youngster year, so he turned his interests to Jackie. Jackie proved to be more than a distraction, and the couple will soon begin making little Domans. Tom came back his Senior year, led the team in interceptions, and was named Chevrolet Most Valuable Player for his outstanding performance against Air Force. Navy Football will miss #42. Tom, you've been a great roommate for the past three years. Best of luck to you and Jackie. For the good of the Corps. PTH.



Daniel Brian Hendrickson

Brian, a third generation Navy legacy, came to USNA with visions of becoming a Varsity grappler. After hanging his singlet and shoes up Youngster Year, Sup's List Stars and Rugby Field valor were to ensue. Second Class Year brought Brian a semester at West Point and a rare chance to defeat his ex-teammates as a wingman on the Army Rugby team. No one was surprised to find Brian's diversity of interests placing him as "the lead" in two unforgettable Masquerader's performances. Having been piped aboard the USS Loudroom upon returning from the Point, he, J.D., and Walt drew attention quickly to their unique indoctrination methods, especially with a certain USMC Major. After having a "Peach" of a date at the Ring Dance, First Class Year found Brian spending much of his time in conference with Fifth Batt Ops. As the benevolent despot of 3rd Batt, Brian has shown us what we always suspected — he is Admiral material!

Paul Thomas Horan

Paulie came to us from Renton, Washington, to fulfill a dream of becoming a Navy Pilot. He has also become one of the best History philosophers in USNA history. He has put me to sleep on many a school night in the past three years. Who could guess that a Motown junkie could ever have such a great friend who likes Tom Petty and the Mariners? Since Youngster year, Paul has had an ECA that isn't in the catalogue but is plastered all over the bars of Annapolis. If there is a person who has always lent an ear, given a hand, or got me "jacked" to play on Saturdays, it has to be Paulie. Navy air is lucky to have a great guy like Paul joining their ranks. Best wishes from Jackie and I, and I expect to see your name painted in blue and gold on the lead Blue Angel solo for our fifth reunion. Go get 'em, Ace. TMD.

David Wayne Hughes

Arriving in 14th Company, Dave not only set the standard for Youngsters, he redefined the term. Whether partying after taps at Buchanan House, dropping a bottle of Southern Comfort on the Dahlgren dance floor, or teething a young lady in the back seat of a car in the 7th Wing parking lot, Dave found ways to keep the Institute an exciting place. During 2/c year, Dave implemented a physical fitness program for the Jimmylegs by having them chase him from the F-4 to 7-1. C&P owners have Hughesie to thank for increased profit margins. Some even thought he worked for them after he made several visits to their parking lot. A love for short women made this Okie choose Japan for his first SWO tour, but with a fine wife in Lisa, I'm sure he'll do well in his new service selection of house husband. After seeing his Halloween costumes I imagine they'll share Lisa's wardrobe, if she has anything that racy. Best wishes. JDM.

John Thomas Keane

Kean-bean came to the Sunny Severn by way of MMA. Always the shy type (especially at social gatherings) he could overcome his introversion for Army-Navy games. His pre-game pep rallies the night before will be remembered (?) by all who attended. Beaner decided to experience Protramid as no other mid could. He succeeded. They will long remember him in Pensacola for the mark he left on the CO's house. Quantico was no less a challenge. Being a PT stud, Kean-bean (along with Spike) ignored all pretense of the need for sleep. The next day was a cake walk. Tom was also a big family man. Once he even drove 6 hours to help his dad fix the JO-11E computer. He was to Dahlgren what John Travolta was to Saturday Night Fever. To the only mid who has had Cinderella libs for three years, we wish the best of luck as a naval aviator. We will miss all the good times. Scrotie and Lee.

Francesca Deborah Gary

Fran came to USNA from a small New England town with the intent of being a Chemistry major and a Naval doctor. Well, I am glad to say that she came to her senses and joined the "brotherhood." This was the result of an F in Organic Chemistry. Fran is probably the most travelled plebe as a result of being changed from company to company as a plebe. Fran is not sure why she came to USNA nor why she stayed, but I know that she is glad for the experience (more interesting than an all-girls school, huh?). Good Luck! Always keep your top down and your sense of humor high.

Andrew Lewis Gordon

Andy came to us via the Philly powerhouse of Upper Moreland H.S. and was determined to become a nuclear submariner. Andy excelled as a plebe and grew up to be the plebe's ideal of an upperclass. When he wasn't watching the Cosby Show, talking in his sleep, or making lasagna shakes, our boy Andrew could be found slaving away on his computer (thanks, mom and dad) and making good grades in Computer Science. Despite his distaste for the Jimmylegs and certain track coaches, Andy managed to excel for Navy on a daily basis and even was accepted by the glow boys, to no-one's surprise (not even his own). Andy has suffered many tribulations while at the boat school, not the least of which was having his jaw wired shut for 6 weeks (and he STILL talked in his sleep), and having a future Marine for a roommate. You've been a great friend and a great roomie for two years. Good luck out there, Hoss. JCM.

William Prentiss Hamblet

So Bill comes to NAVY with his girl and gymnastics on his mind. A super athlete, Bill gets a cute squad leader and vows eternal love without ever hitting the tubesteak chowcall stage. A gymnastics stud, highbar phobia, and a double back-to-your-head at Syracuse kept him humble. "Bill Hamblet Fan Club" t-shirts prove support. Later Bill is off to China and aside from the USAFA grad in a tub — no stories. Youngster cruise, JD swears everyday Bill was off ship in his Aunt's pool and still got ranked #1. On to 14th — great view, grades so good he's Diff. Eq's section leader. A Bro in Gtown and a GTI (GMNAST) means Bill was assured a cute, Cath. Ring Dance date (home by four- and her folks picked her up). With Bill's girls it was quality, not quantity, that counted. Broke their hearts anyway. Because he can't match his socks, Bill was Mr. Supply — but turned down stripes later. Went Navy Intel. — my friend Bill, the spook.

Leland Duane Hansen

Whether you know him as the Ragin' Cajun, Dirty Duane, the Deltoid Destroyer or just plain Handsome "Which way did he go?" Hansen (Leland just loved Company drill), you also know this smiley, ex-company commander is a good guy, and nice to have around when the order comes to fix bayonets. Even though intensity is his modus operandi, Leland reached his lofty goals without alienating too many of his friends. Navy Air was this wildman's first love, but myopia and that $6000 present from Adm. McKee effectively changed his mind. Hoss, thanks for being a friend and a roommate (for a semester or so), and I'm sure that your new shipmates on the Vinson will come to enjoy your terrible jokes and questionable politics. Just make 'em a graph. If you don't get married soon, you'll go far. Good luck in the fleet, bud, and thanks for the great Nuke party. JCM.

Wallace Raymond Keays

Walt, the oldest 87er in the company, came to 14th via Brookings, OR, the fleet (an F-14 AT), and 28th Company during plebe year. He began youngster year by tearing up his knee while practicing the O-course with Jovi. This left him with a white works chit (almost) and some postponed PE tests (he took his share, though). Walt liked to party, just ask the Supe (or his flight jacket). Sometimes he just had problems finding his own room. Walt loved his weekends, when he had them (EE meant Extra Exertion, yet it was his major), for then he could play "troll" or go see a movie (taking his own "cokes"). Walt was also the company travel agent: Wallyworld Trips to Fort Lauderdale; just don't miss the bus! Walt kept busy managing Navy Football, flying, scuba diving, and cruising in his car, "ReX." Graduation sends a good roommate to be a pilot in P-cola; God help the women! Best of luck, old man, and I hope to see you in space someday. SRM.

Mark Joseph Kozar

Mark "Bernie" Kozar gave up the wild parties at Ohio State, the refrigerator kegs, and the ski slopes of the Midwestern mountains to attend the Academy. He came from Ohio, or was it Michigan? That depends on whose football team is ranked higher. Mark has found that "special girl" that everyone looks for . . . several times. His relationships are like his drinks, "on the rocks." Some day Mark may open up a towel company, because he's occasionally known to sweat a lot . . . while running. If it wasn't for his neatness, how would my rack get made or my tapes stacked? Mark has excelled in everything he has attempted at the Academy and will be an quite an asset for the "Nuke" surface community. You will always be the conscience I sometimes leave at home. I'll be knocking on your door in a few years . . . your three-year roommate, LHM — the messy half of the room.

Carl Clinton Liebert

Carl Liebert is an example of an overnight success story. Several years ago, growing up in the hoops-loving Hoosier state of Indiana, he realized that his younger brother had somehow inherited all of his dad's athletic ability. Hootie had never been one to accept defeat, though. So in an effort to buck the odds and master the game of basketball, he moved his bed to the basement. Somewhere he had heard that the secret to getting taller was a lot of sleep in total darkness. Seven years of pitch-black nights later, Carl began living his dreams — and he woke up starting on a nationally ranked team. Along the way, he ran his course with perseverance, walked the road of hard work and sacrifice, stood by his family and friends, set a Christian example for others to follow, fell in love with Mary Balch, and sank enough shots to tempt fans far and wide to yell, "Carl Lieeeeberrrrt!" And the "Only" fan in the stands always said, "Nice game." May there be many more. "Little" DR.

Suzanne Elizabeth Massoglia

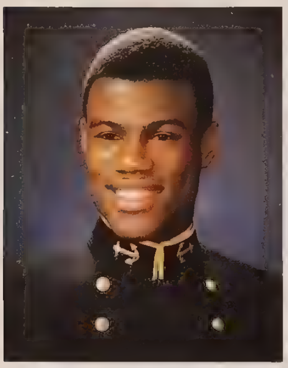
We try to forgive Meatball for being from Tucson, but it isn't easy. She came to USNA with one goal in mind, to be a Marine. I still can't figure out why she decided to be a seasick SWO instead. Women's Crew claimed this English major after school. She started as a starboard, forgivable, then became a coxswain, unforgivable. In her last year at Navy she became a Heavyweight, but still couldn't steer a straight course. As a plebe in 32, Meatball was a great influence on both of her roomies — they left. Of course, those "insulting" firsties had the same effect on her at squad tables. When she moved to 14, she still influenced plebes to leave. Meatball never had any problem with academics while she was at Navy, and I'm sure that life in the fleet will prove to be just as easy for her. Keep pushing yourself, and those around you, to be the best (but not too loudly). Do svidanija, tevarish. LEH.

John David McGinley

Jack comes from a long line of McGinleys, but he is the first of his ilk to attend the School of Great Minds. He hails (or howls) from the frigid wastes of North Dakota and originally planned to soar with the eagles in the back seat of an F-14. A nuclear glow and bulging wallet have replaced his yearning to fly, but Jack will no doubt have fun frolicking with the dolphins. If they can only shield the LA class to contain his spirited conversations then perhaps it will remain the Silent Service. Jack has made a remarkable number of friends while at the Academy, as evidenced by the ease with which he can strike up a conversation with just about anyone on any subject. The 14th Company explanation for this, of course, is that Jack put a lip lock on the Blarney Stone, the likes of which even the Irish have never seen. Jack, you've been a good friend to us all. Best of luck in the Fleet. JCM.

Stephen Rex Meyer

Steve comes to us from Shawnee, Kansas, via a short stay on "Skidrow" in upstate NY. Steve spent plebe year in "Hardcore" 24 with his rotten Apple, HAL. HAL came with Steve to 14, but unfortunately had to be put to sleep in '86, his last words being "Will I dream?" This was an appropriate question for Steve, as he spent at least half of his time at USNA asleep (he was a true "rack connoisseur"). When he did wake up, Steve excelled in his major (chemistry) and VGEPed his way to Maryland in '87. VGEP proved to be more of a challenge for Steve's car, the only "vinyl" car at USNA, than for Steve (Thank God for JC and an EE roommate). Otherwise, Steve pretty much took USNA one mile at a time. When awake, he could be found involved in NAVTAG, YP Squadron, or giving chemistry EI to special plebettes. For whatever reason, all of 14 (even his roommate) will miss Steve, we wish you the best of luck under the sea (Run Silent, Spend Cheap). WRK.



David Maurice Robinson

"Four years together by the bay." Such bull . . . Let it be known that I had fun, and made some great friends. I braved many new experiences and travelled to many countries. I went from a "swizzlestick in a blender" to a "senior All-American." Now, though, it's time to move on. Thanks for the memories. David

Walter Stimpson Sechriest

Walt came to USNA from the elite social circles of Birmingham, Ala., via a year's sojourn at a little Southern Gentleman's finishing school called Sewanee. Immediately, Walt distinguished himself and the class of '87 by being the first to rise to the "Cannonball Challenge" (Unfortunately, the last 1/4 of #12 just wouldn't stay down). Throughout his four years here, Walt has continued to distinguish himself with his achievements in Plebe Crew, Powerlifting, his membership in Sigma Tau Delta and his sure guidance as president of the Churchill Society. Walt has truly made the most of his summers, with his foreign exchange to the German Naval Academy and tour with the Royal Norwegian Navy, gaining a valuable first step toward his long-term career goal of becoming a Naval Attache. Walt, we're sure that your family is quite proud of all you have accomplished here . . . and so are we! Fair winds and following seas! DBH.

Timothy Alan Snoke

Tim came to us via Great Lakes and NAPS. Upon arrival in 14 Tim committed the ultimate sin of being professional as a youngster. No one knew what to think of Tim, who acted as if laughing was a crime, except that he was bound for a career in the Corps. One never argued with Tim because he would win even if he wasn't right. Second class year brought fear into the hearts of plebes who faced a trip to one of his thorough comearounds. First class year, I roomed with Tim and the dogkiller. As drill officer, Tim could only watch as our illustrious CC snaked his way around Warden Field. Tim took over the CC slot second semester and did a great job in leading us to graduation. The Corps has since faded and with flying not possible, Tim will be joining the Nucs in Orlando. I learned a lot about and from Tim but most important, I have found a true friend. Fair winds and following seas. DWH.

Wendy Ilene Sullivan

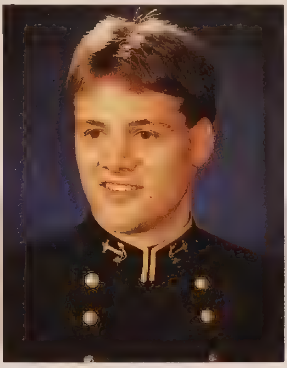
Wendy turned down MIT to go to the boat school. She comes from the corn fields of the Eastern Shore. She adjusted to the Academy life very well and found herself active in the Pep-band and Gymnastics. Academics never gave her many problems, and her excellence as Systems major earned her a membership in the Tau Beta Pi honor society. As second class brigade ops., she helped organize NL303 Mess Night and played the role of Madame Vice. She is an all-around terrific girl; quiet and conservative, but always willing to help her friends (and usually willing to share her prized chocolate). The time she spent tutoring people at the Academy will be paid off as she travels to Rhode Island to be a math teacher at NAPS. Wendy will excel at anything she does, and we wish her the best of luck. ALG.

Erica Anne Miles

After spending a year at Mary Washington, Erica decided to leave her mark on Navy. She began her time in 32 where she learned to close her window blinds and not to lock her door when the dead bolt is broken. Scrambled to seventh heaven, Erica was forced to live out-of-company. The allure of 7-3 must have worked, because second semester she had to be forced to move upstairs. Second class year Erica's left hand became quite valuable; then she went to ring dance. First class year Erica had a love affair with conduct before she faced the challenge of training officer and the PCR. E "managed" to earn her N-star with the rifle team. After she flings her cover into the air and hears the bells of St. Anne's, Erica will be Pensacola bound. Keep 'em flying high. Best Wishes and Good Luck Always. SEM.

Lee Howard Miller

Lee "Howard the Duck" Miller turned down the women, the parties, and a scholarship to Penn St. in order to attend the Academy. After three years of varsity wrestling, his senior year interests were turned towards golf, darts, pool, nerf hoops, and other physically challenging activities. Lee has always been a ladies' man, and has no problem picking up women (as long as he is in Dahlgren or they are wearing SDBs). His area of study was oceanography, but he was able to pick up an anatomy minor at local colleges (actually high schools). Some things that we will never forget (or remember depending upon the amount of Yu-Yu-Yukon) are skiing and sunning during spring break, the Ram's Head, four wheeling, late night popping, and his present from the girl from the U. of Md. A self proclaimed "Top Gun," Lee chose to fly with the best — Navy Air !! Good luck — you're a great friend. MJK (the neat half of the room).

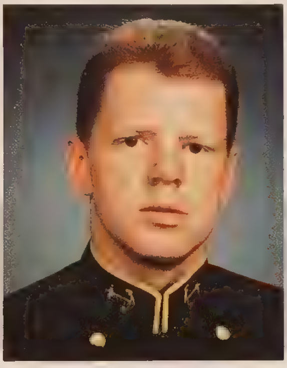


John Crosby Milliman

J.C. came to the Academy from the backwoods of Maine, but not void of the military life. A true mariner at heart, J.C. was very active with the sailing team. Maybe more than he would have liked. As a firstie, J.C. spent most of his time under his car (the famous SKONK), with his lady friend, proof-reading his roommate's papers, in the rack, or killing brain cells with the boys. Many people will remember him as the creator of Pete Prodev. Pete and J.C.'s banjo-accompanied comedy show brought out the best of his dry humor. His latest endeavor is to write a book entitled "How to Win Friends Through Understanding and Sympathy." Now he is off to Quantico and an aspiring career as a Marine aviator. He leaves the Academy in a cloud of SKONK dust with top down, sunglasses on, and Hank Jr. blaring over the "350 cubic inches of thunderous power." Later Champ — good luck in the FMF. ALG.

David William Odom

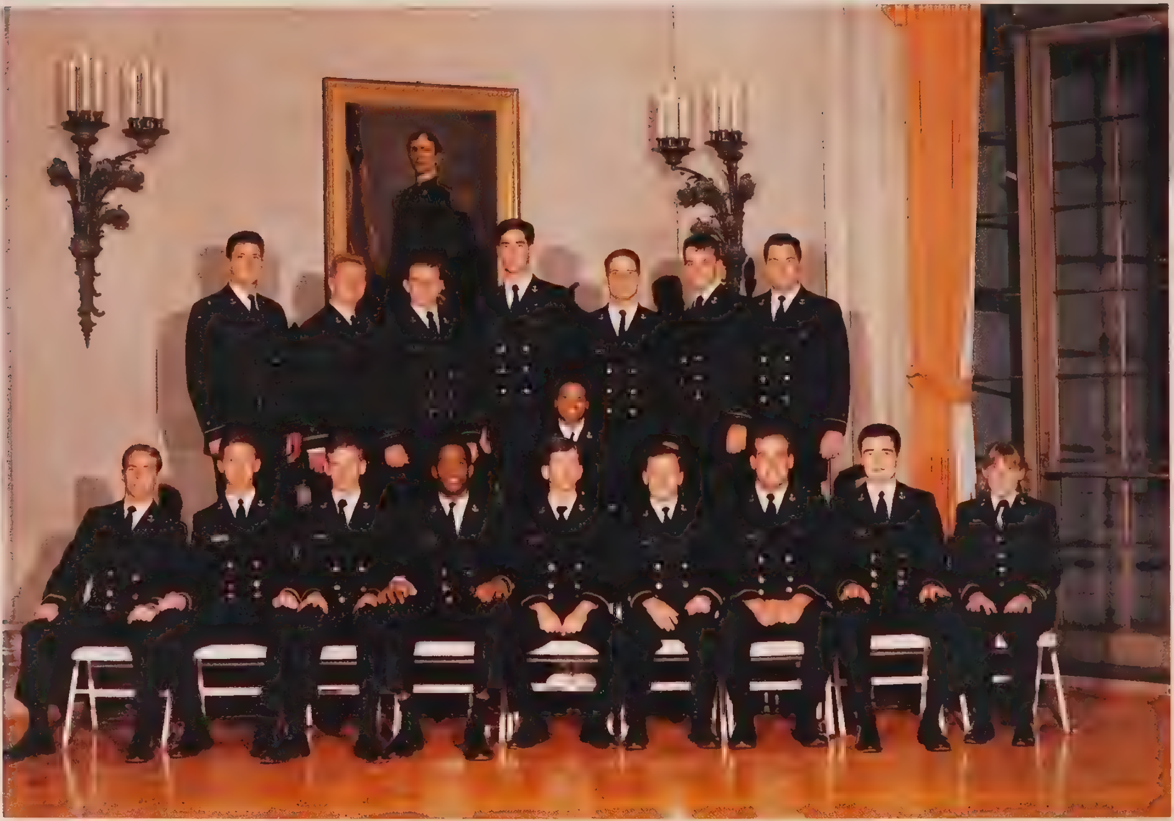
Dave came to the Naval Academy with the persona of the "All American Boy." After four years, he has greatly diversified his interests and has developed a craving for orange soda. At times it seems Dave is lost in thought but he always finds himself somewhere near the clam bar. Scrotie considers himself a great driver, and if insurance rates are a determination of this, then he is one of the best. Dave is a true sports fan, has one of the strongest remote control fingers in the company, and may be the first mid to have a couch cushion retired in his honor. David William Odom has been my roommate for the last three years, and I can attest that he'll be an asset to the future of the nuclear power program. Just watch your hair, your tan, and your belly, Dave. The boys in 14 will always hold a special place in our heart for the fun-loving madman from NC. "Kean-Bean."



Steven Allen Swift

All the years of practice with the "baby" finally paid off. Steve served as the Drum & Bugle Corps Commander this year. This distinguished position made him the only four striper or above to serve over 70 days restriction. Quite a feat for just two form-2's. Moreover, Steve survived the wrath of EE and emerged after four years of hard work with a 3.2. I guess he who plays hard works hard!? Steve is a mid who could never be accused of discriminating against women in the military, at USNA or ROTC. After all, he wouldn't have any girlfriends if he did. If Steve ever tires of EE and the Navy he could surely model his fancy winter wardrobe or arctic ski jacket for GQ. Steve will be a great asset for the submarine force. You gotta love that ice cream . . . Take her down, Steve. MJK and LHM.

CAPT Michael Hamel



The Class of 1987

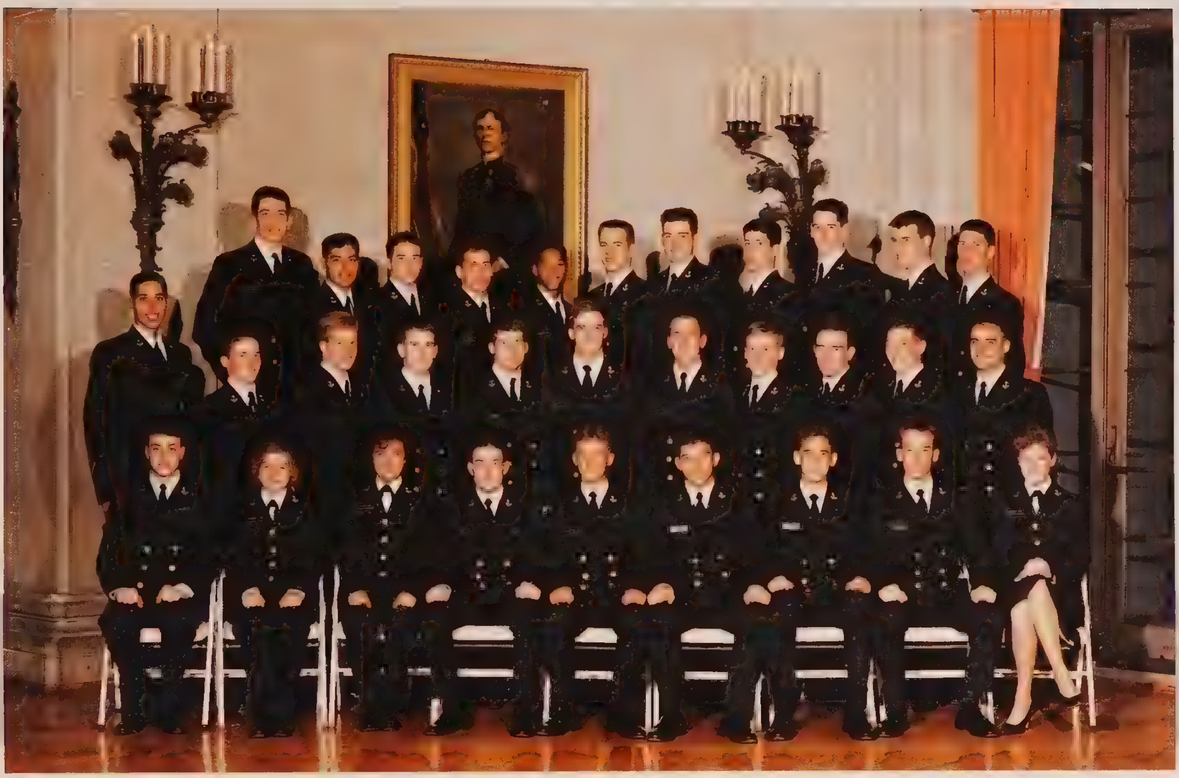
Row One: David Adams, Dan Schindler, John Flansburg, Carey Manhertz, Stephen Panchyshyn, Reuben Hart, John Plohetski, James Money, Christine Keller **Row Two:** Mary Miles **Row Three:** Joseph Lauletta, Mathew Ludwig, Robert Hoskins, Brian Patton, John Kyle, Arthur Penny, Hugh Mills **Not Shown:** Robert Donohue, Marc Gibeley, John Harris, Anthony Hollinger, Charles Lane, Antonio Martinez, Randall Packard, Jeffrey Rayburn, William Reilly, Kimberly Russ, Roger Stanton

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Dan Schindler
Company Sub Commander: Matt Ludwig
Company Adjutant: Dave Adams

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Joseph Lauletta
Company Sub Commander: John Harris
Company Adjutant: John Flansburg



The Class of 1988

Row One: Douglas Tucker, Scott Minium, Andrew Rander, Jeremy Thompson, Jon Wills, Peter Callaghan, James Elders, Terry Bickham, Thomas Guerrero **Row Two:** Steve Erickson, Bruce Stanfill, Shannon Kawane, Donald Hensley, Arthur Deleon, Terry Bickham **Row Three:** John Treutler, Henry Wingate, Joseph Spegele, Michael McMahon, Daniel Rosser, Mark Lotze, Christopher Marr **Not Shown:** Mark Bible, George Davis, John Dobbins, Stephen Ferro, James Hikmat, Ronald Kinn, Jeremy Noonan, Edward Olshaw, Timothy Quinn, John Zeberlein, Anthony Calandra

The Class of 1989

Row One: Daniel Boisvert, Robert Webber, Raymond Art, Bruce Brown, Craig Prosser, Karin Klose, James Holly, John Datka, Johnny Derricho **Row Two:** Eddie Glasper, Karl Liebl, Steven Lambrecht, Dieter Jobe, Joker Jenkins, Michael Priefer, Duska Sahler, Michael Baird, Dominic Roberts, Richard Rapson **Row Three:** Brenda Berger, Stephen Formella, Bonny Morgan, Dave Boyles, Harry Brandicourt, Heidi Dickerson, Mark Perkinson, Joseph Roth **Not Shown:** Marshall James, Stephen Laabs, Robert Morrison, David Nolan, Michele Villani, Jay Warren

The Class of 1990

Row One: Mark Mineo, Donna Thurow, Leah Faris, Paul Moody, Tomas Zikas, Franklin Allen, David Mitchell, Steven Daggs, Colleen McFeely **Row Two:** Mark Elliott, Gerald Haran, James Conway, Richard O'Connell, Charles Kane, Daniel Brunk, Kevin Turner, Roger Morgan, Jon Carriglitto, Kevin Magrane, Mark Rinaudo **Row Three:** Patrick Flood, Claro Villareal, Joseph Gannon, James Wolf, Andre Smith, Jason Schave, Timothy Spitser, Samuel Whitman, John O'Brien, Michael Johnson, Robert Gillette **Not Shown:** Anne Kulbitski, Davida Nelums, David Sanders

Kim, I'm so proud of you. Congratulations! Love Mom.

Yea, though he walks thru the valley of the shadow of death he shall fear no evil for he is the toughest marine in the valley! He has dreamed his dream. He's ready to fight. He's proved himself worthy and qualified in flight. With loving pride to son and brother, John Kyle 15 Co. Mom, Dad & sisters. Go 87!

Congratulations Bob; Continued success to you and your graduating class. Love, The Donohue Bunch!

Way to go Joe! Love, Mom and Dad, Lauren, Lance and Barbara, Lex and Lisa. Congratulations! Nothing can stop you now. Be the best. Love always, Kim.

We're so proud of you Randy Packard! Thank you for this special moment. Continue fulfilling your dream. Love to a special son/brother — Mom and Krissi.

Well done John Flansburg. May God and country always be as proud of you as we are now. Love, Mom, Dad, Laura.

Congratulations Ensign William Reilly 15th Co. Best wishes and success to the Class of '87. We love you Bill! Mom, Dad, Karen, Barbara, and Butch.

A snappy salute to Ensign Robert M. Hoskins Jr. Congratulations and smooth sailing! You're the greatest. Love and God Bless. Mom and Dad.

To Matt and the 15th. You have made us prouder than you may ever kno. Carry our love and best wishes in your left shirt pocket always. Mom, Dad, Bonnie, Tessie and Arthur.

An Alaska sized toast for you Randy Packard may fair winds and calm seas fill your days, our pride is exceeded only by our love. Jim, Mom and Family.

David John Adams

D.J., Disco, Rambo, Mr.Intensity are but a few of his nicknames. BOOST seemed the catalyst that carried him through his Academy career. Beware, Elissa, Dave ignores everyone when he has to study, as we found out over the last 4 years. Youngster year, DJ began his quest for the "Perfect Woman," it ended at the Pen. His ECAs, aside from Company or Batt softball and football, included tailgating: Three beers and he was wasted! How about the yard of beer and the singing girls at the "Bee?" His other interests were: our babe, the Bears, the Cubs, and last but not least, oceanography. Once Senior year hit, Dave could be found at a variety of places: Fuddruckers, Baltimore, his desk, Baltimore, or Fuddruckers. Dave is one of those among us getting hitched, they do make a great couple. Pensacola will prove to be the climax to one of his dreams. Go get them David J. because it ain't over, 'til it's over! Rock 'N' Roll! DSS & JWP.

Robert Brian Donohue

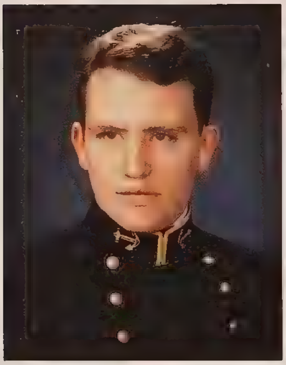
Bob packed too many muscles when he came to USNA so he had no room for common sense, thus Dimwitty was born. Bob grappled his way through plebe year without a strain. We thought he was going subs when he showed us how to pack in TJ. "Taco Bell" — OUCH! Soph. year he gave up his singlet for an HP with which he systematically got good grades. Monopole loved ski trips with a free ride down at Killington, Mr. Shotgun, and lessons from an 11 year old at King Pine. He got a wet leg in Lauderdale before eating Chris' burger. In the spring Bob discovered a new meaning to the Kreb's Cycle. During second class summer, Bob's alter ego appeared; sports pages, nachos, videos at Bett and Joe's, couch potato extraordinaire. Junior year took its toll, Bob and Rube, beep, beep. Bob has already earned his backseat quals with the LBI Topgun maneuver. Just keep your head out of the clouds and your hands to yourself. "When we're . . ."

John Thomas Flansburg Jr.

When Flanny came to USNA he had a few lessons to learn. It took some time and a session in the room with the long green table to get to him. Starting off in Fifth Company he learned the true meaning of the word plebe. Well, youngster year saw a different Flanny. In a new company with a Marine company officer, and Tony as a roommate, John saw the light, and squared himself away averaging a 3.0 for the year. Having reached his academic goal, John picked up another interest: **Amy** . Between school, Amy, and being a Battalion honor rep., John was kept on his toes here at good old Navy. Also, don't let that "spindly" frame fool you, on the basketball court John is a terror. Averaging 25 points and drawing 10 fouls per game he was unstoppable. Intermural basketball won't be the same without him. A/W Mary, Tony, Paul, and Art. Good luck in the USMC. Love, MAM. Roger C.

Marc Morris Gibeley

Marc was recruited to play baseball for Navy and was told he was too small to play football. His stubbornness and 4 years of hard work on the field and in the weight room earned him a letter in football. Marc's hard working and competitive spirit show he always will be a success. He started his academic career as a Mech E but after youngster cruise Marc "fell in love with the ocean" and became an Ocean Engineer. He was given the nickname "Father Marc" after his famous post-weekend phrase "I could've" and pre Pitt game prayer. Marc was sometimes hard to live with (magazine fights) as he sweated through Statics and the PCR. He was placed in exile for a semester. He was also lots of fun as he abused mids and civilian girls with his wit. Remember Army? "What do you need, Marc?" After football he lost 40 lbs. in 2 months and became quite a stylish dresser. Hey uh, Marc, good luck in Nuke school. We know you'll do well. BEP & BR.



Robert Martin Hoskins Jr.

Bob came to us from Owensboro, Kentucky after a year of prep school. Bob had too much fun in high school. During Rush Summer Bob pledged 22. Nine months and gallons of coffee later he made it. Bob met Panch, a fellow Poli Sci road warrior and roommate. The relationship between Bob and the Poli Sci Dept was fruitful; it kept him here! Bob was famous for the numerous road trips, never one to spend an idle weekend (skiing, Atlantic City, etc.) Bob spent first class cruise avoiding terrorists and partying in Peru. Quiet and mellow, Bob never bothered anyone. He was our Co. Cdr. (OOPS!) Never fried a soul. Bob thanks Dad and Mom for all the support and prayers over the years, they were always there. He also thanks Ann for the great weekends in Jersey. He owes you all. Bob best of luck in SpecOps and any other plans. (Carol?) God Bless and take care. It was great. "My post is here boys." B.H. stool #6, Pete's Place, 1983-87. SJP.

Christine Marie Keller

Chris came to the Academy "the All-American Girl" (the kind Mom likes). Coming from Sandy, Utah, her vision of the world may have been too ideal. That quickly changed with two decisions (also showing she didn't like weekends): Mechanical Engineering and Women's Crew. Chris's M.E. motto: If it moves — no problem, if it sits still — no chance (The crane!). No matter how tough, taps was bedtime: crew practice goes. Her dedication was incredible: giving up free time, Saturdays, and leave. She also "volunteered" for Plebe Summer Company Commander: T-Court formations staring at her fiance to be. (another story). Senior year, more work as CMC President and her final puppeteering act, yet she always had time for her friends. Always someone to talk to, to confide in: A friend that will not easily be forgotten. Still the "All-American Girl," now with new perspectives to consider, and new dreams to conquer. Thanks for everything. JWP

John Sheppard Kyle

John came to the Academy with one thing in mind: getting out — and into the Marine Corps. His worst mistake was choosing a major requiring work: Areospace. Once he made the jump to PhySci it was smoother sailing. John's most memorable semester was spring of youngster year when he survived an ac-board, and found himself UA twice in one week. He spent two months in Smoke Hall, earning the distinction of senior restrictee. He spent three years trying to earn a letter in Rugby. A bad knee prevented this, but his favorite move (a dash to the beer tap at a Rugby party) still earns him All-American honors. At local pubs, John was a favorite among his buddies; even without goggles on, he would bite the bullet and settle for second best. (But the chicks still dig him). Never one to back down from a fight or argument, John will add a lot of fight to the Marine Corps. Yeah baby, you're just a Yankee Rose. Eat 'em and smile!

Charles Dean Lane

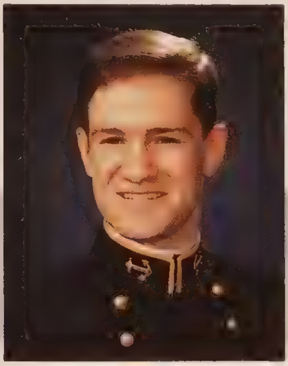
Chuck Lane came to Sing Sing on the Severn as a nice hard working country boy from Pataskala, Ohio, next to the middle of nowhere. Chuck had the social grace of a rhinoceros in heat. Being in hard core 25th company as a plebe didn't help any; he became a workaholic and a workoutaholic. Youngster year he acquired two new roommates who tried to introduce him to wine, women and song. Chuck wasn't taken in; he became to interested in 150s football, where he earned two letters as a bruising nose tackle. Chuck came out of his shell second class year: he shaved out of necessity and had his first beer. From then on, his grades dropped exponentially and the females of Annapolis felt unsafe. Anyone who heard of Charlie's exploits at the Stevie Ray Vaughn concert first class year knows that his career at the Naval Academy hit a peak that night. Charlie is good people and the Marines should be proud to have him entering their ranks.

Michael Francis Guyer

Yo, Mickey's road to the Academy was unique. The option was there: imprisonment or Marine Corps. He chose the latter. After fun at Parris Island, et al. he arrived at NAPS and was introduced to Navy doctors, seeing them ever since. He rode the 'vators plebe year. He was inducted into the 15th Co. Poli-Sci Road Warriors with Hos, Tippy, Rog & Panch. He and Croz roomed, living on tuna fish and crystal light. Study habits: bandana on head, throwing Philly fits, listening to Buffett or Hendrix: "Are you experienced?" Villanova road trip, Awesome. Sub 5:30 mile with 5 knee ops. Mickey thanks Mom, Dad, brothers and sisters for all their support. They were always there. Special thanks to Jack Johnson and Buddy for help and advice. To all the chums in Garrett Hill, Porkee, JayCat, Vandeee, and Conkey: See yous on A1A. Let's hope the Marine Corps approves white works for Mickey. God Bless You All. It was O.K. Thanx Budweiser.

John Daniel Harris

To Mom, Dad, Mrs."C", O.D., R.D., R.H., S.J., family and friends who kept me sane. All my love and thanks. JDH. Feets don't fail me now! J.D., Noodleman, Johnny Badhair, joined us from Richmond ,Virginia determined to be an Ocean Engineer, do or die, despite natural abilities leaning towards rock stardom or a bull major. Plebe year was spent avoiding authority, and he would have succeeded except for roommate Wen Duke, who showed him how to get serious. Not serious enough, though, and Navy life (sans weekends) was spent sailing varsity offshore, boxing, and earning his all-nighter quals in the guise of the Noodleman. Continuing time-waste research (toothpicks, pennies, guitars, synthesizer) earned him the position of company sub, and will be a great aid in the fleet. We never had a dull moment with the man of a thousand voices. Give 'em hell SWO-Daddy! RDH & RBD.



Reuben Deloss Hart Jr.

Rube showed up at USNA not because he loved the sea but because he had never seen it. Athletically he applied skills learned in hometown tumbleweed races and buffalo chip tossing contests to excelled plebe summer and became the fastest pinger in history. Academics were tough, but they would have been easier had he attended all the exams. The academic challenge of youngster year forced him to take up Hackey and reading. Spring of youngster year, Bett and Joe's slowed his torrid sex life long enough to introduce him to Bud, a friend who did not always agree with him. Second class academics took a backseat to HRC duties. The terror of 7th wing courts spent first class year honing skills and chasing women from Hood. His dry wit could find the humor in any situation; nobody was safe for long without a sense of humility. Fast cars, fast food, and fast women — but they'll never catch Binsk. Best of Luck. RBD & JDH.

Anthony Keith Hollinger

Appropriately from the city of brotherly, Tony Tone, Antony, Philly, T-Holly. Rust was the constant defender of his hometown. His ability to provide ego-enhancing compliments went well with ladies. None captured his heart like Sharon. He became the Heat Miser as she received all his attention. Tony came here most worried about academics and ended up with the best grades of the crew. As a Navy baller he tried it all: tailback and receiver. He even tried to be a Bruiser on offense-can't forget that UNC block. T couldn't make up his mind. We're brothers (in-laws?) now and forever. Hago in The Corps. We're behind you because we swam the swim, ran the run, and overcame every weakness they put before us — together. As we go our separate ways we draw on our past to help propel us through the future. Good Luck. Boo Boo. My special thanks to all who supported me -my family, the Filippellis, the Fullers, and my friends. AKH.

Joseph Carmen Lauletta Jr.

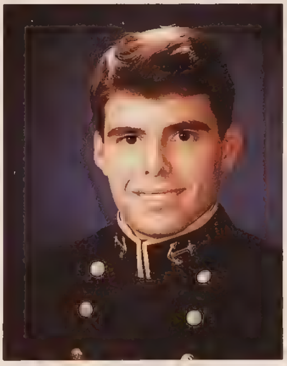
Joe came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of West Chester, Pennsylvania. We'll just skip plebe year because Joe did, having been assigned to Club 34. Youngster year Joe applied himself wholeheartedly to academics and football-Notre Dame is still trying to figure who the one-play tailback was who threw the TD pass. After three consecutive Faber Castell awards for clip board prowess, his football career ended with a brief stint in the Army-Navy Game'86 (if he could only have thrown that pass a little higher!) Jo-Jo, a thoroughbred among mules, was renown for his Annapolis area motel parties and was a frontrunner by two lengths in the home stretch of the talley-ho. Second semester first class year, Joe became company commander by default, but he was still not averse to tipping a few with the troops. Having survived Rocket Reed and Killer Keith, Jo-Jo graduates with a Mechanical Engineering degree and a plane ticket to Pensacola, Florida. Good Luck Jo-Jo.

Mathew Allan Ludwig

"Lud the Stud" as he is often called hails from Long Island and will be a Naval Aviator, the best of the best, and a good one at that. He is a diligent worker who excelled in all things save the mile run during first class year. His insight and good judgement made his sub-commander position valuable to the company and his hard work paid off in the form of stars. Matt never lacked female companionship as his nickname implies. After a year and a half of a sparkling relationship with an oh-so-sweet Greek, Matt being the casanova that he is had to fight off beautiful women and stick to the one woman in every port philosophy. Matt accomplished heroic feats at USNA having his bouts with oceanography and Batt lacrosse. One can expect to see Matt accomplishing great things and will be able to find him in the cockpit, behind the wheel of a vintage '67 Corvette or as the incarnate of a Prussian Hussar. Best of luck Lud. DSS.

Carey Mark-Anthony Manhertz

Carey came to USNA via "Da Bronx" and NAPS. At NAPS Carey established himself as a basketball player. His abilities led to several victories including one over MAPS. At 6'7" it wasn't often he played someone his size; when he did he remembered. He'll surely remember that guy who gave him a run during our plebe summer basketball smoker. As a matter of fact Dave Robinson will remember Carey for some time too. Carey guarded Dave in practice for four years and helped to make him the player he has become. He didn't shine much his first three years here; but his last year he regained the confidence that got him a position on the varsity squad as Navy's sixth man. He went out in style averaging about ten minutes, seven points, a dunk and a block per game. Carey didn't do much outside of basketball except swim. Though he's from Jamaica, it was clear that he didn't spend much time on the beach. Good luck in your corps. MAM.

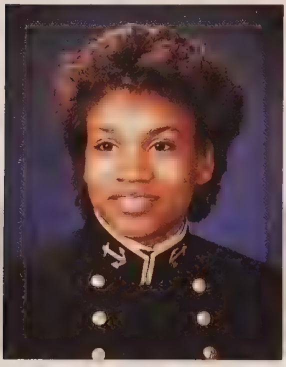


Antonio Raul Martinez

Tony-Tippy-Martinez swam from the warm beaches of San Juan, Puerto Rico one summer afternoon and ended up in Narragansett Bay. Seeing a guy dressed in white he asked for ice cream, but instead signed up for NAPS. After getting to the Academy, he signed away his life (at least a good chunk of it) in search of his navy wings. Three years after he got to Annapolis, the loyal pumpkin-mobile swam up the Chesapeake. Over the years Tippy earned his varsity "R" and took every Spanish course. His arrival in 15th meant immediate initiation in the 15th Co. Poli-Sci Road Warriors, along with Mickey, Panch, Roger and Bobby. First class cruise he went to Spain on an exchange. After graduation he deployed for eight months with the Argentine tall ship Libertad. We wonder when he will do something with the USN. Tony thanks his friends and family, particularly his parents, for their support. Oh yeah, and Adolph Coors. Best of Luck. MGBHRSSP.

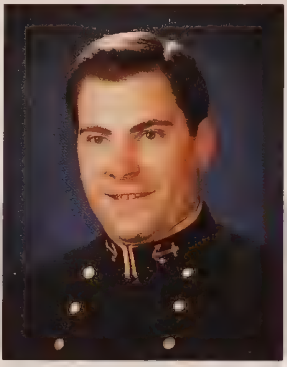
Mary Alice Miles

Even as a plebe Mary strode through the halls with the pride and confidence that would become her trademark in the years to follow. A fierce competitor who gained everyone's respect, she made her mark on the basketball court and the softball field, while being on the commandant's list several times. A pleasant relief from the black uniforms and plain faces was her cheeky smile and Woody Woodpecker laugh. She came to the Academy not to skate her way to a commission, but to perform each aspect of its daily life with honors; she even almost got stripes, losing out to Dave Robinson for Reg supply. Falling in love with a guy her roommate went to high school with, she was the first victim in fifteen's class of '87, getting engaged during Christmas of her youngster year. Two and a half years is a long time to wait. Whew! But they endured; now the Marine Corps will have two McElroys to deal with for a while. Take care, homie. AKH.



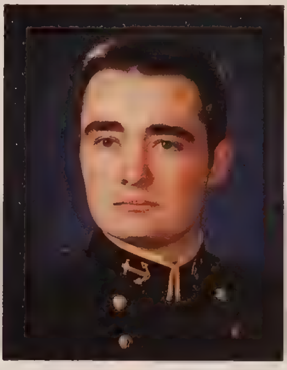
Hugh Edward Mills Jr.

Ted came from the other side of the tracks near Detroit. His street smarts developed into a unique common sense. He tries almost too hard to be a nice guy. The first glimpse of Ted was a plebe with sweat dripping from his entire body (thus "Bucket") and puddles at his feet. Youngster year real troubles began: a partying sponsor and Dogpen freedom. His habits developed: the Morning Buddha, the nightly quest for food, tailgating and blowing off study hour. His favorite saying was "The Diet Starts Tomorrow!" Outstanding grades got him into The Brotherhood: Phy-Sci QPR . . .still low. Second class year, a year of extravagance: a road trip to Lauderdale, a fantastic car, beautiful ring, a relationship with the Pauli Girl (and JB!), yet no cash for any of it. He didn't hassle the Plebes much (OBSTCR). First class year party OPS: Still not studying, and no diet. Best of luck at P-cola, just be gentle on the stick. Take care. JWP.



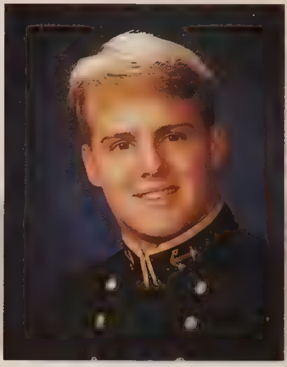
James Lester Money

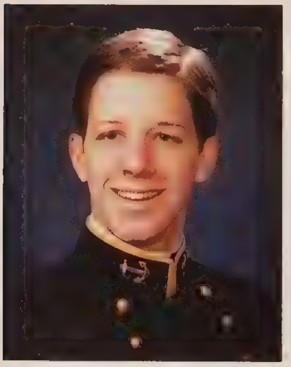
Bambo has always loved the Corps; he just has trouble deciding which one. After a brief plebe year flirtation with the Drum and Bugle Corps, he transferred his more mature affections to the Sup — NO! Put the K-Bar down, I was kidding — the Marine Corps. He occupies his leisure time since then with watching Rambo flicks, then rapelling into the Captain's office for "a little fun": He won his nickname that way. His uncontrollable knack for making deals and organizing clubs temporarily on hold by the administration, he contents himself with handling anything that goes bang — training for terrorist attacks? He's also had lengthy experience in camoflaging himself — especially as a three-striper or another brick in the wall. Bambo studies diligently, but the prospect of actually attending a class always seems to strike sleep into his heart. With his background and gunginess, the Corps will never let him go. MEG.



Randall Craig Packard

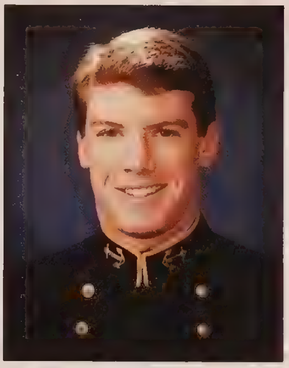
Randy, known to his close friends as Fudge, Larry, Schoonerhead, and Prettyboy, joined us on the Bay from the frontiers of Alaska, looking more like the California type than an Eskimo! More the idealist than the realist, Randy fell in love with every actress and playmate he saw. Upon finally gaining the liberty stripe and the freedom to fulfill his romantic fantasies, Randy fell victim to a narcoleptic disease known as "Booze And Snooze." Finally, as good friends always do, we fixed him up with the unscrupled Mo of Edgewater. Randy's life got a little "Wendy" then, and before we knew it he was a member of the Club. First class year saw some trips to Tennessee (Randy took a fancy to ovens) and to Syracuse (Maja) and then he set his sights on becoming a SWO Daddy. We've still got some years ahead of us together (Don't count on my marriage going on the rocks.) You've been a great friend. Now, get me a beer, Slippery! Hairlip.





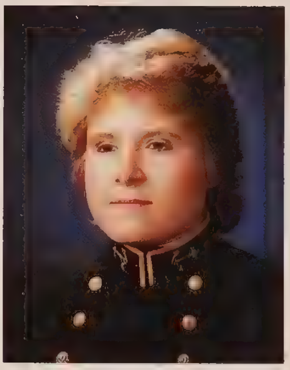
Jeffrey Paul Rayburn

Disguised as a mild mannered Brigade First Lieutenant by day, this champion supporter of Navy Hoops is none other than "Bushwacker Rayburn." This western "Rocky" emerged from that great boxing capital of Irving, Texas to achieve the most coveted acclaim in Navy pugilism: the Purple Heart. (You should have seen the other guy.) Originally a one-women man but badly influenced by youngster roommates, he soon became a true Bancroft sailor with a girl in every wing. (Just kidding, Jeff). Liked by all, disliked by none (except maybe Bambo) Jeff's hard work in academics paid off with a top 10% rank and stars. Jeff was a caring Squad Daddy, and I'm sure the troops will always remember him fondly. I regret parting with my roommate of three years, but Jeff shall now embark on a greater cause, the submarine force. If in the future he only equals his achievements at USNA, he'll do great. Best of luck Jeff. MAL.



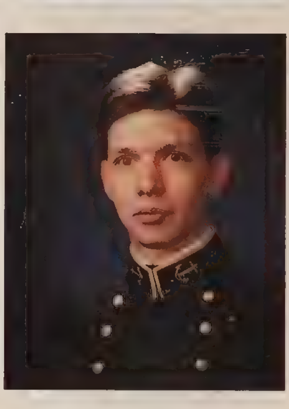
William Reilly

Wild Bill Ryebread arrived a smiling, milk-drinking, all-American boy and leaves the same way. Scramble '87 brought Bill to 15th and a new environment. Peanut chews were one of Bill's favorite weekend snacks, while his favorite pasttime was late night car rides. As a youngster,Bill decided to give 150lb football a try. Bill soon became a star, winning three letters, being selected captain, and being named to two all-World teams. Spring Break '86 brought Bill to Waikiki and the annual Hot Buns contest. He earned second place and the boys a great laugh. First class year He decided to do Plebe Summer and taught Plebes right from wrong: "That was bad, bad, very bad." Academic year Bill began "Dancing in the Dark" with Bruce after he "lost that number." Bill graduates an oceanographer with a minor he earned youngster year in Vietnamese. Bill, we'll miss your happy spirit and friendly wave. Make friends with a pepperoni.BEP & MMG.



Kimberly Sue Russ

Appointed from the Golden State, California, Kim had to sell her Fiat and hasn't been the same since. She was always fond of the state of Hawaii and will always remember those chicken McNuggets, banana bread, Mario, and all those great sites she didn't see. Travelling with Kim was always an adventure, whether it be on cruise, Spring Break, or just during the weekend. She has a very spontaneous nature and it could never be said that she was predictable. Her personality is one in a million and she is a caring individual — except for Newport. Kim works diligently and puts forth a strong effort in whatever she does. She excelled on the women's softball team as the starting pitcher and is a great all-around athlete. Kim will be returning to Hawaii soon to begin her career. You could not ask for a better friend and any unit would be lucky to have her. Hang loose and best wishes in your career. AMP.



Dan S Schindler

Dan, also known as Spindly, is a man of many distinctions: N* in bowling — how could we forget? One of the few mids with a losing record vs. USAA, 2-0. A man of many interests. Calamine lotion, straws, black eyes, skin reactions, bowling balls, pull-ups and car payments, these are a few of his favorite things. An illustrious career at USNA, a true pro-dev idol with integrity as his middle name. He was the Sir Thomas Moore of the 15th company. His conscience was his guide. His devotion to duty was displayed as company commander for he ate and slept company politics while turning the company around. He should have spent more time on his SA401 homework but he had his priorities well defined. A very lucky woman is taking over custody of our pride of the Motor City, Actually Sally and Dan are lucky to have each other. We wish them the very best. Stick to the skies and stay off the roadways, super fan. ASP & MAL.

Stephen John Panchyshyn

Cogito, cogito sum, ergo sum, cogito. WAY TO GO, navy oops, i graduated J ust C all i t L uck thank you ALL Cogito, ergo sum. . . . PAX . . .

Brian Eugene Patton

Brian came to USNA as a top recruit for crew. After hundreds of ergos and two or one mental healths, Brian became a national champ in the Plebe Four. Youngster year he realized some things are more important than crew; school, girls, and beer. Brian then took up physical science and dropped school from his values. "Chicks,they dig me!" soon became our party animal's most beloved phrase. Second class summer was highlighted by "You can't do this to me, I'm a BEEPing midshipman!" After second class year Brian began spending much time at Western Maryland . . ."Ohh Brian, not again!?!" Through the three years we've known you Brian, you've been a great friend/roommate and a very fun and funny guy. Thanks for the memories: Hawaii '86, Plebe Summer (PEP?), Fire Brewed, Kiki, Halls of Montezumer. Good luck in the Supply Corps and beyond. We'll miss you! Marc and Billy.

Arthur Scott Penny

Art entered the Academy with high hopes: to graduate. He graduated as one of the brothers with a B.S. in physical science (and of course a minor in chemistry) and fulfilled his dream of being a Marine officer. Art has many hobbies; if he wasn't doing these, he wasn't studying. His hobbies included drinking, dipping, darts, solitaire, spades, sleeping, skiing, TV, coffee, Kim, and reading the same book five times. As an athlete, he excelled on and off the field, gaining a Z* in the rack and playing a mean game of company soccer, fieldball, and fast pitch. He spent many hours on the golf course and the 19th green with a good friend Rob. His love life started youngster year. Kim and Art hit it off quickly with Kim worshipping his feet the night they met and subjecting him to Mom Kirby's fantastic cooking. Marriage was inevitable and they will be a fabulous pair in Quantico. Take care Art, eat em'up in the Corps. OOO-RAH. DSS.

John William Plohetski

John was the company social butterfly. There was nothing he didn't know about. Plo was so worried about everyone else during study hour that he did his studying after everyone else was in the rack. As a mechanical engineer (Why me? Why M.E.?) in and out of the classroom, he was the company fix-it man. His hard work paid off when he made nuke-surface. John had an obsession for knowing the theory behind everything — especially the crane. His persistence and commitment will lead him to success, except perhaps in his search for the perfect woman; in that respect, John "spits on commitment." When he wasn't studying or socializing, he tried to inflict as much damage as possible on other hockey players. John was always the man to go see if you needed a favor or anything else (if you could find him). John and his folks (who could forget all the wonderful things they did for us) will forever remain special to all of us. DJA & CMK.

Roger Crozier Stanton

This all-American Bostonian pugilist left the one most important thing in his life — his family — came to the Academy, and began a four year reign as a champ in the ring and being dug by chicks. "Can you blame 'em they're only human!" Plebe year Roger met Coach Smith, his father-like mentor, and with Dickey and Killer fought his way to California and the National Championship. A disappointing youngster year followed with a broken hand after Brigades, but a membership with the Poli-Sci Road Warriors formed strong friendships and good times with Bobby, Panch, Art, Disco, Mickey, & Tippy as well as a fitting nickname "3-beer Stanton." Second class year was marked by a suicide diet and a National Championship in Colorado. With first class year came more of the same honors in the ring, bar hopping, and a spot diving with Spec. Ops. Why not, chicks dig divers, don't they? His diploma was delivered by St. Jude. TM, MG, BH, SP.

The Class of 1987

Row One: Eric Hoy, John Loricco, John Ortega, Christopher Smith, Mark Gibson, Jason Garrison, Matthew Howes, Jonah Shen, Craig Soer **Row Two:** Timothy Reimann, Mark Gardner, Trav Thiesse, Brandan Kot, Frederick Smith, Kenneth Robell, Andrew Buckon, John Stefanko, Scott Johnson, Michael Ryan **Row Three:** Barry Brockway, Douglas Mason, Brant Pickrell, James Bouchard, John Hottendorf, William Soper, Joseph Cheneler, Michael Martin, Sean Sullivan, Robert Wehman **Not Shown:** Carl Neidhold, William Neumann

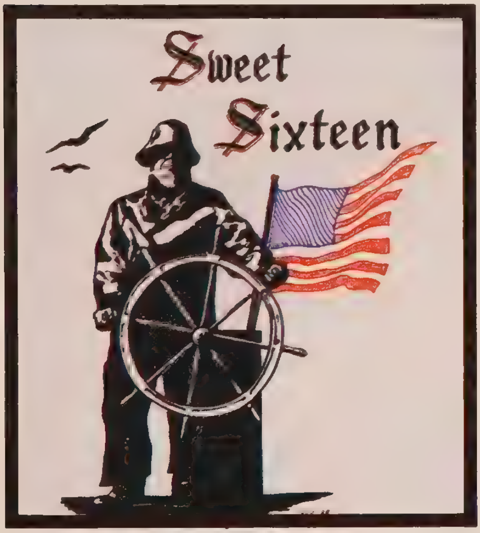
LT Mike Chapline

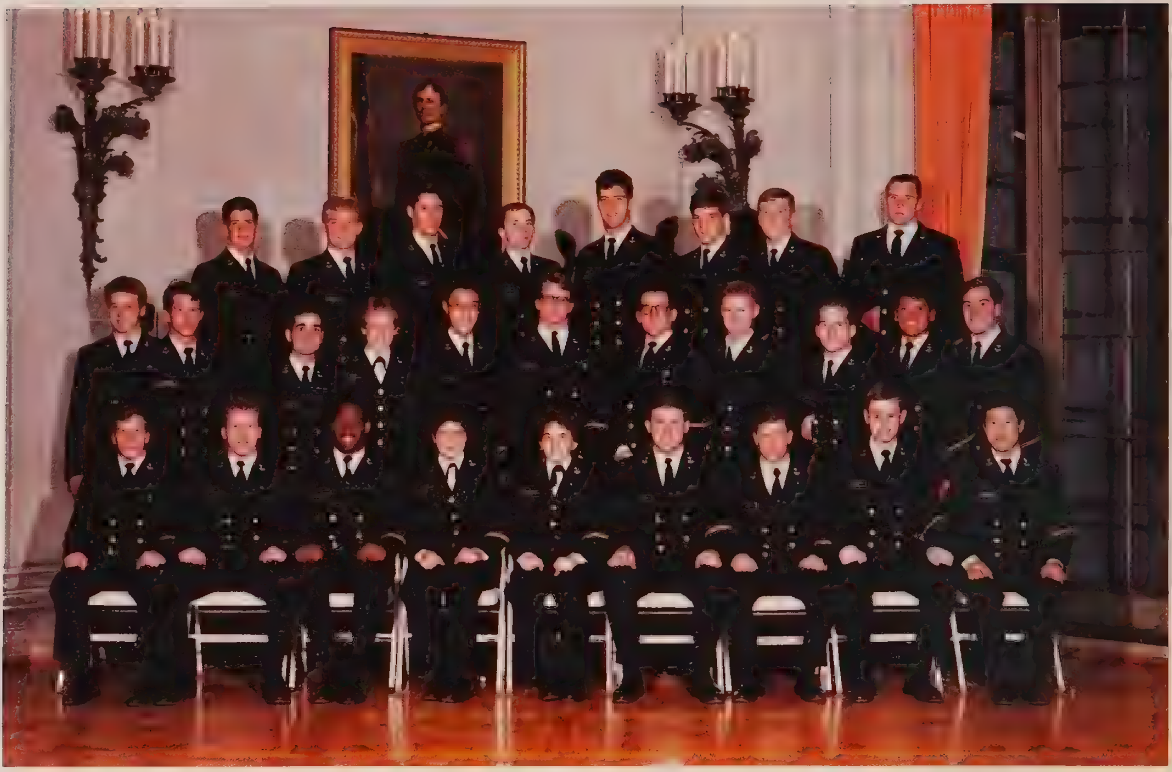
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Andrew Buckon
Company Sub Commander: Michael Martin
Company Adjutant: Doug Mason

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Jason Garrison
Company Sub Commander: Joe Cheneler
Company Adjutant: James Bouchard





The Class of 1988

Row One: Todd Hiett, John Kennington, Leonard Armstrong, Patty Lipoma, Michelle Laurenzano, Tom George, Ron Wince, David Shelton, Richard Kondo **Row Two:** George Davis, Frederick Gosebrink, Gino Celia, Margaret Brounk, James Yee, Maxmilian Grant, Lindsay Kough, Jon Bunn, Dennis McKelvey, Jose Escobar, Jeremy Noonan **Row Three:** Grant Stephenson, Robert Sunderland, Arthur Drennan, Chris Daugherty, Bernard Sullivan, Mark Mercer, Jason Matic, Mike Kraft **Not Shown:** David Dieugenio, Gina Edison, Keith Masterson, Michael Musser, Richard Rodriguez

The Class of 1989

Row One: Brian King, David Thorn, Christopher Olson, Michael Windland, Eugene Martin, Albert Corchuelo, Jeffrey Garigliano, Dana Dewey, John Dell **Row Two:** Christopher Spunar, Scott Baroun, Rob Menendez, Rob Memmesheimer, Keith Brzozowsky, Eric Voegels, David Dowling Lance Westerlund, Robert Millott, Joseph Austin, Robert Williams **Row Three:** Thomas Foggin, Matthew Clucas, John Rogers, John Beal, Chris Pickett, Eric Sherck, Derrick Garvin, Matthew Rose, Joseph Schweitzer, Pete Rieg, Harold Cornwall **Not Shown:** Jay Dill, Matthew Finney, Joseph Smith

The Class of 1990

Row One: Lance Hayden, Jennifer Buenviaje, Karon Barker, Glenn Weinstein, Edward Simila, Peter Slamp, Martin Pullen, Kevin McGowan, Bryan Ponce **Row Two:** Kerry O'Boyle, Stephen Sammons, George Graves, William Suggs, Alexander Moore, David Blackman, Michael Mangiapane, Keith Erdman, Brian Friley, Timothy Callahan, James Manchester, Joseph Bond **Row Three:** Edwardo Wilson, Steven Lupton, Chris Lemmink, Aaron Johnson, Robert Liebe, John Powers, Peter Landauer, Brian Smith, Bryan Tauzer, Michael Miller, Robert Cameron, Billy Castleberry **Not Shown:** Christina Dineen

May your expectations alays be fulfilled to the highest limits. Love George, Diane and Children

Congratulations on the completion of a grueling four years. With pride and love Jesse, Clare and kids

Soar high, live long and prosper. Be happy! Love Jim, Debbie and children.

You may be last by birthrights but your dreams, labor, achievements and successes have set you first. All our love and admiration. A.K.A. et, al.

May you have fair winds and following seas. Love Dave, Terry, and Domenic.

May all your dreams turn into reality and may God continue to bless you. Love, Steve, Mary and Ana.

J.C., your father would have been as proud of you as I am. Luv ya, Mum.

We salute and congratulate you, Jason, for a job well done with honorable distinction. It is with our deepest love we hope your future is the best ever.

孩子我們以你為榮
Proud of you son.

We knew you could, we knew you would. Congratulations Ensign Mark Gibson. From all your family. Love and pride. Mom, Dad, and Kathy

Congrats ENS Barry Brockway. We're so proud of you! Godspeed and happy flying. Love, Dad, Donna, Grandma, Denise, Chuck, Yvonne, Craig.

Cras ingens iterabimus aequor. Ave atque vale, Tim Reimann. Mom et Dad, Ron, Tom, Carolyn, John Mark et Matt.

Lt. Sean P. Sullivan
We are very proud
Mom Dad Joe Shane
Suzanne
Semper Fi

Congratulations Trav Thiesse! We love you! Dad, Mom, Steve, Judy, Monty, Lisa, Dennis, Sandy, Marty, Melanie, Lori, Paul, Lesli, and Greg

Congratulations to the Class of '87 with our best wishes for continued success. The Wehman Family.

Congratulations and Best Wishes 16th Co. and the Class of '87 from the family of Brant Pickrell. God bless you. Dad, Mom, Jim, Karen, Jenni, Sue.

Congratulations and much love — We are all so proud of you, Will Soper! Fly high! Dad, Mom, Laurie, Matthew, and Molly.

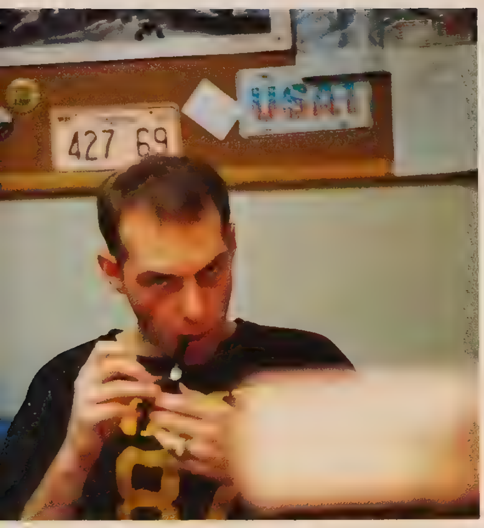
Congratulations to Mike Ryan and Class of '87. Dreams do come true! With love and pride, Dad, Mom, Ginny, Steve, Matt, and Duchess.

Congratulations sixteen! Good luck John '87.
Jerry '84.

Congratulations '87 and especially Eric Hoy. We hope that you will always set such high goals and work so hard to achieve. We are so proud!! Dad and Carl.

To Doug, "Away, Away, with Fife and Drum." Love the North Atlantic Squadron. Congrats to The Best — 16th Company.

Congratulations and best wishes. Ensign Bill Neumann, from your proud family.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USNA

James Everett Bouchard

Jimmy traveled a great and perilous journey across the county line to come to USNA. This step was so great he even ended up in the same company with his older brother. This was only to last for plebe year as Jimmy, like the rest of 87, got moved. Thus we all got to know him in Sweet 16. There are only 3 things that Jim knows about: God, Robin, and EE. He professes not to be an expert on any of them, but they are all real "cool" (especially Robin). By his second class year, Jimmy was destined to be a recruit to the "WMWL," although the "HMWH" did not give up. Sorry guys. Many of us still have questions for Jim: Are you really going to USNA or Messiah? When will you realize that EE is nothing but **magic** ? Do you ever get upset? Why subs? Jimmy is the kind of guy who can do anything he sets his mind on. Thanks for teaching me patience and how not to worry. Good luck with NPS, Prototype, Robin, etc. . . .See you around. BDP.

Barry Dean Brockway

USNA was not quite ready for Barry, the wild man from Wisconsin, but through a good plebe year with Michael J. and Big Dan he made it through fine. The Brock's first achievement in 16 was to become the stronghold of heavy metal, with his own radio show. After the advent of The Stable, the wild-man reemerged, cooling his relationship with the big C and becoming a hunter. Having no problem with school, Bear resorted to the rack, music, beer and sports, QBing and coaching the company football team to brigade champs in 87. Some key words that jar the memory — the Cubs, Point Bravo, streaking, Zack's at Myrtle, Oahu with Brandan, Easter with Rodger, Parkers, N.C., UVA, Pitt, Delaware, Largo and the reef. A few brushes with C.J. kept him from moving to striperland, but he leaves us as an NFO headin' for the beaches and pleasures of P-Cola. Take care Brock, we'll see which bachelor lasts the longest. DEM.

Andrew Daly Buckon

Andy came from a backwoods Triangle, Virginia, the son of a Marine Corps Colonel that was sure to follow the same path — well, almost. He stormed into the Academy a soccer star and played for Navy his plebe year, only to later shine in the bruising company league. Plebe year found him in Slack Six form which he went to the Sweet Co. to eventually become Company Commander. Remember: stomach movements all over Pensacola, bearded clam YP359, Buffet '85, Colorado skiing, camping '87, etc. Andy is off to UVA on a Bourke Scholarship to get his masters before joining the rich bubbleheaded community. Good luck you're on your own now; I taught you all I can. MRM.

Joe Michael Cheneler

Joe, known as Chief, came to 16 with wings upon his chest. He quickly established himself as King Recon by trying to sail Knockabouts while in the water. After a broken plebe year romance, frustrated attempts in the hall, and $400 weekends, Joe snaked on his sponsor's niece for 2 years. The majority of first class year was spent worshipping the almighty JAVA. Joe gained much popularity with classmates by being a good and quiet neighbor (Ha). His Dive School attempt though no fault of his own almost sent him to the surface Navy (where he really wanted to be). Joe blazed a smooth trail to College Park every weekend, when his car was up to it, and he always came back to proclaim about all of the copious amounts of studying he accomplished. Right Joe. He had one motto that seem to put everything into perspective: Airborne sucks! JDG.

Matthew Ryder Howes

Matt is from the Garden State, New Jersey. He came to the Academy so he could fly jets for the Navy. On January 27, 1987 his wish was granted. Matt's background has been military for some time. He graduated from the Admiral Farragut Academy. Fast cars have always been a passion. This is seen in the car he bought with his car loan, a Porsche 944. Little will stop him from driving his car fast. Very little and very fast! In the spring of '86 Matt became engaged to one of his classmates, Julie Helmers. She will also become a pilot. Little was seen of Matt his first class year. He spent most of his time on 3-4. He did, however, visit the company before formations and at taps. On the athletic field Matt contributed to company sports. He was a very important part of the lightweight football team first class year when they won the brigade championship. Matt's major is Oceanography. Why? I don't know and neither does he.

Eric Harlyn Hoy

After a year of tranquility at the U. of Idaho, our Hoyboy Eric was ready for some excitement in life. At his arrival here in Annapolis, he immediately joined the Corps (USNA Dumb & Bungle Corps). For the years with the Corps he sure had a lot of fun and excitement especially during the second annual tequila party (5K+5K+5K=15K). When not preoccupied with such professional development, Eric has learned to love Rickover as he played with his rubber duck at the tow tank and befriended the "Rickover mouse." Eric is characterized by his ability to laugh while in adversity and his inability to live without his coffee pot and his best friend, "Snuff." Eric's hobbies include taking his gun for walks in the rain, constantly working on his Corvette, and pulling his hair out over NARC problems . . .Oops! Too Late! Well, Thanks for all the laughter you brought to us and best wishes on your dream boat MSO-488. JS & KD.

Scott Douglas Johnson

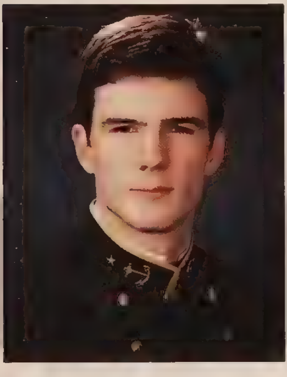
Scotty came to us a dejected orphan from 26. At first we thought he was shy, but soon realized that he actually **studied** at the library. (He looked up words he found in comic strips — cat fud?) Youngster year he became acquainted with the "late night pun." Fish jokes were his favorite until he saw no porpoise in them and decided he'd haddock. As a second class he consulted; charging $1 for help, $3 for answers, and $5 for right ones. He soon developed a lust for young buxom Swedes and ran off to meet some of them on first class cruise. Surviving Crystal City, he selected subs. Not content with 16 he ran off to loo-loo land on 4-1; it was at least good for a coffee break. "Tack gode Gud att det inte aer poa ricktigt." Hado, Scotty, see you out there. FWS.

Brandan Matthew Kot

B.K. took the long way from Connecticut to USNA — via San Diego. Plebe year in 12th, he found his chief talent to be belting out "Army Mule" to his upperclass, a future nightmare for 16's plebes. 16 altered B.K., changing him from Madonna to "10 Seconds to Love." With his new theme-song, B.K. started a string, from the Big One (Spring Break 85), going through the tank, the Marine and finally his "buddy." Brandan was active on the beach (amid horses and noxema), and on the seawall, eventually peaking with his A-6 quals with Barry in Hawaii, to the theme of "Rawhide." Keep him away from bananas! and if you stay up late, be ready for scenarios — "Christi Brinkley or Lynyrd Skynyrd" Always a partier, he lost it with the best (Remember Army and Fran's, Normy?) Easy to room with, he made a missile once out of C.S.'s wargame. A favorite of the plebes(?) and of classmates, Kot man leaves us as a SWO-Daddy, we'll all miss his big WA. DEM.

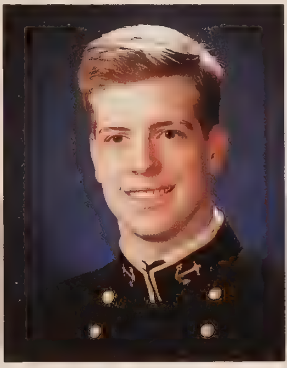
Mark Allen Gardner

...and they call him, G-Man, Guardian of the Rack. Due to the great scramble of '87, I was not fortunate(?) enough to know Mark as a plebe. When we moved into the haunted room I thought I was stuck with a geek who would keep me up to all hours of the night. Then I got to know him. This man mastered the art of max rack and near-zero studying while piling up the 4.0's. Then a tall, dark, hoopin' man named CJ became our CO. Being hoopsters and honorary brothers ourselves, we thought we'd be hooked. I guess we were until CJ decided to test G-Man's mettle and get into our program. But again we survived and G excelled. He was the only Tall Boy to maintain his pilot status and after a short stint at a real school (G-Town, of course) he will head down to P-Cola to fly jets, nah, probably P-3's. I suppose G would like to thank the boys of '86 for making us Guardians of 359 and "please give." Later, G, see you in CIVLANT ASAP. MTR.



Jason Dwight Garrison

Jason came to the Academy from North Carolina. He has managed to keep his hometown roots, or should I say Jill has kept him rooted to home. Jason is Mr. Nice Guy: good grades, patient, humorous, etc. But a few things are worth mentioning. Army was always a high point for him. Youngster year J.D. added a painting of his inner self to a wall at the Ben Franklin Hotel (Those Damn onions . . .). Second class year he introduced the streets of Philly to Southern Style cooking. Springtime of the same year brought his engagement to Jill (good luck with the girl of your dreams). First class year brought late nights studying but when he finally went to sleep it was great, a prodigious sleeper known for his snoring (thanks for keeping me up). Because he failed his eye exam at Cocoa Beach and Franny's, Nuke Surface is getting a hellava guy. P.S. Is J. around? (aaaaagh). JMC.



Mark Conrad Gibson

Gibby, a career student, came to 16 after 4 years of college. Give him a beer and out come the magic words, "When I went to Penn State . . ." He became famous during third class and second class years for his long string of weekends spent with different girls from Fran's. How many was it Mark? We did see a few. (Remember Joan?) Gibby was also known for his company projects: the K, the Army balloon, Dining-ins, T-shirts, and tailgaters in Philly. Second class year also had Gibby's frequent pummel sessions on J.R. Mark achieved one ambition by leading 3rd Batt. to the Brigade football championship. His dream of marching 16 into the Vet fell through, but he did shock everybody by getting 3-stripes 2nd semester as Batt. Ops. Mark will now take his talents into the surface warfare community aboard the **USS New Jersey** . Good Luck in the fleet and all other endeavors, and keep the streaks goin' Buddy. BMK.

John Eric Hottendorf

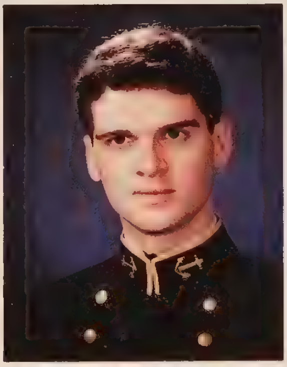
"Hotty" was his nickname. He was more than just a fun, lively and dynamic individual. He was also very mature — an example to us all. John sailed into plebe year coming right from the "fleet." We all admired him for his wisdom, maturity and "know-how." He proved himself worthy by living through a real plebe year in Dirty Thirty. But Sweet Sixteen was more of John's style — cool, collected, easy-going, and just plain squared away. We are all greatly indebted to you John. You have set the standards of excellence which those who follow can only dream to match. JR.

John Robert Loricco

John came to the Naval Academy from Hopewell, New Jersey with only two serious goals. Survive Canoe U. and have the opportunity to become a NFO. Introduced to the ways of the Naval Academy in "Dirty Thirty", John survived plebe year and set his goals on good grades and graduation. Along the way John presented himself as the professional he would like to become and distinguished himself as the the company honor representative and coaching sub-squad. John remained the hard-working individual that he is throughout his time at the Academy, achieving both of his goals impressively. May he have clear skies and a fair wind in the future to come. Good luck Jr. and remember these times when the chips are down. Hotty.

Michael Robert Martin

Maynard came to Navy from the land of Dorothy, Toto and the luckiest baseball team of the 1985 season. He made a name for himself in Slack Six during plebe summer when he sleep walked during a fire drill and was found outside 8th wing by the OOW. We lived in 4th wing. A little golf and chili earned Mike his first letter, a Black N. There are two things I will always remember about Mike; his inability to pack lightly and his talent for keeping his foot in every door. After trading wrestling shoes for rugby boots, Mike earned a letter he was a little prouder of. Mike had a few memorable experiences which I want him to always remember. The Soviet experience at Goucher, Shore Patrol in Pensacola and an eventful trip to the Oceana O'Club. Girls must dig those pilots. Maynard will be heading down Pensacola way after snatching the third to last NFO billet. If the minimum wasn't good enough there wouldn't be a minimum. We'll miss you bud. Take care. ADB.



Douglas Edward Mason

Doug came from Raleigh, North Carolina to USNA with the sole intention of becoming one of the few, the proud. As a plebe in 26, Doug made it through with flying colors, a few good friends, and memories. Third class cruise to Bermuda was an adventure he shall never forget. The JFK was definitely a thrill (want to run?). Youngster year was a learning (?) experience as Dealer was dealt bad cards from C.J. and academics. Doug officially became a Poli-Sci major after youngster year, so he then could devote more time to his true love, Schaeffer Light. A few words will always crack a smile: Leslies, poker, Zack's and the ship vent, Pop's (I'm a boat), Dinwiddie, the Parkers, Uncle Roger and the Canadians, the reef, Peter Pan and Roy Clark, the canoe, point bravo, HMWH ("Hey Romeo"), and head over heels. Doug good luck in the Marine Corps. I know you have the knowledge and the ambition to do well. I'm gonna win — BDB.

Carl David Neidhold

Chip arrived to USNA via NAPS, so he was prepared for USNA but was the Academy ready for Chip? Plebe year Chip was a favorite of one Giles Kyser IV. Most of the second class of the 4th Co. were not on Chip's Christmas card list, maybe his hit list though. Chip always gave those around him the latest information — no need to dial 411 or to talk to the Shell Answer Man. A few times though Dr. Gouge was put out to "wash" in his data collection ventures. Since Chip was a math major, he proved the hypothesis that "you CAN learn 4 weeks worth of work in one night." By the way, can anyone say "Britain?" Also, who doesn't Chip know and could someone tell me where is? I thought **this** was his room. At our 10 year reunion is Chip going to need a passport? He did what? How many times has he seen her? It must be love. I need some answers-hey Chip! Thanks for the laughs and good luck with Aviation and your marriage. — BDB.

William Davis Neumann

Bill came to the Sixteenth Company youngster year after a motivating third class summer: Jump School and Tijuana, and a strong desire to have fun, work hard, and graduate. He took a try at academics; however, it soon became apparent that Bill was in the military to jump out of planes, not to learn EE. Challenges and accomplishments marked Bill's four years, whether it was the marathon, assaults on Virginia Beach, Times Square, and Georgetown, and becoming a dual fool, he somehow always managed to succeed. The loss of best friends Stu and Dennis to the civilian world and run-ins with the ACS channeled Bill's efforts into more civilized areas like jumping in P.R. with Fred and the EOD's and brutalizing people in fieldball. Buena Suerte in la futura rana. A good time was had by all! Sully.

John Charles Ortega

Taco's life has travelled full circle in four years. He spent plebe year pining for his hometown honey, and even bought her "The Ring." Wisely, however, he used the money back guarantee. But from the road trips and Spring Break of second class year, to this year's "wife," we survived a lot, including my party-mobile and Aero, but Taco earned some special awards: The Reformed Mirror Maniac Award for being cured from looking at his body in the mirror every 15 minutes even if it meant gaining 15 lbs; The Blackmail Photographer Life Achievement Award for always having that darn camera ready; Ralph Lauren's Distinguished Service Award for being the only person in North America with Polo on tap; The Dustin Hoffman-Tom Cruise-Rambo Look-alike Award (see photo); and The April 1986 Foot-Fetish Award. My closing wish is that every month of John's life be as nice as that April. Thanks for tolerating me. See you in Florida! KJR.

Brant Douglas Pickrell

Brant came to us from sunny California. He still can't figure out why USNA is in Maryland instead of California. He'll always think anyone on the East Coast is crazy — he can't wait to return to California after graduation. The sunny weather is not the only thing he wants to get back to; Sue, whom he left four years ago, is still waiting for him. He is looking forward to tying the knot upon his return. Brant enjoyed his time here as the president of the WMWL club and did some hefty recruiting. Unlike most mids, flying never appealed to Brant; he set his sights on the CEC, wanting to follow in his father's footsteps. Unfortunately though, a brief career as a "SWO Daddy" stands between him and his goal. Brant will always be remembered for his hardworking, clean cut image. A saying he picked up from his grandfather and hung in his doorway best exemplifies Brant, "If You Don't Have Anything To Do, Don't Do It Here."

Timothy John Reimann

Tim came to USNA via Woodbury, Minnesota, and had an uneventful Plebe year eschewing track in order to devote himself to academics. That devotion continued after a switch to Sweet Sixteen, as Tim excelled in EE as well as squash, helping 3rd Battalion take two Brigade titles. Tim always found time to study and his perseverance and dedication paid off first class year, when he spent an enlightening fall semester on 4-1 as Brigade Adjutant. All that work meant no play, so Tim didn't get his MR2 until February, but he had the money to pay for it, thanks to the nuke billet he came here to get. During his time here, Tim always kept in touch with the Midwest through friends here and steady correspondence with Mary, to whom he got engaged over Christmas of firstie year. You've been a great friend, Tim, and I wish you and Mary the best of luck in the years to come. Dieter.

Frederick William Smith

Deciding that "Naval" was much easier to spell than "Mercersberg," Fritz switched to this academy with high hopes in the summer of '83. After attaining the exalted position of Fourteenth Company's "Attorney at Sea," Fritz moved to the Sixteenth Company youngster year, where he quickly amazed his new roommates with his uncanny ability to sing all of "Navy Blue and Gold" without ever changing pitch. Forsaking his singing career, Fritz decided to concentrate on forensics — whether or not this was a good choice is still debatable. Heated discussions on controversial topics raged nightly in Fritz's room, even into the wee hours. Neighboring rooms were treated to intense discussions on truly relevant topics, such as whether football or baseball most closely resembles a jigsaw puzzle. Fritz was not an engineering major, but he managed to smooth-talk his way into the nuclear power program. Well, this is true to form . . . no surprises there! CBS and SBJ.

Craig Steven Soer

Craig came to the Academy as a Illinoisian transplanted to Missouri. As a mid there are three things that Craig strove for: sleep, closed windows, and bowling. Craig's inability to stay out of the rack became memorialized on tape during Parents' Weekend '87. Plebe year was a black hole in Craig's past, right Sparks. Youngster year appeared nightly in room 7140 as Hulk Hogan vs. the other roommates. Craig's love life went initially from a home town sweetie, to a powerlifter/cheerleader, to finally dating a future Elizabeth Ray from North Carolina. Craig was noted for his high fashion, trying to bring back fashions not meant to be brought back. Academically Craig hit the square root club where one first class laughed at his chances. But in the end Craig got what he wanted-FO! During first class year he had a plebe that performed so stellarly that he called him back for a repeat performance. What kind of guns *are* on a P-3? JDG.

William Paul Soper

Will "Soap" Soper — Will came to Navy from New Orleans, the land of Mardi Gras, Bourbon Street, and spicy food, where he had effectively chosen his service selection in High School when he bought his first flight jacket. It did (and probably still does) constitute the basis of his entire wardrobe. Will's love life never suffered from a lack of the female species. Although maintaining one steady "pen-pal"(?) at home, he managed to shuffle various other young ladies into his weekends. Perhaps it was Will's devotion to duty in this area that contributed to the demise of his Aero career, but that didn't stop him from continuing his quest to become a "Nasal Radiator". The Ray Bans were present long before the "Top Gun" fad came along (although it never stops me from giving him grief about them . . .) and he should be right at home in Pensacola. Give me a slow roll, Will. TZ.

John Christopher Stefanko

John came to us from famous Allentown, a committed, colorblind Marine that couldn't get dressed alone and often surprised us with interesting wardrobes. John spent most of plebe year in Slack Six swimming. Andy Rooney knows the story. John chose EE as his major but you could never tell by the amount of time he spent in the rack. Stiffcrank was given a new home in Sweet Sixteen with two former company mates who did their best to expand his musical taste. He said EE was his interest but much of his time was spent with either the Glee Club or comic books. Crank was always one for good entertainment. Tearing down a frat house sign with a party in progress, redecorating Ken's tent on Tater Ridge, and trying to barbecue Maynard during finals are only a few classics. John blew off PX and went CEC — the world needs ditch diggers, too. On your way man — we've done our best with you. MRM & ADB.

Kenneth James Robell

It all started downhill for K.J. plebe year. His wild action-packed lifestyle has to be credited to his plebe year roommate Dave, with whom he shared many beers during those Sunday afternoon dining outs. Even so, he had quite a mild youngster year. The brutalizer we all know and laugh at came out second class year. Here are a few memories: ginger pot roast, head first slides into home, the marking office NBC, the truck in Del., Lisa P., the Imp, Barney, "I can't find my zipper", car hoods, the partymobile, sincerely Ken, Ms. Chin, the parking lot in Wake Forest, "I can't walk", the panic button, Perry the Periscope, "I can't tell.Otherwise I'll have to kill you.", bimbo alert, ooo-ooo, since Pasadena?, He-man woman-hater, his Mom's hot cider, and finally Goucher. Well Ken you gektor, I hope some of these bring back some good memories. I've had a great time living with you.Take care and invite me to your wedding ,OK? Taco.

Michael Ryan

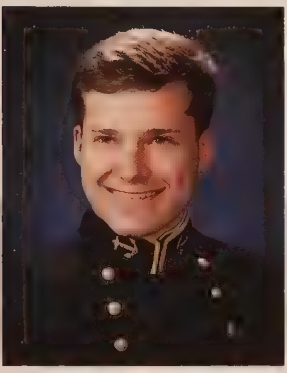
A Poem About Mikey: For 2209 plebe year was a rough start, But things went smooth with Mike, Firls and Art. After youngster year, King Art retired And as a roommate the G-Man was hired. As a youngster Mike was thin' But then lasagna did him in. Mikey liked to sleep some too, Especially in his rack so blue. For a time he was chillin,' But CJ made him illin.' Restriction went by slow, But he made it through you know. Grades were still a pain, But catch-up was Mike's game. Tree-fife-niner, Late Night TV, Sometimes a little of Pee-Wee. Life at The Cool Ranch was a blast, Makin' lips, IMF, and muchos laughs. It was all kind of silly until the very end, But through it all, Michael Ryan was my friend.

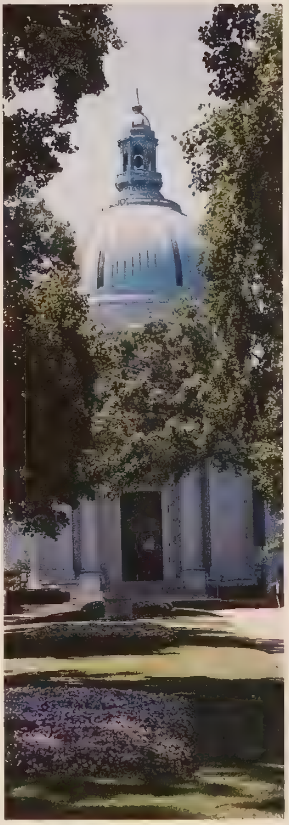
Jonah Wei Shen

Jonah "No Wei" Shen — "The Dog"; Originally from Taiwan, the Shen-dog came to USNA after a brief stop in Tacoma, Washington where he established both his state of legal residence and his U.S. citizenship. Jonah quickly made a name for himself during plebe summer when asked, "Mr. Shen, how long have you been in the Navy?" His reply: "About two weeks, Sir . . .oh! . . ., All me bloomin' life . . . Deciding that this was too much excitement for him, the Dog quickly moved into obscurity youngster year spending all of his time studying, sleeping, or attempting to master the English language. Graduating with a B.S. in Aerospace Engineering, Jonah will apply his B.S. toward becoming an NFO in Pensacola. Banzai!!!

Christopher Burke Smith

There was nothing like the "new" Chris. His dedication to his studies was, er . . ., unequaled. He quickly found the world of "political seance" after endeavoring to build planes as an Aero major. He always enjoyed his music — over and over again. He would stay up till all hours just listening. In his position as "god of love," he found out early that "all the world's a stage." But he later proved that sixteen meant more than just his company number. Chris always loved an argument. Yet, he never fully realized the true nature of Baseball or Football statistics. Whenever he found himself in the "crushing grip of reason," he would remark, "all I'm trying to say is this." Well Arliegh, good luck at P-cola. Just remember, this is you — Aaagga, Aaagga, Aaagga. FWS & SDJ.





Sean Patrick Sullivan

Common pursuits were destined to make our paths cross when Sean and I were scrambled into 16. Sully took a hit after his best friend Nags left, but Woo-Yah times continued which we'll both remember: NYC, LI, Va Beach, Delaware, and G-town. Sean excelled in Laser sailing- dismantling the opposition in Annapolis and LI and leading the sailing parties as spirit coordinator. His high school running prowess and marathon experience met their final conflict against the jimmy legs. Sully finally got on board first class summer: jump school, plebe detail, and Marine Option — hotel and night beach recon. Sean's love for his red '86 Alfa was replaced by a deeper love first class year. It's been a "live" three years, take names in the Corps and Drive On! WDN.

Trav Andrew Thiesse

Although Trav had a hard time adjusting to the small-town atmosphere here at the Academy (being from such metropolises as Springdale, Arkansas and Willow Lake, South Dakota) he coped well enough to actually graduate. Not only that, but he managed to impress Adm. McKee (I'm not sure how) enough to get accepted into Nuke school. Now you have to pass that. As though the trials and tribulations of being a Mech E weren't enough, he had to put up with a wide assortment of roommates (3) here in 16th company who, at various times and in various manners, contrived to drive him crazy. But that's OK, because you did it to us, only worse. Anyhow, now that it's all over, we can look forward to being in the **real Navy** . You will undoubtedly do well and proceed with much enthusiasm, even though that's against your nature. One word of advice: Take it easy. (And if it's easy, take it twice!) GO SWO! EHH. & JWS.

Robert John Wehman

When it all started the way it did, I knew we were in for four fast fun filled years. The only day off from practice on our first spring trip, we played golf in a thunderstorm with a case of beer and a golf cart, chasing gophers and getting stuck. It only got better. I know one recruit will remember his trip forever after our quarters game at Bob's. Then Friday night libs that began sophomore year. The Army-Navy game that year was a big success. Who ever did eliminate us from the wiffle ball tournament? Wehmo was in great shape so it couldn't have been his quick base running. Maybe it was the swiss cheese at shortstop. Let's blame the kegs. Wehmo would have turned into a beef n beaner if he ate one more. You'd think he had stock in them. He liked to slowly fall asleep immediately afterwards. His greatest art was public speaking, especially after tailgaters. He helped me through 4 years I'll never forget. God bless. JPH.

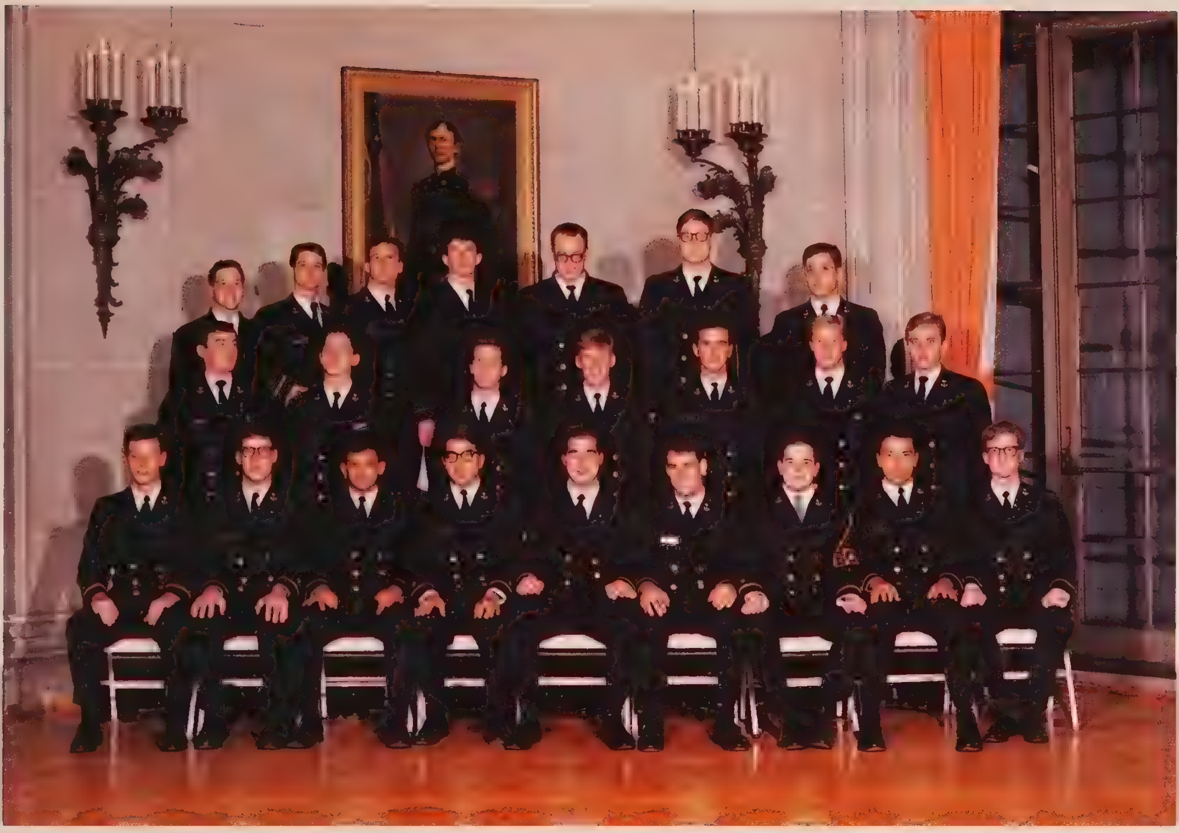
LCDR Marcial Garcia

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Thomas Tomaiko
Company Sub Commander: Gregory Sargent
Company Adjutant: Robert Swickley

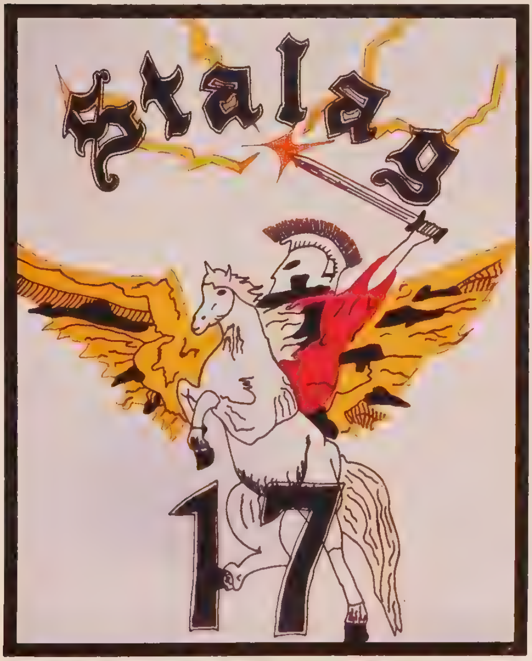
Spring Staff

Company Commander: Paul Huxhold
Company Sub Commander: Conrad Caldwell
Company Adjutant: Gregory Masiello



The Class of 1987

Row One: Paul Huxhold, Conrad Caldwell, Joaquin Bernardo, Rudolph Carlson, Michael Parrillo, Ted Wallace, Thomas Mercer, Jose Shores, Andrew Lennon **Row Two:** Michael Anderson, Thomas Tomaiko, Gregory Masiello, Robert Swickley, Timothy Deane, Craig Oechsel, Anthony Klimas **Row Three:** Richard Vitaro, Michael Horrisberger, Gregory Sargent, James Rathbun, Michael Keller, Scot Malloy, Edward Taylor **Not Shown:** John Feeney, Erik Holtkamp, William Lucas, Thomas Lunifeld, Anthony Prato, Benjamin Shove, Scott Urbach



The Class of 1988

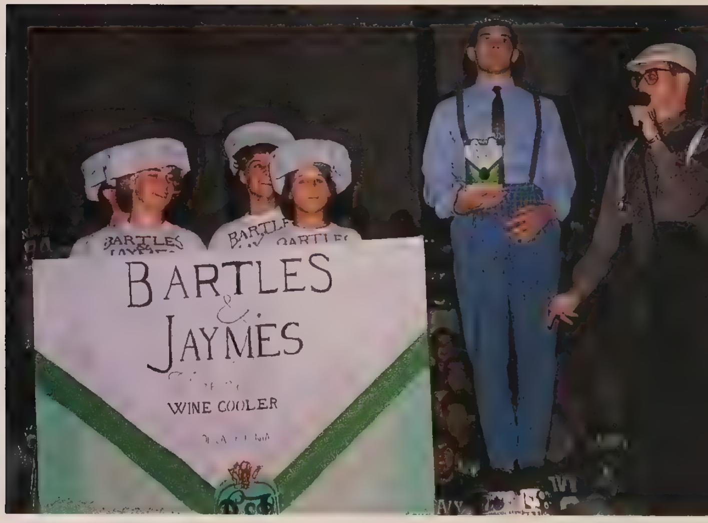
Row One: Christine Coetzee, James Lakes, John Sprenger, Mike Bayesa, Tim McGowan, John Mares, Brian Falke, Craig Dudley, Mark Mouriski **Row Two:** Steve Landess, William Plemenos, Michael Velasquez, Theodore Peck, Troye Crickette, Kenneth Kristensen, Chad Dorr, Dennis Walsh, Maureen Toohey, Mindy Allen **Row Three:** Fred Herrmann, Chris Bernard, Neil Pettigrew, Glenn Williams, Chris Neugebauer, Anthony Delmas, Michael Veltre, Scott Knox, Maria Pechacek, James Barber

The Class of 1989

Row One: David Bates, James Orona, Kevin Bostick, Carlos Barbosa, Brett Bekken, Terry Crowe, Vikram Sardana, James Weggen, David Carson **Row Two:** Jeffery Simmons, Herman Cestero, Christopher Cashman, Ransom Rogers, John Petit, John Bitting, Robert Lydens, Joel Godwin, Mark Vandroff, Bradley Armstrong, Stephen Barrie, James Selkirk, Edward Liu **Row Three:** Kevin Kinslow, Kenneth Dyer, Christopher Cronk, Joseph Stibler, William Parkhurst, Ben Koenig, William Tibbs, Raymond Villar, Andrew Nugent **Not Shown:** Joel Stewart, Joe Miller

The Class of 1990

Row One: Adam Bovshow, Michael Malloy, Mark Deets, Scott Benedict, Julie Connor, David Colegrove, Brian Keith, William McInerney, Melissa Metz **Row Two:** Stephanie Myers, Han Oh, Robert Dodd, Richard Newton, Christopher Tinio, Erick Goss, John Driscoll, Matt Moore, Mark Creasey, Mark Schrecker, Renee Rasera, Kevin Brown, James Raab, Michael Niedert **Row Three:** Gerald Graham, Robert Scott, Anthony Sugalski, Matthew Pregmon, Christopher Lovejoy, Christopher Herring, Mark Gilbert, Conrad Sanville, Joseph Kirby, Peter Egan, James Carroll


BARTLES
&
JAYMES
WINE COOLER

Good job Erik.
Love, Ma and Pa.

Congratulations Ben Shove,
17th Co., Class of '87
You did it!
Love, Dad and Mom.

Congratulations Ben you made it. You're the best brother a girl could have. Lilah.

Greg Sargent, well done!!
Best wishes!
Jeannie and me.

Dear Scot, may the road rise up to meet you, may the wind be always at your back and may God hold you in the hollow of his hand. Love and congratulations. Mom, Todd, Denise, Craig, Nancy, Kate.

Congratulations Mike Parrillo and Class of '87. Well done Mike! From a proud family. Love and God bless, Mom, Dad, and Whole Family. Go Marines, Michael and Tim.

Congratulations
Andrew Charles Lennon
We're proud of you
Mom and Dad
Amy and Shelia.

Ensign R.P.F. Vitaro:
An '87 celebration.
Accolades son-grandson!
We have deep pride and joy in your achievements. We recognize that you value this thought regarding those in life's journey with you, if you love them tell them so. Much love and success. Parents, Fisher grandparents, Aunt Maxine.

Congratulations class of '87! Mike Anderson (17th) we are very proud of you! Best always! Love, Mom, Dad, Roger, Ryan, Suzanne.

Michael Douglas Anderson

"Twit" or "Huggy" arrived at USNA, HP in hand, with the burning desire to be a submariner and a double-E major. When he first came here, Mike was a social negat; he still is. But that didn't stop him from ravaging the hearts of tender young females, even dabbling in the gray once, before he finally settled down to the whip at MSU. One thing is for sure, the sub fleet is getting (hopefully) a dedicated guru of nukedom and professionalism. He had to be after rooming with the BRF for three semesters and a green-to-the-heart grunt for 5 big ones. How could you ever forget the driving thrills and chills in Chicago, almost every night 'til 2:00 a.m. playing cards, and the delicacies from Rudy's deli? Good luck, Mike — You still owe me pizza and beer! RFC.

Joaquin Andre Bernardo

Jondi is a cordial guy who learned to make friends by taking special classmates home for dinner, and squadmates out for beers at Riordan's. Being an academic achiever he gave a solid effort to both of his attempted majors before settling on Science. Jondi will be a Surface Warrior as his back kept him from the flight line. But he has already adjusted to Navy traditions, perfecting his juggling skills by giving hope to a woman in every port. He has also showed his potential for maintaining a SWO-gut, this has not only led to the title of Biscuit but has at times allowed his width to rival his height. To his friends he has become known as quite a nature boy, even a contender for the Dr. Doolittle "I can talk to crickets" award. I survived him as a roommate despite his habit of sending them to civilian life — four in just three years. Good luck in the fleet and God bless. GLM.

Conrad Chesnut Caldwell

Despite hailing from parts where good ol' boys describe their colorful lives as "OK", Conrad is the pride of Mustang, Oklahoma, sporting a high school diploma, Chevy truck, and a well-used MasterCard. Although Tracy has a physique akin to a Roman God, he shied away from sports at Shipwreck Tech. Instead he devoted four years to mastering the arts of F=MA and S=KHEI. Socially, Conrad has painfully learned that red and white wines don't mix, Swedish girls don't care for Westerners, Pisco isn't for lightweights, and silence is golden when joking with "the boys." Always willing to lend an ear (to listen to dirt), Conrad made many friends, and encouraged countless others. His warm heart, trusting character (gullible is under G), and sincere friendship have made Conrad a true comrade. The flyboys are getting a long-deserved boost. Keep checkin' your six, ace, I still owe you. Spank

Rudolph Frederick Carlson

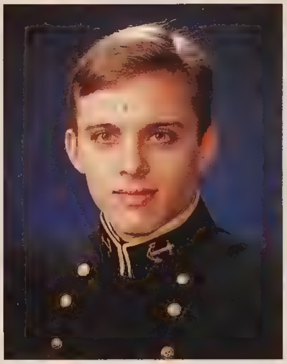
Rudy, known as "Day-O" or "The Golden Child," made a definite impact on 17th company. Renowned as the guru of love, he has perfected the technique of taking the best years of girls' lives only to dispose of them after they are too old to have a legitimate shot at bagging a husband. Also known for humiliating females on the tennis court, he is often seen offering suspicious amounts of food to certain rooms in the company, although I know this is only to salve his chivalrous conscious, no matter what 18th company says. A mud-sucking grunt through and through, the commies really have something to worry about now. After the Balukas, Diego and first set detail, TBS should be a breeze for him. Best of luck Rude. It's been an honor and a pleasure you blatant-flaming French homo — bomb throwin' Libyan terrorist-welfare pushing — Democratic senate lovin' maggot! Your erstwhile roomie and cohort in crime. MDA.

Paul Edmund Huxhold

At Tremper High, Paul was a varsity swimmer. However, after swimming plebe year he limited his water sports to the 7-2 terrace and the 6-3 deck! As a Naval Arch, everyone figured him to go SWO, especially since running and exercise were so appealing to him. But after fair winds and following seas on an LST, Quantico was the call. A big question on everyone's mind all year was; "Will Paul ever learn to use that computer he was issued ?" An ineffectual W.L., Paul accused everyone else of said crime, but he still waits for that certain cutesy to show at TBS. Have fun on that LST!

Michael Edward Keller

Mike attended USNA on the six-year plan, spending years at WSU and NAPS — this had little to do with a whopping 2.1 QPR. Thank God for unlimited flight billets, eh? Mike made up for academics with stellar performance, his yearly offenses even earned him a permanent spot on restriction. The founder of the company leadership award, our young ruffian made a big hit plebe year by wildmanning the OOW (his CO), the brigade commander and the senior chaplain. After being slummed plebe year by his girlfriend, Mike floundered in several close encounters-but Annette crawled back to him (just in time for graduation). Through the years, there were two constants with Mike-his whiteworks and his faithfulness to Chesty — until service selection. It's scary to think of him as a Navy pilot. Take care of Bert and thanks for enduring my weekly weight loss. Take care and watch your six. TP.



Anthony John Klimas

Few men are as well prepared as Tony to assume their duties as Surface Warriors. The inside of his mug is already covered with the slime of an experienced coffee drinker, and he eagerly awaits the opportunity to encrust the outside with sea salt. We don't doubt that he will have a girlfriend in every port given the ease at which he falls in love. He spent his early years as an aspiring rock drummer at outside formations, and finished off as an outside formation celebrity doing a stint as the Batt Adjutant. His inferiority complex led him to choose a major where he constantly had to prove something. His ability to differentiate between the important and the trivial led to an exponential increase in rack time. Second semester first class year he vectored his 200sx towards Hood every weekend, proving it could be done. We wish him a strong wind and a fair sea as he sets off in the surface Navy. ACL and BSS.

Andrew Charles Lennon

"Skip" sailed into Annapolis from Larchmont, New York, the Preppy capital of the world. Only there do people named Bif wear Madras to the Club with Muffy. Andy's sheltered boyhood soon fell away as he learned of manhood in Sixth Company Plebe year. He almost learned to swear (i.e. "Gosh Darn", "Golly") and may someday take a drink. Sometime youngster year, Andy realized that USNA was cake, and decided to be the perfect Midshipman. He excelled in sailing and academics, and calculated his profit from investing his Nuke bonus, car loan, and monthly pay on Black 13 at Atlantic City. As a firstie, Andy was Third Battalion Commander first semester, and a part-time Midshipman second semester, while attending graduate school. He never could find VGEP parking, and frequently parked his car in T-court. His multitude of talents, and easy disposition will be an asset to the Submarine force. AJK.

Timothy Michael Deane

Since beginning his ruthless pursuit of excellence in New Brighton, Pennsylvania, Timmy has overcome many fierce adversaries. Even Awesome Bob and the Gruesome Garce didn't prove a match. Tim's success features innumerable accomplishments. A curious major selection can hardly be criticized with the impressive academic record of this hard-working Steelers fan. One might think that such lofty endeavors would leave no time for lending a helping hand to his fellows. Not so with Tim. A flash of lightening was hardly as quick as Tim's efforts to rescue comrades in distress. Notable among these efforts was Tim's saving a roommate from a waterballoon-throwing plebette gone mad. Even when a sock-footed rendition of Karate Kid had mixed results, his composure as a pure perfectionist was no worse. Tim is certainly far from finished with his achievements. Whenever there is excellence, look for Tim. He'll be there.

John Patrick Feeney

John entered Annapolis from the city of Brotherly Love to spend a year in the intimate Stand in Line Company. During his stay in the Stalag, John studied under the Rocket, played 150s, and collected pennies for the annual Girl Scout cookies sale. Weekends were occupied with drinking and intense sessions with Melissa. Drinking with Melissa was one of the Feenstein's fonder passions, and one that he excelled at. On his 21st birthday, John and the boys guzzled shots including the infamous "Blazing Saddle." Well it must have been the walk back to the hall, but John worshiped porcelain for the next twenty hours. Happy Birthday. John always lived up to the "Back Shaft" reputation with his *laissez faire* attitude towards the Academy and his general disregard for the regulations. All of these factors combined to make him a great roommate and true friend. Best wishes at Pensacola and in the friendly skies.

Erik Girrard Holtkamp

Erik grew up in tropical climes; it was no surprise when he embraced naval discipline and came here. His brother paved the way, and classmates often tell Erik how they appreciated Louie working with them. Erik spent a year at Newport being prepped and made lifelong friends. As a plebe, he was driven to improve, and devoted much liberty time in solitary reflection on whatever small mistakes he made. This was beneficial as later Ferris was rarely caught misbehaving (much to my chagrin.) He was a lady killer with a sharp doo; a winsome, weirdly scientific smile; and a unique wardrobe. At school, Erik favored a white ensemble, identifying his "backshaft mentality." He did well in economic studies and always helped fellow majors. He excelled as an A-side Rugby winger, and was a member of "darn near the best men's floor hockey team in the nation." Erik will be shredding up the sky at Pensacola and beyond, and I wish him the best.

Michael Meredith Horrisberger

Arbitrary summations in time fade in the continuum.

William Aaron Lucas

It's not just hard to describe Bill in this limited space, it's impossible. How do you describe a guy who does his most serious thinking while playing Hearts? A man — yes, a man — on a quest for the Gouge Parking Space. (Actually, the quest is over. His parking privileges have been revoked.) As is readily apparent to the most casual observer, Bill's mold broke before he was born. The closest match to Bill is the character Rev. Jim from the show Taxi. Only Jim seems a little more in touch with reality. Bill, as you leave the clutches of your ever faithful blue whores (both of them), remember a couple things. First, even if you are long in Spades, you don't have to moose for the Lady every chance you get. Second, if you spend $1600 on a 10 year old truck then $2000 more on repairs and still not have heat in the cab, it is *not* a good deal. Good luck, Bill. Always keep your stick high! SWOGOD.

Thomas Jeffrey Lunifeld

Luni spent his young impressionable years at Zelda's Greenhouse in the thriving city of Pittsburgh, but this riotous living left him unfulfilled. Steeped in the traditions of the Naval Service from brother Bob, Luni decided USNA was the only place he could receive the discipline he so desired. Here at the Boat School he resigned himself to the joys of Mech E and free weights. Luni could usually be found spending his evenings with his nose deep in thermo as the soothing sounds of the Doors created the right atmosphere. But more than an academician, Luni was the Renaissance man. He voiced his creative energies in the Glee Club and could appreciate a fine Schaffer Beer with the rest of us. Since he already had an HP41 and an automatic pencil, the submarine force was for him. Soon, we will go our separate ways, but I know that I am a better person for having known the man we call Luni. SWM.

Scot Webster Malloy

I met Scot as a youngster, but his reputation preceded him. He was an overgrown Californian boy with a shock of red hair. Raised playing waterpolo, he managed to make time for musicals and playing piano. He was introduced to the Glee Club, where under careful yet carefree guidance he became its new figurehead. His sense of humor and gift of eloquent speech were an inspiration to all, as was his elaborate wardrobe. However, at night he could be found in an outrageous blue nightshirt, teddy bear in hand. Surviving the heavy weather of nearly all of the required technical courses, he found his niche as a poli-sci major, making the Superintendent's List as a first class. Ishmalloy, The Great Failing One, and Mountain Child were names that he picked up along the way, but I will always know Scot as a friend I can count on. I will remember all of the time, music, and ideas (not to mention toothpaste), that we shared. Luni.

Gregory Lee Masiello

Greg is an unforgettable person who leaves a lasting impression everywhere he goes. Being the only guy I know who has circumnavigated the world he made a point of leaving something behind in every country. After a wild night in Munich, Greg left most of his dinner somewhere between Munich and Frankfurt. And as a dedicated leader and an overachiever he shared his leadership skills with the plebes over the summer. It was then that he became known as the Troll which he will live with for the rest of his years. Greg was also admired for his desire to look out for his men. When a certain Plebe became inebriated during a company dining out, he ensured that the Plebe made it to the halls with no problem and tucked him in. Greg has also been known to be a heart breaker as a certain girl will confirm. Good luck. JAB.

Thomas Alexander Mercer

Tom left the sands of Virginia Beach to join us here at USNA. He started out having to contend with Awesome Bob of 36, but he weathered the gauntlet with his skyhigh QPR. He then moved to the comparative penthouse of 17 where he continued his trailblazing achievements, despite rooming with a rich yachter and a former waterpolo player who sang too. Merlerbeast, as he affectionately came to be known after a Mastercard fiasco, continued his sailing career but soon realized with a little help from his friends that weekends were made for Michelob, not pseudo America Cups. Tom's hobbies were be tanning in the summer and skiing in the winter. If he got twenty days of skiing in a season it was a good year. His greatest achievement (next to a 5:20 in the mile) was getting selected for VGEP to study of engineering at Maryland. This essentially meant that Tom didn't exist in the hall second semester due to maxlibs.

Craig Roger Oechsel

"Othel, Whitey, Hymey" blew in from the Windy City to Sing Sing on the Severn with ideals as big as Sarge. He was going to run his way into track annals; however, he ran into Fat Al and quit. Subsequently, Craig had to settle on excelling on intramural team sports — when he was there. Chivalrous Othel really knew how to treat the ladies in his pre-Academy days — a trip to the PI taught him otherwise. Craig discovered that love was cheap and became infamous for bedazzling women with stuffed Navy goats for all occasions. Lately however, Craig's attitudes towards love have become very "strange". Craig's attitudes towards this place were very unique: no one hated it more. He would always say things like, "Only 12 more bars of soap 'til graduation!" He is a great roommate and friend. Don't forget: Sean, Mike, Joe, the "Boys," and four years together by the bay. FTW.

Michael Albert Parrillo

Mike's love for the outdoors and great adventure led him to chose a life in the Marine Corps. While at the Academy, he was known to solicit midshipmen to accompany him on weekend camping trips. Since he wasn't able to get away often into the wilderness, he decided to bring the wilderness to his room. With Monte and Appolonia in his closet he didn't have to take weekends to go to the woods. Mike's fetish for wild pets led him to possess the Desert Dog, the only running urban assault vehicle in the yard. Mike used to don his cammos during the Marine Corps Static Display and show off "the Dog". Mike never missed an opportunity to help out other people. During vacations he would volunteer to drive Midshipmen to local airports. He's also been known to give money away as the Black Jack dealer in Atlantic City would confirm. Mike will be missed by all. Good luck, Air Biscuit. JAB.

Anthony Wayne Prato

Chin up little buckaroo — your not really a little Dago, and Pop Warner Football is a real sport. Remember the last Army game? Team captain, MVP, and league champs — you earned your N*. So did I- remember,your civility dropped in proportion to to your weight. But anything for little bro. Remember Bert — the little bastage. How 'bout the ring dance -- Karen — no Tracy — no both — no Karen — wrong choice. 110 down West Street, just drop the chain and I'll U-turn, no toll- hello officer, Tony your car fell — The Vette went through a lot. Lets shave our heads for the fun of it — we did. We always had a lot of fun. Good thing we got along nobody else would room with us — good for us. Thanks for the good times — I know they'll continue. You still owe me a sex grenade. Killer.

Robert Louis Swickley

Robert Louis Swickley, the Swick, was released into our custody from West Springfield High, Virginia, in June 1983. Rob's hobbies include running, biking, weightlifting, and more running, biking, and weightlifting. Swick was the guru of the individual workout; he detested and tried to best avoid anything smacking of organized athletics. To our great surprise, Rob is also an accomplished violinist and he's intent on becoming the next Eddie Van. His athletic lifestyle didn't allow time for studying Fortunately, he didn't have to, though he was a mechanical engineer. During our first semester together, Sickly Swick taught us all *proper* mess night etiquette with his "silent" pitcher filling during the VCNO's speech. As for Sara, his sweetheart for four years, the big question on everyone's mind is: When will he go down in flames? Stumperdog ('86) and Merlerbeast wish this Tau Beta well in the years ahead.

Phillip Steven Taylor

Living with the SWOGOD these past two semesters has been, to say the least, interesting. I still can't account for all the food that has come into the room. This Fresno native came a long way to the Academy, including a dual tour at UC Irvine as a civilian and at UCLA as a Weekend Warrior. Steve has shown his excellence physically and academically. On numerous occasions the PE department has requested to see his mile run, and, being the studious person he is, Steve can almost always be seen around the Yard on weekends. Even though he is kept busy by school, Steve has found time to throw away the good life; he has been engaged for almost a year now. They must be made for each other (look at his blotter). Steve is an exceptionally demanding person about his washables. In fact, a tour of laundry services was not enough to assuage his feelings about the horizontal creases in his whites. Well Steve, good luck in Pearl. The BALUKAS.

Thomas Andrew Tomaiko

Tenacious T Squared. Ronkonkoma, New York sent us the clean-cut all-American guy whose mild manners have served him well here at USNA. With his talent for original thought, Tom was genuinely innovative in pursuing his goals. However, like so many of us, his ambitions to soar through the skies in an F-14 were tempered by the realities of an eye examination. Nevertheless, Tom never had trouble seeing the right way out of difficult situations and rising up when tough times came calling. Although Tom shared his feelings less than most people, and his sense of humor often took a back seat in his priorities, still those who know him were never disappointed. Armed with his hard-charging persistence, he will doubtless make short order of all the nuclear-powered nightmares of Orlando and prototype. Guys like Tom will make the sub community and the Navy every bit as good as it ever was.

Scott Edward Urbach

Mr. and Mrs. Urbach survived tough times at Navy, often subsiding on dog biscuits and instant coffee. A man of few words, Urby let the blade he slept with do his talking. But his quiet demeanor didn't fool us; it takes a shrewd man indeed to get through four years on a white works chit — or maybe it isn't hard if you don't go to classes. Of course, sixty skips a semester isn't that much if you are best friends with your company officer; we know it took a lot of your time to run the Urbach clique. Scott's professional development of the underclass was a model; who can forget such classic lines as "so you want to fly; there's a window!" or "Are you still carrying your razor blade Mr. . . ." A financial genius, Urby is proof that one can live on credit and $14 a month. Who needs money when you've got love: Urby and the Corps should be happy together. We'll all miss papa Scott, our oldest comrade, we wish him the best. The Clique.

James David Rathbun

Dave became known to his friends as a perfectionist both in his academics and his social life. After spending 30+ hours a week on his school work, he still found time to comb the local high schools for the "perfect" girl. Dave also took great pride in company support. Not only did he take extra weekend duty, he took it upon himself to pick up and critique the movies that were to be watched in the company wardroom. He also coached the lightweight football team to a 7-1 record where he picked up the nickname Woody Hayes. Dave did what he could to make sure the uniform regulations were upheld throughout the brigade. Using his own ingenuity and his binoculars, he made sure that everyone in the 8th wing closed their blinds while changing, especially the female midshipmen rooms. Fair winds and following seas, Dave, and good luck on that 30 year career in the Navy that you always talked about.

Gregory Joel Sargent

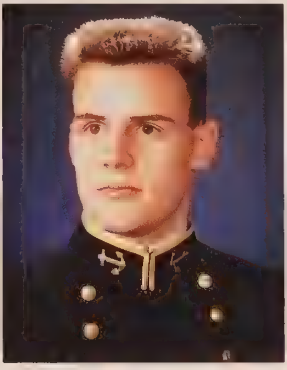
Greg had a rough start at Navy — the subtleties of Plebe year escaped him — but who can yell at a Plebe who would "request permission to cock my head in bewilderment, Sir"? He turned his life around, and became our over-achiever, a natural leader known as Mr. Fairness. Indeed, Greg had it all; cheerleader looks, a unique concept of duty, and a penchant for our fairer comrades. Who can forget the wonderful youngster upstairs or C. Thru O'Neil, his partner in water-sports. Greg was a real wild man with his cars, he never did get the Dean's Volvo, but the Ensign-mobile is a fine substitute. Few cars can handle 65 in second on road trips — fortunately Masiello's can. But after four years, we know Greg is well prepared for Naval Duties. His "long" competition with arch-rival Big Ben has left him "well equipped" for life after Navy.

Jose Ramon Shores

Jose Ramon Shores came to Annapolis from the little town of Alma, Arkansas. Most folks see him as a quiet, shy, soft-spoken kind of guy but those of us who know him can just put those thoughts aside. Whenever J.R. shows up you know that fun is just around the corner. During Army Week of youngster year he planted three dozen hot dogs in his favorite plebe room and then later led water attacks against sixty-minute chow callers . . . what a nut! Water balloons seem to be his real weakness. Beware the seventh wing wanderer after a late night pep rally; he's an excellent shot. As a friend J.R. can't be beat. He's got the unique ability to cheer you up when you're down and bring a ray of sunlight to your darkest days. He's going to make a great officer and a fine husband. Gina's one lucky lady!

Benjamin Sydney Shove

Since summer 1983 Ben and the Navy have fit together like foot in glove. His attention to detail even led him to tilt his head to keep his cover parallel to the deck. His female companions were numerous, and at times, also military. Ben arrived in 17 youngster year with more stuff than some firsties own. He neatly packs the locker full of wargames and civies, leaving the floor available for uniforms. Ben's professional knowledge is impressive. We predict he will proceed directly to TAO school after SWOS (if he doesn't get a consulting job with the Soviet Navy first). Ben has done a fine job leading the 17th fleet through many successful NAVTAG battles. He will certainly be an asset to any Wardroom, provided he doesn't get distracted by "shore attractions." As one of the survivors of the rigorous Aerospace major, Ben may finally get a trip to outer space. Don't worry though, ties are optional on space uniforms. All the Best. AJK,ACL.



Richard Patrick Vitaro

Richard Patrick Vitaro, alias Stinky, is known for the hard hours he put into working out to remain physically at his peak, so Jackie says. Rich was a studious and energetic poly-sci major, when not sleeping. He never let a little academic work interfere with his grueling golf schedule. Rich did however manage to find time to intern for Sen. McCain in D.C. as well as complete an independent research project. Stinky was the only guy gutsy enough and stupid enough to insult newly selected Marines; as a result they shaved his SWO daddy head completely bald. It seemed everyone liked to shave Stinky's hair including the guys from 36th company. Rich also enjoyed taking part in company jokes. One of his favorite was the Ned Beatty. Rich was a great roommate and very easy to get along with except at 0700. Good luck on your journey for your own Blue Highways and may car trouble keep clear of your path. Have a great time in Mayport, SWO God!

Frank Theodore Wallace

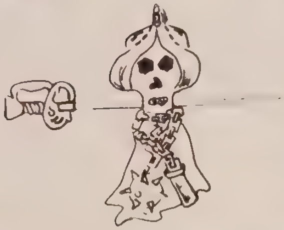
"Frodo, Wedge" Life's been tough on Ted, he's been plagued with the chiseled good looks of a movie star and a body of herculean proportions — nearly flawless except for a receding hairline. It hasn't been easy hanging out with him — sometimes it's no fun playing second fiddle. It's lucky for males east of the Mississippi that Ted only has eyes for one girl. A fine athletic product of Southington, Connecticut, Ted has been a veritable force behind the plate for Navy, possessing a cannon for an arm and able to hit a pea off any pitcher's forehead. He is a man with a taste for the fast lane, destined to be an Angel, probably Hell's before Blue. We'll miss the baseball's team captain on and off the field. We've enjoyed many good laughs and times -no one could ask for a better teammate and friend. Remember Ted, whatever YOU WANT. JPD & JBH.

The Class of 1987

Row One: Thomas Vonkolnitz, Bradford Edenfield, Sean Blochberger, James Mcgee, Gregory Gephart, Leonard Laporta, Jennifer Smith, Leslie Martin, Lance Lacroix **Row Two:** Joyce Brackett, Thomas Brasek, Brian Lee, Matthew Horan, Shelley Laurilla, John Peters, Stephen Gillespie, David Marsh, Larry Smith **Row Three:** David Smith, Edward Stephens, Thomas Miller, David Hemela, Daniel Schill, Gregory Coil, Rabon Cooke, Anthony Arellano **Not Shown:** Scott Bibeau, Ronald Higgs

MAJ Bob Grider

Serene



Eighteen

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Sean Blochberger
Company Sub Commander: Ronald Higgs
Company Adjutant: Lance Lacroix

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Ed Stephens
Company Sub Commander: Dan Schill
Company Adjutant: Larry Smith

The Class of 1988

Row One: Frank Carr, Roger Erickson, William Skinner, Chadwick Watson, Charles Smith, Samuel Scaffo, Keith Kans, Michael Guerrera, Christopher Hodsden **Row Two:** Wesley Kaufman, John Moore, Richard Hernandez, Tim Noonan, Andrew Heino, Craig Union, Todd Bibza, Kurt Miller, Daniel Mulligan, Robert Schasel, Lawrence McDonnell, Todd Vaupel **Row Three:** Gregory Kolcum, Vernon Wallace, Doug Gelbach, Curtis Brown, John Ross, James Butler, Andrew Howell, Bill Seaman, Joe Valecruz **Not Shown:** Allen Flanagan

The Class of 1989

Row One: Darin Marley, Thomas Peck, Joseph Fagan, Daniel Hicks, Michael Michel, Edward Martinez, Lynn Johnson, Kristin Reynolds, Laura Bush **Row Two:** Stephanie Rhoades, Raelene Ryerson, Patrick Hunkler, James Hudson, James Glynn, Bryan Anderson, Wesley Boyce, Colin Brady, Todd Waldemar, Rick Stoner, Jay Cavalieri, Diana Burke, Clemente Diaz, Brian Wetzler **Row Three:** Anthony Williams, Paul Parker, Charles Bailey, Anthony Faust, Scott Kepler, Joseph Krycia, Scott MacMurdo, John Duvall, Christopher Knight **Not Shown:** Monique Beauchesne, Daryl Simon, Christopher Venezia

The Class of 1990

Row One: Brian Hofmann, Suchate Prakobchati, Brandon Neisius, Benjamin Mansour, Terence Clark, Pete Holter, John Brady, Stacey Whitehead, Michael Badorf **Row Two:** Lyle Shay, Robert Edwards, Michael Stevens, Charles Pratt, Andre Stroud, Jun Lee, Gregory Schwaiger, Jeffrey Williams, Thomas Bogan, James Nelson, Jeffrey Gill, Jorma Winkler, Steven Brock **Row Three:** Rodney Brown, Timothy Millen, Patrick Liberaski, Michael Prickett, Scott Schleicher, Shawn Cullen, Jon Aytes, Hugh Huck, Eric Anderson, David Streight **Not Shown:** James Turner

Well done, Dennis McGee! We are very proud of your accomplishments. May you and the Class of '87 have continued success in the challenges that you face. We love you, Marine. From Christi, Mike (USNA '84), Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '87, especially 2nd LT Sean C. Blochberger USMC. May God watch over you all on your quest for your dream. Mom, Dad, Karen, Donna.

Congratulations Ensign Brian M. Lee. Wherever you go, our love and support go with you. Mom, Dad, Kevin.

To the Class of '87, 18 Co and Thomas Peyton Brasek. You made it through, Batt Staff too, so proud of you! Love, Mom, Dad, Don, Carl, Donna, Pop and Grandmom.

Congratulations Ray with pride and love, we salute you and the 18th Co. We're proud of you. Much success your proud Family.

Congratulations
Lenny Laporta
Mom and Dad

Congratulations Brad Edenfield, 18th Co. We thank God for sending you to us and we are grateful for the joy and pride you have brought us. We love you dearly. God bless you always. Love, Mom and Dad.

To our brother Brad Edenfield, 18th Co. Congratulations! We are proud of you and love you very much. May God bless and be your co-pilot!
Love, Tommy and Michelle.

Anthony J. G. Arellano

Tony, Bony or as he prefers, the Hindu Love God, is that short ethnic guy everybody loves. In fact, he is so attractive that things consistently follow him home and ask for a place to live. He is also a nice guy, except when he braids the strands on the jackets of complete strangers. Who else would allow a bunch of his fairly sober friends spray paint his Caddy? He may not eat much, but he will carry your spaghetti back from town underneath his cover so you won't go hungry. He could also be remembered as the only non-natural blonde in the conservative Hotel California. He was that guy who had as much height as good grades and as many good grades as dates. With that I end with a special note on his affair with Boom-Boom: short, passionate, and her multiple was higher. Grow-up, Rod. TJVK.

Scott Christopher Bibeau

Scott has been one of the best friends one could ever have. He came to us from Thompson, Connecticut. Beebs, Biblio, BooBoo, and Old Man are just a few of the nicknames he has acquired through his four years at "Canoe U". I've seen a great potential in Scott that has grown each day — except for his hair. Ol' "Beebs" is a well rounded person; he's not only great at being a Math major, but he is also quite an athlete. He has to challenge (or is it order?) the plebers to run with him as the upperclass in their infinite wisdom find no pleasure in torturing themselves to keep up. Scott endured plebe year in Flaming Fourth Co. and then came to Serene Eighteen to finish his time at USNA. On the night of service selection, Scott chose to be an NFO and became a member of Naval Aviation. Scott is destined to do well in the fleet, and as a future Navy Pilot, I will be honored to have him as my RIO. Good Luck Scott! LWS.

Sean Charles Blochberger

Sean came to the Naval Academy wanting to learn about the *real* navy. Instead, he found out that life here is sometimes different from other places. Rather than learning about ships and such, Sean felt that learning the words to "Minnie The Mermaid" during tours as a plebe was a much more valuable way to spend his time. After completing his plebe year in 23rd company, he was switched to 18th company with me, the Brick Layer! Talk about the Halo Effect! Sean could do no wrong; although I, myself, once saw him commit a social faux-pas (scrounge-a-burger). He was then thrust into senior year as the Company Commander; where, in being his roommate, we decided the future of 18th company "trail markers." In all honesty, though, Sean will make a fine marine officer. He has all the attributes that an aspiring young leader will need out there. Good luck, Sean. LLL.

Joyce Marie Brackett

Joyce came to the Naval Academy the hard way: through the enlisted ranks. Her faith in God was an inspiration, and it allowed her to be a hard charger. She suffered through many trials most midshipmen bypass, making cap throwing an earned and appreciated event. Joyce was such a stellar student that she was given the honor of being the first General Science major. By managing the women's volleyball team, she became the key to their success (and to their clean uniforms!). Joyce was a tough roommate to beat in battle, but she was also a killer on the dance floor. Ready for a quick change in Baltimore or a dance with a "guloot"? Thanks for the open ears during our late night chat sessions and your passing on of EE knowledge. Joyce, Korea is waiting for you. I wish you the best in your travel dreams! Be a "Joy" to all you meet! Smile! Your Roomie, Leslie.

Gregory Alan Gephart

Gep (#56, the Man, the Legend) came to USNA from Middletown, Ohio. A strenuous plebe year resulted in drastic change for Greg. He gained 50 lbs. Greg, a man of large stature, prefers women of this type after a night out drinking in Annapolis. Also famous for his unique taste for peanut butter jelly pickle cheese sandwiches and his large supply of Mama Gep cookies, he participated in many activities including varsity football and being one of the co-founders of Fat Brothers, Inc. He always set the example. His room standards were infamous throughout the Brigade, since the room was decorated with a kangaroo skin, pink flamingos, and Gumby and Pokey. Also, Greg's movie collection was always the late night favorite within 18th company. Greg is a fun-loving and caring person. He is an excellent 'Phi-Sci' and a true friend. The Naval Academy is a better place because of Greg Gephart. Thanks Greg and Good Luck in the future. BJE.

Stephen Mark Gillespie

Steve came here from Lemoore, California to get a better idea of how people live on the East Coast. He didn't need to learn much about the Navy, coming from generations of Navy brats. Steve proves the theory that the West Coast climate is ideal for sports. He is simply a tennis and football stud. He's either acing you or receiving a 40-yard pass. He wasn't so sure about some things, though: which girl to go out with, what major to choose, or what to do after graduation. He and computer science battled it out for a few years and we're still not sure who won. His lighter side came through when he roamed with the Whoop and showed that he could kick butt in school and still party. First club brought on a new definition of party. We still think Steve owes Mastercard his first born. We know that the Nukes will take care of any financial woes. Good luck in the Navy, and when it comes time to buy another car, give me a call. DRM.

David Andrew Hemela II

Navy Davy came to the boat school from Orlando. He'd do 'most anything to keep Florida in him, even if it meant being a powder head. Made for speed, this future pilot has wrecked 3 rental cars, blown a 'vette rod, and scraped-up his cycle to show his liking for speed. Dave (alias Trey Bullit) took his wreckless abandon to Bancroft, quickly earning a Black N. He loved his red machine; but the damn thing just turned out to be more trouble than it was worth. Girls? Well, I'd say Dave has been in love a few times before (I can't remember how many). Recently Cupid struck again — nobody told Cupid that Dave would have to take her from his best friend. That's OK, Shannon, your friendship only cost you one black eye. Well, Davy, it's been a hard battle our 4 years here, but we're still standing and smiling. Thanks for good times, good music, constant support, and great friendship. We love you and we'll miss you. DM, SM, MR, SB.

Ronald Leroy Higgs

Ron came here from Lawnside, NJ via NAPS. He learned the "ins and outs" of plebe in 15. Learning to live with caucasian savages and tell them apart were only 2 trials he endured plebe year. Youngster cruise took Ron on a tour of WestPac including Australia. He learned how much Australian women love American men and vise-versa. Youngster year, RL spent his afternoons wrestling with the blue monster and blending into the woodwork. His dream of owning a speed machine came true when he sold his first born for the blue B-Magnet. The car must have worked; First class summer at NAPS detail, RL acquired a ball-and-chain. Don't know what it is, but RL has mellowed and settled down since then. He even considered Nuke, but his better instincts led him to be an NFO. Things got out of hand when he was picked for Midn Soul Food with 4 stripes. RL may never be the same again. Good luck and don't wear out the path to Athens. DGS.

Thomas Peyton Brasek

Tom, or "T" as he is affectionately known by closest of friends, came to the Academy from the South Jersey Pinelands. As a plebe, "T" quickly found himself running for his life and trying to stay one step ahead of 17's infamous "Eraserhead." Youngster year finally arrived and he faced it with the same amount of blood and sweat (mostly sweat) as plebe year; working hard and enjoying the pleasures that only 19 hours of Mech E can bring (. . .hang in there). Junior year brought out his true character as we could see plebes healing the wounds they received from his famous back-shaft get togethers. Then came the final year, and with it came a change of heart. Tom could be found speeding along in his new Mustang GT, making trips back to those notorious nightclubs outside Medford, NJ. Tom is on his way to Nuke School now which he will endure the same way he endured this place — a lot of toil and an undying sense of humor. MBH and BML.

Gregory Scott Coil

Greg came to the academy by way of the enlisted navy. He rode into Newport, Rhode Island in the summer of 1982. The green Volkswagon bug he drove added a certain character to his presence. From NAPS Greg moved on to the Naval Academy. You could say that life here has agreed with him judging by the increase in his waist size. Here he found that it was not good to work too hard so he decided to become an Ocean Engineer. Just to make sure that he didn't see too many weekends, he decided to back-up engineering with varsity sailing. However, he is the only man I know who maintains a 3.0 while holding the varsity rack endurance record. Greg leaves this place without any misgivings. Instead he takes an anchor which he found near Tallahassee, Florida. I am sure that he will do well in the "Bubble Head" community, as long as the blue magnet does not attack too often. Best of luck. REC.

Rabon Elton Cooke

Ray Cooke is known to the 18th company as a hard-working naval architect. His exploits on the water, in school, and in various Annapolis slummaries are well worth chronicling in a large volume; however, I will limit this to a few lines. As a skipper on the sailing team, his boat managed a few meager wins during his last season, which were celebrated with the usual gusto, women, and beer. Of course winning was not always necessary for celebration, but it did help matters along. His favorite hangout, the Ram's Head Tavern is well known for its imported beers and sparse seating. A frequent visitor, Ray is estimated to have spent 90% of his pay in this basement dive. In addition to sailing and drinking feats he is famous for the wounds on his neck upon his return from Connecticut. It is rumored that the "irritation" from these sores was the cause of his truck crash in the fall. Ray is well liked by all. GSC.

Bradford Jack Edenfield

Brad came to USNA from a military school in Savannah, Georgia, but you would not believe it. Room standards were always of great importance to him. People were always amazed at its appearance: clothes organized in piles, sleeping on zebras, and dust balls. This was when the room was clean. On weekends, the standards went downhill. Liberty was also important to Brad. During the week, Brad would get plenty of sleep to be ready for the weekend. I'm sure that Brad will never forget youngster year's Homecoming Dance (Moose), the Preakster, the girls of 7-Eleven, Clarkes, Riordans, and Sherwood Forest. Academics came easy to Brad. Besides in class, the only time Brad would study was the night before an exam. This would usually be an all-night effort. When he was not studying or sleeping, late at night you could find him in the wardroom. Brad will make a fine pilot. Good luck, Brad. Gep.

Matthew Burke Horan

Matt came to us from the lush side of the Sunshine State, eager to thrust himself into the rigors of the navy. He managed to hustle through plebe year with no problems. Known to us as the "Walrus," Matt is known for his congenial, laid-back personality. He is always aware of other people's feelings; and thus his room was the social center of the company. As time progressed, Matt awoke to the fact that there is more to life than just books. He became one of the 18th company liberty hounds, spending most of his time in the Diamond State with a certain, little blond-haired girl. The professional stud bagged the highest grade in the company on the first class PCR. He is always the source of good advice of life in general. Now he leaves us to move on to bigger and better things in the SWO community. Good luck, Matt, may you take your good-natured attributes to the fleet as well! TPB and BML.

Lance Leo LaCroix

Lance came to USNA via the REAL navy and the Las Vegas "Y". Always the standout, even as a plebe, Lance rose to prominence as senior restrictee and coveted Black N winner. Youngster year saw the evolution of Mad Man Lance (he's the greatest!). Second class year gave Lance a chance to put to use the valuable leadership skills he learned plebe year from the likes of Dahoda, Miles, and The Q. Because of his great tact and interpersonal skills, Lance became company adjutant first class year. Once I explained to him that he couldn't make youngsters come around, Lance got along just fine. Now it's time to leave the place we hated together for four years. It's funny how many good memories come out of adverse circumstances. Lance, it's those memories that you'll cherish throughout your 50-year naval career. You'll do well in the submarine service — just don't let the captain see your "I violate reactor safety" T-shirt! Good luck! SCB.

Leonard LaPorta

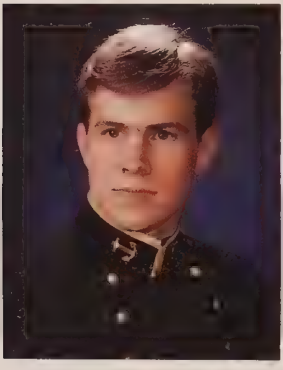
Len was born on 01 FEB 65 in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He led a sheltered life before coming to the Academy. Once he arrived, he realized there was another world outside of Johnstown. Len became confused. Luckily, he played football. The players helped Len adjust to this exciting lifestyle, too well. Now, Len is the leading ladies man of Annapolis. Nary a weekend ends without him either hooking-up or going on a date. To finance his love life, Len started playing the stockmarket. He says if all goes as planned, he will be a millionaire by his 35th birthday. His financial wizardry would have served him well as a supply officer. However, Len chose Surface Line because he wants to be a fighter as well as a lover. Only time will tell. Good luck, Len! DKS.

Shelley Marie Laurilla

The day this plebe showed-up to practice in a goat shirt, Goober was born and her name stuck. Youngster year, she found the man of her dreams (a 6'4", blond track star!). In her new company, she became a hit tanning in her bikini. Then came the big decision, "should I stay or should I go?". She played "hookie" for the first two days of classes. The fact that she had Rocket that semester should have told her something. She decided to stick it out any way. Hard work and sweat payed-off First class year. Hot Mama was set with her 280ZX and 3-stripes. Former rivals on the court turned out to be close buddies as we came together as close friends and teammates to BEAT ARMY (70-52!) and to learn to laugh at life a little, pulling one another through the rough spots. Shelley made a commitment to Navy Air and a commitment to Brian. We wish them the best of luck. Thanks for everything. Love, Marge and Jennifer (P.S. What is a Delta '88 . . .?)

Brian Michael Lee

Brian hails from the rolling, green hills north of Philly. He walked over Navy's threshold with the ambition of carrying out his success streak in life. He was the Big-Man-On-Campus plebe year, serving as the Fourth Class Company Commander. Academics always came as "Mickey Mouse" to Brian. He would dazzle us with his brilliant, yet illegible, solutions to the problems in the youngster, engineering weed-out courses. He knew more about Thermo than Uncle Bob. You could always count on finding Brian pumping the iron in Halsey, which is probably why he was always in great shape. Come first class year, he was often found giving his teeth the same attention with the famous Brian Lee, "Hour of Dental Power." We will miss Brian's energetic personality and alertness as he leaves us to attend Nuclear Power School. Good luck, Brian, and much continued success! MBH and TPB.



David Robert Marsh

Dave came to us from Greenville, South Carolina, a state with warm weather and good looking women, and he took every chance to indulge in the latter In between dates, swimming, watching movies, scuba, biking and lifting weights, he somehow found time to excel as a systems engineer. Dave entered the Academy with hopes of flying, and despite allergy shots and an operation, he will be "flying" our finest surface ships. Dave has survived many tribulations: from the "Fat Brothers" and Geno, the release of sensitive pictures of Gumby and his girlfriend, Mumbles Kay, hit-and-run drivers, and VA police officers to surviving the variable pay system (which always varied against him). He invented what may be the next olympic sport: nose snow skiing. Dave's great grades and honesty finally earned him his 3 stripes. Thanks, Dave, you are one of a kind. I have every faith that you'll succeed. Keep smiling (or laughing). E WAH HEE! SMG.

Leslie Jo Martin

Leslie is one of those "good old people" who would give you the shirt off her back for the thrill of it. She is always going out of her way to encourage people when they are down and out. Her goal to be a crew star took a back seat after she decided passing grades were a necessity for graduation. In addition, she tried to fulfill her life verse, Col. 2:2-3. Leslie loves to laugh and does lot of laughing at herself upon her first glance in the mirror each morning. A "Damn, you look good" would soon follow this morning ritual. Her husband-to-be turned out to be the unlikeliest of candidates. Fortunately, however, she became used to his unique attributes and fell passionately in love. I say "fell" literally, for his methods seemed better suited for Judo class. Well, it's off to Hawaii to monitor underwater sounds. I can't wait for the first time your C.O. askes, "Are you motivated, Miss Martin?" JMB.

James Dennis McGee

Hailing from Naples, Florida, Dennis (alias Little Man, McGeek, Geester, or J.D.) was "born on the crest of a wave and rocked in the cradle of the creep." After four years at USNA, he finally realized that Naples' girls were not the only way to fly. But he also found out that "The Only Way to Fly" was not the only way to sleep. Thanks to Roger, Ty, and Cary, people were horrified at the thought of having to room with him. Dennis proved that you don't have to be a Geek to be a EE major. The "abuse chair" was not a comfortable place. You don't like the navy paycheck? Dennis' equation for success: VISA + A.C. = QUICK CASH. And what a more practical way to travel than to bring your "hotel" (Cutlass) with you. He only had to watch his "driving patterns." Dennis will be deeply missed by all of his friends. Memories of him will fill our minds when we look back on some of the good times we've had here. DAH II.

Jennifer Ann Smith

Four years ago we met on the hardwood where we traded elbows and glares. Now the only elbows we throw are the ones when we're fighting for the shower since we're both such early risers (concept of duty!). When we were plebes, Jennifer hurt her knee and that was it for basketball. Luckily, the plebes got scrambled, and we crossed paths again in 18. Youngster year was her chance to make up for lost time, after all she was a little sis for the biggest frat in the country. She went through a really rough time second class year and she was hurting badly. We talked a lot then. She taught me a lot about life and courage. Jen's stuck by me and was a great supporter, an ear to bend, and a shoulder to cry on. Now she's on her way to Supply School. I have faith that she will ace that place as easily as she aced this one. Jennifer, I thank you for being a great roommate. Love, Shelley. P.S.-Squirlie doesn't know what he's missing!

Larry Wayne Smith

Although originally hailing from Visalia, California, Larry chose a route to the academy which rendered him a professional freshman for four years. Raised in a naval community, Larry experienced few surprises here; that is, except when he decided to take two extra weeks of Christmas leave plebe year and returned to find all his belongings piled-up in a new room. Youngster year brought new and exciting things: his striking resemblance to Alfred E. Newman produced nicknames such as Potato Head, Top Spud, Sad Larry, and more. Due to awesome grades, Larry (not Lawrence) didn't know the meaning of a weekend until first class year when he discovered that there was more to life than weights and being a "go-fer" for Big Al. From then on, his Japanese P.O.S. logged many miles to and from Baltimore. When Service Selection finally came, Larry wasn't the slightest bit nervous; thanks for the unlimited billets! Good luck, Larry. SCB.

Edward Leroy Stephens II

Big Ed came from Lake Ronkonkoma a married man, so he bought a family car for weekly road rally to Dulles. Ed came to Navy because he couldn't get in the Airline Academy, so he'll settle for delivering mail until he gets his own airline. He's prepared hard by keeping tabs on the competition and subscribing to Airline Executive. Ed will be very successful in his ventures, especially with his experience in leading as CC during second class and first class years. He enhanced his career by building fish tanks at Los Alomos one summer. At school, Ed spent most of his class time fishing the Bay, and his study time in the wardroom. You see, he took the expression study hour quite literally. To make up for the slow weeks, Ed had to add a little excitement to the weekends. Just ask him about his record-breaking weekend, his visit to the Wawa frat, and his partying at Long Beach Island. Best of luck Ed and Lisa. TSM.

Thomas Judson VonKolnitz

Jud, you arobicizing animal, it would not have been so bad having to explain to people that you broke your ankle while trying to dance, but the fact that you were singing along to Madonna while dancing with a classmate at the "O"-Club really blows your "avante garde", on "the cutting edge" image. Maybe you really do belong in P-3's? But really, you are an all-around swell guy, that is if you ignore the hair transplants, nuclear suntan, and hormone injections. Just kidding, we know how proud you are of those transplants. How else would you have been able to take an upperclassman to the Ring Dance (not the same one at the "O"-Club), or was it the body by Richard Simmons? It is too bad that you will have to move out of the wardroom after graduation especially since you were fried a five grand for trying to get in early on a certain second class weekend. Thanks for nothing, Mr. Social Life! Rod, grow-up. JDP and AJGA.

Thomas Scott Miller

Do you know Scott Miller? Scott who? Scott Miller. Scott Miller who? Scott Miller the soccer player. Scott Miller the soccer player? He's in our company? Scott kept a very low profile youngster year. Scott is a quiet guy most of the time but don't let that fool you. He is with out a doubt one of the best all around individuals I know. Scott is a great athlete; he can play any sport and beat you. Scott busted his butt to get through Mech-E and still get an NFO billet. In fact, service selection week he went to the Grunt meeting instead of the Navy Air meeting. Fortunately, he had five billets worth of gravy. Scott would give you the shirt off his back. He is without a doubt the most unselfish, thoughtful, and likeable guy I know. So, he likes Jimmy Buffett, nobody's perfect. I hope I draw him as my NFO, I know he'll be the best. Good Luck! Ed.

John David Peters

John, or as he prefers, "Peterhead", came to this lovely institution from somewhere in California (where else?). Over the past years, he has sported many fine, inspirational and professional haircuts in a variety of colors. Perhaps what John should best be remembered for is his constant protection of alcohol from being wasted in any manner. He has sacrificed (or should I say lost?!) hours of his life ensuring that no beer or tequilla was wasted. Who really wants to party past 10 on Halloween or see the first half of an anniversary football game anyway? His years of this devotion to the cause have left him with a physical appearance, rivaled by but a few, I did not know skin could stretch so far! As for his luck with (and I quote him) "Bimbos" need I say more than Boom-Boom and Bubbles? I am sure he will be even luckier in Florida in the wonderful road turd he owns . . .assuming the headlights work. Grow-up, Rod. TJVK.

Daniel Kenneth Schill

Dan is not your typical midshipman. He goes to bed at 2300, wakes the next morning for quarters, and then returns to the rack for an additional 2 hours of sleep. Every night he does his hour of work, a crossword puzzle, and then prepares to sleep. What is unusual is that he mantains a 3.29 QPR! Dan has changed in four years, though. Recently he broke down and bought his first newspaper subscription. **Amazing!** When it comes time for the weekend, Dan is more than ready. Usually, Dan leads the partying. He has earned the reputation of being a good rugger and has acquired the nickname Krusher which adequately describes his play. He crushes anything that comes near him. We all wish you the best of luck in the Corps, Dan. LL.

David Glenn Smith

Dave came to USNA from many places. He spent plebe summer in Third company sweating over little things. He joined the crew team and rowed on to a national championshop. In May, he took a trip to Georgetown that cost him September. He spent his youngster cruise in the valleys of Hawaii until he ran out of money. When he came to 18, we all wondered why he left for crew practice right after lunch. During Army week he reconned the room next door and found Midn Right. Second class year we got a two-man room, but I still had two roommates. They got engaged in May, two months after we put their names in the lottery. After the party in New York, Dave spent first class year laughing at our fourth roommate and training two new ones. Dave is now on his way to Pensacola to FLY NAVY. Rumor control overheard Dave saying, "Co-location is good!" I wonder why? Good luck, and don't forget to set an extra place on the table. RLH.

Fall Staff

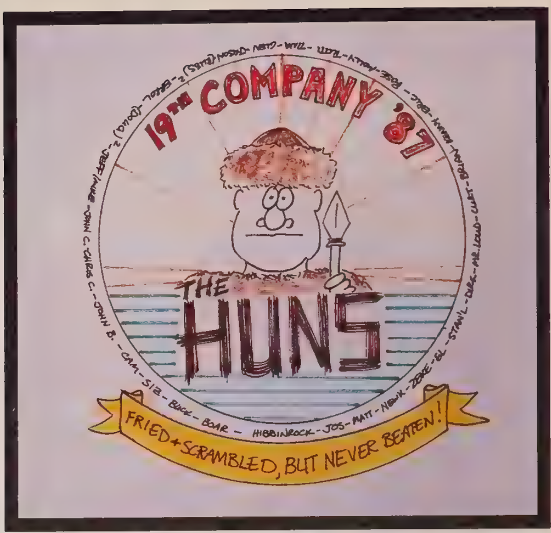
Battalion Commander
George A. Lipscomb
Battalion Sub Commander
Renaud E. Stauber
Battalion Operations
Wallace F. Moore
Battalion Adjutant
E. Walter Martin
Battalion Supply
Philip W. Cobb
Battalion Administration
John C. Woughter

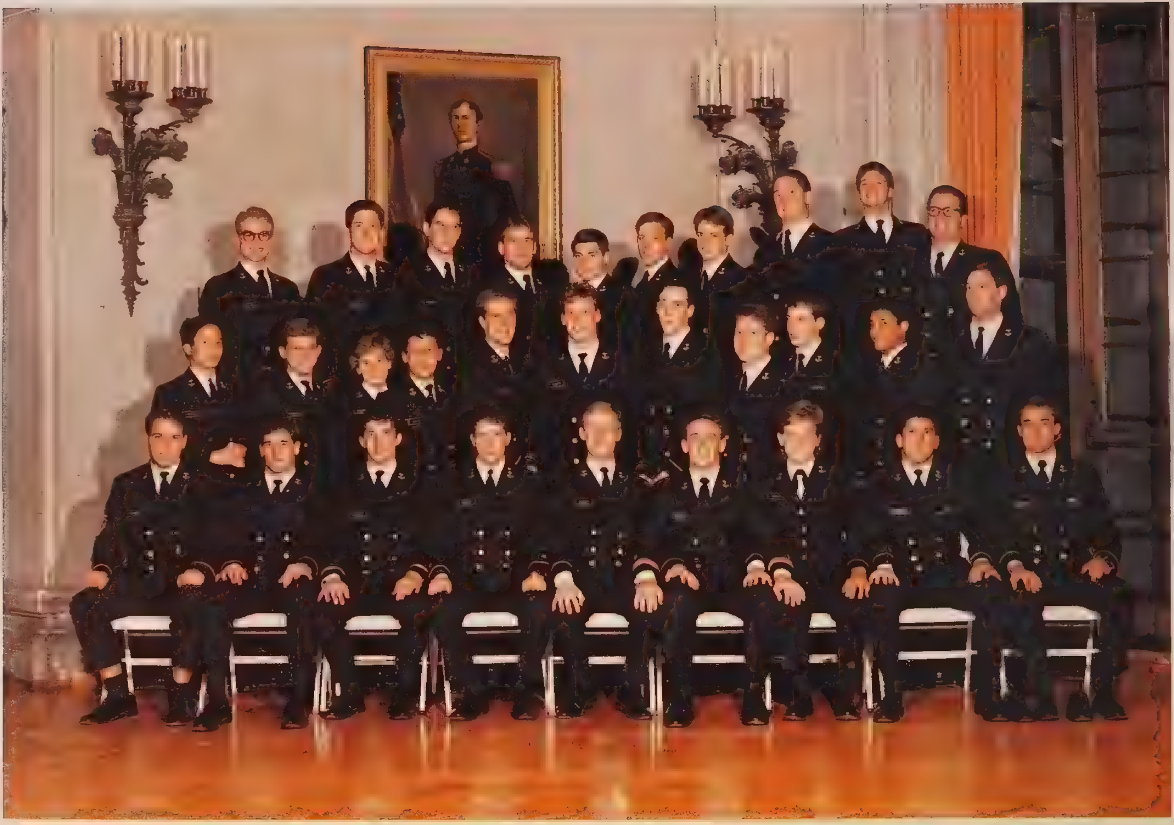
BATTALION OFFICER
Commander Richard D. Evert

Spring Staff

Battalion Commander
Michael J. Ray
Battalion Sub Commander
Peter F. Kowenhoven
Battalion Operations
John W. Craig
Battalion Adjutant
Gary C. Kirkland
Battalion Supply
Brian M. Shamblin
Battalion Administration
Stephen J. Peters

THE FOURTH BATTALION


19TH COMPANY '87
THE HUNS
FRIED + SCRAMBLED, BUT NEVER BEATEN!
JOHN C. - CHRIS C. - JOHN B. - CAM - SIZ - BUCK - BOAR - HIBBINROCK - JOS - MATT - NEWK - ZEKE - EL - STAN'L - DIRK - MR. LOUD - CURT - BRIAN - DANNY - ERIC - ROSE - MOLLY



The Class of 1987

Row One: Chris Compeggie, Mike Ray, Chris Newcomb, Brian Noyes, Mark Joslin, Rob Calhoun, Tracy Smith, Curtis Lee, Alan Herrmann **Row Two:** Eric Ho, Camilo O'Kuinghttons, Tina Ingold, H.C. Pham, Doug Tenhoopen, Doug Wojcik, Russ Smith, Russ Moore, Daniel Forster, Errol E. Rideau Jr., Russell Clarke **Row Three:** Douglas Boerman, Jim Hibbler, Matt Miggins, John Craig, Jason Cronin, Jeff Danielson, Glenn Stevens, John Paul Bissa, Steve Sisney, David Buckley **Not Shown:** Molly Carroll, Rose McCain

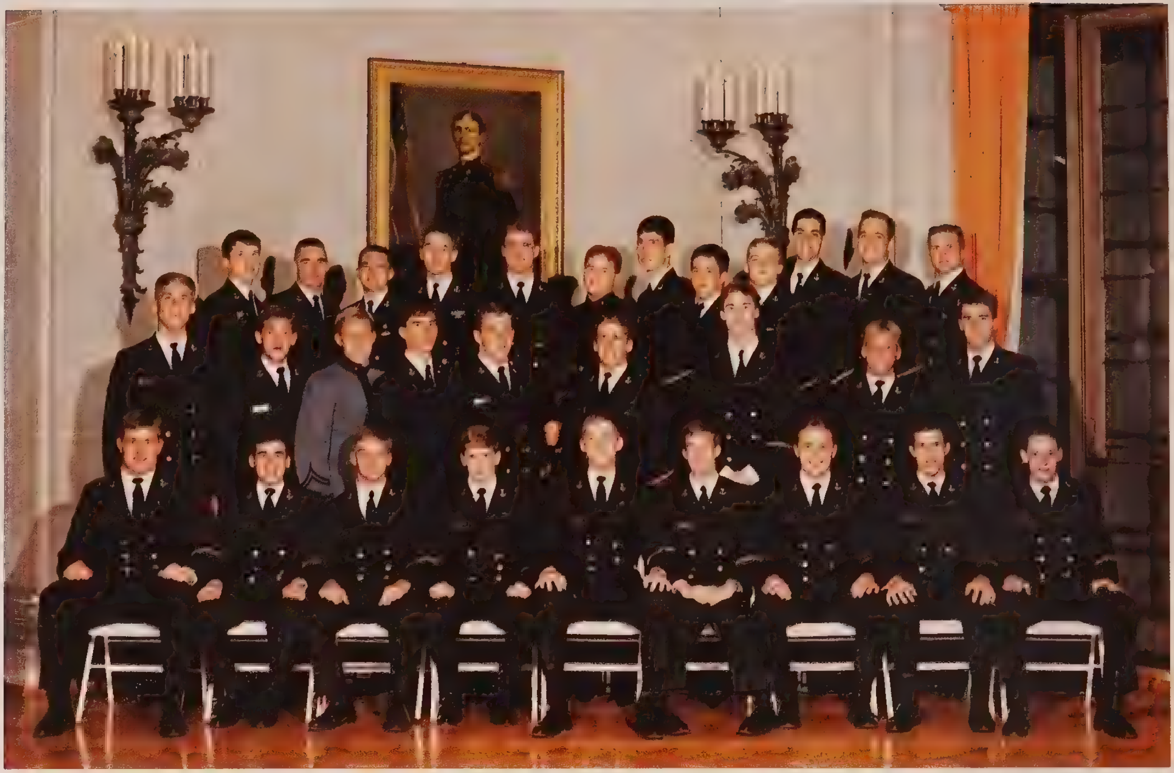
Fall Staff

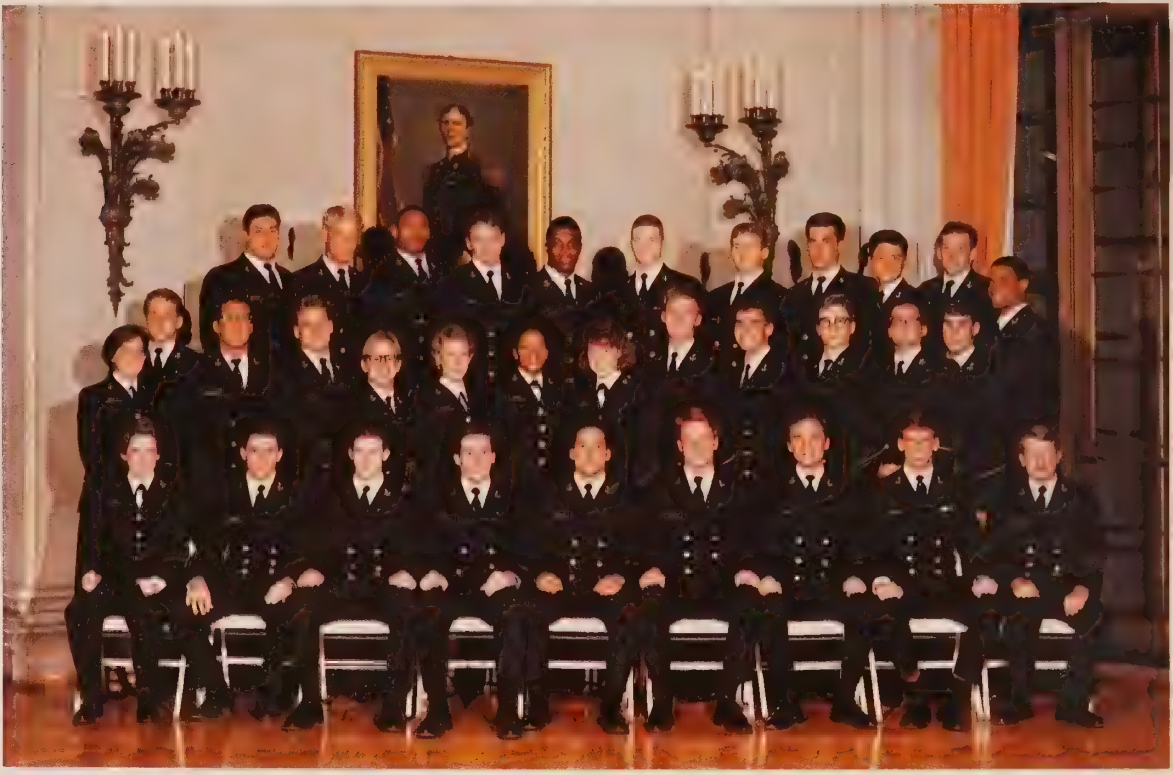
Company Commander: Jeffrey Danielson
Company Sub Commander: Russ Moore
Company Adjutant: Chris Newcomb

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Curtis Lee
Company Sub Commander: Brian Noyes
Company Adjutant: Camilo O'Kuinghttons

CAPT Tony Verducci





The Class of 1988

Row One: John Devine, David Gentile, Paul Lhote, Robert Kellogg, Corey Melton, Don McKay, Michael George, Donald Grady, William Plott **Row Two:** Michael Giedraitis, William Swent, Mike Binnix, John Sallah, Eric Sharpe, Lawrence Hertzog, Cliff Rees, Donald Wright, Robert Webb **Row Three:** John York, Gregory Rouillard, Stephen Sandoval, Barry Shelton, Christopher Korn, Harry Stathos, Ken Spurlock, Michael Ma, Phil Turner, Augusto Cata, George Burgermeister, William Burkhart **Not Shown:** William Bach, Howard Pierce

The Class of 1989

Row One: Katherine Coviello, Jason Michal, David Johnson, Derrick Reiton, Luis Ramos, Christopher Barnes, Carl Petty, James Maxfield, John McClure **Row Two:** Julia Smith, Ernest Linsay, Chris Valentino, Brian King, Adam Sturbois, Lisa McGowan, Sherolyn Clark, Kim Felder, Per Lovfald, William Dodge, James Berg, William Inman, Mark Kapral, Derric Turner **Row Three:** Michael Jimenez, Brad Vogt, Ronald Jones, Walter Robohn, Michael LeFlore, Larry McFall, Paul Purdy, Howard Warner, Richard Miller, Neal Fenton

The Class of 1990

Row One: Philip Scheipe, Darrell Holley, Douglas Staunton, Lawrence Artman, Joseph Lee, Patrick Dungan, Bryan Somerville, James Theberge, Dianne Leroux **Row Two:** Gary Savitt, Jon Miller, Thomas Allbee, Jason Adkinson, Mark Smitherman, Shawn Malone, John Romero, Thomas Laverghetta, Deirdre Gutierrez **Row Three:** Kent Thompson, Victor Raspa, James Lewis, Donald Morgan, Todd Gibbs, Amy Oliver, Andrew Garner, Eric Lange, Elizabeth Warnick **Not Shown:** David Lowe, Jennifer Myers, Scott Phillips, Jonathan Salkoff, Malachy Sandie, Quoc Tran

GO NAVY

NAVY

Clear skies, following seas, and fair winds to 19th Co. and our "ADM J!" Dad, Mom, Stacey, Wendy, Grant, and Casey.

Congratulations, Eric Ho, you did it! We are very proud of you. Best wishes to you and the Class of '87. Love, Mom, Dad, Steve, Nat, Karen, and the girls.

Christopher Compeggie Congratulations, God bless you always. Love, Mom, Dad, Michael and Joel.

Rosie-Pooh We love u PH16.

To our son John Craig and the Class of '87 — Peace in the years ahead. John, you've made us so proud! Our love always! Mom, Dad, Kathleen and Brandy.

Congratulations — Brian Noyes! I wish you every — thing beautiful that life has to offer. You've made your Mom so proud!

A singing shamrock from the bluegrass. God holds you in the palm of his hand. We love you, Molly. Mom, Dad, Mary, John and Maureen.

Congratulations Co. 19 and the Class of '87. We are proud of all of you, especially you Doug. God be with you on Life's journey. The Boerman Bunch.

God's blessing to our son Jeff and to the Class of '87. We are very proud of you! We know you will accomplish all your goals. We love you. Mom and Dad.

Hibbenrock and all 19th Co Congratulations on a job well done. We knew you could do it. Remember the tailgaters. God bless you. Love, Mom, Dad, and Andy.

May the gift of strength you gave to me back in the summer of '78 always be with you. Marsh, Tish, Major, Ensign and I are so very proud of you son. Love, Dad.

Congratulations Rob! Love Daddy, Momma and Teri. Proverbs 3:5-6 will continue to be your best guide!

Summer 83-Living hell.
The best survive-the rest fall. But you stood tall.
This achievement — heaven.
You're incredible class of '87. Ms. tenHoopen & sons.

John Paul Bissa

John came to the Academy from G.P.W. (not Detroit), but only after he had convinced the Navy to pay for his vacation at a civilian college drinking beer for a year. The good times didn't end when he got to Navy. Eyeing good movement orders, John put more energy into Brigade activities than studies and became the spirit icon. His efforts not only got him on some great movement orders, but also earned him stripes (four then three) throughout first class year. No one can deny that John's neck as well as shoulders got a little stronger as a result. But he managed to come back down to earth when he moved back into Hun territory. Mr. Big put a lot in and got a lot out, but why was that bus in south Yonkers? SDS.

Douglas Alan Boerman

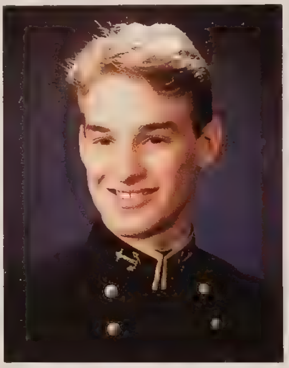
Remember those spiffy red hangers we got plebe summer? Those hangers are Doug's one claim to fame. Both he and they were made in Zeeland (the Zee is his normal state) Michigan. Doug, president of the mile club more times than not, taught me how to get through this institution. Don't ask me how, but he studied two hours a week and wrote his papers while he typed them, but still managed a 3.0 QPR and twelve hours a day rack time. The Arian swine, as he was fondly remembered, has his picture next to apathy in the dictionary, but can still be aroused to action if he feels put-upon. I recall one incident when he was ranked "Out of Company" and tried to install his turntable into the wall above his rack. Doug's not Irish (God help him), but St. Patty's day was sure good to him. He met the girl we've all grown to love, and he will undoubtedly be happy the rest of his life with Julie. Thanks for being there, Bunkie. Buck.

David Matthew Buckley

David was owner of the most prolific, ahh . . . , library (Yeah, that's it) in the company. Don't ask where he's from, because he doesn't even know from week to week. The same holds true for his major. In fact, don't come into the room to ask him anything, because you're likely to be verbally or physically abused. Dave was never above a little compromise to get what he wanted. Dave had his Semper Fi dues paid up very shortly after Captain Verducci joined us. I bet Oliver Hazard Perry rolled over in his grave when this ex-marine selected his ship. Somehow this combination Archie Bunker/ Alex P. Keaton was picked as company HRC rep. At least there weren't any HRC complaints this year. There is no need to say good luck to fortune's favorite child. So have a good time and try not to pickle your brain. Now shut up and go to sleep, I don't want to play this game anymore. Take care of Stephanie, Dave, she's quite a catch. DAB.

Robert Lee Calhoun

Rob came to USNA as an innocent Christian southern boy. Rob graduated after four years as an innocent Christian southern boy — well, maybe not so innocent. But to most, he's innocent ol' Rob. What did the Captain say ? "All the beer in Maryland couldn't make Rob do that." Well . . . Rob has a good time with the Huns. Being the loudest of the Brothers Loud, he helped give us our name. He quickly gained recognition and sure striperdom by the stars he wore youngster year. Serving as a summer group commander, plebe summer company commander, and a "gouge" 4-striper position, Rob has achieved more than he ever dreamed of. A Who's Who Among American College Students and graduating with honors make Rob one of our most promising classmates. One thing I hope his future bride from Smackover, Arkansas can do that I couldn't in three years, is get used to his snoring. Take care of him, Terri. See you in the air, Rob. JMD



Jason William Cronin

Jason (Cronin + Conan = Cronan) came into this company with high ambitions and has pretty much achieved his goals. As an Ironman from NAPS, he validated every PE test plebe year and has since strived to maintain his "Arnold" body. Cronan rowed crew and had visions of becoming a Varsity letterman. However, after his 2/C year, he decided to devote more time to Debbie and plans to "pretty much be engaged in a year and a half." Don't worry Deb, you were second only to Lynda Carter for Cronan's Ring Dance date. Well, after rooming with Jason for three years, it has finally paid off. As the Vice Honor Chairman, he got his four stripes all year, his weekday trips to Delaware, and I got the phone I've been waiting on for three years. Going Navy air was one of Jason's smartest decisions. He can keep his impeccable hair now. I want to congratulate you on the fine example you've set for me as well as the 19th Co. GWS.

Jeffrey Mark Danielson

Dirk hails from somewhere in the midwest. Among the huns, he is truly an original. If nothing else, he has provided us with a laugh or two. Unfortunately, this is partly due to two of his more colorful old girlfriends: one, the topless dancer, and the other one affectionately known as the "Wench." Of course these are not to be confused with Cheryl, who is as sweet as the others are different. Another of his claims to fame is that of being one of the loud brothers; yes, Dirk is as loud as his silly grin is long. Dirk is probably one of the nicest guys we could ever know. As our Company Commander, we learned that he deserved all of the respect we gave him and more. And as a friend, he has been invaluable to me when he was always there to talk to at 3:00 a.m. He has been a great Co. Cdr., roommate, and above all a friend. I hope I will be lucky enough to have him as my Wingman after flight school. RLC.

Daniel Paul Forster

Stan'l Hobble, from McLean, Virginia is quite a legend. After fighting the EE department's consistent and equitable policies for four years, Stan'l lives on. His outstanding events include: Ring Dance, best looking man among the first class, "Master of the English language" award, the great Smirnov funnel experiment, exploits at the 21st Amendment, and the time he slept in class and still managed to cover 120 pages of notebook paper with a fluid other than ink. Women will remember Stan'l as a practical, "hands-on" engineer. Graduation will lead Dan to TAD in Germany and eventually to a career in bubbleland with sights set on command. While the Navy gains a dedicated officer, 19 loses a hero. Good luck, Stan'l. ALH.

Alan Leigh Herrmann

Al will always be remembered as one of the most outward going and fun loving guys in 19th Company. Pee Wee comes from Centralia, Illinois (whowhatwhere?), and is a legend in his own right: 1st team all American bricklayer (Stribling Walk could someday be Herrmann Walk), exploits at various local colleges, head banger at Philly, maintenance of Naval tradition at West Point, and unknown bomber of the Philly Center Hotel. Mech. E. with the flair for the unusual. Perfecting his attempts to emulate Jimmy Buffett have always been the driving point for Al's pursuit of professional excellence. During second class year, Al realized his true destiny belonged to the ranks of the surface warriors. We wish the best of luck to Al as he heads to Nuke school and embarks on his SWO MAN career. DPF.

Molly Ann Carroll

From 4/C Carrolling, the *Log* 's star attraction, to Miss Rose Maybud, the star of *Ruddigore* , Molly has become famous in her stay at Camp Annapolis. By the way, did you ever find out what a clue is? I was sure she'd get a ring from one romance and a BMW out of another. Now a miniature? Who knows? (I do!) In Florida, I'll think of Molly and feel sorry for Tish as Molly's typical morning greetings are "It's cold in here! I hate it!" There were the sad days, like when one of the Dizzy Duo had to leave (Molly misses you Maria!) and the joyous ones (when a certain tenor said "She's the sweetest girl I ever met!"). Molly, I'm really going to miss you. I know you'll do well, and I'll keep you in my prayers always. And remember: When PFT time rolls around, don't hesitate to call "I'm gonna fail! I can't do it! Pray for me so I'll pass!". Much love to my best roommate (except possibly K., we'll see!) RMW.

Russell Howard Clarke

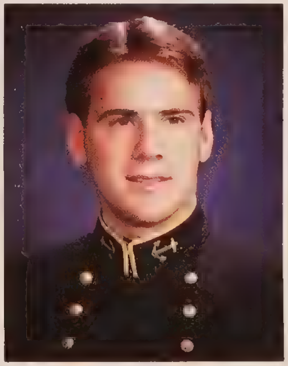
To the man who has everything, including eleven Neil Diamond Compact Discs, a 1987 Thunderbird, and more assets than Wall Street, we highly suggest you loosen up. Russell, you always claim to be frugal with your money. However, choosing Bob's Big Boy over the Red Lobster when dining out with your girl is a little too frugal. Maybe if we didn't know about the Nuke bonus check or the once a week Compact Disc purchase we would not rib you so much about being tight. Yet, when it comes to dedication, reliability, and bad jokes, generous is the word that comes to mind. Besides, what would we do without our resident financial genius, water polo superstar, and fieldball stud? To tell you the truth, Jumbo, we will miss you. Good luck in Orlando and with the Nimitz. We are sure you will have a great career even though you are a bubble-head with a sunroof. RES and EER.

Christopher Joseph Compeggie

Taste. Chris has none in music or clothes. But once we got past Sex Pistols and Goodwill shirts, we realized Chris was a pretty good guy. Chris worked very hard to get his excellent grades, but he knew when to relax. Numerous road trips to Philly, New York, and Chicago made Chris a new man. I'll never forget our first fraternity party with that punch. Recently, Chris has found a new pastime. Even though he left a pound of her flesh at the goat farm, they're pretty good together. Just give him some beer, a couch to lay on, and a full day's coverage of pro wrestling, and Chris is a happy man. Thanks for all the good times, you're a great friend. Good luck, buddy. (Bears still have more championships than the Steelers). JWC.

John William Craig

If anyone has doubts about where John is from, they obviously haven't spoken to him and given him the chance to tell all about it. The windy city, the home of the Fridge, The Bears, everything that is good in life. Maybe USNA can't be relocated; no, John takes care of that by getting duty in his own house. I know, the world is in your town. John is one those really great guys who always looks out for his buddies. He is personally responsible for the majority of company parties, supplying a large sum of women and a good time. John is used to a party — political science major — us engineers understand. This blonde hair, green-eyed stud (as S.P. would say) had a hard time at first, but due to his two roommates' infinite wisdom and some hard work he went from probation to stars; most impressive, John. He'll make us all proud at graduation (if he doesn't sleep through it). Let's stay close in Top Gun country.-MJR



James Edmund Hibbler

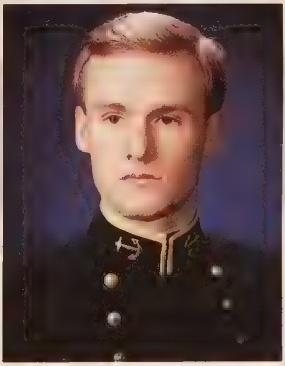
Jim came here from backwoods Tennessee. HeeHaw salutes Union City population 1987 — "Salute!" Left Sweet 16 for Mighty Fine 1-9 in the shuffle. Hibbs never got over homesickness; youngster year he was found writing his grandfather three times a week. The same year, he introduced his Spring Break line of Hibbinwear, the zoot suit. Hibbins' infatuation with earrings is surpassed only by his desire to attend movies alone. Jim entertained the Huns during a Ring Dance bus ride with HibbinRing Rock. Three years at USNA taught Hibbs how to be an Officer and a Gentleman. Once he went undercover to show a Quaker his Topgun while the rest of the party watched in awe and Grease became extremely jealous. But his legacy is attributed to his uncanny ability to get a room very late on a snowy night for lonely unknown females. 4-4 will forever miss Mystery Mid. Go UT, Univ-TX. Be good or be good at it. MPJ.

Eric Chee Ho

Eric came from "The City" without a clue about this institution, plebe year, or military life. In spite of all this, he made it through and was a constant source of amusement for The Realm. Upperclass called him "Plebe Ho, Hi-Ho, Hey-Ho, and Ho-Ho" — Christmas was torture. There are many fond memories of Skate 8: Beast, Milker, Stew, Country Corner, Anna Karenina, DEF-CON 3, X-mas decorations and Army week. There was Mad Dog 20/20 and the 12 hours bottle to throttle. Youngster year he became a study grinder, staying in all weekend with his roommate. It didn't take long for everyone to get used to his mind games in 19. From push ups in the hall at one in the morning to stinky dried squid and moon cakes, he was a lot of fun to room with. He qualified for nationals in powerlifting and earned his gold jump wings in one year, pretty impressive feats. You're a cool dude, Eric, and you know it.-Bear, Phambo, Bri.

Tina Bridget Ingold

Even the IRS doesn't know where Tina comes to us from. Singapore? Virginia? The PI? Pennsylvania? But once she finally got here-with a quick party stop at Perkiomen Prep-she made her presence known, all 5 feet of her. Her bubbly personality captured the hearts and minds of everyone — especially the wolves of '85. Most men have a terrible habit of falling in love with her, whether she likes it or not. An avid Poli Sci major, Tina picked up a minor second class year-juggling. But after lots of time and money invested in the art, she decided to give it up for research in aqueous natural disasters. Tina's efforts culminated in four varsity letters in swimming (Thank God for the new point system!), 0.84 carats, and stock in General Foods International Coffee. Tina, it's been a fun three years — I didn't like studying at night anyway! We'll all miss your social hours!-TLS.



Mark Preston Joslin

Mark came to USNA from Mesquite, as in "Mesquite Grilled," Texas, as in "everything is bigger, better, etc." After a year of his buddies and awesome Dawson, Jos moved to the Hun shaft on 2-4. With a restrictee roommate, he didn't have to make up excuses to spend all his weekends at Key-um's. Pass the ihce, please. Uncle Mark did manage to get away to Daytona for spring break, bringing the zoot suit and wild turkey back into fashion. Mr. Joslin personified "power tool" for the class of '89. '86 was a double-ring year for the Joslins. Finally, farg-farg head, the finale-systems (best?) major/project, 1-3-1 striper (I should have roomed with Matt), Army ring-toss, Turkey night, Graduation . . . ? Notes: JOSCORP will never sell socklips. I can show my parents my movies. Don't get mad, or even, get more than even. How 'bout them braces. Please flush. Oh, . . . and I'm always right! JEH(Space)

Curtis Todd Lee

Curt can sometimes redefine the word intense. Give him a task to perform and he will attack it . . . and kill it! Coming originally from Pittsburgh, then two years at Marine Military Academy, there was no doubt he would go Marines. A three-time letterman on 150 pound football, Company Commander second semester, maybe he can be forgiven for being a history major (Oh No!). His interests are Marine Corps, working out, Marine Corps, partying, Marine Corps, football, and, oh yes, Marine Corps. He also likes to sit around and contemplate his favorite football poster: a blown up picture of himself. He also likes long drives. All he needs is a bottle of Jack Daniels and an open window. But with his prowess with holding onto women, it is no wonder that he has so much energy left to be such a hard worker. After all, redirected energy is sometimes the best kind. BDN.

Rose Marie McCain

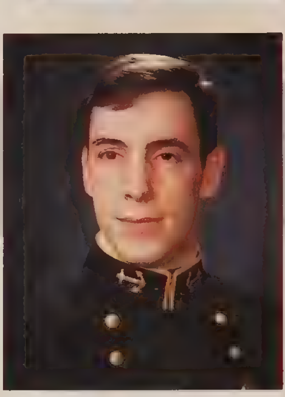
Well Rose — you made it! From being on the drill team and dreams about the Corps, to playing battalion tennis and going 1100. Things sure change. Tell me — how many all-nighters did you pull? I lost count after youngster year. Late night "jelly ball" . . . 1 a.m. showers . . . Physics "chameleon" dance . . . gourmet hot pot . . . mocha coffee special . . . jalapenos with milk . . . Yuck!! How about that 40 minute swim with a tower jump (gulp!), 20 seconds on the bar (thanks), and best of all . . . Halsey Hack. Rose, I deem you president of the 7:29.5 club . . . What timing! Did you ever figure out the surface tension of bubbles plebe year? Kevin "That's foul" White? Who's he? Hey how do you fit all that junk into one desk drawer? I couldn't have made it without you Rose, thanks for the endless pep talks and your shoulder to cry on. Best wishes tc you and Kevin for all your future endeavors. P.S.: Can I borrow some blush?-Molly

Matthew James Miggins

How do you spell good times? MATT MIGGINS. Whether he was out with the guys or attending NASAP class, Matt found a way to have fun. The Irish Texan was famous for doom chop, Roger Miller, pastrami, falling off logs, and 'ster parties. Although unsuccessful, he tried to institute room service for dental appointments three times. Unable to make up his mind about sports (or anything else), he went from baseball to football to rugby, and finally his true love, fieldball. "Bust a . . . " Constantly injured from rugby, Matt decided to perform surgery on his ear. His medical career ended quickly with unkind words from the pear and a possible fry. Matt rounded out his career as Polar Bear Club President by increasing membership, while stressing the bare necessities. Never one to stress academics, Matt majored in graduation, sports, and fun. Good luck Brofton and beware of relly joll and unstable logs in P-Cola. RAM.

Russell Anthony Moore

Zeke X. Moon entered 19 as a quiet hillbilly from Big Stone Gap. He changed! Maybe it was the parties at Penn where Zeke earned a rep as a man striving to develop alcohol tolerance. He failed all over, even in the laundry chute. Despite the lack of a silver tongue with the women, Russ always seemed to have a girl on line somewhere. Maybe it was his physique — he did play lightweight football (remember losing 12 lbs. in 2 days). We'll never forget Russ at the Ring Dance, even though he'll never remember it. Russ was the one wearing a wine-colored sash with his uniform. Of course the partying continued through first class year. Remember swo parties with a cup of Joe, jellyroll, your air biscuits, borrowing stamps, juggling craze, Nato pants, revelling in the joys of . . . , CAA B-Ball Tourney motorcycle momma,living up to the 21st amendment. Russ, the Corps is lucky to get you. Take care and good luck brofton! CJN and MJM.



Michael Jeffrey Ray

Mike, or should I say Jeff? I don't know what to call you. I guess I don't know you as well as I thought. About the only thing I can do is recount a familiar scene that will probably haunt me forever. You would be playing the same Madonna tape over and over while you were be-bopping around the room in your middle-seventy fashion and, as a special bonus because I was your roommate, I could catch a glimpse of your almost fluorescent clothing. But other than that you're not so bad. You've come a long way from your humble beginnings in Oregon. You got an appointment to the Naval Academy after being prior enlisted in Nuke school. You then proceeded to set the Naval Academy on fire with your multitude of heroic catches for Navy football after being an unknown walk-on. Also, you were an outstanding member of the tough Aerospace major and received Tau Beta Pi honors. Yeah, I guess all in all you were pretty swell.-CJC

Errol Edward Rideau

Errol was always one to be slow getting places. A typical time to show up for a dance was after 11 o'clock. He also had a great love for parking tickets. Errol managed to get two within 24 hours. Just don't park at the stadium. Those neighborhoods . . . Errol's second love was filling out study skills sheets. He has been sat for eight weeks . . . that's two weeks a year. Errol, you have been a great friend and roommate these past two years. You'll do great in the Corps. I want to leave you with the following advice: Improve your lay-ups (that's from RES), don't wash your face too often (That's not dirt), don't smile on patrol, don't "ax" too many questions, and make a lot of bones. RHC.

Steven Douglas Sisney

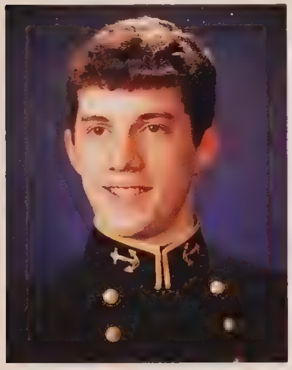
"Well, hey. I guess you're wondering why I called you here today," Steve said to the Lord in July of 1983. "It's to get the gouge for this Naval Academy thing." And the Lord said to Steve, "I can make you the greatest pilot on My green earth, but you have to get the gouge yourself." And so Steve packed up his thousands of toys and off he went on a four year search for graduation, stick time, and women-necessarily in that order. And now Steve has more stick time than he knows what to do with (How about those unlimited pilot billets?) All the Pi-Jio and Party X's in the world couldn't stop him now. Steve did it his way and he's glad he did. Just give him jets, women, and Texas and he will be an eternally happy man. But hey, the lady don't mind . . . -JPB.

Russell Edward Smith

Smitty, we're glad our last Company Officer was not a female, we don't think the Marine Corps would allow a sex change for you. Maybe someday you will be able to lift your own body weight without having to apply Ben-Gay all over your old man's body for the next week. You'll probably change your opinion about marriage once we graduate because you will need someone to do your laundry and to nag you about sleeping all the time. All joking aside, you are a good guy and a good friend. You can always lean on us. Good luck in TBS and Pensacola. We are sure the Corps will be good for you and your career. Remember, keep feeding those lies and be generous with your hands. RHC and EER.

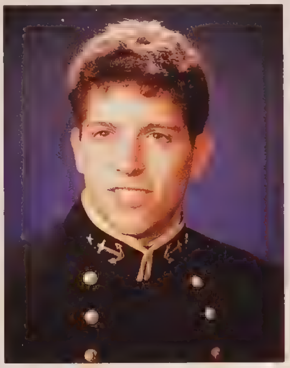
Christopher James Newcomb

Newk came here from Iowa Falls and hasn't let us forget it since. His loyalty to the Iowa-Michigan game cost him Thanksgiving and Army second class year. Not one to turn down alcohol for women, Newk had many good times with his buddy Weiser. We never figured out why his contacts bothered him while he was drinking (How else can you explain the glassy-eyed look?) Although he was a potential world class rower, he decided to give up crew for academics and spring break. Thereafter he chained himself to his desk, determined to break 30 hours a week. His hard work has paid off as he was selected for Nuke (or is that Newk?) power. Hey S. Stain, remember Ireland: poking donkeys, Stoney, singing pub, cliffs, pints of lager, Johnny Leahy, grilled cheeses. How about the pizza and hand you never got from Mr. Big!, 'ster parties, punching fights. We're gonna miss ya, Newk! Good luck and God bless. MJM, RAM.



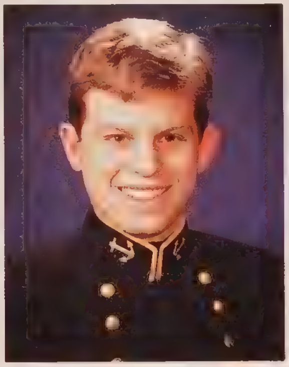
Brian Douglas Noyes

Brian, just like the commercial: You're a brilliant engineer, a great roommate, but a financial wizard you're not. Brian, the heavy metal, head banging surfer from southern California, quickly became a contributing member of the "Huns" as well as a major pen pal of Mastercard and VISA. His academic excellence was only outdone by his ability to consume large quantities of alcohol. He left his mark on many parties (usually in technicolor). Second class year he became a casualty of brute totalitarian force: I'm talking about the #1 threat to freedom, free will, and our democratic way of life. You guessed it, Brian fell victim to a woman (Just kidding, Shari). After deliberations of going SWO out of Great Lakes or Marine NFO, Shari, (Oops!) I mean Brian decided to stick with Navy NFO. Well, all kidding aside, you're a great guy, and I wish you and Shari the best of luck. I'll keep a lookout overhead for you. CTL.



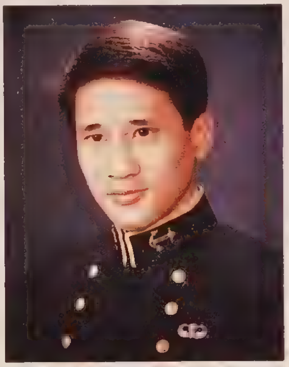
Camilo Octavio O'Kuinghttons

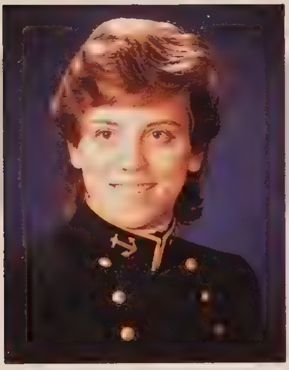
Cam came to USNA from sunny Northern California. To this day he proudly claims to be "The King of Mech. E." (after admitting that O.E. was too easy). Cam's ultimate goal is to participate in and finish in the Marine Corps Marathon. The only question is . . . When Cam? Will it be before you receive your first Social Security check? March over has always been a thrill for 19th company. Of course, our favorite song was "Oh it's Cam . . . Cam . . . Cam . . . , can't get no . . . , in the Corps, in the Corps . . . " Is this true, Cam? Can this happen to a king? Cam's other goals include . . . "If I am King, I've got to be the next Brigade Commander . . . or Regimental Commander . . . or Battalion . . . or I'll even settle for Company Commander." Cam's goal came closest to fruition when he became ICOR of room 2437. Hey Cam, how about a shot at the Presidency in the future? PHC.



Huy Cuong Pham

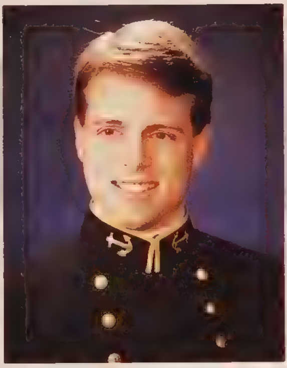
Raised in the jungles of Vietnam, South of course, Phambo came to the United States in 1975 by plane and boat. Since arriving in the U.S.(N.A.), Kenny has acquired an exquisite taste in European clothing ($100 a shirt) and fine dining (instant noodles). Nevertheless, Kenny has never neglected his military desires as he easily qualified shooting expert in both pistol and rifle and earned the coveted gold jump wings. A devoted physical scientist, Kenny has managed to study on his back, with the lights on, book over his head, eyes shut. Not known for being a partier, Kenbo has been seen blowing chunks 6 times in one night in a very happy bar. Kenny is an international lover- just ask him . . . Without a doubt, Kenny will someday finally possess a car and maybe a Japanese girl. Whatever he does, no one will ever deprive Kenny of his flair for style. ECH.





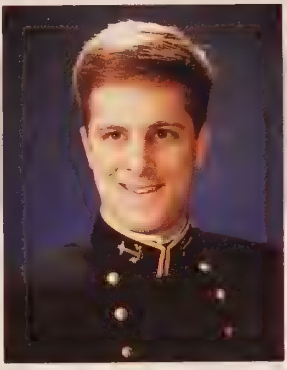
Tracy Lynn Smith

Tracy came from Mountain View, California to the harsh realization that the East Coast did exist. Prior to USNA, it was only a resting spot to bigger and better things in Europe. Youngster year was an educational experience for Tracy; it just shows that nothing is impossible. Second class year she amazed us with her talent for languages, German in Poli Sci and inventive colorful metaphors in EE. Tracy even made exchange officers check their pronunciation! You are also a proud owner of a sword, sure would be nice to wear while you can, no thanks to the midstore. Well, first class year brought the important things: new wardrobe, increased MC limit, hobknobbing at German Embassy balls, Dant's weekends and TAD in Munich. I hope you have as much fun in the air as you've had below sea level. Best of luck, oh roommate who never lacks a comment and a different outlook on life. Thanks for everything.-TBI.



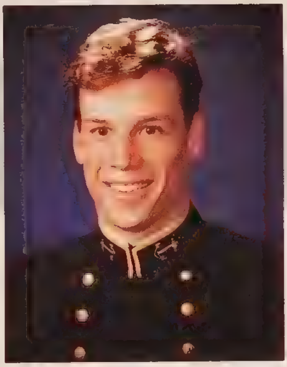
Glenn Warren Stevens

Glenn has distinguished himself as an athlete since he's been in 19. Youngster year, he spent hours doing push-ups — a few hundred a night. But second class year, he found his true calling and became the master of Batt Frisbee. His athletic ability was matched only by his professional bearing. His relationship with the 4/C was always first- first name basis that is. Knowing now what I do about Glenn though, I wouldn't change a thing. Being an engineer, Glenn never lost sight of the importance of setting goals. He set his standards high and kept them there. Glenn was just as concerned about his academics as he was his morals. He is one of the few people I know that came into the Academy with high standards and morals and is graduating with the same level if not higher. He never let the atmosphere or bad party attitude rule him. The Navy is extremely lucky to have him and I am extremely lucky to know him.-JWC.



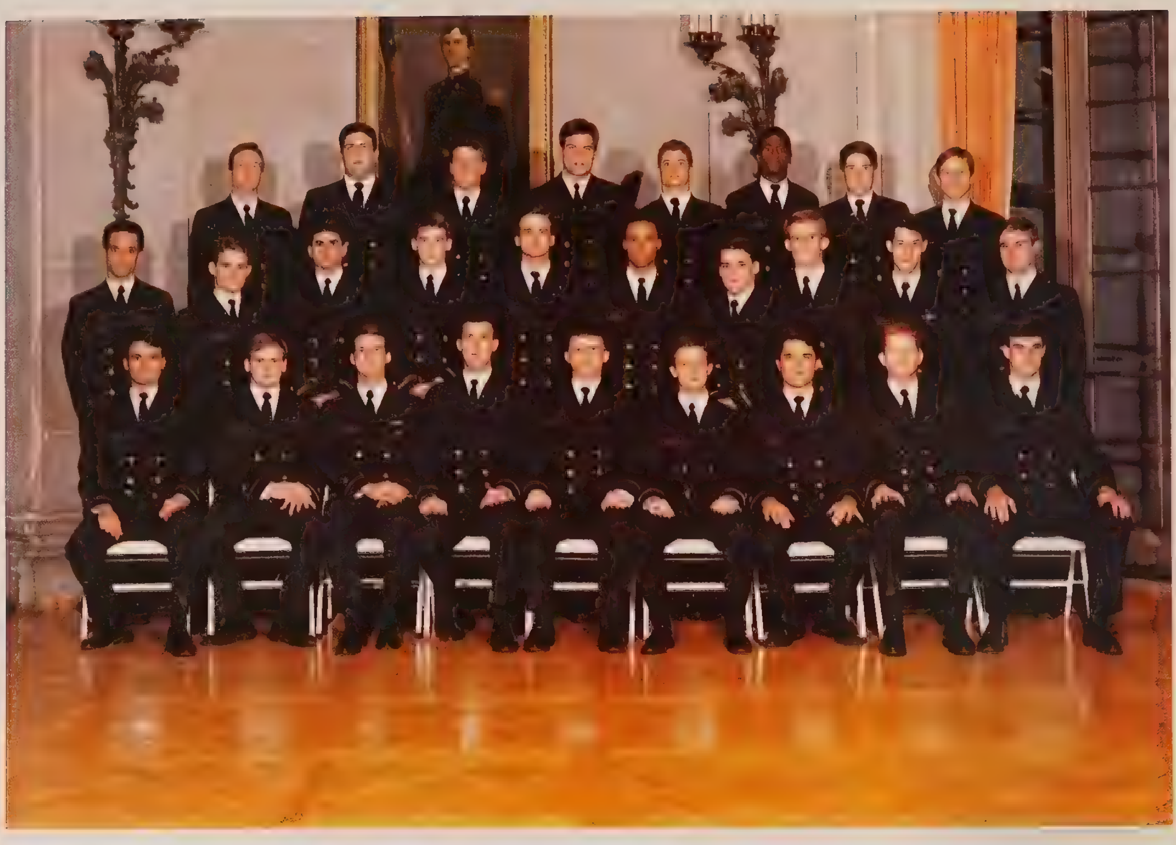
Douglas Jon TenHoopen

Doug strode into 19th company after a demanding plebe year in 27. From day one he became the maid, cook, and counselor for yours truly. A little intense at first, he soon began skipping class while doing restriction for, can you believe it, drinking a beer on Stribling Walk. We can't forget about the lovely Nori who made honorary Midshipman for being in Bancroft more than any plebe. All that behind him, "Hot Stuff" became very involved with the local Volunteer Fire Department, but the nickname actually applies to his antics with some non-civilian females. Always one to lend a hand, Trap was real courteous to a "Spiker", "Hoopster" and a "Youngster". Since leaving his Long Island home in Bay Shore, the Hoop has accomplished his goals of an engineering degree and an invitation to flight school. Thanks, Doug, you are one hell of a great person who will always be remembered. Best of luck in P-cola. Adios Amigo.-WOJ



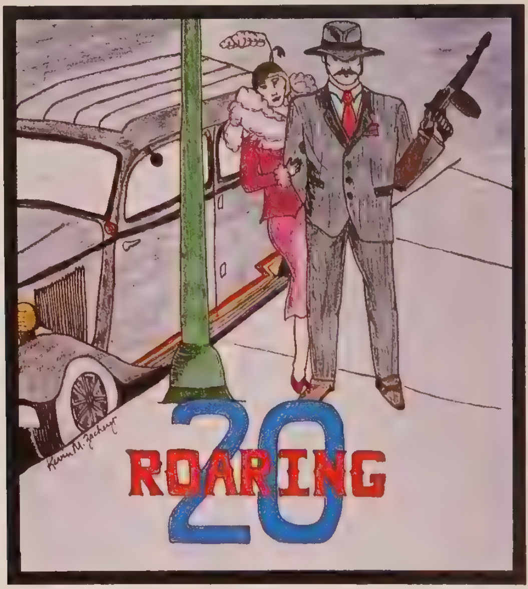
Frederick Douglas Wojcik

"From Wheeling, West Virginia, here's 6'2" senior and team captain Doug Wojcik"-an appropriate introduction that we are all so familiar with! When Woj and I met as youngsters by luck of the alphabet, he was so worried about making the varsity hoop team. But dedication and hard work paid off and he became the starting point guard that year and finished his career as one of the best point guards in the NCAA. But if it wasn't B-ball taking up his time, it was his "Grease" WUBA, Susan. Then there was academics: NAPS raised, Doug knew how much to do to just get by, making sure he always had enough sleep — at the expense of many-a-cut classes. But after 8 semesters, the score was: the WOJ 8, Academics 0. I was lucky and proud to get paired up with such a great individual. "I'll miss you more than you miss the class of '86! And Buddy, remember me when you're coaching at Notre Dame!" -Trap



The Class of 1987

Row One: Jeffery Griffith, Timothy Rogers, Duane H. McDonald, Kenneth F. Dunn, John W. Hesse, Michael E. Williams, David P. West, James D. Houck, Daniel C. Hill **Row Two:** Christopher Johnson, David Julian, Scott Erdelatz, Kenneth Frack, Mike Hatheway, Sean Curry, Steve Rowe, Matthew Sorenson, Renaud Stauber, Peter Kowenhoven **Row Three:** Kevin Hill, Rick Anderson, James Dick, Greg Ellison, Daniel Brown, Ronnie Harris, Paul Meisch, Eric Little **Not Shown:** Michael Herron, Thomas Murphy



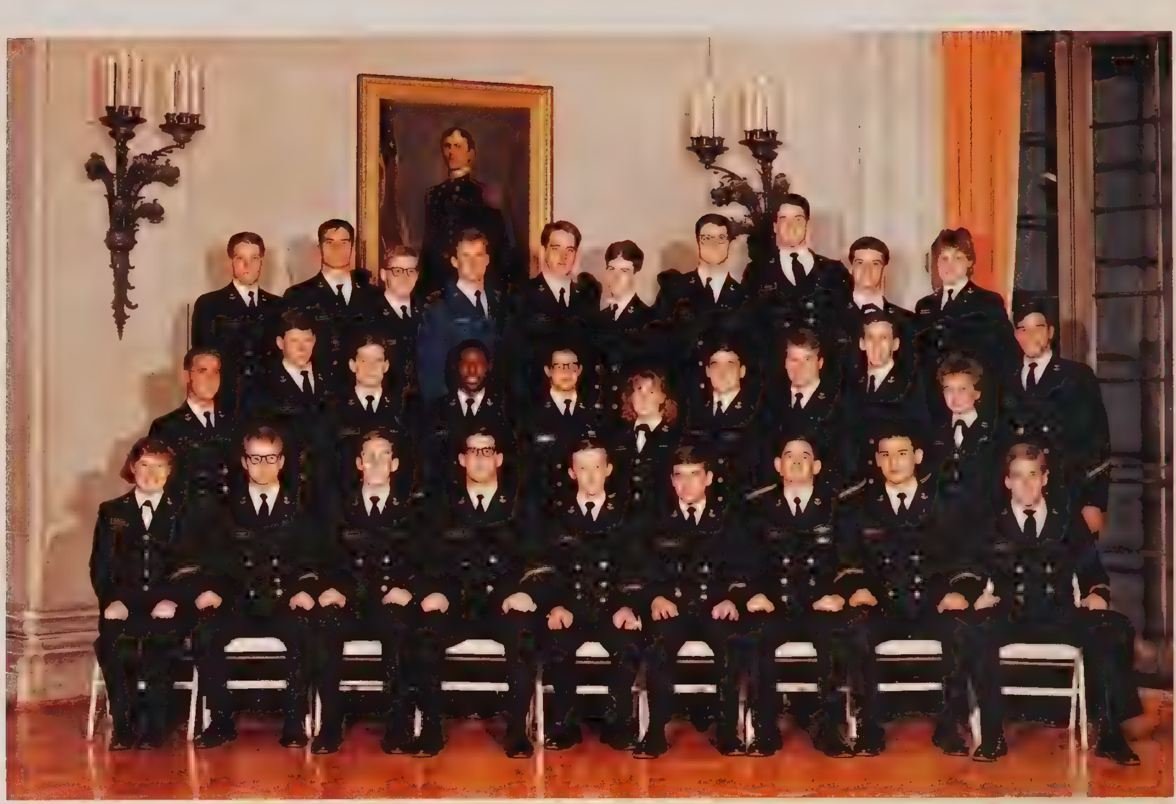
LT Stuart Forsyth

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Daniel Brown
Company Sub Commander: James Houck
Company Adjutant: Scott Erdelatz

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Kevin Hill
Company Sub Commander: Sean Curry
Company Adjutant: Mike Herron



The Class of 1988

Row One: Jane Collins, Tristram Farmer, Kevin Zachery, Leo Debandi, Keith West, Michael Weinstein, Mark Luta, Mark Moralez, Tom Schrantz **Row Two:** James Gray, Jon Silvey, Kevin Kitts, Gregory Simmons, Christopher Trigg, Wendi White, David Robillard, Jeff Kendrick, Rob Carlisle, Sara Salas, Andrew Wickard **Row Three:** Pete Alexander, Lee Conley, Robert Hamilton, Glenn Graham, Richard Dehn, Christopher Payton, Darren Ault, John Coode, Gretchen Quasebarth **Not Shown:** Donald Packard.

The Class of 1989

Row One: David Klain, Michael Latimer, John Shassberger, Michael Harnett, Robert Kleckner, Mike Tesar, John McDowall, Michael Kelly, Aaron Gilbert **Row Two:** Mark Thomassy, Chad Brivkalns, Scott Akins, Tom Phelan, Michael Russonello, Michael Thrall, Taylor Bennett, David Feuger, Robert Wilson, Lino Covarrubias, Douglas Brandeen **Row Three:** William Townsend, Brian Clifford, Jeff Shelton, Bob Benson, Steve Burke, Rob Wyand, James Ronka, Gary Wegley, John Gibson **Not Shown:** Mario Delaossa, Charles Gears, Michael Klemick

The Class of 1990

Row One: Rita Fuller, Juan Spencer, Paul Feduchak, Mary Utley, Dianna Manzoni, Jamie Tang, Harold Workman, Francis Asper, Robert Pryce-Jones, Robert Cannon **Row Two:** Jon Spitznogle, Lael House, Mitch Rios, Travis Johnson, Jeff Barnaby, William Bulis, Vic Bindi, Joseph Gugluizza, Joseph Gombas, Max Reck, Todd Zeich, Darin Perrine, Jason Burrows **Row Three:** Eric Hofmeister, Christian DeFries, Anthony Ohl, Robert Beauchamp, Thomas McBride, Bradford Luke, Eyo Ita, Charles Chadwick, Darren Morton, Vonda Armstrong **Not Shown:** Scott Gibbons, Richard Vanderostyne

Congratulations Class of '87, 20th Co. and Sean, "Yours is the earth and everything that's in it." . . . I'm proud of you. Love, Mom.

Congratulations ENS Greg R. Ellison. We are very proud of you and we love you. Mom, Dad, Gail, and Gwen. We knew you could do it!!

Dan, just keep up the good work you have started and remember that your parents, brothers, sisters and friends support you through "thick and thin."

To Ron Harris, you ran the best race ever and won! You stuck with it and we both are winners. Proud in California. MOM.

Matthew Sorenson, well you have met the challenge, Tiger! We pray that God goes with you and your classmates. Love, Mom and Dad. I Cor. 16:13-14.

Congratulations Ensign Duane McDonald, Co. 20, and the Class of '87. Thanks for the memories. Love, Mom, Dad and Marcia.

To Eric Little and his buddies, we are very proud of you and wish you well in your careers. May there always be an angel on your shoulder. Mom and Dad.

Love ya, Popeye me. We're proud of you, Jim. Love, Mom and Dad.

Accomplishing more than our dreams you continue to be an inspiration. God bless you, Scott Erdelatz. Love, Mom, Dad, Robyn, Lori, Heidi, Eddie, Nana, and Nappy.

Applause to you son and the Class of 1987. The parents of 20th Co.'s Michael Edwin Williams.

Midshipman Rick Anderson Soar like an eagle — Shine live the sun — Live each day with LOVE, HAPPINESS, FAITH, STRENGTH, COURAGE, and INTEGRITY. Semper Fi! WE LOVE YOU! PROUD FAMILY.

RUTGERS
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Richard Andrew Anderson

Rick entered the 20th Company with football on his mind, but after a knee injury cancelled that hope he dedicated his life to Chrysler and his Charger(s). Known by many names, "Bulky," the master of the "Harris 9:20 whipping" became a favorite fixture in the wardroom or in the Naval Station garage where his returns to the company area gave a new meaning to the term "grease" uniform. Rick, good luck to you. Three years of close quarters never saw a major dispute and anyone that has as good a taste in music as you do will go far in life. Good Luck with Val and the Corps. PJM.

Daniel Joseph Brown

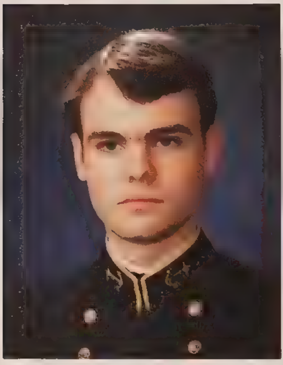
Dan came to the 20th Company from Des Moines. But don't let that fool you. Dan's weekends were classics. Sleeping on park benches and in wet paint tarps was only part of his exciting life. Weekends in D.C. and at "The Whale" were great. Christmas in Vegas was unbeatable. Florida with Paul, thank God I wasn't there. Racing to see Dave in G-town. CRASH! Driving down West Street. CRASH! Going to Taco Bell. CRASH! Skiing. CRASH! I don't think I was supposed to write that. Although Company Commander first set, second semester Dan was called "Rebel" for his total disregard for authority. He loved living on the edge, except he was too close to the edge of that cliff. Was I safe with you teaching me to ski? Dan, you've been a good friend. Sorry about the abuse, but you knew I couldn't resist. Best of Luck! May you have better luck in the air than you had on the ground. You can be my wingman anytime.-Psycho.

Sean Cecil Curry

"Scurry," originally from Lexington, Kentucky, came to USNA via the Naval Academy Prep School in Newport, Rhode Island. A General Engineering major whose service selection was nuclear power- submarines — he had the determination and drive necessary to achieve his goals at the Naval Academy. Nevertheless, he managed to maintain an easy-going and even-tempered attitude despite whatever pressures and stress arose. His optimistic manner and outlook on life has been an inspiration. I have known Sean for almost two years and he has made a tremendous impact on my life. He has my deepest respect and admiration. It is the highest honor and privilege to be his wife. Shari T.

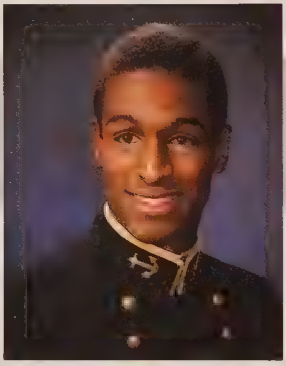
James Hamilton Dick

What can you say about a guy the plebes call "Mr. Dick?" I can say a lot. Jim has been my roomie since we moved to 20. Jim used to be an undisputed rack king, but some time during 'ster year this rigorous lifestyle caught up with him and he started doing a "Lumpy impression." Now Jim is a trim mid once again. If he wasn't, he wouldn't be able to keep up with 'Gina at all. As it is, the only time Jim is seen on the W.E. is when he drags in Sunday, only to collapse into sleep. We should all be so lucky. Jim has chosen to be a dedicated SWO daddy. The least he could do is donate his 20/20 vision to someone that could use it (maybe your room-mate, huh?) Jim leaves behind, after four years, a bunch of terrified plebes (you mean somebody really listens to chow calls, sir?!) and a scattering of women (Rachael, Dan's "baby" sister, one that will go unmentioned . . .) Oh, SWO god, get me to the beach on time!!! KFD.



Jeffery Perry Griffith

Youngster year Jeff-man was known for roaming the halls tuned into heavy metal and tuned out to the rest of the world. Though we didn't all agree with his taste in music, nobody could fault his taste in clothes. He used his GQ image to good advantage on his trips to Paris second class year. Then came first class year and his scrapes with death: fast cars (and rolling ones), slow grades, few pull-ups, and femmes all tried to leave us Griff-less. Despite his cosmopolitan tastes, Grif also enjoyed the basics: a blonde with a maternal streak. The best times and the worst times seemed to run together all at once for Grif, but he always outran the ill winds, leaving a wisp of burnt rubber. That's how we'll remember Jeff-man: cigarette in his lips, wrapped in his O-coat, a desperado speeding off into the sunset with an angel in the passenger seat; will she be a Genie or a mere mortal? Time will tell. DJB & JMM.



Ronald James Harris

Ronnie J! The man, the mouth, the legend. Never before has USNA witnessed a larger bundle of energy. Navy's finest distance runner ever, Ronnie has managed to accumulate eleven "N" stars. His accomplishments on the track are unlimited. As a second class Ronnie reached the status of cross-country all-America. He singlehandedly rewrote Navy's track and cross-country record books. As Al's pal his presence will be missed. Ronnie J's accomplishments off the track were also impressive. Was there ever a semester that he went into finals with above a 2.0? Of course not, but he always survived with gravy. Ronnie was able to maintain a close liason with his Rialto "homeboys." We still don't know how he was able to get so much mail. We're counting on you to give'em hell when you reach the Bay area and the USS Gray. Only two questions remain. Who's going to do your taxes? And when are you going to get an air conditioner? Best of luck and AMF to USNA. DCH.

Michael Peter Hatheway

When he's not cutting up the Severn on his windsurfer or terrorizing Pennsylvania skiers (with a broken wrist, no less!), Mike can be found strumming a tune on his guitar or talking himself through a stubborn math problem. (He tried engineering but decided he'd rather expand his mind instead of filling it with garbage.) Mike impressed the women as well as his classmates with his charming smile, quiet sense of humor, and, of course . . . his two-step (just ask the Johnnies!). However, he seems to have had more luck hooking up his friends — having left an impressive string of married roommates in his wake. The aviators are lucky to get such a great man. RES.

Michael Stephan Herron

Mike, a tough kid from South Jersey, who likes to eat, got the name "Bam-Bam" for being such a hard hitter on football special teams. After every home game he had the best tailgaters with the best food, complemented by endless Rolling Rocks. The tailgates lasted past sunset and into the hours beyond the designated times. Mike is the most relaxed person I know. His excessive eating habits probably account for the move from 150# football to a starting position on the varsity team. His complacent attitude helped him through his ocean engineering major with a minimal amount of sweating. He's a definite hard worker and achiever, aspiring to play the guitar in a jazz band and return to his lifeguard duty after retirement. I'm sure that Mike's "chilled" attitude and levelheadedness will provide him with success in the future. PACKY.

Kenneth Franklin Dunn Jr.

Ken came to USNA from Marietta, GA via the fleet, completely unprepared for what was to follow. That showed when he drove up to Gate 1 on I-Day and asked where to park his car! A year as a Georgia Bulldog didn't prepare him for Canoe U. But Ken did well, finishing his degree as a "EE." So what if the youngsters took more weekends than he did as a firstie?! It takes "EE," of course, to spell gEEk. The free time he did have was taken up with studying and working on his pride and joy — "the Car": a '66 Chevy Impala Convertible. Ken's image as a geek was somewhat reduced at Service Selection. Despite his nuclear training, or maybe because of it, Ken chose to go pound ground for the Corps in his little green suit. So he's off for Quantico and whatever it is that Marines do. Whatever he does, I know he'll bring enthusiasm and dedication with him and he'll have a good time doing it. Best of luck wherever you go. JHD.

Greg Robert Ellison

Greg was a machine, he ran like clockwork. I could not help but admire and respect his Puritan work ethic. The only indecisive event in Greg's Naval Academy career was settling on a major. Most people switch majors once; Greg switched twice. Being a local homeboy from Baltimore, Greg saw a lot of time at home on the weekends. Spending most of the time with Laura, his main babe, he still found time for his company friends, entertaining them at tailgators and parties at his home. And who can forget those parties? Time to take bets on Bernie. Greg was also the gouge for food. His main suppliers were Mom, Laura, and his sisters. His main consumer was Bulky. With the quality of food that I have sampled, Laura will make Greg very happy and I wish them the best. I just hope Greg has the right stuff to keep Laura as happy. PFK.

Scott Edward Erdelatz

Scott, from Milbrae, California, came to the Academy from NAPS. He breezed through Mean Fifteen Plebe year, then transferred into Roaring Twenty, where he continued to strive for excellence. Scott gave his best in every job he had here, from company Honor Rep to squad leader. He was a terror Plebe Summer. After losing his voice the second day, he chose a plebe to ask rates at the table. He had high standards, but was also very understanding. Motivated by his love for God and concern for people, Scott led many Bible studies and helped others grow spiritually. He was committed to living for Christ. Scott has been an encouragement to me as my roommate and friend. I think the Marine Corps has finally found one of "the few good men" they have been looking for. KLF.

Kenneth Lawrence Frack

Ken came to us from Portland, Oregon, a land of rolling hills and little humidity. Ken, however, soon learned to breathe, and to adjust to the rigors of plebe summer and life in 33rd Company. He struggled but managed to overcome most of his obstacles at the Naval Academy through hard work and diligence. A sub-squader plebe year, Ken was leading sub squad workouts by his second class year. In 20th Company, Ken was harmlessly given the nickname "Rack" by his observant roommate. The name stuck and Rack he has been ever since. Those who knew Ken well will remember his generosity and zeal in following after Christ. A desire to know his Savior and help others know Him characterized Ken's life at Navy. Ken's spirit of excellence and desire to please God will stand him in good stead both in the Navy and in life.

John Walter Hesse

When John came to USNA from Fayetteville, North Carolina, little did he expect the "fun" that he was going to have. He survived plebe year as a Killer Duck in 25 and moved on into Ta'wenny. After an initial bout with English, John settled himself into career as a Political Scientist, putting his talent for "bull" to work. Of course being Group III also left him plenty of time to rack — probably his favorite pastime. The years passed pretty quickly with John spending his weekends at his home-away-from-home in Mclean, Virginia with his Uncle Rayburn. The rest of the week was spent sleeping, writing, or listening to one of his over 200 albums. John was definitely the music king in 20! In January John made his dream come true — he became a SWO-Daddy. Just give him a tall ship and NAVSAT to steer her by. With John in the Fleet, Surface Line will be mighty fine. Best of luck to you, John and we'll see you at sea! JHD.

Daniel Clyde Hill

Dexter has two meanings. When Dan (D.C.) Hill showed up at the Naval Academy, his poor squadmates had to memorize his hometown of Dexter, Michigan. These bright kids nicknamed him "Dexter," after that bustling metropolis. I call him D.C. Lucy calls him Hillard. Girls call him all the time. D.C. is a very responsible individual. He really knows how to take care of things. When he was driving his fresh '74 Toyota, he really took care of that car! Penzoil, Valvoline, you name it. Motor oil was definitely motor oil for D.C. He'll make a great engineering officer on that gas-turbined gray streamlined beauty out of San Diego, California.(Have the men change the oil every ten thousand nautical miles, will ya, D.C.?) D.C. has one good eye for the good times. Someday, he'll shine his leathers. I can't wait to take him for a ride on some hot summer day in the future. He's my man! May the "Bunkhouse Boys" live forever! RJH.

Kevin Carlos Hill

K.C. came to the Boat School all the way from Vienna, Virgina one day to take the place by storm. Four years and a few squalls later he's ready to leave. Kevin set himself up for quite a challenge here, choosing "EE" for his major, but he made it through without too much trouble. He even found time to hang around with "the Boys" on the weekends — memories of Beast still linger. And he'll always have fond memories of trips to U of Delaware and Va Tech. But Kevin settled down first class year, due in part to being Company Commander second semester. Professionalism ran rampant throughout the company under his steady hand. Besides, we were all too busy thinking about graduation to argue with him! Service selection found K.C. choosing Surface Line with a twist — he went Nuke. So he's off to Orlando to apply himself some more — hopefully to his studies! Wishes for the best of luck go with K.C. with a reminder — No Nose. JHD.

James David Houck

Hack came to us from Phoenix via a two year enlistment and NAPS. Plebe year confusion soon set in as he sought refuge in his shower and the Wall. Ten miles, a 2.0 or whatever it took saved him from aimlessly wandering the streets of London looking for good movies and set him into youngster year and the brotherhood. Hack's second class summer experiences forced him to realize his true destiny as a "Warrior". His motivation was never higher as he passed EE with Uncle Bob on the first try (those staples and brakes just wouldn't hold) and was almost commissioned by the AC Board. To top it off, he met the perfect girl less than a month later. Liz soon became his main concern and we all knew this was it. It was an honor to have met Jim and I'm proud to call him a friend. His dedication to the Navy and his family make him nothing short of a great person and an outstanding Naval Officer. FWAFS! PJH.

Christopher Elliot Johnson

Chris entered USNA behind the power curve. Since he had only two years of college and one year at NAPS, we all had our doubts. Low and behold, Chris overcame this weakness and is still with us. Chris was unshakable youngster year when he wanted to go into submarines. Then he finally decided on Navy Air his first class year, then surface, then he signed up for the Marines. We suspect this prior Marine wanted to get into the beer line early. This thrifty tycoon from Teaneck, New Jersey majored in history, although he prefers to call himself an historical engineer. Chris freely admits that he merely wanted team tables his plebe year on the track team and has since switched to the cycling team. We are all happy for Chris and Ivy, his bride to be. Remember, "New Jersey and You, Perfect Together." Good Luck and Semper Rackus. JDH.

David Alexander Julian

Dave came into the 20th Company with "tough shoes to fill." This was evident by the three years of Alex and Tom's bios we had to live with. The top 5% and three stripes later, he did a good job in spite of our attempts to corrupt him. Iowa with Dan, Army-Navy 85 and 86, spring break with Paul and Dan, second class summer, the Ring Dance, his few visits to "The Whale", picking Eric up off the floor at a dance (thanks for the note, Dave), and endless games of Nerfhoop were only some of the good times. The best memory of Dave had to be as Mr. Vice. Our countless attempts at trying to corrupt Dave out of his money and into the fast life usually failed. (We can't believe we couldn't do it!) Guess it's now up to your OAO to start where we left off. Well, you'll have fun as a Nuke anyway. Good luck in whatever you do, Dave. You've been a good friend and roommate. We don't know how you put up with us. PSYCHO & DJB.

Peter Francis Kowenhoven

Peter came to the 20th Company from East Lyme, Connecticut. Naval Arch accounted for many lost hours of sleep which Pete easily made up for during sports periods. He never had to worry though. He validated all four years of P.E. and made every varsity team he tried out for (but never stayed with). When it came to women, Pete was totally unpredictable. Pete went through women like they were going out of style. Petey, juniors are OK. College juniors, that is. Also, what's wrong with civilians? On weekends, it wasn't hard for Pete to adjust to the fast life. Going from a carton of milk a party to a 12-pak? No problem! Down by the river, "the Whale", Syracuse and "The Bunkhouse", Halloween, Army-Navy, the Thrift Inn, and the Block Party were only some of the good times. Thank God you finally decided on Navy Air. Good Luck Pete! You've been a good friend. GRE & PSYCHO.

Eric Lester Little

When Eric first came into the 20th Company the only thing he was famous for were his drill trousers but 3 years later "Psycho" is an everyday term among the boys in the AA club. If there's anything you can count on Eric for it's unpredictability. Sudden lapses in sanity followed by that one-of-a-kind laugh always caused raised eyebrows among the gang, trying to figure out what deviant act would occur next. Of course, he had a lot of help in Las Vegas, when "the real Eric Little" learned how to ski like a madman (he had good instructors). Don't forget the nights at "The Whale", and the weekends with the Rin-Trin-Trin gang (what is it with those Jersey Girls?) Talking jive with bums and blowin harp had to be the best. Don't lose your sense of humor or your taste for Foster's! Long Live the "Bunkhouse Boys!" Do it up in Pensacola and We'll see you at Top Gun. PJM and (GD)DJB.

Robert Steven Rowe

Steve is a good ol' boy from the deep south. He came to roaring twenty via 25 with five other killer ducks. Steve has hung tough, working for the D&B for the past four years. It finally paid off in the end; three stripes is not a bad way to end a career at Canoe U. Steve takes from his four year stint here two valuable things. One is his much sought after NFO billet. So it was the next to last one. Close enough is good enough! The other thing that Steve gets to keep is his soon-to-be better half. Steve met her at Dahlgren (her first time there; hey, Steve is quick when he needs to be). A resilient sense of humor has kept Steve from taking any of the kidding about how he met Rainham too seriously. These last four years have been long but rewarding. Long after we've all dropped the grudges we hold against USNA, the friendships will remain. Good luck Steve, and wag your wings when you fly over us ground pounders! KFD.

Matthew David Sorenson

Well Matt, it's a long way to the Boat School from Brunswick, Ohio (the so-called "motherland"). It's an even longer way, however, from Plebe Summer to Graduation Week, and you've managed to make the most of your stay here where Severn joins the tide. You have spent a lot of long nights at the library agonizing over Aero (at the 'brary mainly because of negative study distractions such as myself), but in the end, it was well worth it. I would wish you luck at Nuc School but you will probably be setting the curve there, so all I have to say is have fun chasing Ruskie subs. The Silent Service does not yet know what a fine officer is being added to its ranks. And by the way, if you happen to get assigned to the West Coast after Sub School, we'll hop in your black convertible Porsche 911 and make a road trip some weekend, or do some camping (I'll build the fire, you chase the bears). See you in the Fleet! Ha-HAH! DHM.

Renaud Emmanuel Stauber

Renaud has come a long way since he packed his bags to join the Navy. Hailing from "Mo-hole", West Virginia, he used to remark that the best thing about plebe year in 25th Company was not having to tell people how to say his first name. A natural athlete, Renaud was a member of the Academy fencing team, where he swashbuckled with distinction. He never lost sight of his true loves though: Tennis, the violin, and EE. As youngster year came Roaring Twenty became his home. First class year found him as one of the few EE geeks (or "studs", as they like to call themselves) remaining in the brigade, with stars to boot! The Academy awarded his performance with the job of fourth battalion sub-commander first semester, a job he performed with such distinction that they'll still be talking about it years from now, (or at least 22nd Company will). The Silent Service made a fine choice, and one of the best is about to hit the fleet. MPH.

David Paul West

The Jams, the tan, the top goes down, the tape goes in, the glasses go on, the Alfa revs, shift-on-the-fly: Dave's weekend style. David P. West II, "Westy," has not only followed a few of his father's footsteps by graduating and going on to a life of aviation, but he has left a few distinguishing footprints of his own. David's carefree attitude has involved following the "true" intentions of the regs, maintaining above average grades with scattered but carefully orchestrated study sessions, living a life of Hockey and making up for a missed college life on the weekends. Hockey kept David motivated, and David kept Hockey a true spectator sport. Speaking of spectator sports, over the past three years, he has befriended enough ladies to ensure well attended games (ye Hockey). His home is in Atlanta, Georgi Prepare yourself Pensacola, for th "Iceman" truly cometh. MEW.

Duane Hugh McDonald

The Navy could not have known what it was getting when it accepted Duane for admission to the Academy. Although "Hey Duane" has had his share of unforseen problems, (like breaking bones and getting the Rocket), he has come through it all with a good attitude and a strong desire to serve proudly in the fleet. Unaccounted for go the number of times he has chosen to read something professionally enhancing rather than go brick chasing like his classmates. However, Duane did have something which he cherished and invested countless hours on: his red 1986 Ford Mustang GT. There was nothing he enjoyed more than washing his car or smoking the occasional Volkswagon product he might encounter on the road. The Navy is very lucky to have people like Duane who love to serve their country and who really love to be on a fighting ship at sea. Good luck with those big guns on the Mighty Mo. . . . and Duane: stay seated. MDS.

Paul Joseph Meisch

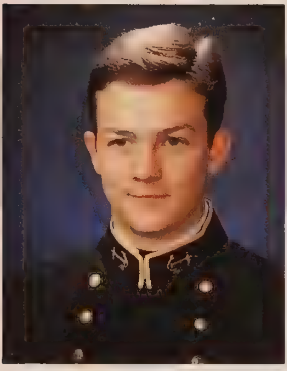
Paul came into the 20th Company with Aurora and the Bears on his mind. Good friends and good times saw many weekends in D.C., especially "The Whale." Foster's Lager, blowin' the harp with the bums, and the Cap'n told only half the story. Sleeping on park benches, under ping-pong tables, or in wet paint tarps was a luxury for Paul. Don't forget Syracuse and the Navy Basketball cinderella story. St. Patty's Day will never be as fun again. Bulky, Get-Down, D.C., Petey, Dave, and the rest of 20 couldn't have made it any better. Thank heaven for that first hitch to "The Whale" where everything went up-hill or down-hill depending on whose plastic was being sacrificed. To the man with a good eye and a master at the harp and the keyboards, I wish you Good Luck, and may Pensacola be a D.C. south! Long Live the "Bunkhouse Boys!" and don't lose your sense for adventure. PSYCHO.

Thomas Patrick Murphy

Packy came to Navy from "God's Country" (upstate New York) with a crew cut. A hard worker since birth, He developed a strange attraction for heavy machinery while riding shotgun in his father's 18-wheeler. During his Irish Catholic upbringing, he learned discipline from his father and physical toughness from his sisters. His Irish luck ran out the only two times he broke regs. (0-2) "Choo-Choo," a running back on the Plebe Football team, could take a hit, but in '87 learned that it's much better to give than to receive. (Brigade Champ, 190 lbs.) Tom was a hard-charger in the classroom with a tremendous capacity for memorization. He would finish work during the week with high-expectations of drinking a few fire-brewed cold ones on the weekend. An intense individual who never lost sight of his objectives and made it to the end of the huge rainbow. To the most sincere and dependable guy I've ever known — Good Luck. BAM-BAM.

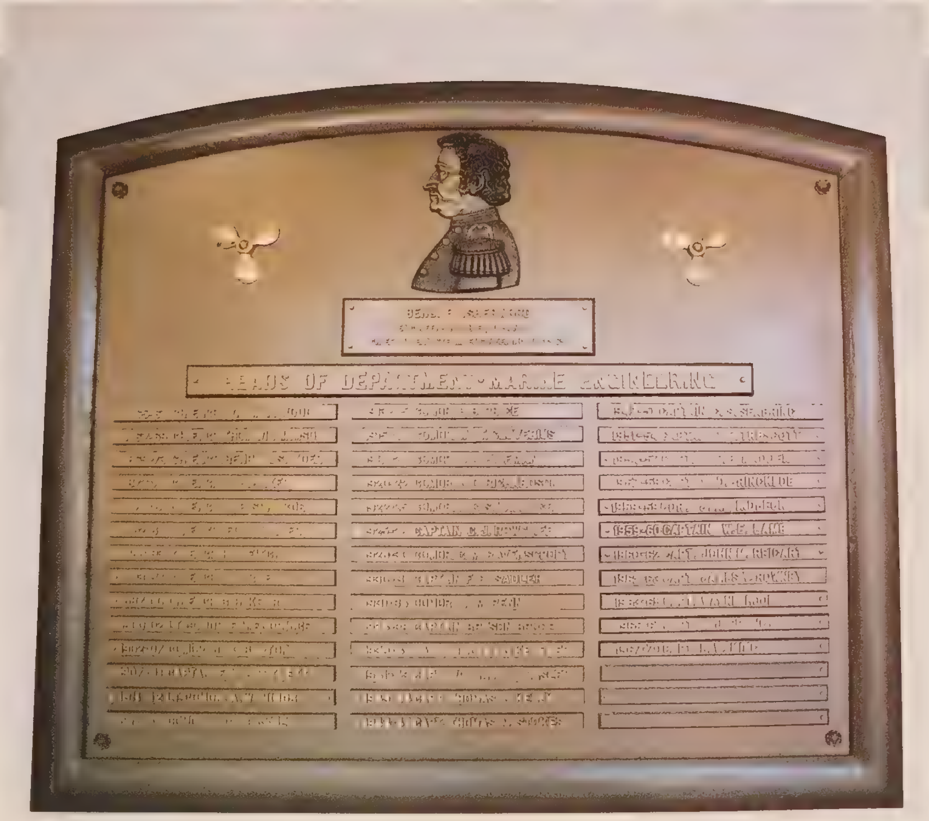
Timothy Alexander Rogers

"Slimy" Rogers kept a low profile except for the weekly nag session while cleaning up Grif's weekend mess. See, Tim was domesticated; on the weekends, he lived with Ange, his wife-to-be. Somehow, Tim provided for his psuedo-wife's creature comforts and still paid for the rejuvenation of his lifeless VW; though the operation was VERY long and strenuous, it was a success. Despite a weakness for crossword puzzles as well as the fact that he took more weekends second class year than he was eligible for first class year, Tim maintained an unreasonably high QPR. Tim was a poet as well as a scholar, always spouting verses of questionable "slimy" poetry. His willpower, though, was beyond question: he quit smoking at least twice a month. We'll never forget Tim's bulky figure dragging his dad at basketball games. From the boys of TAwenty to Tim "Buck" "Slimy" Rogers: Happy trails, "buzzard meat"! JPG & JMM.



Michael Edwin Williams

Michael E. Williams (don't even think of calling him Mike) comes from tobacco country, Farmville, North Carolina, which he keeps afloat with his chewing habit. (Ha, you can't blame me any more). There have been many ups and downs for Michael while at USNA, especially with grades. He finally found the right study habit for himself; sleep. We had some pretty good times out in town also. Thank God Cindy does not know about you standing up drunk in the back of my car at 30 mph, trying to pick up girls for Eric and me. It would also be hard to forget those expensive nights in D.C. looking for me, especially those seventy dollar red lights. Good luck with your marriage to Cindy. It has been a very memorable three years as your roommate and best wishes in the world's greatest profession, Naval Aviation. DPW.

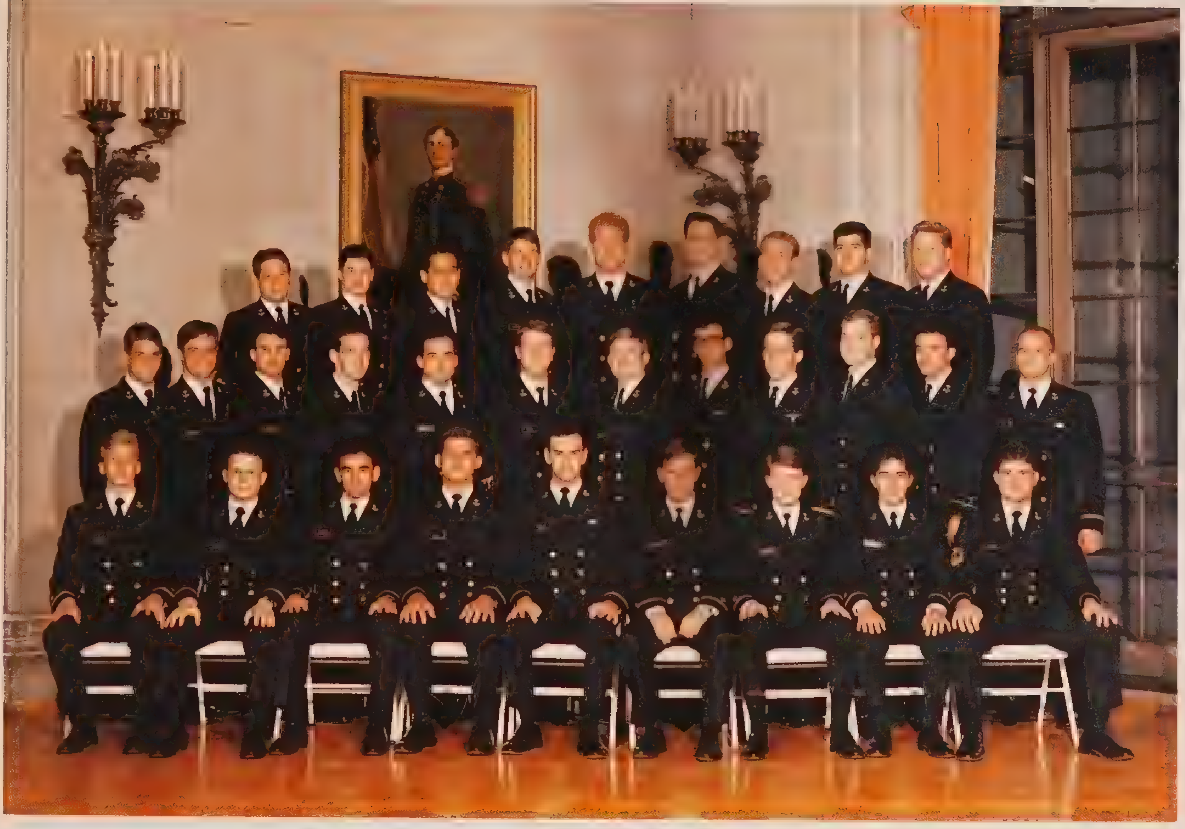


Fall Staff

Company Commander: Christopher Powell
Company Sub Commander: Ernest Swan
Company Adjutant: Brian Kline

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Brian Kline
Company Sub Commander: Philip Corcoran
Company Adjutant: William McCarthy



The Class of 1987

Row One: Jeffrey Taylor, Thomas M. Truden, Grover Tellez, Rick Dau, Joseph Videll, Michael Stewart, Bill Matthes, Michael Herrera, John Alder **Row Two:** Richard J. Hoffmann III, Geoff Anderson, Jonathan D. Washburn, Christopher T. Fay, James J. Fisher, Alexander G. Ihde, Martin E. Brandle, Eric B. Dano, Scott Hunnemeyer, Christopher E. Bolt, William A. McCarthy, Ernest W. Swan **Row Three:** Scott Timm, Scott Slater, Jose Trevino, Brian Kline, David Quick, Robert Sizemore, Michael Peoples, Philip E. Corcoran, C.S. Powell **Not Shown:** George Lipscomb, John Woughter

LT Jeff Zerbe

The Class of 1988

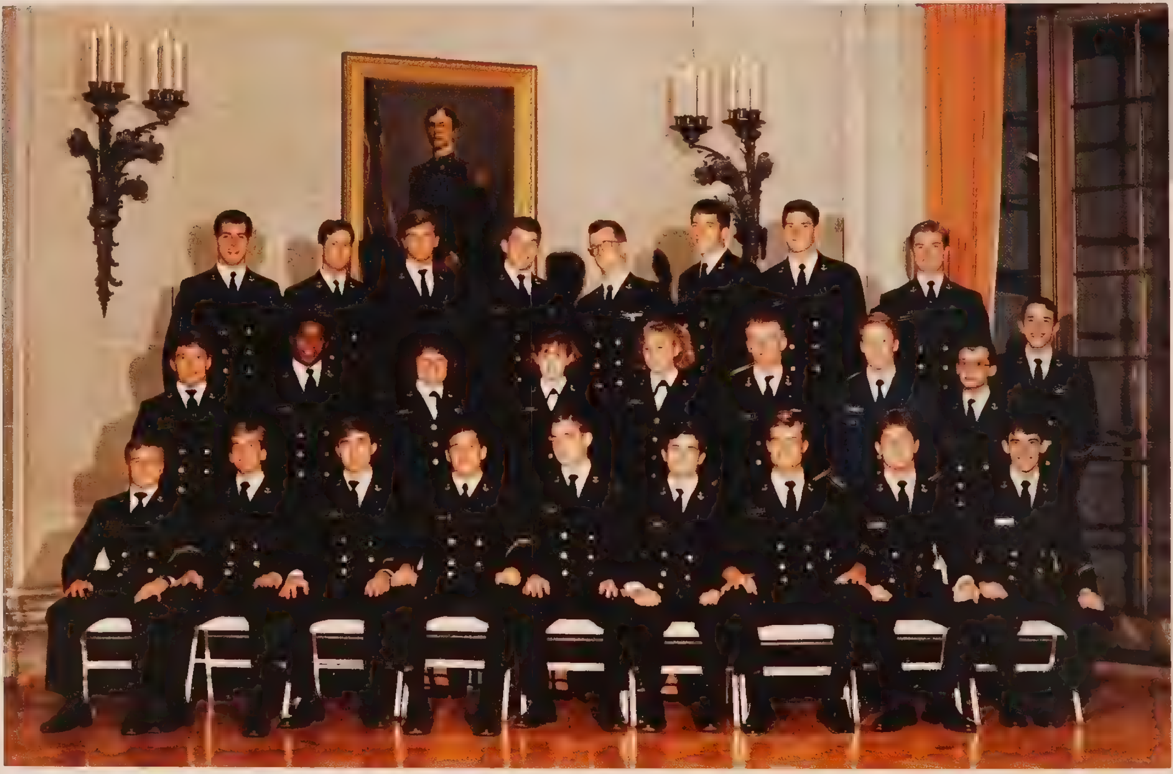
Row One: Robert Cox, David Gebhardt, Jon Dachos, Richard Silva, William Gross, Robert Tortora, Ted Alexander, Mark Scanlon, Gregory Marbach **Row Two:** Bob Strong, Mark Jones, Tammy Adams, Kristin Orlich, Lisa Gregory, Rodney Luck, Dominique Soave, Daniel Widdis **Row Three:** James Egan, Jason Burke, Pat Studer, Brian Hare, Michael Rose, Brian Colley, Joseph Donnelly **Not Shown:** Richard Bomhold, Gavin Fite, Robert Honeycutt, Britain Price

The Class of 1989

Row One: Redante Dacanay, David Salomon, Trent Mabe, Ron Lasorsa, John Ralston, Derek Tangeman, Eric Reilly, Philipp Lindogan, Todd King **Row Two:** Chad Acey, Dale Hurley, Steve Wistner, Rob Fryer, Byron Merritt, Brian Sullivan, Chris Tranquill, Charles Mills, Thomas Popp, Thomas Robertson, Jeff Emenaker, Leif Harrison **Row Three:** Robert Lessard, Frank Lugo, Donald Vangilder, Edward Maraist, Don Mills, Tim Taylor, Earl Wartenberg, Robert Dumont, Kenneth Harrison, Michael Steadman, Donald Glatt **Not Shown:** Mark Kiefer, Brian Sears

The Class of 1990

Row One: Christopher Tipton, Larry Teed, Victor Caruso, Thomas Feddo, Sean McHugh, Brendan Rogers, Peter Vasely, Lynne Smith, Patricia Campbell **Row Two:** Kelly Duncan, Chris Le, Keith Chateauneuf, Mark Brinkman, David O'Neill, Walter Glenn, David Blake, Joseph Gardiner, Margaret O'Neil, Andre Brown, Paul Cotter, Paul Snyder, John Zuzich, Christy Johns, Raymond Berzins, John Fitzpatrick **Row Three:** Steven Marinello, Janhein Phelps, Michael Burroughs, Everett Dunnick, Jeffrey Hickox, David Clipsham, John Haga, Patrick Hogan, Michael Riffice, James Barney, George Knight, John Daziens, Kevin McGoff



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
CHRIS!

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT

Best Wishes, Dave Quick and Class of '87!
The Quicks.

Well done Chris Powell. Go fly your jet. Our pride and love go with you.
Mom, Dad, Jen and Charlie.

Congratulations Second Lieutenant Thomas Michael Truden, USMC and to all the Class of '87. We are very proud of you and our love will go with you always. Mom and Dad.

Scott — May you find many rewards and much happiness as you travel through the trials and tribulations of life. We extend our best wishes to the Class of 87.

Congratulations Eric Dano. One of the "few good men." Love, your proud family.

Congratulations to the Class of '87. Nice going 21. Good luck with your swimming lessions Dick.
From the Hoffmann Family.

Congratulations Michael L. Peoples, Class of '87, and 21st Company with all the laid-back guys.
Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations, Chris and crew! The Fay Family.

Congratulations to the Class of '87, the 21st Co. and Ensign James J. Fisher you have made us so proud.
Fisher Family.

God be with you Grover. Semper Fi. Mom and Dad.

All the best now and in the future to the Class of 1987, especially John.
with love and pride,
The Alder Family.

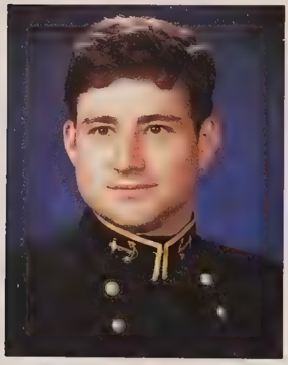
Anchors away to Chris Bolt and Scott. Semper Fi to Eric and Brian. We are so proud of all of you. Come see us. Love, Randy, Pat, Mom, Susie and Cassie.

Hip-Hip '87 and the awesome 11! Glad I met ya! Special Congratulations to my Ensign Bill McCarthy. You always make me proud! Keep that smile! Love ya kid-o! Mom.

8124 Love = lim 1/ n as n → 0

John Edward Alder

John (the duty driver) came to USNA from the Garden state (exit 11). We soon found out that he could see as well as he could keep the room clean, a source of much amusement. John also had a knack for losing everything . . . except his sense of humor. John's reputation as the Goucher hook will live forever, as will memories of E and M. John and the Grossman made an everlasting mark upon the Glee club, until internal politics threatened to cramp their style. We all know you went nuke so one day you could afford to be THE sports addict and do nothing but sit in a reclining chair in front of a big screen TV which only shows HTS and ESPN, the latest issue of Sporting News on one side and a Wendy's on the other. GO METS!!



Geoffrey Leigh Anderson

Gus, Gus Goodsport, Gustafer, "Fragile" has endured many setbacks: wrist and knee injuries, Flash Gordan crutches, academic probation, fear of cancer, catheter, open bar on bus-trip to Duke, busted at enlisted housing with McKane and Simmons. We had a blast, though: qualudes at American Cafe, second class summer, weekends at the Fay's, open bar on the bus-trip to Duke, new found love, "Buddy 21", and the boys. We survived, and he was a great roommate. Good luck from one SWO pup to another and hope the "romance" works out well. See you in Charleston. MDQ FYN!

Christopher Eugene Bolt

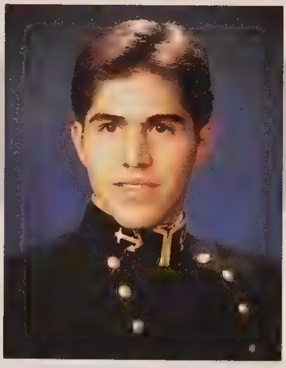
Christopher(son), Pookiehead, PW4302 comes to us from the land of rednecks and terrible drivers (Va) — not worthy of note except for his roommates who use his house as a hobble jumping off point. Chris's life has been ruled by three constants: One, his undying love for his enigma, despite the evil seductress A.M. This is confirmed by his sleep-driving techniques, (It was a nice Regal anyway). The second constant is Chris's blind allegiance to the most pathetic team in the N.F.L., the Washington Deadskins. The third constant is actually a variable with a negative coefficient (his hairline). Not to imply that he's bald, but if forehead was a valuable commodity Chris would be a millionaire. Besides that, Chris rode the Rocket, found potholes in Lauderdale, discovered airsickness, and even got stripes. Seriously though, Chris, you have everything it takes to be a great pilot. Just don't drink too much coffee on your P-3. ED & SH.

Martin Edward Brandle

Marty, I hope when you read this it brings back memories of those four short years at the academy. When I first met you in the "playboy" company, you were a veteran of Cloud-9. I guess it was only natural that we would eventually room together since we are both from the southwest. I hope you will always remember the good times as well as the bad. The academy is a strange place, we curse it for pushing us so hard, yet we are proud to be a part of it. You should be proud of what you've accomplished. Congrats! P.S. Who would have ever thought that a Marine and a sailor could get along so well? GDT.

James John Fisher

"Fish," first name unknown to most. "Weenos" to the boys at Cleary's and the Brick Bar back in his hometown of beautiful downtown Buffalo. NAPS brought pizza, beer, and the whole nine yards and Dunph's clothes topped with IHOP blueberry syrup. USNA spawned "our worst nightmare" and roadtrips home with Glav's and driving with no right to operate a motor vehicle. Plebe year created the Caco-Calo tailgater. Youngster year brought the U.S. Ski Team trials, St. Patrick's Day, Buchannan House and the reading of the riot act on 4-1. 2/C year was highlighted with locker door and bedroom dresser attacks. A banner 1/C year brought cheapshots, nicks in rings, 21st Company wardroom spotlights, and Visa police. KABLASTED! We had fun. You're the boy. CTF.



Michael Anthony Herrera

The Bear came from surfin' southern California (Tijuana?) to the USNA in pursuit of a dream . . . to be a runner, an engineer, and a pilot. He became a boxer, a poli sci, and a SWO daddy. Under Capt. Queeg during youngster cruise, Mike reached a low point that would never be reached again. He took up boxing because he took pleasure in mauling people- his own size of course. Although he was shafted from a letter, Mike used his boxing skills to "hit" on women. Mike had a problem finding women his own age; 23, 25, 27. He liked professional women- electrical engineers, lawyers, and presidential aides — and for some reason they liked him (you could sweep floors with his eyelashes). He has come a long way since walking on his hands shouting "go navy crew." Mike's carefree attitude and Mustang GT (someday not just a picture) will take him wherever he wants to go.

Richard John Hoffmann

Dickie Dog, Pea Brain, Woodie, Nose, Weak Ma, One of the "boys," Buddy 21. Well-oiled physical machine, NCBA Champion, Basketball Stud. Girl-Leaver, romance found second class year leaving his roommate knocking on the door — Girlfriend frying roommate. Second Class summer -Pensacola — grabbing booty at block party with ride in paddywagon. Wrestling Mania. Army with Coker-Linen For You, Fresh! Helium Voice. Running on the rocks, falling on the rocks — A Seal Is Born! FYN! Boobie.

Scott Eric Hunnemeyer

Scott, Goombay, Homo, PW4302 arrived from Ca. to learn how to be a professional. Instead he learned BOHICA. After an easy plebe year Scott mellowed out, but was still sentenced to two-man solitary confinement. Luckily for him, he was rescued by the moron twins (We're not twins!). Besides major discoloration of the hair and wearing cloths with colors unknown to man Scotty seemed to pull through nicely. Scott mastered the arts of sailboat stripping and U.S.-Canadian relations while on cruise, along with taking rookie honors in hockey. Scotty's life blossomed when he met his sweetheart at the Int'l ball, little did he know that it was two for the price of one. Scott was also a proud econ. major and could often be heard voicing his love for the major. This along with "honor" meetings and company computer projects gave Scotty a trying senior year. Fortunately, Vermont, bud, skiing, and pompadors preserved his sanity. Kick A in Pensacola. ED.

Philip Edmund Corcoran

We've had to put up with Phil for four years. The first year he rowed crew because he needed team tables in the spring and because he needed another excuse for not studying . . . football was over for Phil. The next year found us blessed(?) as roommates. Phil (alias Coco) kept things pretty interesting. Phil met scores of "the coolest" girls, but we knew they would never last. The number of them that found out that he prefers to sleep nude, we can only wonder. Phil had a little run in with the Law third class year. Primarily because he wanted to show off his boxing skills. He spent his community service hours picking up mothers of the kids he watched at the day care center. Phil took some unauthorized liberty 1/c year and paid for it in the usual manner . . . Smoke Hall. NAFAC and "research" were also shifty 1/c adventures. BTK, CSP.

Eric Brian Dano

Eric Disco, Dino, Great Dantini, PW4302 joined us from lovely De-troit along with his orange Nova. Eric put in a year at NAPS and was an instant hit with his company officer. He was a charter member of the cliff-exploring team and learned that there is poison ivy in winter. Eric was also in charge of giving the snow a military appearance after snowstorms. After plebe year in the club and an exciting youngster (F) cruise, Eric decided to see the nation. In Ca. he demonstrated the arts of skiing backwards into trees, playing Mario with rental cars, and texturing BOQ wallpaper. Who says you can't go left on red down a one way street? Skiing led to scuba diving and Ft. Lauderdale. Of course, Eric fell for a UNC babe and missed out on the wild Canadian women. No, S.C. Troopers don't take mastercard. Eric was a member of the butter affair in Vt., and in Hawaii he learned to be a Hard Charger, but I still wish Brooksie were going to Quantico! PC.

Frederick William Dau

Proudly continuing the Dau Naval Tradition, Rick came to the Academy as a firm supporter of USNA. This frequently left him in unfavorable situations, ranging from being the Liquor Commissioner on road trips to being voted the "Biggest Tool" as a second class. It was always easy to tell when Rick was doing homework by his pounding on the desk, his kicking at the walls, and the puddle of sweat under his seat, but at least one of us did it. To counter his irascible side, Rick was always looking for the perfect mate. The first left youngster year, then again second class summer, and then a third time second class year. Some people just can't take no for an answer. Then first class summer rolled around and Rick finally discovered inebriation after sailing to Bermuda, where he also discovered Cindy, who has been with him ever since. I wish the best of luck to both of them, but please don't try to fix me up again. JEV.

Christopher Thomas Fay

Chris, you drink too much. All three of you do. It never mattered what Chris did as long as he looked good doing it. He always wanted to be a Navy pilot, figured he had a shot at one of the 400 carriers. Plebe year . . . no problems. 3/c year . . . bouncing on the supe's bed, Fay vs. URI — URI: 1, Fay: 0, Sanctus et Puritus. 2/c year Chris won a job with the WBAL sports team after the Navy-Duke hoops game. First Class year he finally got a car so now he can always look cool. Finding the correct Bay bridge on his late night trips to Philly proved to be his biggest problem first class year. A two time 21st CO. spotlight awardee, Chris enjoyed the generosity of his roommate. Chris, no matter what you do in the future, it's good to know that you'll have both of us at attention next to you helping to explain. Best of luck in flight school, we love ya. JJF & CED.

Alexander Gunther Ihde

Springing from the dense jungles of Timonium, Md., Alex arrived at USNA, entering 13th Co. and the Drum & Bugle Corps. The scramble made him my roommate for the next two or so years in 21, enjoying the youngster rack followed by a well-laden 2/c year in which we both learned some important lessons. 1/c cruise on a Westpac pushed his life toward the service of the gold & scarlet. 1/c year we didn't see Alex too much, due to Sharon, his girlfriend, and OCF. He never really had any problems with academics, anyway. He would always figure out a way to do something in a way which no one else would ever dream. In any case, his strong relationship with God will help him meet any challenge in the future. Press on! TMT.

Brian Todd Kline

Not much is known of his plebe experience: only his existence as a crew jock, company commander, and his potential for geekdom. Let the record show, Bri's biography tells of his aspirations to command a nuclear submarine. Our Brian? Just shows that Brian drank heavily even as a pleber. Yet "the scramble" saved this impressionable Wisco-boy. He never studied (except crosswords), but "he's a KA-genius . . . He knows everything." So, he's Top-40. Latter years included fashionable drunkenness in New York, frequent purchases at Fishpaw's, local college femmes, and Dylan! Special thanks to John & Susan for giving him a place to sober up. Brian could not resist the temptations awaiting him in P-Cola, but he fell for the Marine way of life. The USMC fooled a good one. Bottoms up! Coco, Boog.

George Aloysius Lipscomb

George the Conquerer had much better luck with the Academy and travelling than he did with women. From touring Australia, Hawaii, Hong Kong, and the Philippines, through Europe and the U.S., to being a Battalion Commander and the first aviation selectee of the class, George's successes were numerous. But his record with the fairer sex was less glamorous. Youngster year offered numerous young prospects, but second class year was a different story with two bricks and, much to my dismay, a last minute Ring Dance date with my sister. First class year had quite a range of women, from a 32 year-old aerobics instructor to Miss ex-'86 who wouldn't break it off, but then George always did enjoy a challenge. The future will undoubtedly hold many challenges for him, so as one of his many good friends, I wish him the best of luck. JEV.

William Peter Matthes

Bill came to Navy from the seafaring town of Boston. He got off to a good start plebe summer in Mean 15 with Rocko, Fez, and Chas, and ended up breakdancin' in the streets of Georgetown. 3/C year found him on a sub-cruise and masochist habits such as his systems major. He arrived in Playboy 21 and soon became the terror of 4th Batt with the reign continuing right through 2/C year. 1/C year saw his mellower side as he gallivanted across the country from San Diego for cruise to Houston for the All-Star game, the beach, women, and back to USNA for plebe detail. Memorable impressions were always Opie's fate (lest we forget Army-Navy '87) Finally, he sold his soul to Nuke Power and laughed all the way to the bank. Thanks for the memories, Bill. From the Allagash to Boston to Houston, I've never had a better friend. TJW.

William Arthur McCarthy

Bill came to us a ski bum from Brandon, Vt. When he showed up, we could all tell that he was a lifer by the NAVY 1 on the plates of his black Corvette. 3/c yr, Bill set out to discover the civilian life he left behind; Flat tops and leather ties. By Geezus! Don't sound like no 'chuck to me! Holidays and Birthdays were always a welcome with everyone expectantly waiting for one of his mother's "greetings." GC's main activity on summer cruise was expanding his harem from Perth to Pearl. Back at school, he could be found writing his two-toned letters to the girls. Weekends found him in the cockpit of his modified Corvette redefining "lateral g force." After burning the midnight oil all semester Bill would hit the slopes of Colo., Tahoe or Wyoming. After 8 long semesters, he graduated a Marine Eng.; he just wouldn't quit. We have all enjoyed Bill's friendship and his trust. We will certainly miss him. The small boy Navy is getting a good one. MAS.

Michael Loren Peoples

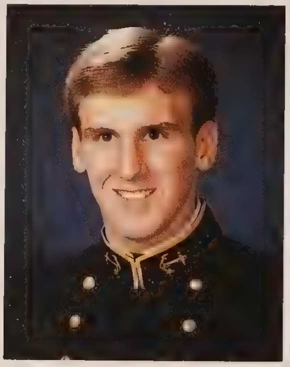
The Kent, Ohio boy came with football on his mind and no idea of what was to come. Football didn't make it because of more knee operations than haircuts, but he figured the rest out. Mr. Whiteworks, Xerox central, a whole period off, This man has stars? What's reveille? The Cafe, Nati Boh's at Mr. Nicks, Armys' with a helpful classmate and a glass of water, land speed record in the great car deal, launching T's, seeing the babes (dilemma) at OSU, golf and pizza at home; the only lightweight on the heavyweight team; summers with Sandy beaches, championship volleyball, and blurry nights and beaten wives in Charleston. Once and always one of Tau Beta. We made it through, all the way. More fun to come. Good Luck.

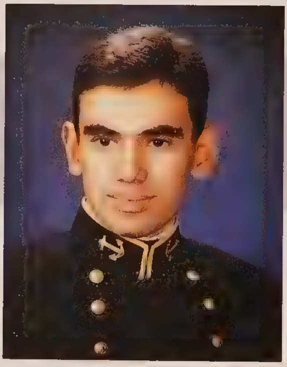
Christopher Scott Powell

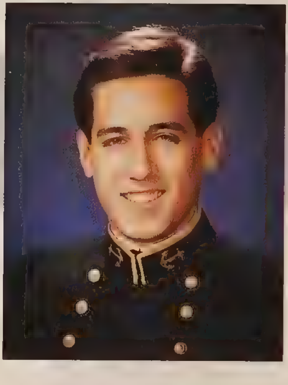
We first remember Boog from plebe crew as the man who didn't know which side to put the oar over on. As a youngster and a roommate, we started to doubt his clean cut image. Just ask him about his unauthorized night at the Sup's house and where he got the candles. Boog was usually up after we had already entered dreamland. Whether he was doing homework or finishing a marathon letter to his ball-and-chain we never knew. After freeing himself of this luggage he went on a flesh binge at local girl's colleges. His infatuation with hip, synthetic music was the cause of much tension in the room. We hope his newly acquired bachelor attitude remains through our next couple of years at P-cola. Coco, Kliner.

Mark David Quick

"Doc," Bubba, Dave came to us from the land of wander via 31 co. much more subdued than his knight; Dave realized early that electricity can kill. Thus he became a disciple of Andre. Army has always been a "trying" time for Dave: 3/c when he met Ms W.I. Rose; 2/c when he became an elevator repairman? 2/c summer Dave found his one true love, Mastercard; Gus' and his finances were never the same. Ac year arrived with our favorite grappler on probation. But he survived to see the West Point "neighborhood" and Mr. Ignorance. Dave then became a sailor only to hear a siren and crash into Charleston which fit him to a "T." To a great roommate and best friend, good luck to you and "T." See ya down south. GLA.







Jeffrey Howard Taylor

The All-American boy from Minnesota began his naval career in the 4/c run 35th Co. Then it was on to the Playboy company where he soon set the standard for room appearance. When formals encroached on time chasing women, he just secured the hatches and kept on sailing. 2/c year, he became bored with just being another all-around athlete and went BIONIC. But Jeff, always able to make the best out of a bad situation, pushed his grades to the stars, and became the best LTWT football coach this company has seen. Anyway, dancing on one leg got more ladies than ever. 1/c year it became time to stop sailing and to pick up a rifle, some free time and a trip to Brigades. Through it all -Goucher trips, ski trips (CO., VT.), Miss Maryland, 6 G's in P-Cola, 6 Form 2 warnings, Firebirds, and Ocean Engineering — the "Coach" or the "Gimp" never let the Academy keep him down nor did he find time to dislike the Academy. Of course, he had the best of friends and roommates. EWS.

Grover Dale Tellez

I sort of knew Grover at NAPS. Who was to say we'd be roommates at the Academy? After Plebe year in the "Killer Ducks" Company and the '87 scramble, Grover found himself in the "Playboy" Company. During Youngster year, we found we shared similar interests, being from the southwest. We decided to room together Second Class year. We've had some great times over the past two years; it's now time to start our careers. You've been a great roommate and a true friend. Congratulations on making it through here! Best of luck to you in the Marine Corps, always. Fair winds and following seas, amigo. MEB.

Scott Allen Timm

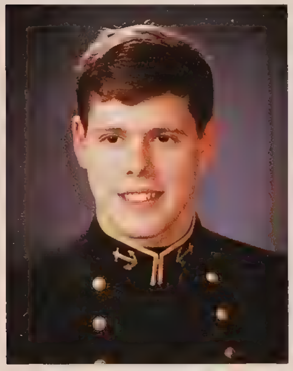
Lughead came to USNA a golden boy from Ft. Lauderdale to be an officer, soccer player, and an engineer. Well one out of three isn't bad. He got a commission, along with an injured knee and a coveted spot within the "brotherhood." Scott has always been quiet, but a real go-getter. Youngster cruise was surprising when he tried to top the 20,000 series pyramid with four five-grands. Or maybe the Spring Break classic at 4 in the morning — "Mr. Timm, we have your car, but Scott's lost." Well, buddy, its been great living in a cave for four years. Best of luck always, Scott; just try not to sleep through SWOS. SDS.

Jose Luis Trevino

Hosebag and Heir roommate; the infamous Texan, . are you sure that everything that comes from Texas is big? Jose came to us with his engine running and a knack for dancing — or was it the $75? Jose has been the life of many a dull night in Bancroft, D.C., N.Y., or Philly with either a blatant tale to tell, or a sarcastic remark about someone else. You've been an inspiration to some of us, although maybe not the cab drivers in Philly. S.C. didn't mix too well that night. It seems you were an inspiration, at least for a night, at the "older crowd" spaghetti bash. On the professional side, I've heard rumors, but I thought that voluntary intramurals didn't start until next year. Somehow we made it, slim, remember Madonna and the cramps and all the good times. Flight School will be it. Later days. SDS.

Robert Adam Sizemore

Bobbie, Gus, Bubba, Dick! Oss and Mack; Wrestling; Little Red Corvette and Darling Nicki; Subic youngster cruise; Fat Baby's. . .; Army with Coker in the head; Carrie; Kit and Paul, your best friends; Sunburnt, bald, and drunk in Pensacola; football with Coach Lenny; the balloon squad at Army; Math with Andre and his eyebrows; Robert (Don Shula) Sizemore; Carrie at U of M; Pulsar NX; Now off to Charleston and the USS Blakely, FYN. Dickie Dog.



Scott Darrel Slater

Scott, from the first day plebe summer you thought you had this place wired and all mapped out, considering you lived in the yard two years before you became a plebe. Then love struck you plebe year and. . .. 3/c year existed, also a nick name from Bones. Especially don't forget the good times like Madonna, the cramps, explosions Philly, your trios, and medical chits. Scott has proved to be a valuable asset since he lives in Annapolis. There was always a place to escape to on the weekends and sometimes during the week. Pasadena was a lot of fun. Too bad Ford Tempos just can't take a 55 mph crash test. Winning the coveted Black "N" proved to be easy, although staying in his original major wasn't quite the same. Scott, I hope you get a LOUD alarm clock before flight school. Well, good luck in Navy Air and don't make us fish you out of the water. SAT, JLT.

Michael Andrew Stewart

Mike, ever the world traveler, was born in Colombia, lived in Penn, Mex, Vermont, and San Diego, with stops at NAPS, San Diego St., and NAPS. With a background like that we knew that Mike was destined for stripes, five as a matter of fact. Too bad that they did not let you speak (BS) at your board, or you may have received 7 or 8. That background explains his desire to see Europe, but every summer? Rather than fly, he sailed to Europe in '86; that covered the phone bill. What was the reason for the Poly Sci Major, rack, or every weekend with Mo? Practically a member of the 21st co, Mo was probably the first girlfriend to be placed on the Friday noon meal schedule by food services and placed in a duty section. When are you going to trade in the wife's (oops) hot little Fiat for the 4 door BMW with a baby seat and a golden retriever? To the man who changed his service selection more often than his underwear; you made the right choice. WAM.

Ernest William Swan

This eager young goose from Santa Cruz came seeking adventure and intense company. His tie to the Semper Fi would have to wait but adventure was "where you make it." Whether he was roofing, capturing negative ions, or burning hairs off sleeping friends, Ern never gave us a dull moment. This is all because he loved life with a passion he felt others should share. Yes, Ern Dawg raised some eyebrows but he lifted our spirits as well. Despite his outward insanity Ern always amazed us with his personal side. Poetry, meditations, and deep philosophical conversations alerted us to his incredible spirituality and intellect-the qualities he also sought in his friends and women. Of both there were many for he never feared to love or trust. His energy enables him to do anything. But Ern was born to be a Marine. Good luck my friend and thanks. MPP.

Thomas Michael Truden

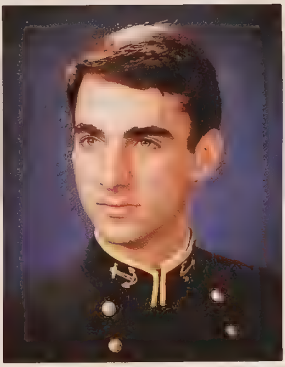
Thomas, T-Man, Mr. T., Tommy, what can you call somebody who doesn't sleep? He would certainly give one that impression with all his activities. Tom figured that the success in getting through the Academy was enjoying himself and getting first class privileges as soon as possible. He did that plebe year by joining the debate team and having more weekends than the average firstie. Youngster year found Tom in a different environment, with different challenges ahead of him, such as how to destroy the Chemistry lab in the most unique manner possible. Later he occupied himself with an active role in the Navigators and harassment of his roommate. 2 Timothy 4:18 will guide Tom in the Marine Corps. Good luck! JCW.

Joseph Eric Videll

After a stint in Stalag 17, Joe scrambled his way to the Playboy Company. Bald and fresh from Airborne, Joe was obviously looking to be a flying Leatherneck. He took pride in all he did, from his mirror-like leathers, to his major, to training the plebes with his intensity. It always seemed that the plebes loved him, visiting for comearounds by day and then goat court at night. As the consummate party animal, Joe was known for his fondness of alcohol, music and fine women, thus winning him the reputation of wildman on the dance floor and two bricks back in the hall. During his several ski trips to Vermont, Joe left his mark on the streets of Rutland in multiple colors. Joe was someone you could count on and a great friend. He is the good man the Marines are looking for.

Jonathan Derrel Washburn

Affectionately referred to as "The Tub," this Mechanical Engineering major, with his subscription of G.Q. in hand (cowboy boots and long coat, of course) and the wisdom of a reserve CDR, was transformed from a loyal Auburn fan to the weekend wonder. Faster than the 6:30 mile? Able to leap o-course walls in a single bound? Certainly, but "the hook" was better known for girl punting, car detailing, sweater alterations, balcony tricks and green stuff at U. of D., tabs at Winston's, car transmissions, pre-tourney bus cocktail parties, telling his folks everything, instant southern accent, being a secret member of the "I love Ohio" club, and twice being awarded the softball gold glove for originality. Four years have been a trip. Best of luck from one aviator to another, remember Y'all — s. MLP.



John Charles Woughter

John arrived at Mother B prepared for a rigorous plebe year. Jamming oneself into a taxi with a dozen classmates 15 minutes before taps is no easy task. Tolerating one roommate who eats like a cow and another that just keeps eating is challenging, too. But nothing topped the challenge of finding his brother's dormatory spring break at Syracuse. John left sweet 16 hoping that his new company would be more relaxing. These high hopes of leisure soon fell through the floor, since he only spent 2 of 4 semesters living in company area. One semester at the Coast Guard Academy temporarily brought him nearer to his girlfriend, now fiancee, Andrea. We will never know all that went on during those 4 months up north. Because things had still not slacked off when he returned, John joined the Batt staff. With his last mile run and PCR behind, John is now looking forward to a career in the Silent Service. Good Luck, Buddy. TAB.

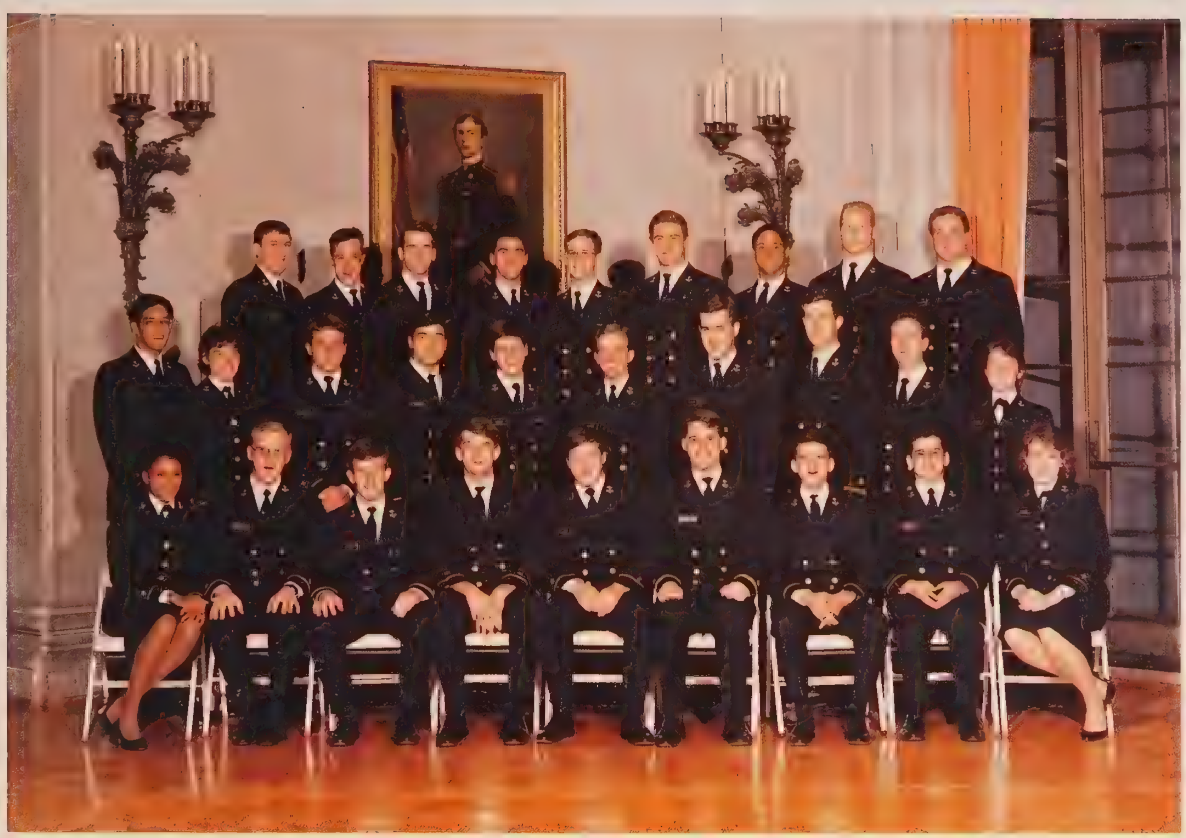
Fall Staff

Company Commander: David Renberg
Company Sub Commander: Paul Newell
Company Adjutant: Donald Herndon

Spring Staff

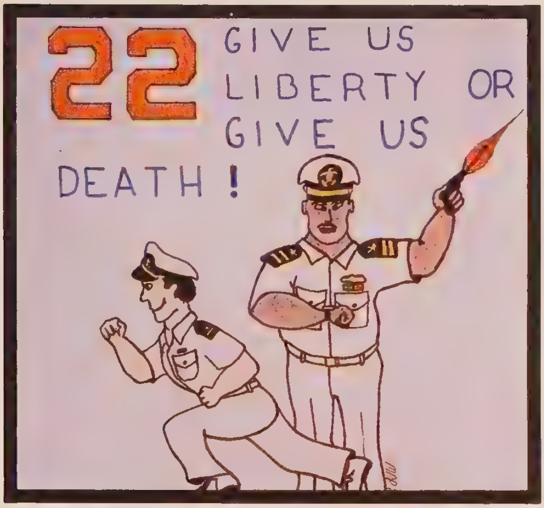
Company Commander: Paul Buck
Company Sub Commander: Joycelin Robinson
Company Adjutant: Todd Bolinger

LT Charlie Meyers



The Class of 1987

Row One: Joycelin Robinson, Jerry Lenaburg, Mike Patten, Charles Baker, David Hagan, Paul Newell, Bob Parker, Carlos Suarez, Mary Kelly **Row Two:** Michael Finch, Robin A. Young, Gary W. Parker, Patrick J. Wade, Paul G. Buck, Christopher G. Rapp, Stephen J. Peters, Ernest W. Martin, Charles Lee Schilling, Nancy Springer **Row Three:** Bradley Roberson, Garry Parzych, David Renberg, David Orans, Bill McNeilley, Don Herndon, Phil Bond, Tom Hubbard, Todd Bolinger **Not Shown:** Harry Schmidt



The Class of 1988

Row One: Richard Bryant, Charles Cash, Christian Dobleman, Michael Tanner, John Feldkamp, David Sween, Mark Song, Rob Robinson, Terence Emmert **Row Two:** Hank Colburn, Shawn Penrod, Eric Weilenman, Travis Zach, Matt Duddy, Matt Balters, Jonathan Johnson, Anton Largiader, Harold Yeldell, John McKeon, Wes Summers **Row Three:** Kevin Myers, Gregg Lehocky, Doug Schueler, Lawrence Gloss, Mike Mahaney, Eric Reinhold, Dave Woodbury, Chris Drewello, Eric Busko **Not Shown:** Sean Reid, Mark Retzloff, Wesley Summers

The Class of 1989

Row One: Craig Wilson, James Ehlert, Sean Moriarty, Victoria Summers, Carlos Grez, Theodore McColl, Mark Lauda, Thad Smith **Row Two:** Michael Tribble, Rolf Versluis, Gretchen Otto, Maria Chapman, Eddie Eastman, Adrienne Hegman, Eric Cheney, David Gray, James Gameros, Emory Anderson, Joe Huffaker, Philip Janus, Kristine Davis, Margaret Marcantonio **Row Three:** Robert Floyd, Robert Hagan, Patrick Hudson, Patrick Bayliss, William Pickrel, Alan Petro, Brian Engel, Raymond Benedict, Chris Saat, Mark Wiggins, Gordon Colton **Not Shown:** Gerald Mathis

The Class of 1990

Row One: Jerold Miranda, Adrien Sanchez, Robert Hunt, Byron Hopkins, Conrado Parker, Scott Ward, Kevin Minton, James Midkiff, Leland Howell **Row Two:** Dana Emerson, Doug Reckamp, Kent Anderson, Michael Moore, Kent Churchill, Kevin Hawko, John Gentry, John Downey, Paul Cannon, Mark Beatty, Timothy Bush, David Bradley, Christopher Nardone **Row Three:** Paul Valesky, Adam Lochmann, Antony Falco, Wesley Smith, Kirk White, Michael Pestorius, Michael Herger, Thomas Bruno, Aaron Johnson **Not Shown:** Christopher Culver, Timothy Gamache, Joseph Kiefer, James Midkiff, Richard Steele, Tarkan Yetiser, Dana Emerson

22
COMPANY
PARTY

Yea Dave! Love Coco! Congrats Hagan, 22nd Co. Mids of '87! Love, Dad, Mom, Karen, Maria, Cindi, Milli and Bancroft! Los Alamos, New Mexico!

Congratulations to Carlos Suarez and 22nd Co. from all your family. Our love, prayers and pride are with you always.

Good luck C. Lee Schilling 22 Co. Class of '87. Family.

Augie . . . A ship is safe in harbor but that's not what ships are made for. Good sailing. The Schmidts.

Congratulations, Don Herndon. Proud of Class of '87, 22 Co. and you! Love, Mom, Dad, Mike.

To: Mike, Bob, Charlie, Dave, Ernie, Harry, John, Mike, Pat, Paul, Paul, Tim, Tom. Happy Hallo, Thanks, Xmas, Val, St Pat, Easter-ALWAYS! Congratulations! Love, Mrs. P., PJ, and K.

Congratulation, Paul! +e are very proud of your accomplishments at USNA. Thanks for sharing them with us. Love, Mom and Dad Hail 22 and HOTEL CHARLIES.

Congratulations David Orans and the Class of '87 Your family is so proud of you and your accomplishment. Good luck with your career. Love, Mom.

Congratulations to Class of '87. Mary Kelly, you did it!!! Walk always in his peace and love, surrounded by his angels! Our prayers and love always. Mom, Dad, Kathy, John, Steve, Tree.

USNA
NAVY
NAVY
HOCKEY

Charles Ross Baker

The Lord said, "Let there be a mid." And there was Chuck and he was good. In his quest for the big picture, he always had a casual attitude towards his "Code of Concepts". With only one borrowed black uniform, Bakes' style of dress was only outclassed by those of the moakes. "Sacrificing fashion for comfort," Motion was typically not noticeable, until the message came: "Laura's on the phone" and thus began sessions of mumbles to a far off companion. Chuck, never wasting energy, always strove to do the minimum. He figured some day he'd need an extra burst of energy.

Sitting here at the kitchen table
under the interrogation
light a bundle of emotions and fears
packed with frustration and indecision
tear stained face cold toes
soup on my shirt
and a reason for everything . . .
but I don't know what it is. LLWB.

Todd Wesley Bolinger

Todd joined the 22nd Co after spending his plebe year in 13. Bulking up was a first priority for 'Bols' after he made the jump to heavyweight on the wrestling team his youngster year. This was accomplished by many hours in the weightroom and even more in Steerage and the "2-1 kitchen" with Kongo and me. As he consumed massive quantities of grilled cheese and orange whips, study hour became eating hour and Todd became the biggest man in the company. Todd's weekends as a second class were spent making trips to Penn State and Lancaster, along with some memorable parties at 'the zone'. That was also the year that Todd joined the powerlifting team and finished an excellent year by becoming co-captain. As a firstie, the plurality of his weekends were spent with Mary in Alexandria. He selected Navy air as his service, and if he's as good a pilot as he is a roommate and friend then I'm sure he'll be Top Gun. TRH.

Phillip Sawyer Bond

Phillip is a worldly man who enjoys the finer things in life and is not afraid to use his Dad's Mastercard to get them. I think Phil is the reason they invented the radar detector. He thinks 55 is just a suggestion. Too bad the state of N.C. did not agree with this philosophy when they clocked Phil at 100.5 decelerating. This earned Phil the title of being the only excon at Navy. Bondo is definitely an airdale in a SWO's body. Phil has had a lot of fun at USNA. Who could forget Pub Night, or eating flies and shotgunning bears at Mac's cabin or that weekend at my house, drinking G&T's by the jacuzzi. Too bad the cops had to break it up. Oh but I forgot, alcohol does not affect Phillip Bond. But you certainly know how to repay a favor. Like the time I was at your house and your mom served me up a steaming bowl of Botulism. Seriously Phil, you have been a good friend and your sense of humor is just what the SWOs need. DMO.

Paul Gregory Buck

Always the selfless person, Paul could always be counted on to sacrifice for his friends. His tough training schedule required that he be well rested, and he took this to heart. Academics, a mere triviality to the Carnot man, enabled Paul to spend countless class hours developing the ultimate gambling system and endless study hours honing his nerf basketball skills. Paul's athletic ability in baseball and ice hockey was surpassed only by his profit seeking prowess. Bucky always believed in the old adage, "it is better to give than to receive", especially when adjudicating Form-2s or verbally assaulting innocent bystanders. "I'd rather be lucky than good," says Bucky, but much to the chagrin of his conduct riddled friends, he was always both. Good luck, a given. MPP.

Mary Catherine Kelly

Mary was full of sunshine, and we could always count on her to brighten up a room. Mary's everlasting cheerfulness carried her through many days of academic probation. We're not sure if it was her strong faith in God or perseverance or both, but she did escape the Axe boards. Stars? Amazing. Our motto for first class year SMM, SLT. FTD had better get her new address. Hot tubs, horses, skiing, home ec101, Julia Childs would be proud, those bins will never be the same, Christmas in Washington, Quantico with Molly, flying over O-courses, running off to Glee Club and musicals, trips to Florida and NY, mile run a la walkman and lots of fun. We'll remember Mary as a happy-go-lucky optimist. She won many admirers and inevitably a few broken hearts. Mary is a great roomie and a sweet friend. Good luck with Intelligence. We always knew you were smart. God must love gag gifts. JR,NAS,RAY.

Jerry Don Lenaburg

Jerry found out just how tough Academy life could be when he started his naval career in Skate 8. He quickly developed an undying relationship with a certain submariner named Melcher — from one stud to another! What fun Jerry had with Chuckie, and vice versa. Also, the infamous nickname, "BEAST", originated from our plebe company, and is destined to follow him forever. As we entered 22 together, we tried our lot at EE, but we both saw the light before the semester ended. With history as his new major and Gyro as his roommate, Beast realized his true calling was to be an NFO. Hence, another nickname, Duece, was created that would compliment his pilot, Ace. So now it seems that I'll spend another year with Beast in P-cola, but that's OK, since his charming way of squinting and constantly asking what's on TV has grown on me. And Beast said, "When I come out of the ocean at P-cola I want the girls to think of Conan." PDN.

Ernest Walter Martin

aka: Mug, Hommes, Waldo, Slick. But he was most commonly referred to as Bulkhead. Walt has definitely been "the Brains of the Operation" since the beginning of '85. I really appreciated his help in keeping me out of the doghouse while keeping his own mark at 3.0 or better. Driving his Mustang GT's to the limit (and sometimes through it!), Hommes has successfully avoided becoming an anchor announcement. Amidst the high-speed adventure, Walt has kept his bombsights on a truly terrific lass down in Tampa (a short hop from his hometown of Gainesville, Florida.) He and Marcy have an exciting life together to look forward to — if she can keep up while her man lays down the rubber road to freedom! Later, Bulkhead.

William Gordon McNeilley

Bill came to USNA to major in music. Many a night Bancroft vibrated to his talented sounds. His abilities captured the admiration of his friends, a ribbon in the last talent show, and cheers from the Dahlgren crowd. His undying fetish for keyboards was matched only by his search for shotglasses and USPE kitchen utensils. Who has not known the terror of his taco cooker? Bill grew up on a perch in Cloud 9 flinging trash cans from 5-4 and Franklins on Sunset Blvd. Several McNeilleyisms and a Bahamas cruise later, Bill found himself in search of a better companion. He's seen fireworks in C.S., machine guns in Rome, and pizza trucks in Georgetown but will leave happily in the arms of a pretty young girl from Columbia who "wuvs him furrie much." Bill is Norfolk bound and takes with him not only the makings of a fine Naval officer, but also the thoughts of many. Thanks for listening, Bill, you are a good friend. DAR.

Michael Francis Finch

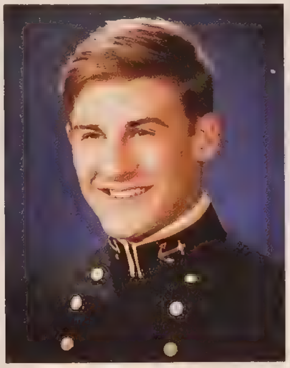
Mike came to the USNA from Milwaukee with high ambitions, sandals, and two left feet. His inability to march compounded the terror felt by roommates who watched the talons descending from the rack above. Tired of impressing friends by peeling bananas with his feet and occasionally crawling across the hall to make offerings, Mike focussed briefly on his studies. A Trident Scholar and a member of the 62K weekend club, Haj has been referred to as the smartest Black N owner at USNA. Haj was destined to be a SWO the moment he bought the USS Hajmobile, a 95 MPH D-type which has since learned its way to Hood. There Mike found inebriation, his ring, and his wife to be. Mad Dog leaves the Academy with many goals met and many new ambitions formed. His Nerf basketball injuries healed and NL400 schedule mastered, Mad Dog takes with him memories of good times and good friends. Thanks for being there. Make it count. DAR.

David Scott Hagan

Dave, abandoning a real military school, came to USNA from the ski slopes of New Mexico and led a fitful four years adding 2+2. Youngster year was full of food and not so fine women at his adopted sponsor's house. That is until Maria strolled past our 2-0 scope ledge during Herndon flashing those incredible eyes. Love at first sight, no doubt. Second class summer came and we missed the Beach Boys but hit the P-Cola beaches — and the bars! (Thanks for the help). The summer was one run after another, depending on what state we were in. Next ac year provided trials of friendship, blind dates, and canoe races. The ring dance came none too soon and we wondered who would get married first. First class year boasted of work at the Labs and a new Triumph (sorry about the vandals). The car memorized the route to Delaware by October! Good luck in the Air, my friend, and hold onto Maria. See you in Gandalara someday. WGM.

Donald Wayne Herndon

Don Herndon and why not. Don came to 22 by way of an ac board and Fun One. What can you say about a guy whose favorite movie is Excalibur and whose musical taste range from Wagner to Iron Maiden? Don excelled at sports and led the Company Heavy Weights to post-season play two years in a row. Don has used his academic knowledge of EE to turn his desk into a generator and your author into a resistor. What fun. Don's roommates have included the Sloth and Phil youngster year and Vince Gortho second class year. That also proved to be the semester he met Lisa, his future 4000 series. And who could forget Ghostbusters at his sponsor's house. First class year Don found himself back with Phil as one of the "Big Guys." Don has also tried to pursue anchor man, but this honor will slip through his fingers. Don, it's been great, though sometimes painful, knowing you and P-Cola just wouldn't be the same without you. DMO.

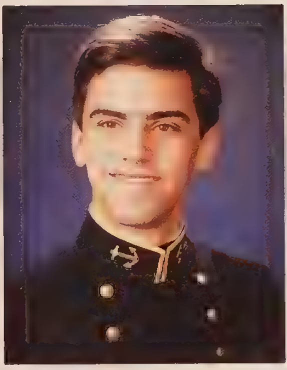


Thomas Richard Hubbard

Hubbs came to this "college" ready to play football as Navy's big, thick, offensive guard. Fourth class year, Hubbs, between workouts and "free food", found time to enjoy comearounds with Miss Webb. Youngster year, Hubbs realized he was the biggest man in the company. That winter, he wore out the tiles between his room and Kongo's, following his nose during study hour and eating up to 6 grilled cheese a night and drinking OJ by the quart. Football dreams ended though as he injured his back. Cupid's arrow hit Hubbs second class year as he dated several kids. Tom's Iron-Duke could find its own way to Goucher at year's end. First class year he sailed to Puerto Rico and buried his ring in the surf. During ac year, Hubbs met his dream girl and reprogrammed the Iron-Duke to find RMWC. We wish Hubbs the best of luck on his ship. Its been fun living with you, Tom. The nukes got a good one this time. TWB

Paul Dwight Newell

Paul was a different breed of man. His claim to fame was California. He felt the need/the urge to be different in every way. His lifestyle was hectic to say the least. Most of his weekday nights were used for sleeping,taping "King of the musical pirates" and philosophical discussions about the latest weekend exploits. The weekends, the "new" man appeared and oh what a surprise he was!! When he felt the calling he would wear something unique to befit his personality. He was constantly in search of women with high mass, low moral fiber, and makeup as carefully applied as his own. He had a fascination with women and stairs. He had an on-going "friendship" with a young lady, Donuts, and always waited for that 0700 wake-up but it never came. On the lighter side, Paul was a guy you could talk to and for that I thank him. Take it easy or anyway you can get it. RAT.



David Martin Orans

The human conductor and the "second most popular guy in the company," Ace Gyro Orans cruised up from Ft. Lauderdale for four years of countdowns: "That's our last Supe's call!" But his optimism and sense of humor got to us after a while. Only Paul and Paul seemed to be free of the spell. Dave was a good mid, except in the eyes of people with authority. He was famous for his rapport with his profs: "Sir, any other prof would have given me a B;" his rapport with the medical staff:" Sir, you're the only doctor that's doing this!;" and his rapport with his classmates: "All I want from you is a 'Hello, Dave.'" He never had trouble with books, and was a good swimmer and tennis player; he coached batt tennis to a brigade championship. I wonder why he liked non-team sports? Dave will make himself a memorable addition to the flight community. Good luck to a great guy, and welcome to the Dago Zone. DWH.

Gary Wayne Parker

Speed, women, and academic boards. These were the major influences on Gary's life at the Naval Academy and all of them nearly killed him. Gary naturally had a taste for living on the edge of the envelope as his grades could attest. Academics forced him to the ranks of the Brotherhood, where he tied his knot. As far as women go, Amy, Joyce, and U. of Maryland were a few on a never ending list that kept him going at times and almost broke him at others. His other love was satisfied by the Mustang GT. The only problem was that high speed, rain and the N.J. turnpike don't get along too well. At least now his rocket sleds come with ejection seats. Good luck, Gary. We will see you in the air. Holmes.

Robert Charles Parker III

Excluding his relatives, Bob is one of a kind. As a Rodent Scholar, Bob strove for mediocrity, especially as a member of the Brotherhood. His academics were only surpassed by his outstanding conduct record-the ring leader of the 62K weekenders. What baffled all of us was that Bob had this innate talent of knowing everyone in the Navy and having played every sport imaginable. By others though, his name was frequently associated with those of small borrowing animal family. Rat was by far the easiest guy to get along with and just the presence of The Chin could make one burst out in laughter. I wish him the best in life, and that he gets his own trenchcoat to soil. PDN.

Garry Edward Parzych

Garrance did not have a good Plebe Summer, first called an upright worm by his squad leader and having a 2nd Lt. ascertain he scored over 1400 on his SAT by just looking at him. He took part in the Death from Above raid and joined the Merit Club. He liquidated my rack by accident and passed me over youngster year as a roommate on purpose. The bad times in our new company forced us to form the Room with Chemistry. He showed fine leadership second class summer as group XO and was rewarded with a cheesing. He was pushed to his limits by the Bancroft Hall marines and earned a halo from the company officer and plebe detail. Army saw him in the Philadelphia Story doing his imitation of furniture. He and Murray went Marine Corps for the running gear and wouldn't admit they ever knew me. Garry has been the best friend and roommate I could have asked for. The last four years have been memorable. BWR.

Michael Paul Patten

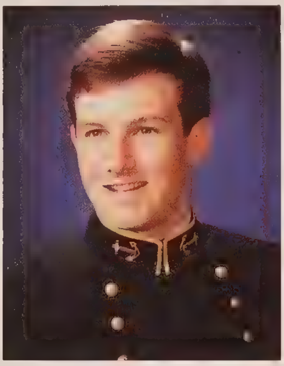
Bishop Moore's principal described Mike as "the worst student body president in the high school's history." Not much has changed. Mike is very popular with his peers, yet does not interact well with authority. A LCDR once said that Mike reminded him more of a character from Animal House than of mid. Not one to hide feelings, Mike was the focal point of efforts to clean up the company. Youngster year gave him his first real taste of engineering and no liberty. Thus started his caffeine-powered naval career. A lot must be said about his antics on liberty. Mike never held vertical equilibrium among his goals when he started an evening. He had an insatiable quest for the cheapest bar. His actions around females were affected tremendously by alcohol. Mike, known and feared by area girl's schools, needed his bottle of courage to suppress his jellyfish tendencies. But most of all, Mike kept us all laughing. Good luck, you maladroit. PGB.

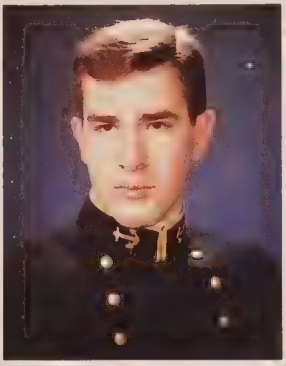
Stephen John Peters

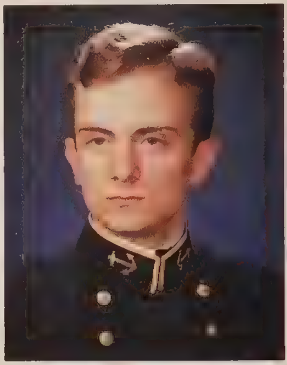
Sloth, our bluebird of happiness, was characterized by his calm demeanor, and his ability to live on the edge of a plateau. Steve was always the one to push the outside of the envelope as long as he had a letter opener. The sloth commando, a Marine Corps selectee, practiced leadership via stealth. A batt striper second semester, I barely realized he moved out of the room. However, Steve sometimes broke loose, abandoning his lifestyle, and went on drinking excursions and has been quoted as saying,"My breath stinks because my stomach juices have rushed by several times," and "I'm sitting on the floor because it's closer to the trash can." Steve, who will be leaving Mother B for Renee and the Marine green, is wished by all the best of luck in the future. Steve, you'll be a friend for life and I just want to say thanks for being such a great listener, roommate, and friend. You're the boy! CGR.

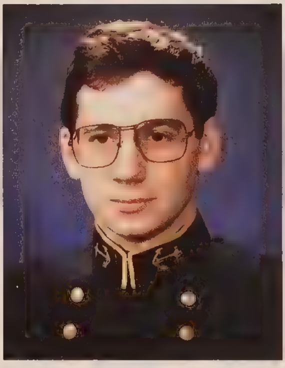
Christopher George Rapp

I met the Spunk in the comfortable, sweltering heat of Summer School '84. I saw a scrawny, 125 lb. weakling and never would have guessed that he would become my best friend. You would never think of Chris and the Chippendales in the same way, yet Rapper is known for his naked dances performed on 2-1 and in Greenwich Village. Our professionalism shined through on our infamous-2.7 room inspection youngster year. Chris and I were also known for our fits of anger directed toward the academic contingent. We made it through numerous shower curtain stabbings and Reggie Jackson E.I. sessions on our lockers. Youngster year, Chris made an intense career decision by choosing Batt Boxing for his sport, resulting in severe facial disfigurement. What a bargain! Well Spunk, we were naturals, just like Lenny & Squiggy, Spunk and Aug. I hope the air community is ready for us because good ole USNA never was our style. Hasta baby! HMS.









Harry Michael Schmidt

Harry, who came to the Academy from St. Louis, is best noted for his high academic standards, tact, diplomacy, and friendly, understanding demeanor. After being a Comp Sci major, constantly working hard to become a collegiate All-American soccer goalie, two sessions of invited summer school, and constant intra-academy girl problems, I guess this was understandable. These problems also drove Aug to a tremendous lack of sobriety. It was during some of these drunken escapades that Harry and I realized that we played our best games of golf in the rain, at two in the morning, with a case under each arm. Our only real claim to fame while at the academy was when we won Color Company, and for that we were rewarded with standing at attention for two hours, in unbearable heat at the color parade, suffering from D.T.'s. Thanks for being a good, dependable friend, Aug. We're friends for life. You made this place almost fun. CGR.

Nancy Ann Springer

En Gorde! Nancy and I first met in the Ricketts parking lot as we were trying to learn to fence (go Zorro!). I was a timid fencer and Nancy beat me. Nancy stands 5'4" ("I am not short!") and though she is 3 inches shorter than I am, she is 110% determination, which brings her up to 5'10". That determination pushed her through 50 study hours per week as an EE major while living with a 10 study hours per week English major. She spent many a weekend with Lou and Doug in EE lab rooms, working on mysterious EE problems.I'll never forget the night I got up at 3:00a.m. to make the trek to the bathroom. When I came back I heard Nancy snoring on the other side of the room. As I made my way to my rack, I saw a gray shadow float by. I screamed, it screamed back. It was Nancy checking the noise she heard at the door. (Nancy is very brave.) Go Marine Corps; Fight! JR.

Carlos Martin Suarez

Who is this man? Chico. The Keymaster. The 'los't'est with the mostest. Not bad for a quiet little man arriving from the Indiana Hills of the Ohio River Valley with high expectations and even the desire to be an engineer. 'Los entered a four-year wrestling match with the Mech. E Dept. somehow surviving the likes of Killer, Rocket, and R.A. Smith with enough energy to manage the wrestling team for two years. With two N stars he also managed acquaintances with the opponents manageress, despite their heavyweight, all-America boyfriends. By default a ship driver (default of denukes), 'Los barely escaped the clutches of the Corps when Newport offered a better chance of getting his PW with a sailboat . . . or at least the latter. His friends in 22 were very close — sometimes to close for comfort, but we laugh about that now. I wish 'Los good luck on his quest of the PW and a chief that can pronounce his name. Vince Gortho. KM o' G.

Patrick Joesph Wade

Pat is a classic example of the all-American guy. He entered the Academy after excelling in high school, and immediately picked up right where he left off; his actions can be best epitomized by "He came, He saw, He was average." Pat always professed to live on the edge but invariably found himself skidding over the edge into the jaws of disaster. Pat was always at his best while on liberty, always the sole of tact he often greeted new acquaintances with the contents of his stomach. Pat was constantly attacked by uninhibited women and only by virtue of his high moral fiber was he able to survive the siege. Life in the hall revealed Pat as a nocturnal beast, fueled by a steady diet of Copenhagen, Energy Sticks, Coffee and late night TV. Thanks for all the good times PACHUCO, may your cup runneth over. Mike et al. P.S. Thank's for all the clean underwear. Vincent.

David Alexander Renberg

The Scramble of 87 left 22 with a real leader. David led us, well . . . from an Eastport showroom . . . to a Smoke Hall restriction muster. His highly professional attitude was envied and cursed, but at least his floors were clean. The sufferings of CompSci never hindered a little adventurous computing. Will the game ever be done? Adventures continued into G-town where fish bowls, unfamiliar cars, and brunettes made for a perfect birthday. Dave really is sorry about the upholstery, Don. A strong concept of duty gave David the strength to pursue what years of Florida and Spring Break had left on his mind. The taunt of his Apple and the call to air meant nothing when a healthy set of curves walked by. His uniform and devious smirk won women from New York to Tokyo. Well known — even liked — from Annapolis to Severna Park to Wake Forest to Orlando, searching, wondering, will there ever be just one? Good luck, my friend. WGM.

Bradley Wayne Roberson

"Stein" did nothing plebe summer, so was (s)elected Company Commander. He did such a good job leading now-famous raids and delegating to the 4-3 guys that he was Company Commander both semesters. The "Death From Above" raid resulted in his first ethics lecture. Youngster year saw Brad and I go to a company we hated as plebes. He was soon to receive Ethics Lecture 2 for the Hershey Kiss incident. Second class year started with the "Thoughtful Efficiency" Lecture, followed by "Tibbs' Dancing Girls." (Ethics Lecture 3). But fate had it that "The Room with Chemistry" be formed, and Brad read about Ethics between restriction musters to see if the lectures were true. First class year started with the Expedition North and Brad's popularity going up when he went ub. Brad has been a great friend and roommate and I wish him the best. I'm sorry I liquidated his rack and passed him over in the Youngster Roommate Draft. GEP.

Joycelin Robinson

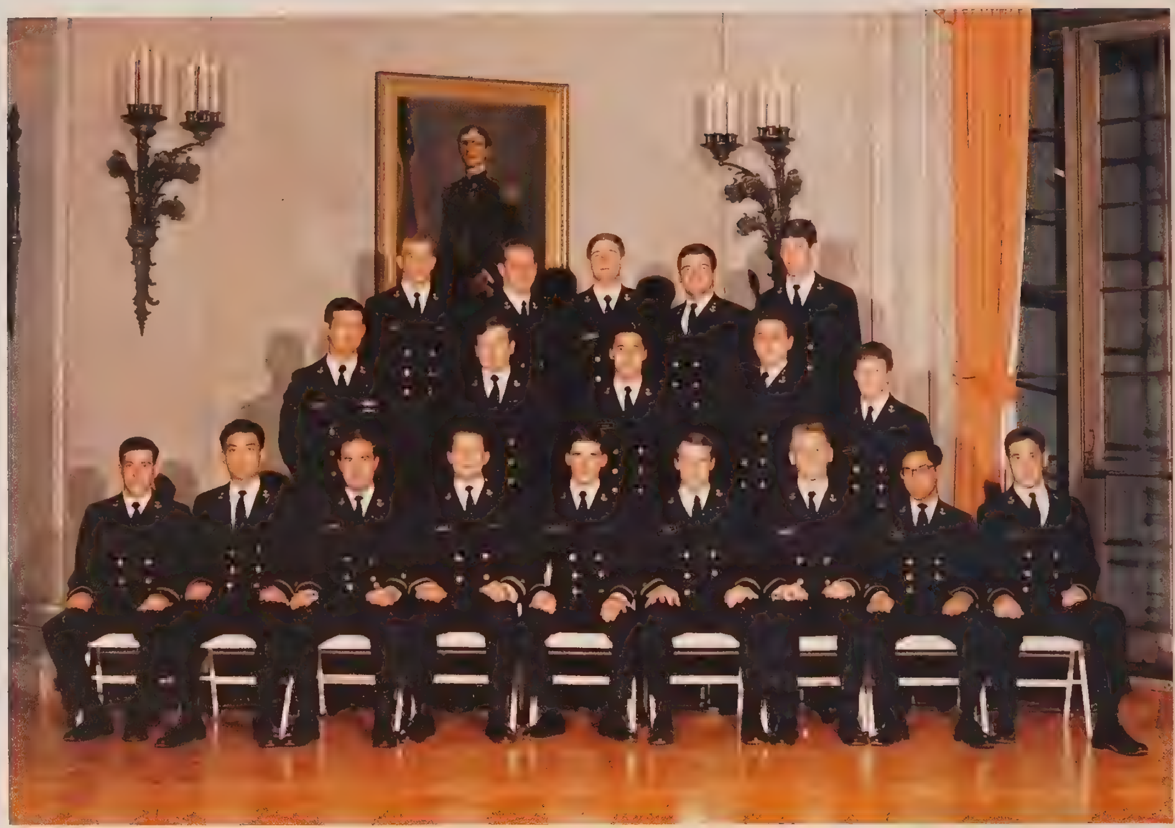
En Gorde! Joyce and I first met in the Ricketts parking lot as we were trying to learn to fence. (Go Zorro!) This athletic accomplishment was soon followed by the yearly (and only yearly) swimming workouts, and the "Rain Dance" we performed at the beginning of second class year. Our most memorable time was spent on Spring Break in Florida our youngster year, courtesy of the BSS and LJM Travel Agency (the originators of the phrase, "see Florida on $.50 a day"). Not having any lights or running water was OK, but our daily trips to Wards was embarrassing. We spent most of the time in the car as we went to Orlando, the Keys, and back to Orlando so Joyce could ride Space Mountain twice. On the way back we were awakened one morning as LJM screamed,"Oh my God!" Our lives passed before our eyes and we were relieved to know that we had only squashed an armadillo. Go Supply Corps; Fight! NAS.

Charles Lee Schilling

I first met Charlie the night of I-day when our squad leader, "the Tool," sent me in search of a black pen. Plebe year found us once again in the same squad, and Charlie had a stellar semester due to the strong leadership and continuous encouragement from our "good buddies," Fipp and Heather (not to mention the fruit bars!). Good times were had by Charlie in Maj. Confusion's Chemistry class, but he "hung tough" and we both returned Youngster year to 22. I have known Charlie now for four years, and in that time he has always been a true friend and an all-around "good guy." Fair winds and following seas, NAS. P.S. Sharon has found a nice Teddy Bear. JR.

Robin Alane Young

Robin came to USNA from a town in Wisconsin we couldn't pronounce or remember. She will be remembered, though, for her natural running ability and friendly smile. Second class year she began biking and excelled except for one little spill. Oops! First class cruise was in exotic islands most of us will never see — Singapore with Michael, Ted and Tom, working out and watching the moon. Robin, from the midwest, had never seen lacrosse, but she grew to love the sport and a few of the players. After NAPS detail (jump up and do what?), first class year was filled with laundry baskets, home ec101, fashion setting hightops, flannel PJ's, Christmas in Georgia with Kathy, dinner at Capers (beware of Greeks bearing gifts), her first birthday party (surprise!), bulk bins and orange eyebrows. Robin is a hardworking person and a dear friend, and she's gonna make a super pilot. Lots of luck. Remember where penicillin came from. MCK.



The Class of 1987

Row One: Michael J. Quinn, Richard J. Chao, Patrick J. Hurley, Mark S. Brown, Joseph P. VanHelden, Philip W. Cobb, Paul G. Gosnell, Burt L. Espe, Jim D. Peters **Row Two:** Mark T. Schreiber, Edward F. Walker, Steven J. Kata, Michael F. Radice, Thomas A. Maxfield **Row Three:** Seth F. Hudgins, Charles M. Kramer, Randy A. Ferguson, Brian C. McCawley, Brian M. Shamblin **Not Shown:** John Hayden, Thomas Henwood, Wallace Moore, James Raymond, Gregory Shinnick, Stephan Smith

USNA
XXIII
JAMES '87

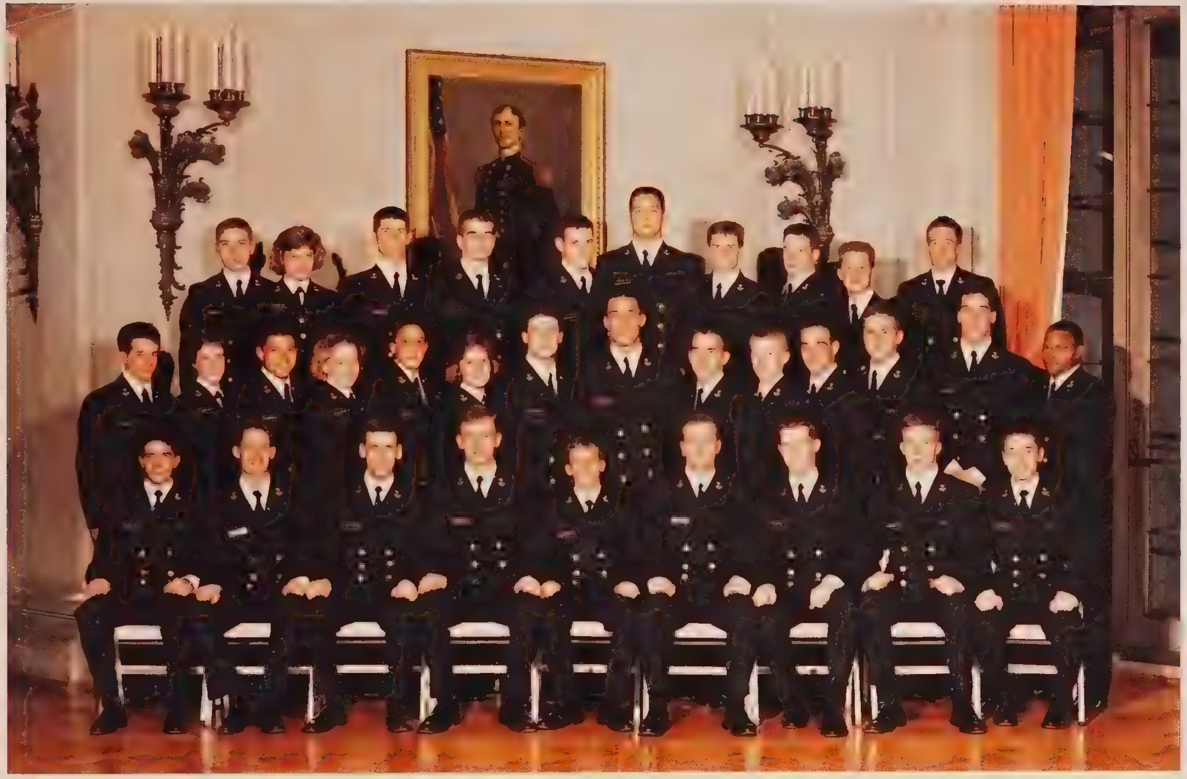
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Mark Brown
Company Sub Commander: Seth Hudgins
Company Adjutant: Edward Walker

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Brian McCawley
Company Sub Commander: Mark Schreiber
Company Adjutant: Jim Peters

CAPT Reynolds Peele



The Class of 1988

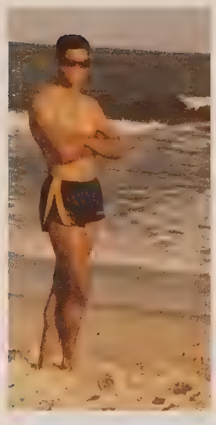
Row One: Gary Formet, Kimberley Boyer, Collin Schaffer, John Yanvary, Brian Rathjen, Suzy Laufenberg, Diane Wiggins, Doug Murphy, John Hartman **Row Two:** Domenick Micillo, David Villarreal, Gregory Sauter, Blaine Pennypacker, Robert Poellnitz, Leslie Hill, Christopher Abbott, Rick Acheson, David Rogers **Row Three:** Bill Suggs, Michael Davis, Ron Startzel, Mike Coleman, David Lyle, Scott Christopher **Not Shown:** Anastasia Kelly, Christopher Kennedy, Frank Mays, Claude Richardson, Richard Scott

The Class of 1989

Row One: Steve McAlearney, Todd Williamson, James Webster, Anthony Ahnen, Matthew Tysler, James Armstrong, Matthew Reeves, John Ryan, Douglas Rogers **Row Two:** Joseph Malabanan, Hsuan Huang, Edward O'Neill, Ernest Greppin, Steven Vanni, John Cunningham, Sean Foley, Kevin Claffy, Greg Allen, James Gonsalves, Mark Mearig, Bart Taylor, John O'Brien, Matthew Tait, Robert Wood **Row Three:** Roland Muse, Scott Hurm, Christopher Lung, Joseph Mandichak, Duane Carr, Robert Forwalder, Calin Evon, Richard DeGuzman, Jeffrey Bravo, Reno Sprague, Rudy Padre

The Class of 1990

Row One: Patrick Hemphill, Eric Feagler, Brian Marvin, Harris Halverson, Daryl Potter, Philip Gibson, Charles Good, James Thompson, Timothy Leonard **Row Two:** Jeffrey Varanini, Katherine Shaw, Matthew Matsumura, Nicole Gillespie, Carter Honesty, Rebecca Moore, Frederick Crabtree, Larry Dickinson, Mark Zauel, Lawrence Martin, George Hunter, Jeffery Drake, Paul Cocotis, Marshall Stukes **Row Three:** James Johnson, Elizabeth Tucker, Richard Stacpoole, Michael Shirer, Michael McCartney, Mark Winick, Peter Hraba, Brian Lunn, William Anderson, Louis Arny **Not Shown:** Michelle Baker, Jeffrey Reeder



NAVY
87

To Ensign Mike and Net, Congratulations — so proud of you two. I'll forever love you both — Pop.

Congratulations Mike Quinn, your roommates, and all your good friends in the Class of '87. With great love, pride, and admiration, Mom and Dad.

To Thomas, the 23rd Co., and the Class of '87, Congratulations; May God grant you every success in the service of our wonderful country. The Tom Henwood Family.

To an officer and a gentleman Ensign Joe Van Helden. Our love and pride are with you. Congratulations to all in 23rd Co. May God always be your co-pilot.

To Mark Schreiber, "Arise, Go Forth and Conquer . . ." (Tennyson) God bless you always! Love, Mom and Dad.

Paul G. Gosnell '87 — USMC
Congratulations on achievements — you've left your mark! Welcome to the ringknocker's club. Love, Mom, Dad '63 — Capt. USNR.

Way to go bro! J MB N and D.

Dare to be different;
Dare to succeed;
so you did.
We're proud of you!
SFH, JSH, LTH, and MDH.

Kikel: CBS called-
They're hiring in 1992.
Congratulations,
Love, Shell.

From the best DDG in the fleet to the best company in the brigade, 23 stands head and shoulders! Congratulations '87. Now skidoo and go get 'em!

Brian, you have always set your goals high and have never failed to reach them. Congratulations! Love and Godspeed, Mom, Dad
and Kevin.

Brian will succeed because of his innate ability to be decisive and make plans This despite deviant behaviour in the snow. Jeeps forever. Love, your family

Mark Steven Brown

Every once in a while at USNA one meets people who possess so much sheer ability that they would command success at whatever they tackle. Brownie is one of those fellas. Rare indeed is the problem he can't lick, be it some weird stress analysis or home brew recipe changes. Mark has continued his impressive record of achievement, from swinging Topping, VA, to USNA. We have come to expect no less. Always driving to improve himself, his trip to the Big Sky in the back of a van has done wonders to improve his taste in clothes, beer, boots, wheels, and open spaces — largely through the offices of a certain longhair in a Bronco on whom Brownie received his initial hick practice. With First Class year came Service Selection, and Brownie fulfilled his ambition of selecting Marine Corps aviation — a goal never once in doubt. I can't think of a person I'd rather have flying missions over me. I will remain proud to serve with him. James.

Richard Jiawei Chao

Rich took the long way to the Academy. Born in Taiwan, he and his family found their way to the States and settled down in the Big Apple. However after graduating from high school, Rich decided that he had enough of the big city and ventured to sunny San Diego, in search of the good life. But as fate would have it, Rich got in the wrong line and ended up in the BOOST program and found his way here. Rich's Academy career has been very successful. Being a bull major, and the international guy he is, Rich left the poli-sci department in awe of his fluent Chinese and his analytic ability in Far-Eastern politics. He also fenced Varsity, until his near fatal meeting with the dreaded cargo net. But Rich's real claim to fame was his ability to create words, words like 'Boofidog", and 'Fuzzy-hugs', a rare talent at best. What else can you say about this incredible guy, except of course . . . good luck and stay in touch . . . BLE, WFM, ACD, JMB, The Boosters.

Philip Wayne Cobb

Cobber came into the world somewhere in darkest Africa, then at about age three his clan came Stateside to Arab, AL. He received an appointment to NAPS, and, graduating at the top of his class, Cobber was assured his place at USNA. The Academy is many things to many people, and to Phil it has probably seemed a raging sea of insanity. Philip's managed to retain his sanity against the breaking waves of alcoholism and profanity rampant in his closer friends. Never one to chastise and always there to help, Phil has on many occasions lent the leavening necessary to keep some ships afloat — duty driver for his beery friends roadtripping to Montana and a steady faith on a heartbreaking trip to Omaha being two fine examples. Years have passed away, the Glee Club songs all sung, the cycle completed. Soon Cobber will be out there taming the skies and the ground beneath. It will be a fine thing for my friend Philip. James.

Burt Lann Espe

Burt is the "boy" from San Diego. Following his two older brothers' footsteps, Burt decided to uphold the family tradition by attending Annapolis U. While serving as president and secretary of the USNA AIAA Student Branch, Burt's tenure as the ultimate aero-gouge-man was unchallenged for three consecutive years. Starting second semester of his youngster year, Burt launched a "perpetual struggle" against his everlasting belly. But just to prove his athletic ability, Burt led the 4th Battalion racketball team to win the Brigade championship. In his first class year, the youngest Espe vowed to outdo his two brothers by investing his money in a RX-7 rather than paying for a wife. May Burt's ambition to become a millionaire come true because he promised each of his roommates, Rich and Wallace, a new Mercedes-Benz and a Corvette respectively. It was nice knowing Burt; hope he makes it big out in the real world.

Seth Foster Hudgins

There are three kinds of people in the world. There are some who say the world is flat. There are some who say the world is round. And then there is Seth, who says the world is what you make of it. Seth has been making the world in his own image since the day of his birth, a day probably shadowed by clouds of great portent. For starters, Seth began at a disadvantage; he is an Army brat. In spite of that inauspicious beginning, Seth attacked the world with a characteristic vigor that has stood him in good stead. A success in high school, graduating at the top of his class with two varsity letters, Seth dreamed of screaming jets and dawn launches. Almost by Fate, Seth found his way into USNA. Like everyone, he's had his good days and bad, but he has never once wavered in his dedication. Men such as he command respect. I am happy to know that a little part of me will be with him when he catapults gloriously into the rising dawn. James.

Patrick James Hurley

Pat came to us from Longmeadow, MA. Being a hard line Democrat, we knew he would be trouble from the word go, and he didn't disappoint us. He began his Naval Academy career with three simple goals in mind, "Wine, Women and Wings." His dedication to Navy Air was also prevalent by his denouncing anyone being attached to a female. In his opinion, "Any guy with a girl at this stage of the game is destined for P-3s." Two months later, Pat found himself in love and engaged to a very special girl, Cindy. You know what they say Pat, "Hood girls are good girls." Seriously though, Pat has always been someone whom people can go to if in a spot. I know that with his dedication and moral courage he will get his F-18 squadron command with ease. Pat has always maintained his principles and has never compromised himself. I respect him as a friend and a future officer. "He can be my Wingman anytime." JWC.

Steven Joseph Kata

Steve comes to the Naval Academy from Connecticut — or was it Hungary? He's always been recognized as very generous; in fact, the 'Dant often sent the OOD down just to thank Steve for sharing his music with T-court. 2/c Year he became a compact disk junkie, "investing" hundreds from Tchaikovsky to Yngwie, U2 to Iron Maiden. After four years of intramural soccer, Steve finally got his first command position (Two and how many, coach?) Steve is a distinguished member of the Weems Creek Men's Club (or was that a weekly sports car convention?) He drives a highly over-powered Mustang, but manages to keep it on the road — even with the wheels on backwards! Steve's dream is to fly, and if anyone deserves F-14s, he's the one — if for no other reason than to get him off our streets! A better friend I've never known, and whenever I hear a Navy jet scream by, I'll be forced to remember Steve and those crazy days at the Boat School. JSH.

Charles Mallan Kramer

We're not sure why he's called Jack, but he has been ever since he's been in 23rd company — which is forever, of course. Chuck, from Hickory, N.C., was the perfect midshipman — until he met the rest of the siblings. He went downhill fast: the corruption of Youngster year . . . weeknight roadtrips to Springfield (could this have had anything to do with his Academic Board?). He finally resolved his question of whether or not to remain at USNA, and came back with a vengeance — staying for an entire year straight — from Christmas 1984 to Christmas 1985. Roadtrips to Chapel Hill, a flight to Tallahassee to see Lea, and Plebe detail. Putting 2000 miles on a borrowed 300ZX one summer . . . the Monster Jetta . . . using his sister to break the rules . . . late night swims during plebe detail . . . late night study club . . . Beatles trivia . . . fulfilling childhood dreams with a slot car set . . . HRC conference at USMA . . . snow commandos! RAF & BCM.

Randy Allen Ferguson

Randy hails from Advance, N.C. Quintessential Randy logic — 2nd semester youngster year, Randy had the highest SQPR in the room while at the same time holding the dubious honor of being the class anchor man. How could he study with so many other things on his agenda: mud sliding, sledding in the snow, capturing Ninjas, laundry cart racing, and of course, biking — which took most of Randy's time. Because the various academic semesters did not provide Randy with enough opportunity to excel, he embarked on a career of summer enhancement programs. It was summer school that inspired Randy to buy a TR-6. Always ready for some kind of excitement, Randy never let the regulations inhibit a good time. One thing is for sure, he would always help others, no matter what the inconvenience; Roundhead was always there for his bike recruits. One last thought . . . counter-clockwise — definitely counter-clockwise. CMK & BCM.

Paul Gregory Gosnell

If ever there were a person who deserved his diploma more than Paul, no one knows whom he could be. Goose has managed to stay in his major, computers, by virtue of sheer hard work — which describes many of the things he's begun in his life. Born to an active duty naval officer, the first part of Goose's life was spent skipping around. His clan eventually came to roost in Wilmington, DE, and it was there that Paul got involved in numerous high school ECAs, including founding the first coed cheerleading squad in his school. Goose came to USNA a worldly person in many respects, and his stint here has added immeasurably — cheerful people are like that. Perhaps that is what has given Paul the will to continue in cheerleading against criticism; strength of character. In any event, Goosehead selected Green Machine aviation in which to serve, and it will be my pleasure to serve with him. James.

John Stuart Hayden

I first met Stuart (a.k.a. John, Kirk, & "Stu-Be-Wan") after Youngster Cruise. I still don't believe all those stories, yet some of his pictures just can't be denied. (Wow! You could shoot a line of bearing off of those . . .) Navy Air just wasn't Stu's destiny, but he was still one of our first classmates to become a private fighter pilot. Remember the Falcon Roast? the unlit sailboat? How many hours of VTNA did you finally get? As his roommate, I was the convenient recipient of this Southerner's many attacks on drill. Stu kept busy over the years with fencing ("Hack n' Slash"), rugby (is your name still printed on your back?), flying, and Tae Kwon Do (did that tree break too, or just your foot?) — If it was drill exempt, all the better! Stuart is now destined for nuke school and the depths of the sea. I wish my friend the best of luck throughout this career and advise Ivan and his brown-water buddies to steer clear! SJK.

Thomas Aloysius Henwood

Tom's great nemesis was A.A.A.(Automobiles, Arabs, Fire water). His penchant for destroying automobiles was only surpassed by his inability to find his car the next morning. We'll miss you at Woodies as will the Tree of Woe. Tom, what uniform should we wear to an Air Force wedding? Nautilus, Tommy's Total Body Workout. Who would believe your bench: 290 lbs!! Wild Blue Yonder beware because here comes the one and only Aloysius! Aloysius? Ciao, Skippy! DOG.

Thomas Alexander Maxfield

Barn came by way of Arnold, Md, a trek of about four miles if you take the long road. He started plebe year in Third Company but spent most of his time at the tiller of a 420 dinghy. He also marched a few tours for adding color to a sheet poster. At the beginning of youngster year Barney entered 23rd in true fashion. At the four week mark he realized statics was too easy and he had to find a harder major. Oceanography seemed to be just the thing. Second class year he moved in with me and everything was great until he found himself switching into the ology major. He couldn't find a true challenge. Barn also realized that homework wasn't the only evening activity. Who ever said only five year olds can have fun in the mud. He managed to SLIDE through second class year and found himself a firstie. While earning his fourth letter he almost earned his fifth along with a matching gold sweater. Barn had the full Naval Academy Experience.

THE CLASS OF 1911 IN MEMORY

Brian Cronin McCawley

First, how did a ten year old get trapped inside a twenty-one year old NFO's wide head, and second, how did that ten year old get a 4.0 2/c year? We may never know, except by asking Nathalie (after all, they are just alike). The company's unofficial sledding champion, both on mud and snow, Brian showed us his true abilities by being our Company Commander second set. Whether in a jeep heading for Chapel Hill (or at least trying), or just trying every conceivable way to avoid writing a paper (and he showed us quite a few), Brian proved that his ends did justify his means. Brian's tireless energy and enthusiasm were always welcome in the room of the heads (wide, round, and dumb), and his optimism was infectious to say the least. However, he needs to find a better way to get dates than separating his shoulder. Finally, Brian's knowledge of completely ridiculous jingles was unsurpassed in the brigade. CMK & RAF.

Wallace Frank Moore

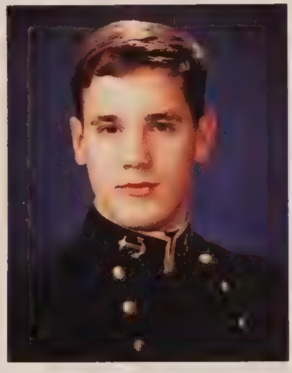
Wallace is the type of guy who believes in working hard and playing hard. But when he came to the Academy he found himself working more than playing. As a youngster, the name Wallace was synonymous with the word library, but as fate would have it, he wised up and pursued an academic schedule which was more conducive to weekends. But what did Wally do with his weekends? Occasionally you might find him cruising in his OPEL GT, but more than likely you probably would find him under the hood. He cruised everywhere from Goucher to RSVP, from Howard to Hampton each with their special memories. However, Wally did pay his dues, not only did he do detail, but he ended up as Batt Ops for a semester, and Varsity Track Captain for the entire year. But Wally's most notable characteristic was his devotion to his work and especially to his pals BLE, JMB, RJC, AWH, Trip, Mr.PEANUT, SS, Varsity Track team including BUDDA.

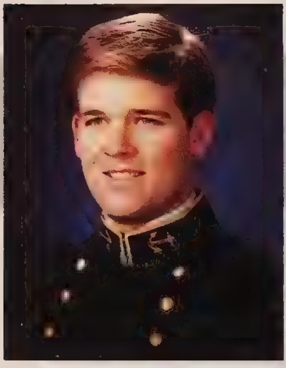
James David Peters

Jim Peters came to USNA from Woodeville, Mass. and was rudely awakened to a rigorous Plebe Year. Having successfully navigated the perils of Sweet 16, Jim came to 23 and, like the rest of us, thought he'd been here all his life. We (Mike and I) quickly realized the priceless commodity of having Jim in charge of room protocol. As Tact and Diplomacy Officer, he was tasked with keeping visitors to a minimum (a job he excelled in). Perhaps my fondest memory of Bones to date is the time he tried to kill me with a bag of pistachios. I woke up just in time to find him pinning a note to me and packing his bags for home. Jimbo always prided himself on personal conquests and never failed to relate his experiences to us so that we too could share his triumphs. To this day, a world series has never been quite the same. Jimbo always wanted to fly and now he will get his chance. Jimbo is just what the Navy needs. Mike Q.

Michael Joseph Quinn

The Quinnster was loved by the company for his kind and forgiving character. Never one to ridicule or criticize, Mike always had an understanding word for all. A probable career man, Mike is anxious to hit the fleet and chose the fastest way possible to get there: Surface Nuke. First Orlando then Idaho then Newport then, before you know it, Charleston. Mike, a private pilot, surprised the company by not choosing Navy Air. Perhaps for "Paper Bladder" the facilities were not sufficient for his needs. Along those lines, it reminds me of how big a fan of Mexican Meal Mike was. Especially 4-6 hours after lunch when he was particularly generous in reveling and sharing. I think the Hecht Co. is glad that Mike is leaving the Maryland area soon — plumbing problems, you know. We all wish Mike the best of luck and we know that his success is a given. Mike R.





Gregory Daniel Shinnick

"Nobody *&%#s with the Shindog!" Such is the philosophy our beloved Dog established for himself junior year in Ft. Lauderdale. Never one to do anything that he could have someone else do for him, Greg endeared himself to his two roommates who spent many an hour cleaning up after him. It's a dog's life and our Dog spent a good portion of his Academy life in bed catching up on sleep or recovering from extracurricular excursions. He never let his education get between him and J.C.'s comforter. Beware of the Dog! He's loose and on his way to Navy Air. TAH.

Stephan Michael Smith

Nickname: Smitty. Crime: Ignorance of what life at a military institution encompassed. Sentence: 4 years at the Bancroft Federal Penitentiary (hard labor). Present status: Released on 20MAY1987 to enroll in the work-release program in Pensacola, Florida as a naval flight officer for 5 years subsequent his successful graduation of the program. Final comment noted at his parole board: I was "just puttin' in time."

Joseph Paul Van Helden

Big Joe came to us from the wild skies of Montana, and in his heart he's never really left. A counter-of-days since I-Day, Joe has been a bright, if little, spot in our lives — provided the days-till-next-leave were less than, say, two. Joe has independence and pragmatism that is formidable; in high school, he was a leader, a student, and a fighter. Since coming to USNA, Big Joe has had it tough at times, but he's always come out smiling — and swinging (I reflect here on the demise of a van wing window somewhere in Indiana). Finding that computer geeking was not for him, he switched to math geeking and has gotten along well enough to devote time to his empirical study of beer brewing. He stands now a veteran of a thousand bull sessions. Surviving a last-minute block by Medical, Big Joe has fulfilled his ambition of a shot at the wings of gold. I'll see him one day again in the wild skies over Montana, I'm sure. James.

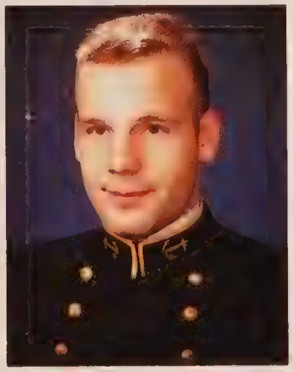
Edward Fyfe Walker

Michael Frank Radice

Mike was born in Lawrenceville, N.J. on 3 July 1965. There Mike had his first exposure to the naval service, sailing newspaper boats on the lake near his home. From these early triumphs in naval warfare, and by reading the business section of his fleet, Mike chose to become an Economics Major at the Naval Academy. With the virtue of frugality deeply ingrained by his early ship building experiences, Mike applied this concept to all his undertakings. During his four years here, he collected (at no cost) alpha-coded uniforms spanning a decade. These same skills proved valuable to 23rd Company when Mike was able to increase our standard of living and decrease our grades with the first big-screen TV in the Brigade. An entry on Mike's resume should also include the 1985 Army party which was probably one of his greatest triumphs. Beware, if we don't see Mike in the fleet 20 years from now, he'll be offering a great deal on carriers. Jim P.

James William Raymond

Within a bog in crazy ways swam eternally mixing among the tree roots, thick and tangled with canopy dark a little questing raft of volitionless weeds, caught ever-under and over-nearly: about face.*LASCIATE OGNE SPERANZA, VOI CH'INTRATE* — Grey and green, the World without unseen: the Grand Tour ungranded; blood and sweat and tears: a neverending Age of Darkness, spoiling insidiously intrinsic idealism. — Then for a timeless time we seeming speak at ease; but, know. — Drudge and drudge about; the sounding drains of pounding brains, clutching: candles double-lit, the gleaming light inversely co-conspiritous with faith, favor, flailing arms. — Arms, arms, arms in a wondrous changing clanging world. Clasping arms; unclasping: despair, despair. Haunting, glowing light of arms approaching: not swiftly enough, stiffly, tricksly. But there; amen. Coast. James.

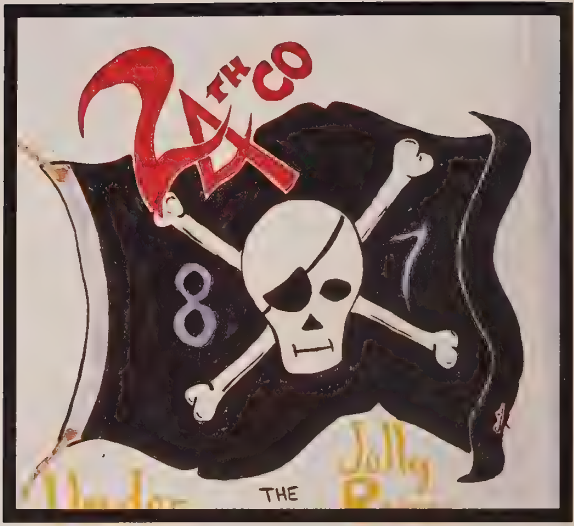


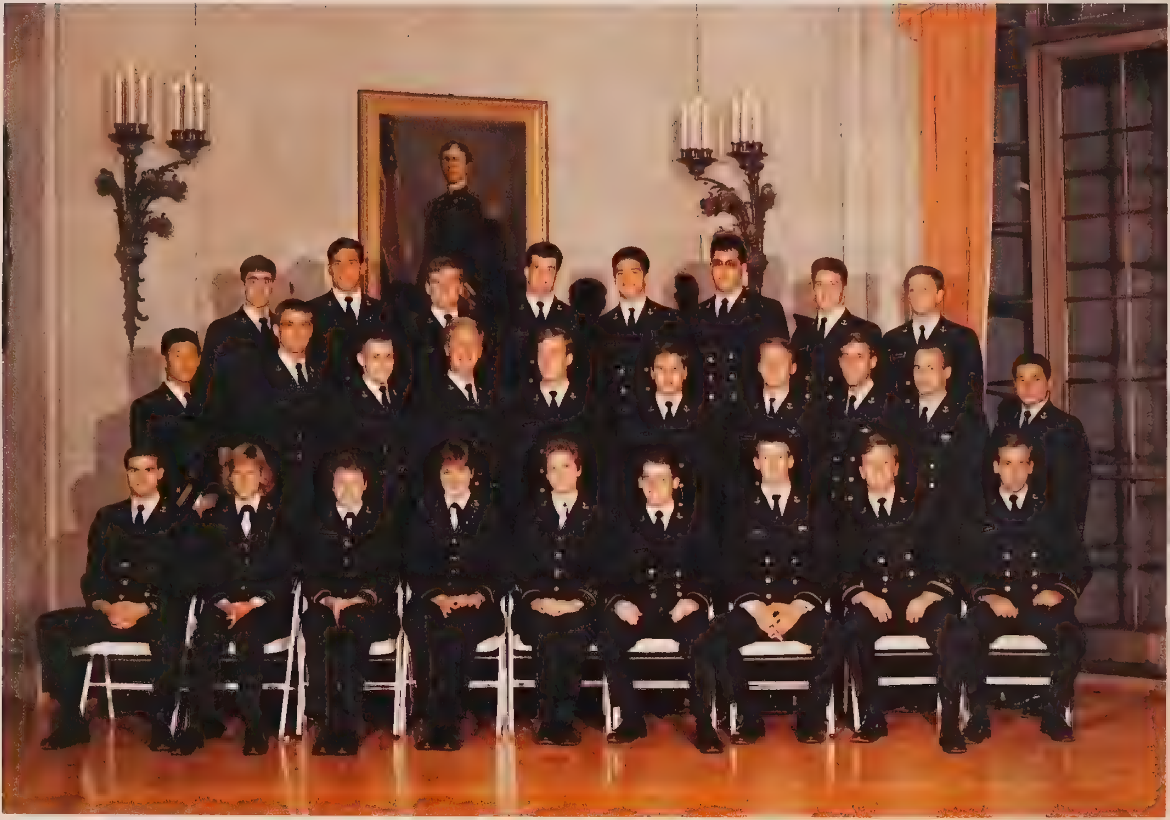
Mark Timothy Schreiber

Born in sunny California, educated in same, nine years with the Boy Scouts and a rousing success at same, now an institution at an Institution. The words somehow fail to describe the man. Schreibs is one of those fellas that does well at whatever he puts his mind to. Collecting knowledge is his forte, and he possesses the wisdom to make knowledge work for him — a point often missed in our age. We say that if one wishes to know something, one can simplify things greatly by asking Mark — in the rare case that he doesn't know offhand, he can find out immediately — usually through infallible logic. As with other things, Schreib's stint at USNA has been a success. He's kept his computer major easily, stuck through the tough times with the bike team, and picked the deep-sea service as he yearned to do. I prophesize that he will retain both his drive and his idealism, and that he will always be putting both to excellent use — as usual. James.

Brian Michel Shamblin

Born in 1962, Brian came to us from the Volunteer State with a quiet, relaxed Tennessee personality that USNA has yet to alter. Once past the quiet exterior, one finds an individual with a quick mind, quiet wit, single-minded pursuit of his goals, competitive spirit, love of adventure, and an expert at using leisure time. After a short year-and-a-half stint as a student of nuclear engineering at U of T, Ramblin reported in with the rest of us in '83. He quickly set his sights on the dual goal of crew and academics, proving himself a capable athlete and chemist. After 2 years of crew, Brian changed direction and started pursuing his interests in fast cars and fast bikes. First class summer was spent educating the academicians at Los Alamos in Midshipman Capabilities. From those of us who have shared his friendship and hobbies he receives wishes for the best of luck as he departs for the Submarine Service.





The Class of 1987

Row One: John Baldwin, Janet Walters, Diana Farraday, Adrienne Marks, Suzanne Brown, Steve Ryan, Steve Locke, Tim Slough, Charles Wirth **Row Two:** Sheldon S. Jo, David A. Welch, Gary C. Kirkland, Patrick M. Ahearn, Paul G. Curran, Ronald J. Vauk, William O. Angeloni, Rayome F. Soupiset, Darin W. Ashley, Rudy J. Crespin **Row Three:** Samuel James King, Geoffrey A. Hoffer, John L. Spitzer, James A. Schreiber, Gabriel E. Gomez, Craig P.R. Perri, Stephen F. Giannone, Harry W. Benson

LT Joe Rogers

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Sheldon Jo
Company Sub Commander: Harry Benson
Company Adjutant: Adrienne Marks

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Rayome Soupiset
Company Sub Commander: John Spitzer
Company Adjutant: Ronald Vauk

The Class of 1988

Row One: Dana Cook, Fred Malek, Alan Androski, Juan Rivera, Bob Bello, Schuyler Sweet, Pete Yannakakis, Kent Muilenburg, Hank Price **Row Two:** Joe Franson, Charles Bailley, Kevin Whearty, Andrew Wannamaker, Mark Damisch, John Kropcho, Dale Kelly, Bob Pescatore **Row Three:** Joseph Lyons, Douglas Jones, Paul Simpson, Jack Salyers, Dave Valadez, Jeff Palmer, Joe Barton, Tom Buehner, Pierre Kennedy **Not Shown:** Gregg Martin, Thomas Temple, Tim Reicher

The Class of 1989

Row One: Michael Scarry, Charles Rust, Thomas White, Mark Overbey, Michael Kolster, Vincent Pagano, Erin Zellers, Charles Gruver, Stephen Newell **Row Two:** Ann Hollenbeck, Steve Mosier, Monica Holland, Elizabeth Meneeley, Jonathan Shemwell, Anthony Blankenship, Michael McGettigan, Michael Cornell, Ed McGovern, David Roberts, Edward Tornberg, Stephen Burnett, Kathleen Monaghan, Ana Sampson **Row Three:** Arthur Lyman, John McGrew, Philip Colborn, Chris Walton, Kevin Kim, David Michael, Richard Frey, Gevan Reeves, Steve McCormick, **Not Shown:** Michelle Morlan

The Class of 1990

Row One: Kellog Sharp, Matthew Polk, James Cartwright, Jason Rezac, Glenn Young, Pablo Rodriguez, Michael Polidoro, Andrew Leung, Anthony Anglin **Row Two:** Michael Vernazza, James Monaco, Patrick Walker, Timothy Henderson, Frank Redd, William Heatherman, Randall Banks, John Choi, Bryan Wright, John Sembrat, Kevin Jauch, Brian Gray, Troy Miller, John McGrath, Craige Thompson **Row Three:** Bruce Oistad, Gerald Highberger, James Lawless, Thomas Callender, Matthew Woods, Adam Vanderbunt, Michael Coonan, Edward Haynes, Michael Harmon, Michael Peterson, Robert Personale, William Wright **Not Shown:** Jeffrey Grimes

50
47
42
55
USNA
USNA
USNA
USNA

Jimmy Great going. We knew you could do it!!! Mom, Dad Mary Ellen Tricia Spunky Puffy.

Congratulations Paul Curran 24th Co. We know how hard you worked for this day. May you continue to be blessed in all you do. Wear your gold bars proudly. Love, Mom, Dad, James, Celeste and Laura.

With much love, admiration and pride, we congratulate Ensign John M. Balwin IV God bless you now and in the future. Love, Dad, Mom, Neal, Christy, and Geny.

To Gary Kirkland There's no traffic jam when you go the extra mile. Go for it. Dad and Carolyn.

Dreams — Invitations from
God to spread your wings,
to attempt new heights.
We are very proud of you
and love you very much.
God Bless-Lynzy & Dehover

Patrick Michael Ahearn

In his everlasting effort to keep from getting a job (sorry, Dad, even the Times Square message didn't work), Pat came to the Naval Academy. Plebe year was a tremendous pain until Patches discovered sailing- and it has been downhill since. Patch joined 24 as a 3/c and was quickly welcomed by his roomies who were just like him. They got in bed at 10:30 with a sailing book and the lights were out by 11:00. The Patcher recovered from the crushing loss of Roger's ID card as he went strong into 2/c year. 2/c year meant the addition of Pat's better half, LBC. Between sailing and Lee, Patches became a scarcity around 24 on weekends. 1/c year we began to notice the uncanny disappearance of Pat's uniforms only to see Lee wearing them the next weekend. Good thing for Pat the rest didn't have sequins on them. With the addition of Ron and the Dooda club, Patches enjoyed RTP throwing, model destruction, pyromania, and being a GW to his roommates. The fellas.

William David Angeloni

Bill that crazy Californian, entered the power shed of 32, leaving the wild parties and women behind. The firebreathing was more than anyone would bargain for. Mad Dog and the rest couldn't break down this dude, and no one could forget his sense of humor. 3/c year the Hard Core Company adopted him, and Bill battled the rigors of being an Aero major. Hard work paid off, and he spent a semester frolicking at USAFA. The Zoomies showed him a great time, especially during Air Farce week; skiing at every opportunity, soaring, and a lot of partying. 1/c year Bill was chosen as a member of the Honor Committee. Weeknight libs all year? The Ram's Head received half our paychecks discussing 1,000,001 things. Bill's dream of flying was cut short, but the CEC is going to love him. Advice: Bill & Steve, buy stock in MCI for the phone in your room! Bill (Dude-Man), I know success will follow you always. I've had a blast growing old with you! Let's keep in touch. Theo, SFG.

Darin Walker Ashley

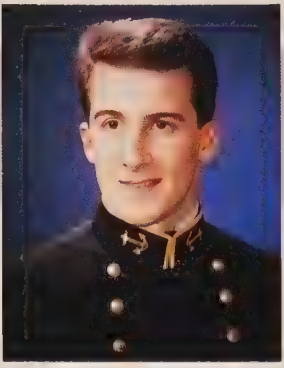
Darin (Smasher, Bullet) stormed in from Indiana, driven and intense. He once quoted Stockdale futilely trying to coerce his classmates into a real Army Week with 5000's — sorry, Smash. Disenlightenment lasted all academy days. Third class year saw "the room," with Sluff, Slope, and Spitz. Content abounded especially in academics. As a physicist Bullet liked projectiles, but only understood flying books. Bullet found true love and the gang's haven at the J's. Surprise changes in majors, roommates, loves, and alcohol began his mellowing. Second class year saw the gang, 20 valves, and the ring dance. Marine aspirations gave Bullet short hair and a home. Bones and Bullet planned the great U.S. perimeter, then a trip to California and a "find your way back alone!" due to the comraderie the way west. First class year brought peace, happiness, and adventures at The Zoo. SSJ.

John Milton Baldwin

John, son of a submariner, hailed from the Tidewater area. VA Beach was always close, but it got even closer when John got his T-bird 2/c year. Then there were more frequent trips home to the family and Geny. Ah, yes — Geny. When the JMB package arrived at Navy, the fiance was already included. He waited until 1/c year to ask her, but who ever doubted? No one could accuse John of blowing off school. Walking into his room, one was confronted by a wall of green graph paper from some monster Aero project. John burned a lot of midnight oil — and incense, too. He took school in stride, though, and always had time for those who wanted to talk. Johnny thought hard about service selection — especially NFO. But in the end, family tradition won out. They're getting a good man. Keep smiling, John, and keep the faith. DAW.

Diana Lynn Farraday

Lady Di's plebe year was nothing less than culture-shock. She "didn't know her rates," had academic troubles (to the nth degree), and many consultations with her favorite second class. Her only solace was found in athletics: volleyball and track. Third class year was not much better, more counselling sessions, a "wild" — and, for two of our classmates, expensive — spring break, but better grades. Second class year, Diana enjoyed vacation in Dover, a heartbreaking Army, an intra-company relationship, and an assault on a killer whale. First class year was truly Diana's triumph, (excluding the PCR), All-American volleyball captain, "patron of the year" at Hardee's, and a loyal string of followers at Fran's and Riordan's. Good luck Diana, you've been the best of friends. LLL.



Stephen Francis Giannone

The only way USNA could be a better place is for it to be located in New York. This philosophy of Steve's explained why he made so many Mad Max road trips to Long Island on WE's. Having The Groper as a roommate certainly did wonders for Steve's social tendencies and study habits, but Guy was really like Steve's big brother. And having Bill as a roommate has taught Steve about the finer things in life — money, investments, California, money — now, if only the credit card police would stop chasing him . . . Steve has a certain frankness regarding women that only a "Moonlighting"-or "Cheers"-filled wardroom can appreciate. Restriction has taken its toll on Steve's WEs, but he still loves Buckwheat. Steve did well and found the world of Poly Sci to be his forte — where else could he get a degree in building a good argument? Steve will take his many varied talents/interests into the Supply Corps where an MBA from Harvard is his goal. JFM (GMS) WDA.

Gabriel Eduardo Gomez

Our favorite cocky coffee bean slid in from Yakima, Wash. Misguided but well meaning, this Systems E played varsity tennis and wore stars, until he got in with G-gang and started having fun. Bubba slick brought his own newspeak to USNA. "What's up homeboy?" and "Homeslice" still echo in the hall. He was very photogenic. The Dant happened to see the Capital's front page photo of slick and chick (who lived down the hall) in civies in town. Whatever happened to the library or tennis center? Heavy bracelets (of the police type) and sharing is what Hood was all about. 2/c year and Goucher was better for Slick, who rarely stayed in the same room twice. Mysterious notes, jealous women, and his own mind games got slick banned from Lewis Zoo for life. He took up with Bonz' sis (for the $10) and became hooked. 1/c year doing the circuit, P-cola called and a job awaits flying — in Columbian cargo. The miles may separate us, but where there is one, there are we all. CW.

Geoffrey Alvin Hoffer

Geoff, upon arrival at USNA, was instantly transformed from an Edgewood Horndog to "NEANDERHOFF." He really stood out plebe summer, with his forehead, incredible stink, and snoring. Brownies in bed. Youngster summer's trip to CA proved to be stinky for Alvin again but TJ saved the day. Fizz-poppers. Consult Hoff's restriction card for youngster year, if he wasn't there he was probably geeking somewhere with K.A. Second class summer is full of great memories. Cat, Stripe, Hardin, but most of all when Geoff earned his silver surfer image with his savage tan and Buddha physique. Hoff's alter ego, Yuri Nader, reared his ugly lil' head 2/c year at St. Mary's and U Penn all in the same weekend. About this time, Hoff made the right choice between chicks and sticks (lax), choosing chicks of course. And we'll never forget Carlie, LBI, Schaeffer's (both), ski trips, etc. And the future? You know we love you. Bett-N-Joe's . . . "apart we're" . . .

Harry Warner Benson

Knowing Hairball, you'd never guess that deep down his goal has always been to be the finest nuclear submariner. Following a rough (near fatal) plebe year, he met new roommates (Geoff and Sam) who motivated him to finally show his outstanding math abilities. How else would he have gotten Company Sub-commander — his grades jumped from a 1.6 to a 3.4 youngster year? Too bad he won't remember his roommates a month after graduation. When not pursuing his true love, math, Harry excels on the soccer field and sometimes the squash court (when playing Geoff). Otherwise he would rather be a couch potato, hanging around listening to archaic music and dreaming of Karen. Finally, upon graduation, this wild man can settle down with Karen and his truck and await his ultimate destination: teaching high school math. Too bad Navy. Keep on truckin', Chemo. GAH & SJK.

Suzanne Mary Brown

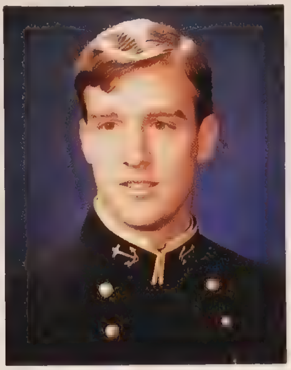
Sue hopped on the Blue & Gold carpet ride via N.H. After a brief stay in thirty-tool, Sue joined 24. Multi-faceted Sue took on all aspects of mid life with a vengeance including Army weekends. She came rugged tough from the cold of New Hampshire all right. She once came back early from a camping trip claiming her partner quit on her. Righhht. When most had sleepers in their eyes, Squad Leader Sue would gleefully shout to her plebes, "Good Morning Gentlemen!" Out of sync, they would reply, "Good Morning, Ma'am." Just think, Sue, your children's friends will be able to say, "Well your mom wears Army boots." Only they'll be a part of the Green Machine as you will be. No turnin' back — only forward for you. The Green Meanies may train a "green" 2nd "Looey," but you definitely have your footlocker completely packed. A true friend and fellow LTM, you will always bring sunshine to somebody's life. FW & FS God Bless you. C&S.

Rudy Joseph Crespin

Rudy, Rude-one, squirm, Quaaludes, Crespin was his name and California was his home. He always had a great tan which came half from his native land and half from always being on the bay; Rudy was a varsity sailor who loved the sport almost as much as his liberty. "Liberty won out in the end." Quaaludes had a hard time doing things right the first time, be it taking a year to get tags for his car, breaking his leg skiing, or dating four girls from the same house from the same college. His biggest claim to fame was his youngster year room during dead week, but you might have to ask Gabe about that. In the end Rude-one got what he always wanted: a fast car: "Mazda RX7," a West Coast ship, and a shiny new SWO mug to take to sea and work on his SWO-gut-to-be. RFXS.

Paul Gerard Curran

Paul left the farmlands of N.C. to attend NAPS. With his tact, athletes mouth, and timely quotes, he quickly impressed his co. ofcr. His plebe year went well once he got "Sirs" and "Ma'ams" straight. Paul quickly impressed his youngster roomies with his feet, study habits, starburst, gunginess, and visits from Dino. His numerous adventures include winter cliff-scaling (poison ivy), raiding YMCAs, racing police and ninja skiing. With the unfortunate death of his roommate and close friend, Roger Cundiff, he moved in with Pat (again) and Gary (Ron graced us later). RAs, stupid faces and favorite noises were soon rampant in the room. Paul was known and loved in the room and co. for his slippers and his card-throwing ability. First class year Paul put 19,000+ on his Celica and loved every minute of it. Paul and Sherry were inseparable, and he loved being awakened by her calls. Good luck in Quantico and all that you do. The Fellas.



Sheldon Sucheol Jo

Jo Sheldon, er Sheldon Jo, Temp, er Tempe AZ, why leave ASU? Plebe Year: making friends over 5000, rack flipping, Matt's trash can, DiAntonio feud, the BAT, runic symbols. Cruise: negative leadership tactics, storm. 3/c: EE . . . no Math, Bullet's studying habits, stereo box, Sluff vs. Spitz, 26-2, M.L.'s late night studying. Summer: Panama, who's Asst. Nav? P-cola bus ride. 2/c: Ring Dance, the J's, Shadow driver — Nope, NFO? Cruise: married woman, U of M mid, RX-7, Jill for a week. 1/c: H.B.'s music, CC, 0800 reports, Crows nest disappear, Ac officer? Eastern's & Hitch, Kelly???, sister=jail, reveille, $NUKE$, Yale & candlelight. Thanks from TDS and CMG.

Samuel James King

Sam got the best deal out of the four years of training, hard work, and integrity. His condition forced him to always be in the vicinity of a swivel chair, a TV, and Laura. Can that be better for your health? Well, if anyone can say they earned that honor, Sam can. As champion of the 4330 squash invitational and an all-time Trivial Pursuit great, Sam will have no trouble surviving in that dog-eat-dog world of Naval Supply. Sam's cheerful nature has led us to intellectual debates over such crucial matters as Blazing Saddles, Ty Cobb, egg rolls, the year 2001, and Geoff's crossword puzzles. Admittedly, Sam is a connoisseur of sports trivia and good King Hall food, but then there's music. Between Geoff and Sam, this flower child has learned to tolerate anything. Sam's not all bad; something must be said for a guy who will drive to Hoosierville just for a glimpse of his sweetie. I just hope Laura can put up with you as well as we have. HWB.

Gary Conrad Kirkland

Goober came to USNA to become a Marine and follow in his father's "bootsteps." Rooming plebe year with Bonehead left Gary with quirks that became his trademark. Gary, a financial wizard/penny pincher, enjoyed lax so much he bought equipment he had thrown away. Friends often braved the intense light reflecting from his head to visit, and he became known as a Catacombs carouser, beast tamer and youngsterette feeder. Gooman took his chemistry major to heart often performing pyro creamer experiments and building fruit and stick based structures in the room. He set the study example, occasionally breaking from a computer game or a D&D all nighter to open a book. Gary yearned for Service Selection Night. Though batt adj., Gary "just happened" to come up to co. area so the plebes could shave and buff his boney skull. Gary will be an aggressive Marine, but will always be Goober to us. The fellas.

Stephen Kenneth Locke

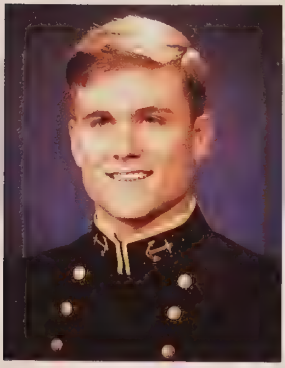
Steve hails from Anderson, S.C. One of the revered founding fathers of the Brotherhood, "Lockster" was an intense individual in any argument. Professing a dedication to the Marine Corps and a faith in K-bar, he earned his blood-wings after 1/c Marine Option cruise. Steve's biggest ambition in life is to win the Ironman triathalon. His second biggest ambition is to eat an entire side of beef in one sitting. Lockster loved to go off-road in his Monte Carlo . . . his Corvette . . . his Honda Civic. An avid skier, his idea of a good slope was one he touched twice, once at the top and once at the bottom. Lockster was a smooth ladies man. Who else could ask a gorgeous young lady to the Ring Dance, get sick on her, and still show up with her? At service selection night, Marine Air took his soul, the plebes took his hair, and we, his classmates, will take fond memories of him wherever we go. JLS.

Adrienne Marie Marks

Olean, N.Y. produced Adrienne Marks? I met her in 4/c self-defense and knew she was a strong individual — probably a result of crew. Aid's plebe year was characterized by stars on her SDB's, stars in her eyes for a certain platoon cdr, excessive "beading," trips to the candy machine, a certain co. mate. The good and bad times of Aid's 3/c year began at the Notre Dame game. Only a few regrets — the wrong 2/c cruise group and not spending a semester at Coast Guard (we're glad you didn't go). The end of 2/c cruise and Quantico was a relief. Who'd believe a great year and a chance for stripes was scarred by a walk during study hour in PE gear or celebrating St. Pat's Day with Uncle John — the Capital liked that story. After an eventful 1/c cruise in Hawaii, Aid returned for ac year — highlighted by a special company mate. Well Aid, just for the road, you might as well hear it one more time, "Yo Adrienne!" You're a great friend. Best of luck. DLF.

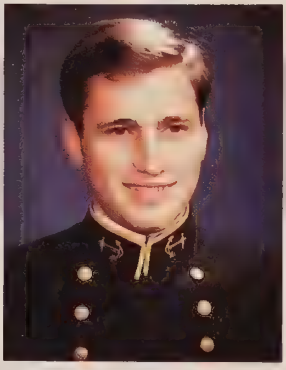
Craig Philip Russell Perri

Craig, a New York "city-slicker," joined our happy band of brothers via NAPS. Seeking "pleasure," "wittle Craigy" left permanent dents in his blue magnet. Some wondered if he was RV Wrinkle reborn. Always elusive, old man Perri nearly went undetected by every plebe class except his own. Our own businessman made several road trips with ol' white lightnin' & co. What fun! "Positive" CP always got things done without dirty hands. When does your book come out? Truly a pro, CP loved that old Navy fun — drill. He joined us once, one fine Sep. day. Someone called out, "Who's that?" A true blue hedonist, CP's 4/c CO once "documented" that CP could be BGD CDR if he applied himself. Yes he loved the Bruno look. EI once remarked, "Hey nice haircut-living off campus now?" Craig gave much and took little. Without a doubt the pork chops & entire USN will benefit greatly from his own $ smarts & dedication. FMG: FW & FS.ILU. SLR Lori — I couldn't have made it w/o you. CPRP.



John Lewis Spitzer

Clifton Texas sent us Spitz: blonde, blue-eyed, eager to excel. He was a better farmer than marine E and joined the phy sci brotherhood 3/c year. When studying, Spitz would listen to Hank Williams Jr., stare at a page for a while and then laugh his unique laugh, saying "I just told myself a funny story." His Texas tall tales had us strung along the whole time until the impossible end, even then leaving doubt about the truth. His Jersey girl, Val I, and Val II, all gave way to his love for the Navy and the fact he couldn't study and think about them too. When he didn't go nuke, he got involved with a girl from Army-Navy, once she got rid of her old boyfriend. As 2/c main flame, Spitz was a cruel man but fair. He bankrupted the plebes on bulletin board supplies 1/c year. As co. sub-cdr Spitz advised Bonz to max 'em all. Surface selection — San Diego will never be the same, and neither will USNA. CW.



Ronald James Vauk

Ron, alias dooda, was a fountain of knowledge; who came from Idaho to USNA. He started out in 11th Co. and could often be found on WE's at Timmy's with his ex-roomies (now civilians). 3/c year Ron's life took its best turn when he met Jennifer and decided to go solo with her. Spending money on Jen is his favorite pasttime, but bangles are out. 2/c year Ron fell from grace and took a year's R & R in Hawaii, but Jen remained faithful and when Ron returned he graced 24's presence. He fulfilled his goal 1st semester by being an MIR, but was adj. 2nd semester. His fame is ever-present as he still makes the brigade bulletin when Masqueraders perform. As a poly sci major, Ron was known mostly for his admiration of Reagan and his art of embellishment. Ron didn't make the May hat-toss, but was determined to do so in Aug. Ron went nuke ub and eagerly awaits nuke school and (hopefully) prototype in Idaho. The fellas.

Janet Margret Walters

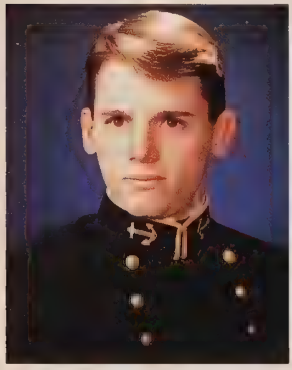
Jane has come a long way since plebe year — from an ac board first semester to capt. of indooor track and Dant's List as a 1/c. Jane always had a smile on her face and a kind word for everyone. We never could understand why Jane always had all the boyfriends, or how she juggled them all. Even when everyone knew she was hooked on Andy she still had a faithful following. She was also awesome on the track. She stayed faithful to USNA running all 4 years, something the rest of us can't claim. Not only that, she acquired several ECAC honors. I'm glad after toying with the USMC you selected NFO. You did it right, B. I'll always remember our trip to Hawaii and driving Bubba across country. We love you. ELS. To the Hillman's who have been my family away from home — thanks for everything, I love you. Thanks to all the support from my family — you're the Greatest! To my special friends — they know who they are — I'll miss you. AILU! I hate the name Jane! Love, Janet.

David Andrew Welch

For Dave, deciding to attend USNA meant leaving the corn fields of Peoria, IL for the big city of Annapolis. After the long trip, Dave was confronted with his first real exposure to the Navy. Yet, while still adjusting to the sight of water, Dave was already recognized as one truly a head above most of his peers. And although his grades tended to reflect his love for technical courses, Dave managed to impress everyone with his leadership enough to hold 3-striper positions 1/c year, including Reg. and Brig. staff. Dave still found time to enjoy his rack, basketball, a good book by Faulkner, and an occasional game of racquetball. For Dave, service selection was never a big problem. By 1/c year, Dave was an enthusiastic Surface Warrior with his sights set on Little Creek and the world of Gators. No doubt we'll see Dave with big stripes again. "I press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus." Phillippians 3:14. JMB.

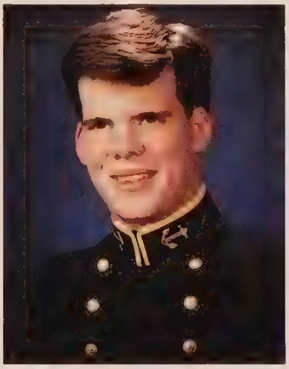
Steven Lynn Ryan

Little Steven hails to us from Hawaii via a short stay at NAPS. "Hawaiian Ryan" arrived to us with golf clubs in one hand, tanning lotion in the other. Laid back, easy going, he was always looking for a good party. He always had the ability to slip in the back door. A math major, you could find him proving 2+2=5. "Who said I can't add? Where is my HP?" Grades went down, golf scores went up, but the good times were never missed. A regular at Dahlgren, his innocence became a hit with all the bovine species. He packed away the clubs and picked up powerlifting. His dedication saw him at the Collegiate Nationals being honored as an All-American. When not in the gym, you could find him at the Flight Deck with a beverage of choice, at Maggies, or giving EI to Bob. I Believe! I wish I could be that little angel on your shoulder. My thoughts and prayers are with you. Remember, wherever this Navy takes you, you will always be my Godson. CPRP.



James Arthur Schreiber

"Schreibtool" came to us from Exit 16W, and, boy, was he proud of it. No one knows more about 2.0 and go than Jimmy. Always striving to make life as hard as possible but never letting morale go down, Schreibs will be particularly remembered for enforcing the nightly study breaks throughout the company while on searches for food, philosophical banter, and anything more interesting than books. WE's were sparse early in his upperclass life, but Schreibs somehow managed to fall in love with "Phred." He was the only 3/c who knew the days 'til our graduation. Fortunately Phred was gone 2/c year, and soon entered the ever-lovely Janice. Schreibs wears his "M" sweater with its 4 stars with pride, since he was able to put up with Al for 4 straight years. Schreibs enjoys traveling in his 'Stang and no distance or time is too great for him, a necessity since WE's were a rare occurrence for him. Which will be better: a summer at Newport or 2 years in Norfolk? GEG.



Timothy Dehaven Slough

"They won't cut my hair, it's pretty short . . . " typified Tim's perception of plebe summer and the military in general as he entered the hallowed halls. No clue . . . Talk to coach, he'll stop the yelling; yeah, that's the ticket. Sluff came to the Academy to play squash and get an education. He got more of both than he wanted of either. Punching from Aero was a downer for Tim but he soon realized the bennies of being a scientist and capitalized: racking, lifting, golfing, oh yeah, and squash, too. The academy suddenly became a little more bearable. Ring Dance brought a special friend into Tim's life. First class year saw him snag the first flight school class, earn All-American honors in squash, and the title the "Duke" at Lewis 3rd. If the Academy couldn't kill Tim's vibrant happy-go-lucky personality, nothing will. That's good. Hey, Tim, can I borrow the Bike? I'll be careful, promise . . . SSJ & CMG.

Rayome Francois Soupiset

Rayome (Bonz, Hun) didn't have a very hard time in choosing where to go to college; I think living in the yard had something to do with it. Although he had the lowest SAT scores in Maryland history, someone on the admissions board must have been like a father to him — or maybe father-in-law. When Bonz arrived at USNA he knew that he was going to be a Marine, but after a while he outgrew the urge to die for his country. Rayome can most be remembered for knowing everyone and everyone knowing him. This, however, does have its disadvantages, such as meeting the Dant at the Mall on Friday night, as a second class. Rayome was an outstanding leader as shown by the company caravan to Towson every weekend. RJC.

Charles David Wirth

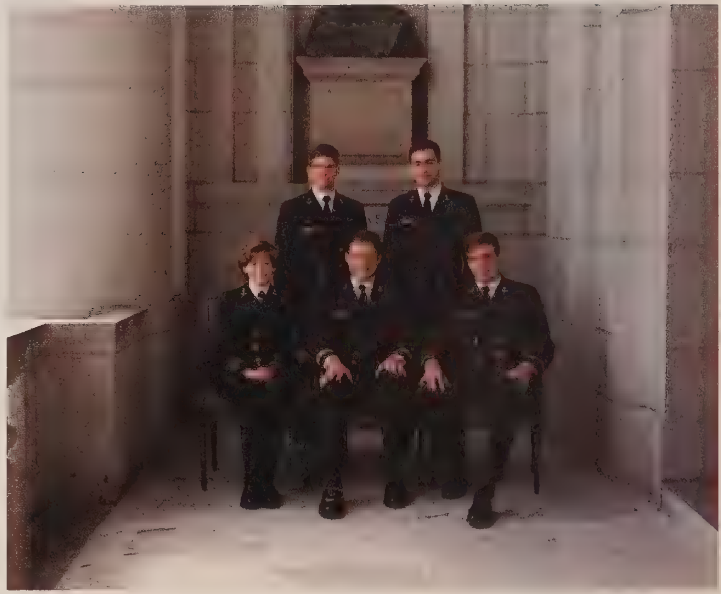
Chuck came to the Academy from Hampton, Va. An army brat, "Chuckles" was the company Einstein. Well, he was a physicist, anyway. Chuck had a taste for progressive music and a fetish for ducks. Youngster year Chuck paved the way to his 1/C job as conduct officer. He won a black N after "having a few" underage at the conduct officer's house before watch inspection. He did not lose his taste for hops after that, though. He has been known to disappear for hours at Goucher with no one knowing his whereabouts, including himself. Youngster cruise saw Chuck in Canada where he "held colors" for a local pub. Chuck loved Army-Navy games. He almost forgot to come back 2/c year. The only thing Chuckles loved more than grain derivatives was the blue magnet. He could sleep for 3 straight days without a break, and he always snored at least 3 decibels louder than a jet. Chuckles left the Academy for San Diego with relief, but he remains in our memories of USNA. JLS.

WASHINGTON

FIRST TOOK COMMAND OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY UNDER THE
GRANDPARENT OF THIS ELM
CAMBRIDGE MASS. JULY 3, 1775.

Fall Staff

Battalion Commander
Erik F. Shay
Battalion Sub Commander
Mark G. Mykleby
Battalion Operations
Laura L. Lott
Battalion Adjutant
Michael D. Fields
Battalion Supply
Paul A. Dupre
Battalion Administration
Eric C. Holloway



BATTALION OFFICER
Commander Marsha J. Evans

THE FIFTH BATTALION

Spring Staff

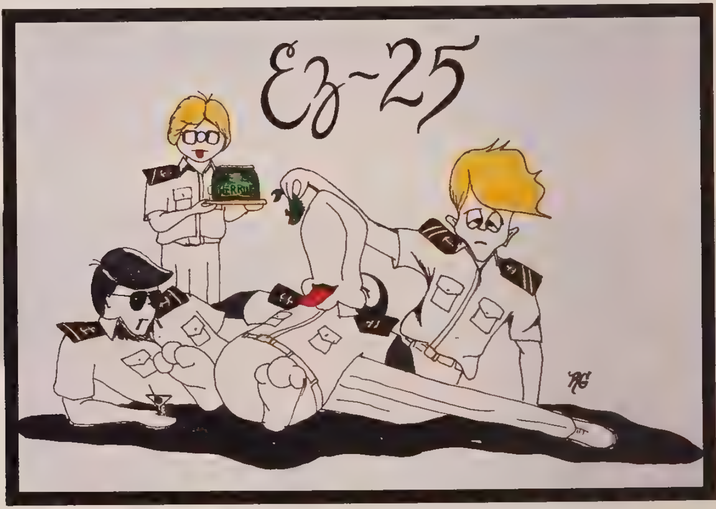
Battalion Commander	**Todd W. Cramer**
Battalion Sub Commander	**Brian N. Humm**
Battalion Operations	**Mark D. Groothius**
Battalion Adjutant	**Juan M. Wheat**
Battalion Supply	**Joseph W. Piontek**
Battalion Administration	**David J. Sasek**

Fall Staff

Company Commander: John N. Watson
Company Sub Commander: Michael J. Carroll
Company Adjutant: Nicholas J. Diorio

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Fran Fitzpatrick
Company Sub Commander: Jack Franchi
Company Adjutant: John Burke



The Class of 1987

Row One: Keval S. Kamat, Dominick J. Oddo, Michael C. Clark, John N. Watson, James E. Sullivan, John T. Franchi, J.D. Fulp, J.A. Burke, Anthony J. Bradley **Row Two:** Patrick Hamilton, Michael Brooks, Brad W. Boyd, Rei Gonzalez, Rob Ellis, C. Devon Marsh, Michael Wooster, Michael Danzer, Frank Pereira, David Sasek, Gregory Miller **Row Three:** Kris Klein, Charlie Daniels, Douglas Blackburn, Michael Carroll, Erik Shay, Fran Fitzpatrick, Nick Diorio, Michael Starkey, Art Blanchard **Not Shown:** Enoch Blazis, Michael Kiess, Randall Veach

MAJ Charles Arnold

The Class of 1988

Row One: Nicholas Amatuccio, Scott Manning, David Fravor, Michelle Meria, Scott Valentine, Paul Fuchs, Joe Dundas, Mike Marchildon, Ed Sloop **Row Two:** Beth Shaffer, Kelly Wahler, Brad Mullen, Greg Williams, Tomas Vera, Steven Trent, Deadrick Baker, Kathleen Kubiske, Lorene Paulsen **Row Three:** Thomas Melnick, Jeffrey Cassidy, Kirk Williams, Daniel Bacon, Mark Altobello, Toalle Mulitauaopele, Mark Lamczyk, David Chapates, Tom Tippett **Not Shown:** Kevin Arnold, Curtis Avery

The Class of 1989

Row One: Donald Brown, Joel McFadden, Suda Cabral, David Sadler, Carl Lahti, James Waters, Scott Love, Sung Kim, Brian Nicholson **Row Two:** Alexander Chao, Geoffrey Ellsworth, Carl Nyberg, Armand Batastini, Gregory Cozad, Jay Crabtree, Richard Eitel, Edward Bott, Daniel Rivera, Thomas Druen, Owen Connelly, Frederick Luchtman, Randolph Reyes **Row Three:** David Schlievert, Todd Moore, Paul Ryan, Dan Brune, Frank Boylan, Darren Petro, Scott Porter, Mark Sanders, Mark Springer **Not Shown:** Todd Kousky, Theodore Zobel

The Class of 1990

Row One: Rhoderick Dacanay, Vincent Gutosky, Leslie Kocher, Cecily Williams, Anne Chapman, Marnie Bradley, Elizabeth Spence, Van Emery, John Wade **Row Two:** Emmett Wootton, Pedro Sanchez, Daniel Chlarson, Donald Bourassa, Michael Gossett, Andrew Gentry, Brian Kelly, Gregory Parran, Robert Hall, Christopher Hitt, Herbert Ball, Dave Gard, Stephen Stark, David Perrin **Row Three:** Christopher Straw, John Walker, Dean Ebert, Brian Ark, Paul Bowman, Francis Kasprzak, Joseph McDonald, James Fox, John Wagner, Philip Moroco, Michael Christ **Not Shown:** Robert Lavalley

Congratulations! You did it! God bless you, David Sasek. Love always, Mom and Hal.

Congratulations 25th Co., crew, and our special mid, Erik Shay. Mom-Dad-Colin.

Congratulations Ensign Starkey. We love you and are so very proud of you! Dad, Mom, Jodi, Laura, Mary, Bob, Fitz, Melissa, Eric and Matthew too!!

BZ Class of '87, particularly the eagles of 25th Co, and our beloved Nicko. Horatio couldn't have done better Nicko. Mom, Dad, and the entire Diorio clan.

Congratulations all Lts and Ens success and fair winds to the 25 Co and Class of '87. Kris Klein

We love you. We'll always be as proud of you as we are today. DTTSTS. Mom, Dad and Kirk.

Congratulations Bud We survived some good tailgaters. May the wind always be at your back. Love ya. Mom, Dad, Michelle, Bill, and Gran.

Congratulations, ENS Mike Kiess. You really are an awesome guy. Good Luck! Jack, from coast to coast for 4 years! Plebe year-Army-Navy game. Jr. year-the ring dance, etc. Now we're going to the chapel. Always your knuckle-head!

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
US
NAVY

We are so proud of you John Watson and love you dearly. Congratulations to you and the 25th. God go with you. Mom and Dad.

Well done, Jim Sullivan. Awesome! Best wishes to all the graduates of the class of '87. Mom, Dad, Kathleen, Maureen, Andrew, and Michael.

No one knows better than us how hard you have worked these past years, if someone could make it, that was YOU. We are so proud! God bless you Reinaldo! Tus viejos, Grace y Abuela.

The marines are lucky, they're getting the best. Mike Carroll has passed the final test. Way to go Mike!! Love, Mom, Julie, George and Mike's Family and Friends.

Congratulations Ensign Michael J. Brooks on a job well done from you very loving and proud family.

You can't exceed '55
but '87 has the drive
Go for it Boyd's USNA '55.

Salute Paul Walker. 3rd generation Navy. Class of '87. Go with God. Love, Family and Friends.

Douglas Lawrence Blackburn

Doug, a native of Westport, Connecticut, found himself at Canoe U. after a year at NAPS where he excelled in meeting women, and meeting women. The Naval Academy seemed the perfect place for Doug as the surrounding colleges were full of girls who had not had the opportunity to meet him. I'm sure a few still exist, but he did his best. Between the numerous dates Doug also found time to excel in both academics and athletics. A consistent member of the "Dant's" list, Doug reached his peak first semester, First Class year, becoming a member of the "Supe's" list and in attaining his varsity letter as a member of the Sailing Team. Weeknight libs have provided an even greater opportunity for Doug to explore the surrounding area. Where do you go to school anyway, U. of Md. or USNA? Good luck in flight school with both the fast planes and the fast women. MOW.

Arthur Alexander Blanchard

Artie (Sluggo, Tastycake) Blanchard hails from Wallingford, Connecticut. After a 4-year tenure at an all-male Catholic H.S., Art showed the Academy that he was mathematically gifted; however, his social life proved to be an empty set throughout most of his tenure. No one will forget Art's study-hour visits and his desire for donut holes and midrats. Overall, Sluggo was liked by most everyone despite his "Rerun" fluorescent blue suspenders and "AIR BLANCHARD" sneakers. He will always be in debt to "the boys" for the good times we have shown him. Good luck in the Nuclear Navy and remember: "If you can fit through the escape hatch, you're not overweight." JNW, NJD, MCS, and MJB.

Enoch James Blazis

So what happens now?

Brad William Boyd

About BQ: studying, gunge, anchors, food from Mom, intensity, studying, screaming contests at midnight, trips to DC, Thirsty's and mass consumption, studying, crashing pool parties, flying, studying; then came the woman of his dreams, Linda! A miracle found Brad "sat" and . . .Weekends! Restriction! A snow shoveling madman! Brad, you'll succeed. Remember who we are. Boog. Boydman, If it weren't for me, you would be the most spastic mid to ever hit Mother "B." Together, nothing could stop us. But you finally were! Two weeks after being pardoned and paroled, you were behind bars once again. Years from now you'll look back, and like your father, you'll be sharing experiences with your son. It's been great rooming with you, I'll see you in the Corps! Love, Skeech.

Michael Christopher Clark

Mike, known as Stein to his true friends came via NAPS intent on being a Marine. Mike always put others first like when he passed up the International Ball to redecorate Ted's room. Mike met some famous people in the last four years: Hefner, Cronkite, P.X. Kelly, and mostly the Lauderdale bag man. We thought Mike was roped and tied by a girl from back home, but during a post-gater hotel party his hormones went into a frenzy over another girl and Mike was a free man. Mike's time at USNA was well-spent: Clarke's, tailgaters, hoops, Trident, shady women (Krystle), Kimbo, roadtrips, NAVTAG, and back to Clarke's. Air Stein as he was rarely known on the hoops court was also the patented inventor of the desktop workout — producing those rippling, well-hidden arms. Mike traded the Marine corps green for the Nuc SWO green and we know with his brains and ability to take a drink (not buy one), Mike hits the Fleet destined for success. JTF JES.

Charles Lee Daniels

Charlie: God's gift to women from Jax., FL. or Cincinnati, OH. whichever suits the conversation. He used the five-year plan to get his commission via NAPS. 25th Co. and youngster year brought out Charlie's most avid characteristics. His "live below the waist" lifestyle has left many girls heartbroken yet satisfied — or so he tells us. Who will ever forget the memories from Spring Break '85, Frost's party, Bob's House, and P-cola, at all of which Charlie showed all and told all. His living habits leave much to be desired as his locker incubated many different types of bacteria and other "used" paraphernalia. Not known for his academic excellence, Charlie did manage to get the 73rd of 76 NFO billets and disperse the Green Cloud forever. Charlie was one of the many who used the Rugby Club to get his letter, after which he quit the team. Overall, Chuck was charismatic and knew how to show a good time. Good Luck with the family. JNW NJD MCS MJB.

Michael Gerard Danzer

Doc Danz, the Gangster of Love hails from Milwaukie, Oregon. After a year at The U. of Portland he decided to try military life. He took a year to realize he was a plebe, not a normal college student. Clarke's, a party or two, what the #!*, rules were made to be broken- until you get caught. A 5000 with 20 days is a sure cure for civilian college syndrome. Youngster year was quite a change. After a sub cruise he was sure Corps was the way to go. With a new high and tight and the plebe year restriction, he found professionalism. Remember plebe quarters leather inspections? What a change! The next year differed little except for the extra stripe and a letter sweater complete with star. Finally first class year. Is a YP really a naval vessel? The victory pose. He's a Navy pole vaulter extraordinaire, hopefully with three stars, and a classy mustard colored rig. Good luck in the Corps. Remember, "You can tell a Marine a joke, but you can't make him get it." Thanks for everything. FISH.

Nicholas John Diorio

Nick came to us by way of sunny Orlando, Florida via a brief stop at BOOST in San Diego. Once joining us in 25, Nick quickly established himself as the Italian lover, only he has had a hard time proving this fact to the rest of us. (Just kidding Nick).In his day Nick has broken many hearts; or was it the other way around? Anyway, when Nick was not busy socializing, he could be found tearing up the fieldball field or the lax field with his athletic prowess. Academically, if Nick was as good a student as he was a teacher, he'd be valedictorian. Right Mike? Finally, Nick has touched all of us with his warm sense of humor and friendship over the past few years and we all wish him luck in Pensacola after graduation. Take care, FXF MJB MCS JNW.

Anthony John Bradley

If I could completely describe Tony to you I think you would seek his friendship, try to marry your daughter to him, hire him into your company, or choose him to fight alongside you in combat. Tony often wondered if he was born in the right time period. I think he would have felt more at home mounted on a great stallion, wielding a blooded sword as he conquered Asia alongside Alexander the Great. Tony found an outlet for his adventurous spirit in competitive karate and the dream of obtaining the title "Marine Corps Fighter Pilot." As much as Tony is a fighter on one side, he is as much a romantic on the other. Tony's love for fashion, dancing, and the female body, coupled with a flashy wardrobe, winged feet and "melt-your-heart" charm, left a long trail of broken hearts. I'll always remember the large portions of our study hours spent discussing sex, politics, money and sex. Look out world . . . here comes a lion!

Michael Joseph Brooks

After time in the fleet Brooksy ended up at Naps where his experience and maturity allowed him to excel. On entering the Academy he was lucky enough to be put in the infamous Stalag 17. Like us all, he was scrambled into 25 3/c year where he experienced a variety of roommates. From the late Grant Bates to his first class roommates, he's seen an Irishman, a company commander, the Cuban and others. Second class year found Brooksy swamped in physics. It's a good thing he can study in a storm because he had to often. It wasn't all work as a girl from Hood and some of '86 (Redman) can attest. First class year started with high expectations and a light academic load. From car problems to service selection decisions (Nuke or Fly), Mike managed to have a lot of fun and remain the loyal, reliable good friend he always will be. He can be confided in and trusted for good advice always. Watch out P-cola, a great man comes your way. FXF NJD JNW MCS.

John Anthony Burke

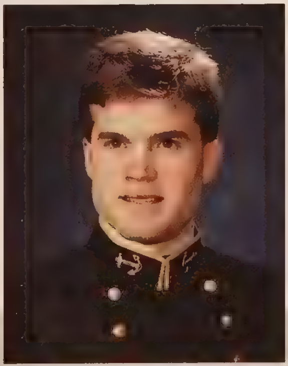
John is one of the most loveable persons you could ever have the pleasure to spend time with. His warmth and friendliness seem to pervade the atmosphere around him. John suffered much anxiety during his USNA days as he was restrained from ready access to the items that were so essential to his well being, namely, cold beer, beach sand under his feet, and the comforts of a female body. John is your basic pleasure seeker. Like some experimental lab animal, to get John to do anything of an exertive nature i.e., exercise or study, you must first convince him that such behavior will ultimately yield pleasurable results. Translated-food, women, or the thrill of flying mach 2.0. John plans to fly for the Few and the Proud after graduation. And though we'll be apart many times, I'll always cherish the close friendship we've developed, and look forward to many shared experiences in the future.

Michael John Carroll

Mike came to us from Huntington Beach, California, via the Citadel. He enjoyed his Knob year at the Citadel so much that he decided to try Plebe year at USNA. During his time here at Canoe U, he has become known to all as Hacker, Charlie Brown and The Slice. His love for pain, punishment and suffering was only marginally surpassed by his love for fantasy books, computers, D&D and playing with the hem of his t-shirts. It was not until 1st class year that he decided to show everyone what he was made of by assuming leadership roles and performing chippendale routines after a few rum & cokes. We wish the "little baby" the best of luck in the corps; after all, "Its not easy being green . . . specially when you have a weakness for women in uniform." PS. I don't owe you anything!! R.G.

Robert Allen Ellis

Cowboy Bob, The wannabee Texan from Florida has found his way in and somehow through a tough military life. Amongst his many visits to Goucher (he has had his heart broken many times,) he managed to squeeze in a few weekends with his friends here. And talk about women, he has had his share. Since Artie finally found his purpose in life, I guess Sweet pea is next. Too bad someone special wasn't as madly in love with him as he is with her, else he too could be having a June week wedding in May! This Floridian has taken many friends home with him over the years,and all have seemed to have enjoyed it,except for Rob himself. Always vowing to never do anything with Devil, he goes out with Devil, and comes back vowing to never do anything with Devil again. Guess he'll never learn. Rob, though being born 600 years too late, seems to have found his place in society (USMC), where he will definitely leave his mark. RSV.



Francis Xavier Fitzpatrick

FX came to the Academy from Potomac, Maryland after 13 years of preparation via NAPS. A native of the 12th company, Franny came to the 25th company as a youngster where he discovered a new sport, a new company officer, a 3000 series, a new girl (little did he know!), and a new major. Second class summer confirmed Fran's interest in the Marine Corps as his T-2 flight in P-cola tested his abdominal fortitude. Academically, FX became a member of the Diorio-Fitzpatrick "comeback kids" duo as a result of his efforts in EE. Fran also held his own when it came to partying as Ring Dance, Frost's party, and the hotel room can attest. Overall, FX's pleasant personality and athletic prowess will always be remembered. In him, the Marines definitely got what they wanted, a good man. Good luck Fran . . . Semper Fi. MJB and NJD.

John Thomas Franchi

For those of you who don't know Jack but probably have heard him . . .In his wild and single days Jack had many interesting dates; the most memorable of which was homecoming with Flip. Stories of cornfields, bald heads, and odiferous scents, always told us that his time was well spent. The Manor and Old Grad's led to one adventure after another, some of which he couldn't tell even his understanding mother. Jack could be found dealing in hoops, or cracking a Bud with Gran and Poops. Good times with Beth left Jack all aglitter, while long distance phone bills left Mom mighty bitter. Jack, as they say, now hits the fleet, with a wife, a beer, and the Navy at his feet. We wish Jack and Beth, his beautiful wife; a warm, wonderful, and bubble-filled life. JES & MCC.

John David Fulp

J.D. is the tree, and I the little boy who lives down the street from it. The tree is big, strong and wise. When I am tired and the rigors and frustrations of life seem unbearable, when I am confused over decisions or wrong decisions, or when I am depressed and feeling low, I will lean on the tree and listen to the wind blow through it's branches and feel better. When the sun is too hot and noon is approaching, when I have done all I can do to keep myself from burning and have failed, I can always depend on the tree to offer me shade. When it is time to go out and play, when life seems care free and I want to be bold and adventurous where is the first place I run to? My tree. That tree and I are much more than friends. It has always been there for me and, God, I hope it always will be. I love that tree. AJB.

Reinaldo Gonzalez

Rei came to us from Havana, Cuba, actually Miami — same thing. He was always in love with somebody, unfortunately it was a different one every week; but, he did have one true and ever faithful love, his rack. The only thing that surpassed his passion for women was his love for sleep. His extracurricular activities were: the Alex Morejon Drinking Society and founder of the Annapolis Guide to Sleazy Women. His greatest qualities were his lack of tact, sincerity(?), and dedication to the Navy (ha,ha). Being a lawful Miamian he enjoyed being followed by the police at high speeds and backing into them — in a certain Trans Am. He will always be remembered for his latin charm, GQ dress code, loud funk and disco music, great sense of humor, and his independent easy-going style. We wish this Don Juan the best of luck in the corps. And, we can't help but to wonder which lucky girl will wind up marrying him. PS. You owe me! MJC.

Patrick John Hamilton

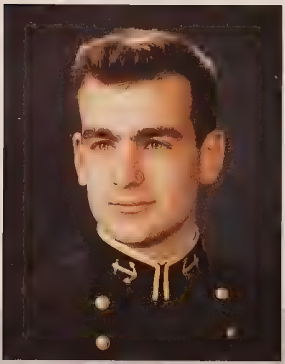
Pat entered the gilded halls of power with stripes in his eyes. He took an early lead among stripers attaining the positions of third class company commander,and second class Brigade Commander. Finally, first class year saw Pat back on the striper scene as Deputy Brigade Commander. When he wasn't pursuing stripes, Pat was busy building a firm academic foundation from which to launch a career as a nuclear submariner. "That's where the bucks are," Pat thought but never said. Well, actually, before he submerges Pat will be heading cross country in his BMW to pursue "California babes," and a graduate degree at Scripps Institute. And hopefully a tan. Good luck outside the gilded halls and always remember,"It's fun until someone loses his stripes." DOCOPEFISH '87.

Keval Shawn Kamat

"Devil" "Pursue pleasure and avoid pain;" "If it feels good, do it." No one was ever able to figure out Keval. He seemed to be a cross between a Berkeley flower-child of the late 60s and a Texas "chauvinist." Somewhere between his ideals, he managed to become a YP lord . . . er, C.O., of which he was very proud. As a plebe, he more than managed. As a youngster, he read mystery novels and letters from his Aggie squeeze, Catherine, while succumbing to the blue magnet disease. But as a Segundo, Monday came five days a week, and lights-out was often later than 0100. He needed a change in attitude, so Devil made the quantum leap from Mathematics to English. Since then, his courage has been screwed to the sticking place and he has not failed. Professing a thoroughly modern morality, Keval survived this fine institution always able to laugh at himself but still serious — when absolutely necessary. Have fun. GAM.

Michael Andrew Kiess

Being a Navy brat, Mike came to us from all over the USA. California is his claimed podunk state, though, which explains his relaxed attitude toward life at USNA. In fact, Mike took only the important things like libs, crew, and sleep, seriously. He fit a Mech E degree into his demanding schedule through the grueling task of gouge hounding. What Mike will always be remembered for was his high standards of cleanliness which served as an example to us all. I must say that rooming with Mike has prepared me well for life in any condemned building. All kidding (or seriousness) aside, Mike, our few years have been great ones so good luck and thanks for everything. EFS. To those of us who knew him best, Kiess was the epitome of what a friend should be. He was always willing to go out of his way to help, and he could add a laugh to any situation. After countless Go Navy Cakes, gallons of beer, and late night bull sessions, we could only conclude, "Kiess is Awesome." Room 101.



Frank Pereira Jr.

Hailing from the land of Bruce and chemical dump sites, Frank is the perennial NJ boy. His biggest moments at USNA were the Giants/Mets victories. Frank, an Adonis with his killer physique, has been a true gift to all women. Short or fat, young or old, he showed no prejudice. Shooting from his hip, Frank has often lost his better judgement. Late night drives to NY proved life-threatening yet adventurous: McSorley's, the whiz quiz in Wash. Park, and the witches coven in L.I. Frank, will you ever "lean to suba drive?" He gave up his D-side captaincy to pursue his drinking career. Spoiled by mom, Frank has long depended on his roommates to clean up after him: Four years by the bay and he still doesn't know how to make a bed. Labelled a rebel by the powers, he has mastered the coast attitude while amassing an enormous toy chest. Guido has learned much via GQ. Good luck at Orlando, and remember: "There is no dark side of the moon-it's all dark really." KCK USAF.

David John Sasek

This northern California boy came to us from a family of four sisters, all of which make and send great cookies. Aside from being one of the best Mechanical Engineering "geeks" at the academy, Dave is also an avid runner/marathoner. While most hall rats could be found in the dreamland of their racks, Dave could only be seen pounding the pavement of outer perimeter after outer perimeter. This is not to say that he didn't enjoy his sleep, for this, like all other things, he did well but loud. Also noteworthy, Dave, like all good Mech. E.'s combed and worshiped the gouge. This and his ability to avoid the Rocket helped him to a CQPR above 3.0. You were a great friend and roommate, Dave, best of luck. EFS.

Erik Fred Shay

In 1983 Erik Shay came out of the hills of Bellefonte. Who would have guessed that this mild-mannered central Pennsylvania boy would become **The Monsta** and eat his way to infamy? When not pulling hard for Navy Crew or devastating team tables, Erik passed his time in Rickover pursuing the raptures of Mech E. Firstie year saw him appointed 5th Batt Commander, a reign of terror which will not soon be forgotten. He used his three striper libs to look for all-you-can-eat restaurants while cruising in the Camaro. To support his food habit, Erik selected Nuke Subs and retired from the demanding task of keeping Cdr. Evans in line. Finishing out USNA in style, he settled into a comfortable MIR position, monitoring hot chocolate flow through the wardroom and enjoying those cinderella libs. We will always remember Erik as a guy you could depend on and a great roommate.

Michael Charles Starkey

A product of Las Vegas and Beirut, Mike entered the academy with high hopes for stripes and a billet to flight school (1 out of 2 isn't bad). His high hopes were shattered as a result of plebe summer and most amiable relationship with his company officers, battalion officers, and especially the Dant. Mike has carried a variety of nicknames (Stark-man, Squiji-wan, Buddha) all of which are associated with his pleasant, comical nature and his arrogance toward Midn. Regs. Not noted for his athletic abilities and study habits, Mike always managed to get the grades he needed for weekends. His strengths here at the academy were eating, sleeping, drinking, and sleeping. Mike always seemed to be in search for that "perfect" girl. His problem is not his looks but his requirements. Overall, Mike was liked by most everyone. He could always be counted on for a laugh even when he was close to becoming BMSN Starkey. Good luck in Pensacola and God's speed NJD,JNW,MJB.

Kristopher Charles Klein

From the land of fruits and nuts came Calvin. Riding in on his skateboard Kris began searching for his identity. During the next four years he developed a myriad group of personalities. Some were borrowed from such notables as James Dean, Johnny Rotten, and Ranger Rick, while others he developed on his own; Johnny G.Q. and the happy hoofer. After a brief stint as an architect, Mr. Schidzo decided to join the noble brotherhood of science. This allowed him more time to "study." Card games, water-gun fights, and trips upstairs dominated most nights. "Let's sleep now and study later" Kris put his hand to many things; Crew, rugby, karate, political campaigns, backpacking, and the harmonica just to name a few. A true dilettante, there was no subject on which Kris would not expound his infinite wisdom onto his peers. After three years as a Marine, Dr. Excitable forsook his alma mater to become a mechanic. "It's better to burn out than fade away" Good luck. FP.

Charles Devon Marsh

Devon, a political science major, comes to us from a small town in Northern Georgia called Gainesville, a fitting setting for our Southern, well-mannered, all American roommate; A description which may remind you of his namesake, Opie, of television fame years ago. Not one to be highly visible on the weekends, you may often have found Devon and his group of friends, "The Happy Campers," spending the weekend in the mountains with a case or two of Wiedemanns (ugh!), escorting a gaggle of lovely girls around Georgetown, or in his favorite Pub, Davis', which few Mids, if any, know about (until now). This image seems only fitting for someone about to undertake the task of becoming a Naval Aviator, zipping across a clear blue sky at Mach 1+, or landing on a postage stamp in the ocean often called an aircraft carrier. Good luck in reaching all your goals in the future and remember,"Time flies when you're flat on your face." Danzwoo.

Gregory Alan Miller

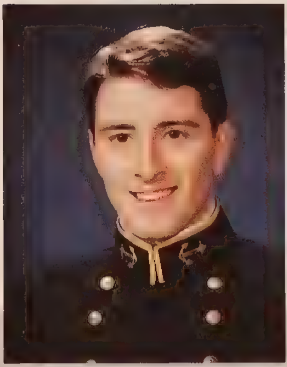
"Scrogman" Greg was born a proud and pure Anglo-Saxon in Phoenix. As a supporter of racial purity, though, Greg would have fit right in around Prussia in the 1940's. But Greg did very well around here with a 4.0 almost every semester and A's in P.E. and the PCR, the result of diligent and intense effort. Study hour was always, and once his nose was in a book, reality and Greg became strangers again. Regular sleep was important too, Greg's room was invariably dark an hour before his classmates' were, while he felt pangs of guilt when he very seldom broke down for a nap. Favorite quotes from Greg include: "Don't you ever study?", and "I'm glad I'm normal." Greg was a nice guy, though, he could get along with anybody and was a lot of fun away from school. He was in love until granted his freedom toward the end of his days at USNA. Soon afterward, Greg met Lara and was forced to loosen his grip on pristine morality. The times they are a'changin'! KSK.

Dominick James Oddo

Upon entering the Academy, Dom was taken under the wings of the boys from Sweet 16. Good times in the "Cool Room" followed. Dubbed the Kodak Kid, Dom had a knack for making trivial encounters sound outrageous. Looking at classic Kodachrome snapshots from Dom's single, wild & crazy days reveals; the invasion of Europe by forklift, young bimbos, the turf-field, spitters, the zone, beef bean burritos, Clarke's, the Silver Bullet. These were times when Dom could be heard saying such famous lines as, "Give me strength. I need a beer!" Dom's emaciated wrestling days were a mix of grueling workouts, wild times, and injuries. After wrestling burnout, Dom's life turned to the Meatball. Dom's first class cruise gave him an appreciation for the comforts of the Far East. Good tailgators and more good times followed. Now as wedding bells and fireworks loom in the near future Dom has his eyes set on the skies. Good luck and keep your windshield clean. JES.

James Edward Sullivan

Sully started his tenure at Navy in Sweet Sixteen. By Christmas of that year he was the renowned wreath bearer along with our good friend Grandpa. Then he moved to the 25th and without skipping a beat fell into his new found home with a funnel in his mouth and a beer in his belly. No known event, Lax games or Navy dances, could Sully pass up, or out, without indulging in the finest spirits. Clarke's was a favorite night spot especially the $270 extravaganza for six. Mr. Bubble was the boy with Sully as was Gina who "sponged" off him for two years. Our final year was highlighted by tailgaters, Cabin I&II, a 25.5 Christmas, Lake Placid, and the 'Vous. Being that athlete and athletic supporter that he is, Sully was in his glory as the Mets and Giants conquered the sports world. He became a NFO with five minutes to spare cause the Nuke billets ran out. We bid a fond farewell to the Subic City Kid: may there be an LBFM in every port. Yo Sul See Ya! MCC DJO.



Randall Scott Veach

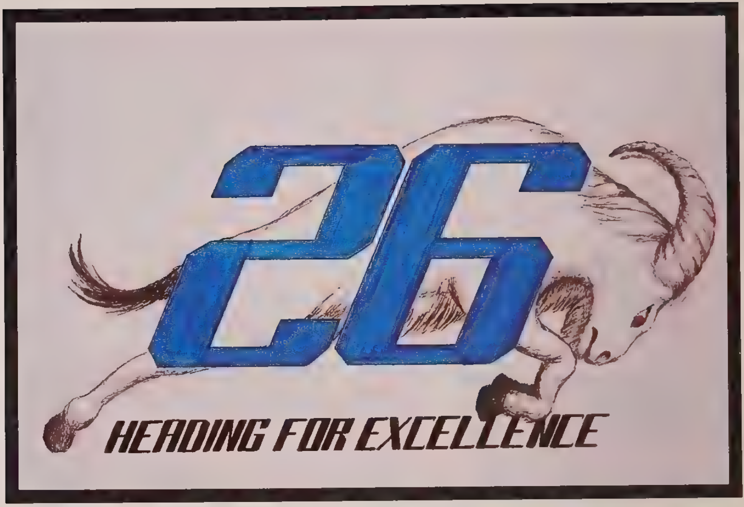
Skeech (Scott + Veach), You've got more energy than anyone I know, I never would have made it without you (I guess I came in a close second?)! From day one last semester, people stayed away from us because they didn't want to confront the "gunge-mos of the 'globe & anchor room'!" Urrah! Piggy-back rides and laundry bag attacks on the way to formation were just the icing on the cake! I know I'll miss a lot after we depart this place: your flocks of Baptist women (I found my 'one and only,' so yours is out there too! — somewhere), those great guitar serenades "'cause my home's in Longview, Texas", being run into walls, tripped down stairs, etc. Well anyhow, we've got our dreams! We came in as Navy jet jocks, and then beestings, hearing loss, eyesight, & airsickness ended that . . .but we found The Corps instead! Well my friend, you've taught me more that you know. It's been great, thanks for everything! Semper Fi! Love, Brad.

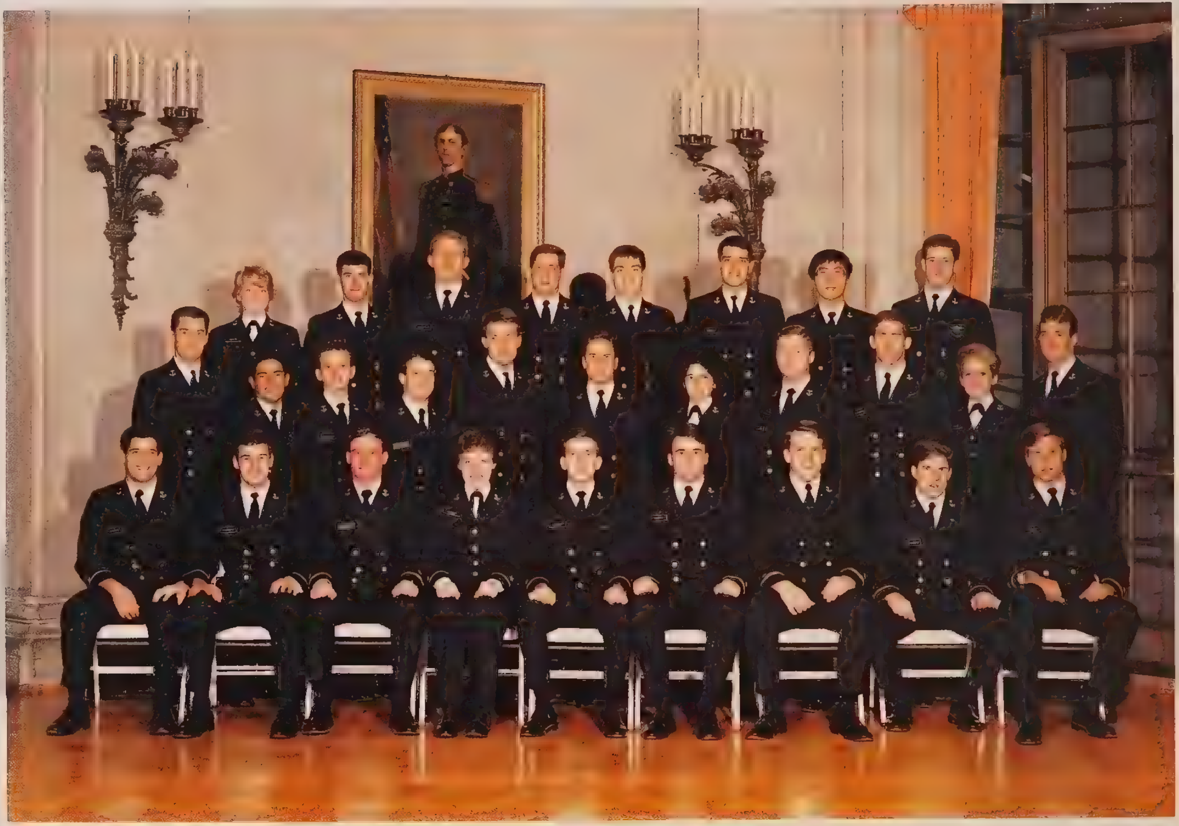
John Neal Watson

Watstein came to us from Edmond, Oklahoma, where the cows roam free and the postal workers run scared. During the school week, John is a mild mannered gectorhead, but come the weekend he transforms into GQ man. Drinking beer and margaritas faster than a rugby men's club, more powerful than a '77 LTD, able to leap Service Academy women in a single bound, it's a geek, it's a wing forward, no, it's SUPERGOOBER. With spring break and army comes "relaxation" for SG., whether its catching up on sleep in Dandy's or picking up his stepmother in Jax, John's too tied up to party with his friends. We've had some great times together and P-cola will never be the same. Remember, no pain no vain. K's contribution; You're still an ISAB (In Shape Art B.) We both hope you marry a woman with a dowry that includes a crowbar large enough to pry open your wallet, Lynn almost did it with her nose, but her arthritis got in the way. Go Telemex Beat Wall Street! CLDKMBJTF.

Michael Oliver Wooster

Mike arrived at USNA looking like the typical Florida beach bum: a tan, blond hair, Jimmy Buffett T-shirt, and plenty of cute pictures for his blotter. Plebe year didn't go so well, but Mike felt more than blessed when he met his new roomies, Doc and Opie. Remember Laundry Night Wrestling? Beware the Victory Pose! Through H2O Polo, Mike was able to travel nationwide and collect a girl in every port. He was pretty good in Polo, winning an N* plebe year, so for 4 years he sported a sweater around like the all-American, Richie Cunningham kind of guy he is. Like every other 2/c Mike spent his loan on new wheels, and even the cops were impressed with its 4WD performance. A real ac stud since plebe year, Mike needed a towel to wipe down when pilot billets went unlimited. Now he's outa here and on to P-cola. Good luck, Mike, and remember: It's better to burn out than fade away!! Lotsa Love, Doc and Opie.





The Class of 1987

Row One: Jorge F. Blasini, Brian Maloney, Richard Dikeman, Margaret E. McKee, David C. Bement, Christopher J. Gallen, Steven E. Otto, Robert D. MacArthur, Michael D. Fields **Row Two:** Robert Keith, Ruben D. Soto, Thomas M. Harrington, Daniel J. Snyder, Patrick T. Stratton, Thomas A. Taliaferro, Ann M. Padilla, Thomas W. Wagner, John P. Polowczyk, Clare H. Amy, James P. Cody **Row Three:** Susan L. Davis, Michael Browne, R. Craig Augenstein, Todd W. Cramer, David R. Kless, Thomas P. Browne, Chang Chung, Theodore L. Brown

LT David Cameron

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Thomas P. Browne
Company Sub Commander: Thomas A. Taliaferro
Company Adjutant: Dave R. Kless

Spring Staff

Company Commander: R. Craig Augestein
Company Sub Commander: Susan Davis
Company Adjutant: Thomas A. Taliaferro

The Class of 1988

Row One: Thomas Victory, Alan Greenwood, Steven Cedrun, Dean Valentine, Matt McKiernan, Brian Bell, Tony Thome, Carlos Flores, Alfred Bunge **Row Two:** Kevin Barnett, Eric Laing, Robert Staten, Thomas Turner, Mark Guevarra, James Maguire, Dean Orvis, Lester Wolf, Marshall Millett, James Johnson, Kevin Ross **Row Three:** Thomas Smith, Joseph Fischer, Christopher Snyder, Timothy Yanucil, John Keeling, David Cleary, Wayne Brisson, Dominick Cipolla, James Sarfert, Michael Bramble **Not Shown:** Theodore Biggie, John Santosalvo, Thomas Tierney

The Class of 1989

Row One: Ravi Babu, Anthony Horton, Sam Lee, Kevin Wesley, Michael Rollins, Donald Gelsinger, Beth Wainscott, Cassandra Crownover, Sally Chamberlain **Row Two:** Rommel Esteves, Dan Smalley, Julie Niedermaier, Jenny Burch, Chris Stamper, John Hoofnagle, Greg Pekari, Jeffrey Bradbury, Randall Ivener, Keith Bell, Christopher Campbell, Charles Gill, Albert Kinney, Anne Cavey **Row Three:** Daniel Miller, Timothy Rennick, Patrick Morrow, Paulie Riegert, Andrew Jarrett, Timothy Goering, Andrew Jarrett, Stone Hill, Paul Kruszka, Bret Pasiuk, Lee Burton **Not Shown:** Paul Druggan

The Class of 1990

Row One: John Powell, Andreas DeVine, David Rosenblatt, Everette Rochon, Daniel Bryan, Stephen Yatko, Michael Kraft, Jon Johnson **Row Two:** Donald Miterko, Vincent Schiavone, Thomas Leonard, Adrian Alcazar, James Greene, Brian Filler, George Sofield, John Kurtz, Robert Lockwood, Kevin Monaghan, Michael Alesi, Aaron Peters **Row Three:** Joseph Polanin, Christopher Adams, Vernon Neuenschwander, Stephen Yeager, Mark Jordan, Jeff Wiemann, Bret Simon, Kurt Schoen, James Bleakley, Norman Concha **Not Shown:** Michael Huck

Best wishes to the class of '87. Mr. and Mrs. R. Wagner.

Congratulations Todd Cramer, 26th Co. Class of '87. You dreamed, you strived, and you have achieved. We are proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Cheri and Monte.

Best wishes Class of '87 Ruben D. Soto 26th Co. We are very proud of you. Fair wind and following seas. Love, Mom, Dad, Chris and Tina.

Well done Class of '87 and Ensign Michael E. Browne, USN! We are very proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Chris, Jerry, Tom, Pat and Robin.

With love and great pride we congratulate you, Michael. God Bless you and guide you. Love, Mom, Dad, and Family.

To PCF: Luv OM,BD,LO&P-AIR Congratulations to the 26th Co. and the Class of '87. The Cody Family.

Congratulations! Class of '87, 26th Co. and John Polowczyk. John, you have given us joy, many guests, and fond memories. We wish you fast ships and calm seas. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Ensign Dave Kless and the 26th Co. May God's continued blessing be with you. We are so proud of all of you. Wing it!! Love, Mom and Dad Lange, Kathy, Jim, Beth and Debbi.

Clare Hammett Amy

Clare came to the Academy and the 26th Co. with a few disadvantages. The perfect coif has always seemed to elude her (hair like a Brillo Pad). You might say that Nesbit has trouble holding her liquor since she can't remem-ber the sickening post-game Army party in '85 and was a chronic "early-to-sleeper" in her Spring Break trip (making for hard times for her love-starved boyfriend). Her high-pitched voice, her poor joke-telling and joke-getting ability in combo with her uncanny ability of changing mid beaus (last count was six) have made for a rough road. She has withstood it all, though, and become the Womens' fencing captain and an Ocean Engineer, making her hometown of Phoenix, MD very proud. Clare selected pilot, but we're skeptical. Shouldn't you be able to drive a car before you challenge a plane? Any way we are staying clear of the skies! Take care Clare and always know that we love you! RCA.

Roger Craig Augenstein

Augie bush-hogged his way to USNA from Walton, KY w/ 1 goal in mind- graduation. He struggled thru Plebe year in 18 and settled in 26 as a flamer. 2/C year brought the Barn, Nerf hoops, a nose job. Augs fell in/out of love more than any of us care to count: Bucky, DR, AL, SK, DM, CA, TS, LO and SD. Clare's climate control in Fla was as impossible as wings in Buffalo. Weekend roadtrips-Salem, UVA, IU — as the only good driver in the world; road sodas were limited. MUHGA! As CC 1/C year, Stein left an impression few will forget: the 1st formation w/ TP to the smooth transition away from the Cam (help me out, guys!). Even though you couldn't decide who to love next, we'll always love you — founder of nicknames, neckslaps and joke of the day -you always made us laugh when we needed it most — thanks! Wildcat Blue runs deep in your heart, but ocean blue will be even deeper as you go Nuke subs. Take care — don't lose touch. Tulliver, TP.

David Carl Bement

Dave arrived at Canoe U. from Park Forest, IL, a bit wet behind the ears. It didn't take long for experience to toughen him up, except during Plebe year when he just had to get away from it all. 3/c year saw Dave as an aspiring exterminator on 4-1. He survived Engine Math only to fall prey to EE; as a Gen Eng. he was a bit more relaxed. 2/c year taught Dave many things, not the least of which was never trust the valet. Army '85 brought out one of his weaknesses; after a trip through Philly Center I couldn't get him off my back. 1/c year he opted for a fuel efficient MR2 and hasn't run out of gas on a date yet. Dave's a bit crazy, so he's frisked at company parties. He and Mister Two are going to Charleston to his FFG but he has to survive Newport first. Dave brought something of himself to everything he did -we'll miss him. Good Luck, Fair Winds and Following Seas. TWW.

Jorge Felix Blasini

After NAPS and mastering the English language, Jorge came to Annapolis. Plebe year Jorge skated in Double-Deuce before deported to BSTS with Brian, Jim. After the first round of tailgaters and parties youngster year Jorge gained the reputation of wildman and party animal. Undeserved? Probably not. The rest of 3/c year saw Hore achieve notable accomplishments, including Commander of the Squat Team and getting his first 5000 — plus a habit of sleeping in the shower. 2/c summer his romance with Maria blossomed and he settled down a bit. Girls of Annapolis were safe from the mad Puerto Rican. He, Molth and the boys spent hours at St.Johns, and Army-Navy games became what legends are made of. Philly was his city. Many doubted he would make it, but we're happy he proved them wrong. He enjoyed himself but worked just as hard — a great friend to all. We wish him and Maria the best of luck. The Crew.

James Patrick Cody

Jim's Plebe year went smoothly, with the exception of a slight run-in with HRC (Barrish got bird). 3/c year brought Jim, Jorge, and Brian together. It was this year that Jim and Kurt Wolfe tried to wrestle a park bench and won on a technicality — even though a CAPT declared them sea-lawyers. 2/c year brought the Dart-a-roo: a turbo-powered vehicle, logging 100's of miles up and down the East coast. Jacksonville was the closest that Jim Cody and the Dinkleberries ever got to the stage. Cody's Gang was firmly established with a highlight of Jim's Burlesque Show at UVA. As 1/c year goes by, Jim has kept up his partying escapades. To all his close friends, Jim has always been like a brother. We know Jim will always be successful in life — your great friendship has meant a lot to us. Good Luck. The Crew.

Todd William Cramer

Tawd came to Annapolis from the white sand beaches of Pensacola with an eye on the sky and a Nuke education already behind him. Somewhere between the smiling youngster and four-stripe firstie stage, he decided that it was "Bubble-head or Bust," so he's bound for a different part of Florida — Orlando, with a Comp Sci degree in hand. He and his OAO Kim have weathered many a storm in two-and-a-half years but the jury is still out. Finger animals and heavenly aspirations will dominate his career and beyond. Take Care. Spiker.

Susan Lyn Davis

Susan didn't seem to know much about life's ways, coming from the spacey Great Salt Lake state. She not only aspired to be a Naval Officer, but one Halloween donned the garb of a geisha girl (or so they say) much to the amazement/ amusement of her company. She spent her remaining years cultivating this more flamboyant fashion by learning the ways of the world and trying to get the Queen Mary started. Although once young and naive, Susan changed all that by traveling to Kentucky and partying with "The Crew." It's also been said that Susan had a little romance but only the walls know for sure. Although Beethoven is her one true love she also learned to become intimate with Jose and his fuzzy navel. You could never know what she might say after a little consumption. We believe that Susan is ready now for life in Greece and we wish her all the luck in the world. RCA.

Richard Randall Dikeman

Rich arrived at USNA primed and raring to go. After NAPS, plebe year proved to be no major obstacle for Rich as he directed some of his extra energy towards the Cheerleading squad. As an active supporter of all Navy activities — except for an occasional "cheese" in the shaft (but, then again, who did enjoy that?) — he left no doubt in anyone's mind that he enjoyed the Naval Service. At times his positive attitude seemed too much for him to handle (his face did turn a nice, rosy shade of red), yet there was very little that could discourage him. It is with this outlook that this New Yorker will take with him as he heads to San Diego for a future life as a SWO-daddy. The best of luck to you and Hope, Rich — you'll do well, I'm sure. TP.

Theodore Leonard Brown

Theo came to USNA from the Bay Area, looking not just for a job, but for an adventure. After all, there's more to life than just fun in the sun. You were placed in the Bancroft Gulag, Thirty-tool, and made aware that maybe there is more fun than in the sun. Suffering through multiple chins and body hair removal, you managed to make the best of it and impress all. Who'd forget your foghorn voice clearing the way for those ocean-going 14's? After a short career as a fish and late-night bull sessions, off you went to the land of Big Stix. Always a positive attitude, yellow stick-ems, etc. brought you fame and a Saab. You've done it all — the Zoomie C.C., a starry-eyed night on the Turf, the weekend Camping Gourmet. Rewarded for your achievements and given a spot in the hallowed halls of power — your head now in the clouds, thinking of your princess of the skies and wishing to be the warrior of them. We wish you and Jessica the best of luck — keep 'em flying. Bone and the Crew.

Michael Edward Browne

Brownie, you've taught us much about natural blondes as DBC. 3/c weekends at the Colverts perfecting what you started Friday nights Plebe year. After banishment from Frederick, a trip to Winstons changed your life (you're eternally grateful to Air). This was the start of nomadic wandering from Eastport thru D.C.-finally settling down at Fairfax. Thanks for introducing us to your friends Mr. Sarcasm, Lee sisters, EL Nino Malo. You put Irish in our blood, taught us how to dress (YRL), and once thought Nuke Eng. for Poets was for you, but the ADM decided you'd go air. Cathy's been a welcome addition to your life and to the Crew's activities, but she's often advised you about spending too much time with Dave (as you have advised Ruben of spending any time with her). It will be with heavy hearts that we say goodbye to the sage advice of Brownehead — a true, close friend. What's the address of the CasBah? The Crew.

Thomas Patrick Browne

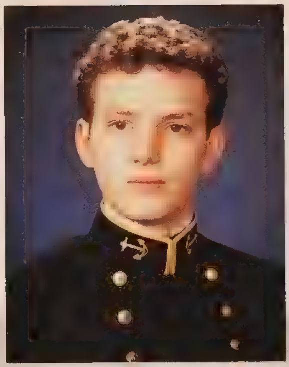
Spunky came to us from Elmhurst, the heart of Suburbia. A Soccer star with the Dorks (no,Dukes) of York and basketball whiz, TP has lead Co in intramurals. Things looked bright during 3/c & 2/c year with the forming of "The Barn," a trip to NC, Nerf and the courting of Augie's sister. Then came commanding duties and 1/c year — what more can be said? Nobody could have forseen unsatness, restriction, a car wreck, a stolen car, a speeding ticket, failing the PCR, and having the make-up the night Cathy flew in — all in one year. TP took it all in stride and was an excellent CC. The only thing left were the eyes — lets hope they hold out. Spunky's luck with women has been almost as bad- Carrie, Carol, Kim, and Cathy — but we all know things will work out for good when he decides to take the plunge. P-Cola is getting a good man, too bad he'll be wasted on E-2's. MUHGA! Take care, Spunk, and light up the skies. Aug, Tulliver.

Chang Ki Chung

"Hafa Adai." From the tropical shores of Guam came Chang. Now after four years of blood, sweat, and toil under the whips and chains of the EE Dept, he is now ready to take on the world and the Corps. As a friend, Chang was always there to lend a hand. Your problem was his problem. In this manner, Chang earned the trust and friendship of many. As far as women are concerned, forget it. Chang has already found the woman of his dreams Tough luck to the rest of you chicks out there — this stud is taken. Chang's next love after Ellie is food, and, boy, did we go out of our way for some good Korean and Chinese food. Well, Chang, buddy, I wish you the best in all your future endeavors. I'm gonna miss ya and that funny-looking haircut of yours that you think passes for a high-and-tight. Take care of yourself and SEMPER FI.

Michael Deleon Fields

If I were asked to describe Mike's years at USNA in one word it would be "crew!" The dream began in Jacksonville and now only the sky's the limit. Football games in Baltimore, iced teas, Rudy's, rebel flags all seem to blend together. Sweet Home Alabama won't be the same without you. Crew and comp sci, crew and math, or crew and plain old science seemed to be plausible combinations to Mike. There have been low points, midnight rides from Philly, trash trucks, hunting candybar wrappers and PCRs, but Mike overcame. His Southern social skills have never failed him yet but for some strange reason the West coast now holds a new allure for Mike. Kool-Aid spills and far away eyes . . . you've put up with a lot, but you've taken a bit of the devil away with you. See that mountain over there, someday you'll climb that mountain . . . but if you want some company . . . Take care and Ciao. RDM.



Thomas Malcolm Harrington

We'll remember you as the old man with the pipe from Jersey. We'll never forget the fetus with his mad-dog under the bridge, smokes in the shaft, and GoodWill wardrobe. 3/c year brought many things-Rustoleum PowerBug, Beefeater martinis, attitude hat. Army was an experience, 39 steps and buddy Jose who said he'd be back in a minute. Musician but never dancer, you gave up the axe for stompers, gaining notoriety as Bedouin-Fitted Sheik and Original Play-doh man. As 2-beer commando you raided Pete's and Wayne's for frozen pizza, grease dogs, brew. As a true red-neck, like Ned, you enjoyed camping, Jacksonville, and backing the truck into concrete barriers. You brought new meaning to the unicorn song and played Bing for us. We part with you now as Diesel-EOOW school calls and you head for a career as a true Hardware man. We wish you the best and know Blinky will always be with us. Good Luck Tom. The Short Room.

Robert Taylor Scott Keith III

Tyger came to us a Navy Brat from Coronado and he still refuses to admit that the USA exists east of the Rockies. Never one to take the hard way out, Ty opted for Poly Sci. This choice introduced him to endless youngsters which fit perfectly with his inclination to get horizontal. As manager of the JOPC West Clubhouse, Ty oversaw the quaffing on the balcony, strawberry delights, and many other frivolities. A solid mainstay at Flaps and Murphys, Ty could also dance, or at least I think that was what he was doing. Whether debating Kurka or playing softball in the Severn, Ty always had a flair for things, which certainly wooed Kristen to his side, because it certainly wasn't his blue bomber. We will always remember him as a "generous" soul and wish him good luck as a SWO daddy. Let me know if you ever need a Vice-President, dude. MEB.

David Ronald Kless

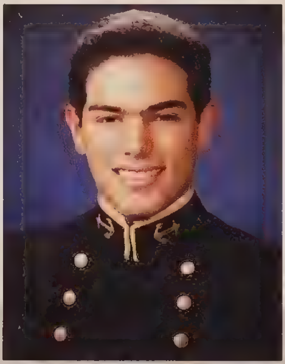
Klesser, you came to USNA as an EFET, and you're leaving as a hibachi-wielding party rep. Along the way the transformation flowed through funnels like a shotgun, weeknights in the Hearse '85 and who could forget the porcelain at Syracuse and Philly '86, or the train schedule at the UVA Bijou? You were popular at the Army game with your sidekick but your shining moment came as you led the charge to the promised land like Moses at Notre Dame. You took time out from partying to find that MACH 2 and sky blue was the choice for you. As was the choice of your sponsor's daughter (thank you Gunny Frank). Well, Dave is Dave (or is it Fletch?), and we'll miss you and Alison. JOPC.

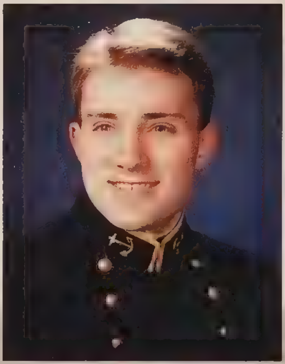
Robert Duncan Macarthur

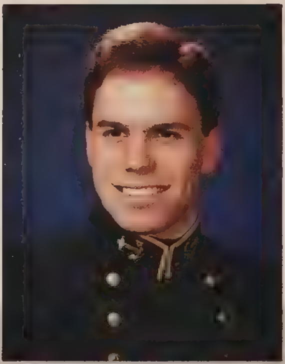
Rob came, he saw, he graduated. To say he conquered this place probably wouldn't be correct (does anybody?). Too many all-nighters, too many nights he doesn't remember, too many days spent in the cave writing letters to his girlfriend, and finally getting use of his graphics, Rob has many fond memories of the Academy. Plebe restriction, Steve's snoring, LT Jaynes and 1/c YP cruise. Perhaps he'd rather remember the hockey parties, Dant's List, 68.9, the summer of '86, and shamrock tatoos. Rob always walked a tightrope imported from Ireland. His luck was uncanny — at least after Plebe year. A lot of it wasn't just luck though. Rob had a 6th sense — he knew where to be at the right time and knew what to do when he got there. The best way to describe Rob would be to say "he was that duck!" Take care of yourself — do me a favor and prove us all wrong — would love to see your grandkids! MDF.

Brian Paul Maloney

Baloney came to USNA after 2 years at SUNY Farmingdale. He was ready for the rigors of plebe year and always did what the upperclass asked him . . . if he wanted to and if he had the time. Brian always found time for the parties, which always damaged his memory. 4/c year Molthen noticed the "one-shoe" syndrome. During 3/c and 2/c year Brian developed his unusual system of accountability. This resulted in many weekends on restriction. June week 2/c year, enough was enough. He imitated O.J. Simpson to avoid his 6th UA but ran into the OOW. (Lt's last silver bullet). 1/c year Brian lost his best friend Dave Molthen to an ac-board — this forced Brian to keep his nose clean. But he did not curtail his drinking habits. After all the partying, Brian's friends will remember him as a very special person who was willing to do anything to help someone out. We all wish him the best in San Diego and in life. THE CREW.







Daniel James Snyder

Spike, you're the one with the biggest heart and smallest body in the JOPC. You realized there was more to a weekend than doughnuts, beer, and rowing for breakfast. Crew had benefits during the Ring Dance, and you enjoyed Airborne so much you did it for real at FT Benning. In 26, you were a constant presence in the shaft and short room. 2/c year- interesting times: parties at Michelle's, Frat House East, choir sessions at Murphy's were the best After the Balt. romance, you found new love in the "beast" — which brought doughnuts in UVA, a rear-ended Volvo and a cement post. We'll always remember defense of "your Blinky" and the real purpose for a back pocket. You experienced religion at a higher level than any dreamed. As you go to the Green Machine, beware of large rocks, small pocket knives, happy hours. Although your being is small, your thoughts/actions will always loom large in our hearts. The Rest of the Crew.

Ruben David Soto

Bone, coming from the Bronx to Annapolis, your days as altar boy were over. Plebe year was O.K.in Thirty-tool but youngster year found you in the shaft where the Short Room was perfect to "study" into the wee hours. One Saturday your roommate tore you away from Spiderman long enough to meet someone who felt "so baad for you." 2/c year you surprised us with a streak of Irish blood and surprised companymates who sidestepped you on the dance floor at Army, while family was treated with a dose of 26 hospitality. Surprise again Parent's Weekend with Dad outlasting all challengers and the rocky relationship in Baltimore ending with thrilla in Phila '86. You decided not to be a crying towel and the Kissing Bandit began to strike. Service Selection made you dump the East for the sun and women of El Rancho. We've known you as a good friend for three and we'll somehow be together again. The Short Room.

Patrick Thomas Stratton

Pat came to USNA after leaving the "Bijou" theatre at FSU and spending a year at NAPS. He arrived at 17th and roomed with a man named "the Bunk." During Plebe year Pat spent more time in G-town than most spend in 4 — and never got caught. He opened 3/c year as a true swinging bachelor — at his debut at the 26th company beach party along with Jim Cody and the Dinkleberries he showed great potential as lead vocalist. He disappeared later to emerge no longer a bachelor — Dawn had entered the scene. His academic horizons were always broad — he was acknowledged as a renowned scientist. 2/c year he was permanently removed from the bachelor ranks when he and Dawn were engaged. 1/c year it wasn't unusual to find Pat out partying with the Crew — his lively personality was always welcomed by close friends. His sincerity and touch will always insure him friends wherever he goes. We wish Pat and Dawn the best in life — Good Luck! The Crew.

Thomas Alan Taliaferro

Howdy came OAT to the Academy from Churchville, VA because he thought USNA was OK — liked it so much he put USNA OK on his license plate, and received much abuse. Always a lady's man, he's never been at a loss for words aBOAT his exploits with the opposite sex. His lost loves, many, include a young poodle named Fifi. He's King of the Rack and only is comfortable when he's horizontal — except when he was KO'd in a youngster boxing validation attempt. I guess it could have happened to any of us. Tulliver, we'll remember you for many things that brought many smiles: Tom's Hairstyling Salon (for you and Fifi), extension holds, spooge, and dad's favorite deer call (real funny!). We know Orlando will get what it's looking for in you, as you are far more capable than you've shown us. You're a great friend — just don't move your nose when you talk! YYOKAY TOM. Take care, big guy. TP, Augs.

Margaret Ellen McKee

Maggie left Dallas determined to meet the challenges of USNA head-on. Initiated into the ways of the Club as a plebe, the only determination Maggie needed was to keep from having too much fun at company parties in rented lodges. 3/c year moved her to a barn with 4 roommates. Life was never empty, never quiet, never dull. About this time Mags came into her own — a lady of many acting talents, she starred in several productions as innkeeper's wife, Irish widow and prostitute. Typecasting? Well, let's say that in Cockney, Irish, or the language of love, Margaret could hold her own. As a 1/c she introduced the 3rd roomie via telephone. She took the little things in stride (guppies and the rabbit) and was always there when you needed her. From singing with Glee Club, to winning the hearts of her roommates and a family in VA, she gave it her all. The GOMPERS will be lucky to get such a lady. CHA, DDK.

Steven Edward Otto

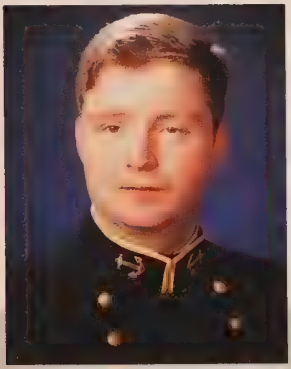
The city of NeeNah, WI, issued a huge sigh when it released Steve to USNA. He came to us full of aspirations and nervous energy and quietly blew through Plebe year. Following his intro into 26th, we all began to see a pronounced change in Steve. Weekends had a new meaning. 3/c year is a blur for most and he did his best to keep it blurry. 2/c year saw his interest in circuitry begin to falter as his days/nights were filled with thoughts of summer. 1/c year, our new general could be found writing letters for Reader's Digest, accompanying the Ice Hockey team on its road to ruin, or flipping coins for Service Selection. Memories are too numerous to count, but they have shaped us in ways we can't even begin to understand. Good Luck Steve, but then again, luck has nothing to do with it. You've got a good friend in Newport. I'll meet you at the Wharf at five o'clock. RDM.

Ann Marie Padilla

Ann arrived I-day here at USNA fresh from the cowfields and '69 El Caminos of Sanger (trying to find it on the map? It's somewhere in the big blank spot in the middle of California). A word of advice: don't get her started talking about horses; she'll talk your ears off. She has a certain affinity for animals, especially gorillas, and she has proved the theory of evolution many a time. The blood of her forebears runs deep — just try to match her Jose for Jose. Unfortunately, some poor man in Lauderdale, despite Herculean efforts, never managed to best Ann. For despite her many admirers, musicians and bricklayers (what?!) alike, her one true love was Surface Line. The Surface Community is lucky to get Ann and you don't need to wish her good luck -she'll make her own. SLD.

John Phillip Polowczyk

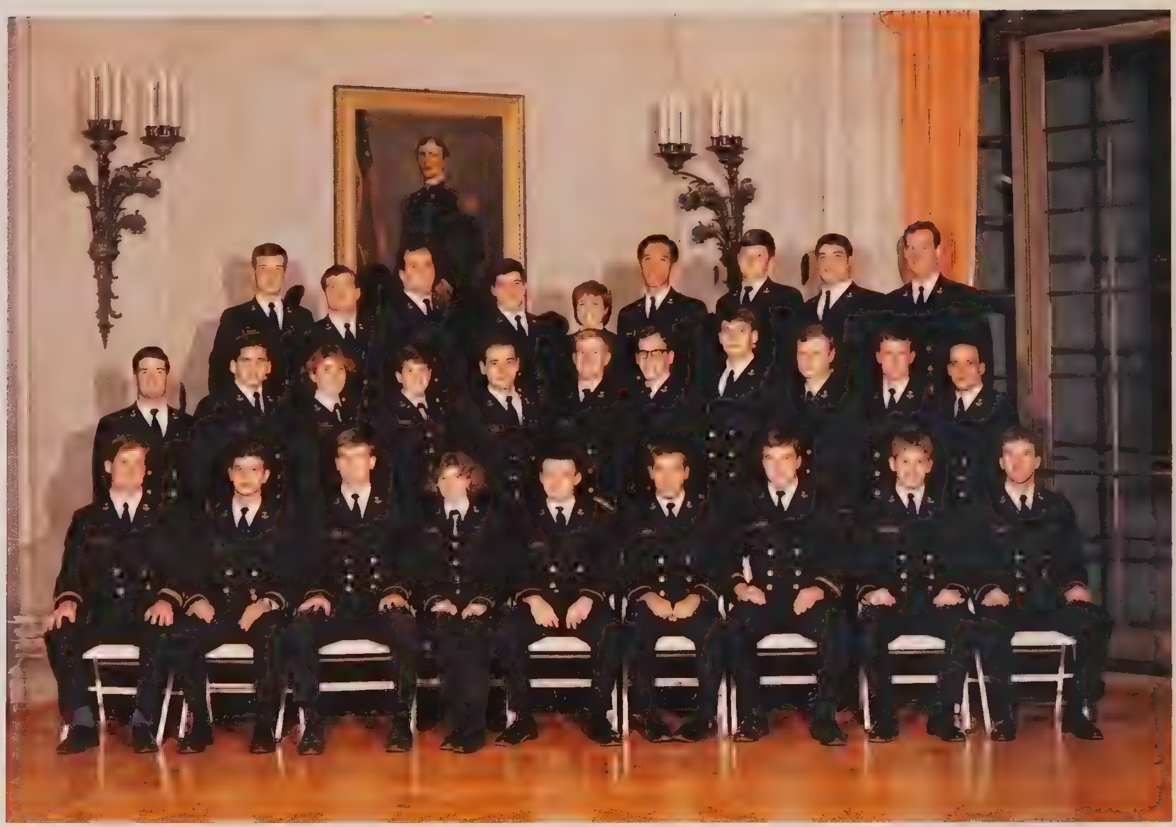
Puff, since you came from Long Island we're glad your genteel nature hasn't changed and we're happy you're using words with more than 4 letters. We know other things were curtailed after you broke your wrist; oh yeah, lax got a bit tougher, too. So you channeled your energies toward other endeavors; namely, Karren and Engineering for Poets. As ENS Chili you decided the Corps was for you (but not quite as you expected). Your truck was a welcomed addition (and subtraction) at Army '86 when you brought the party to your room and then cleared away everything but the chicken bones when Smith and Wesson made an appearance. Whether as laundry bag rep during Plebe detail or as President of Lions Club, you'll always be remembered as a soft-spoken, considerate Gentleman. Good Luck to you and Karren. The Crew.



Thomas Walter Wagner

Tom came to USNA from a small town in New Hampshire via NAPS and the Fleet, which he always reminded us about. From the start his interests were a source of amusement to the company. His private movie collection helped people avoid studying. Since excessive studying was not for him, Tom found a home in Sampson. Running the Juice Gang and instructing scuba classes kept him busy when he was not entertaining Coach Lentz in the afternoons. No one ever doubted he had some of the best toys to keep him busy in his spare time. When it came time for Service Selection he got a Frigate homeported in Newport, two hours from home, so he could spend winters playing in the snow that he is so fond of. It was always interesting having Tom around, and his mechanical abilities were often helpful. We wish Tom the best of luck in the future. DCB.

BANCROFT HALL
NAMED IN HONOR OF
GEORGE BANCROFT



The Class of 1987

Row One: Joseph Seibert, James Green, James Byrne, Dawn Alvarez, Laurence Lessard, Michael Polcari, Dieter Rademacher, Craig Branchfield, Chip Ambrose **Row Two:** Tom Coyne, Mike Flood, Kathleen Buckley, Jeanne Grabowsky, Paul Dupre, Mark D. Groothuis, Tom Adams, Eric Lafnitzegger, Michael A. Norton, Joseph W. Tenney, Curtis M. Permito **Row Three:** Stan Jezior, Pat Hagerty, Marc Firlie, Jim Derrane, Sue Mitchell, Joe Deleon, Joe Eversole, Vic Tuttle, Mike Ropiak

LT James Ransom

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Joseph J. Seibert
Company Sub Commander: James S. Green
Company Adjutant: Jeanne M. Grabowsky

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Joseph W. Tenney
Company Sub Commander: Thomas E. Adams
Company Adjutant: Michael A. Norton

The Class of 1988

Row One: Jerry Dickerson, Mike Schultz, Jeff Limle, Wilburn Thomas, Maximo Mejia, John Zimmerman, Michael Munoz, Michael Hodges, Thomas Pietkiewicz **Row Two:** Celeo Murillo, David Hoff, Thomas White, Gregory Acton, Brad Bookwalter, Robert Sparrock, Alan Czeszynski, Kurt Juengling, Thomas Gomez **Row Three:** Larry Strimple, Michael Seifert, Joe Zebrowski, John Podolak, Mark Wesley, Matthew Felt, Scott Morrissey, Dean Sacerdote, Steven Townsend, James Horten, Owen Travis **Not Shown:** Richard Fatzinger, Jerry Hupp, Andrew McCartin, Jed Smith

The Class of 1989

Row One James Melone, Robert Kovalchik, Alison Smith, Catherine Lawson, Mary Jo Salerno, Anne Hotis, Andrew Darcy, Tony DePrizio, Jim Markey **Row Two:** Mark Moynihan, John Eckardt, Gregg Grubbs, Paul Parashak, Matt Hermstedt, Russell Bandong, Robert Beymer, Francisco Gutierrez, Neftali Pagan, Sean O'Malley, Loren Ingalls **Row Three:** Tom Fletcher, Darrin Whaley, Alexander Deluna, Patrick Owens, Richard Thompson, Milton Songy, Jon Sablan, Mike Cuccio, Jaime Borrego, Charles Strassle **Not Shown:** Vincent Scott

The Class of 1990

Row One: Krista Pierpont, Peter Clarke, Michael Bernhard, James Kirk, Louis Rutledge, John Sewell, Clay Stackhouse, Michael Paschke, William Tumulty **Row Two:** Duane Cordrey, David Sanders, Richard Hager, Patrick Kane, Kelly VanDyke, Nora Ernst, Barbara Rapson, John Kracht, Ronald Kramps, Joseph Herlihy, Edgar Montgomery, Michael Sherman, Michael Celis, Richard Wells, Mark Bauermeister, Terry Bradford, Valerie Rawlings **Row Three:** Sean Marks, Brent Gregory, Steve Schwartz, Lewis Berry, Andrew Martin, Tyler Shepperd, William Guarini, Joel Walker, John Lombardi, John Bastien, Dennis Thomas

Congratulations to 2nd Lt. James P. Derrane USMC the 27th Co and the Class of '87. We love you Jim. Dad, Mom, Paul, Sue and Mike.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. Joseph W. Tenney USMC 3rd generation USNA continuing a family tradition of over 200 years of U.S. military service. With love, T troop.

Joseph J. Seibert,
Love and great pride,
Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and God's blessings to our favorite son and brother Stanley Jezior from Mom and Dad, Cathy and Donna, Terrie and Mike, Fran and Kevin.

DIETER
They who wait
upon the Lord . . .
shall mount up with
wings like eagles!

Ensign Adams we are very proud. God bless you. Love, Mom and Dad, Shawn, Christy and Jill.

Happiness always to our 2nd Lt. Dawn Maria Alvarez USMC. May God bless you and Patrick. All our love to you from your proud Mom, Pop, Denise and Joseph.

With love and pride we
wish you the best,
Ensign Joseph A. De Leon
You did it!
Congratulations
From Mom, Dad and Cindy.

Congratulations to Craig Branchfield, to the 27th Co. and to the Class of '87 for a splendid accomplishment. From Ken, Mom, Grandma, Linn and Aric.

Thomas Edward Adams

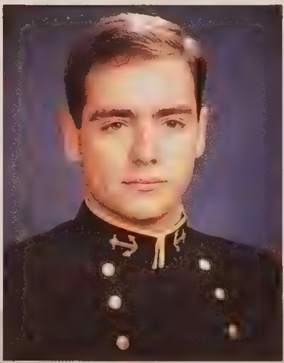
Tom spent life before USNA in NJ & CA, so when we met him 3/C year we knew he'd been in the best of both worlds. We soon discovered Tom was a fun-loving guy who loved good music and healthy women, so we let him have the top rack, and getting out of the top rack was an art he quickly mastered. 3/C year taught us that Tom was easy to get along with so we let him room with us 2/C year and have the top rack again, which made life difficult for him after the Honor Mess Night (although we did get a clean sink and shower out of the ordeal). 1/C year and two man rooms split us up, but never stopped the fun. We've had a lot of good times these last three years, and we'll never forget them. We know you'll have a great career and that if anyone can make Admiral in twenty it'll be you. Oh, and by the way Tom, we'll always remember that you scored the highest on the hearing test because of that special trait which only you possess! Good luck, Bubblehead! CRB & CRA.

James Patrick Derrane

He loves those dirty waters; Boston, that's his home. When Jimmy came down from Braintree, Mass., he had visions of Navy jets, but now he'll teach the Marines how to really PAHTY! His Irish soul always drags him back to Boston (where there are no waves), or even to the old country, where there's always Guinness on tap and a convenient billboard. Other times, he's eatin' up the road (and the gas) in the Beast to see Dev in Princeton, meet Goucher women, or, of course, to be back at the center of the universe — Boston. Association with low-lifes like us has ruined James's innocence, but he still has an unselfish heart, and would do anything for a friend. Good luck, Jocko. EAH and PAD.

Dawn Maria Alvarez

Dawn came to us from Exit 4. The high altitudes of 8-4 must have done something to her head because she was later voted "Most likely to find her head in a bowl of cornflakes." She joined us youngster year and we had nothing but fun. Her unselfish desire to entertain those around her kept us amused many a night. The popular request was the ostrich. We were amazed at what Dawn could do with her long rubber neck and a pair of panty hose over her face — true art! Our days of unrestrained fun were cut short by an invader from 26. Just kidding Pat — we love you! Dawn had a collection of other roommates, none of whom could fill our shoes! Second class summer was thought to clench her decision about the Corps, and we saw her start the important connections with the Col. at the tailgater and her "drink of choice." Good luck with everything. Bye, Bambi. KMB & JMG.



Paul Anthony Dupre

Paul came to the Naval Academy from Cincinnati with a unique outlook on life. Very realistic in his approach, Paul can make the best of any bad situation, be it a cruise to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, or driving The Beast back from Goucher with a bunch of drunk friends. He is not hesitant to party with the boys, as evidenced by the past few Army/Navy games and the Sandy Point trip. Paul selected subs for a career, looking at the bonus money and a chance to spend it in Florida. The beaches and the girls suit Paul perfectly. However, the girl Paul meets better be ready to wait for marriage, at least until Paul needs a woman to take care of his dog. Paul's not worried about women right now, he's more interested in drinking Guinness and graduation. It is thoughts like these and more that have corrupted many good people, including his roommate. But that's OK, Dupa, you're a helluva guy and you deserve the best. Jocko.

Charles Richard Ambrose

Chip came to USNA from Mesquite, Tx. with a big heart and a bigger head. He was awesome at everything (except the mile run and swimming), just ask him, and he'd tell you! He had trouble plebe year with grades, but after 3/c year we figured he'd be an AC stud (with 4.0's, right, Chip?!) but studying took a backseat to pens, nerf hoops, CD's and the NCAA's. Ladies were never a problem as he was "engaged" 8 times: first to Lana, then Elaine, Amy, Stacie, Jill, Elaine again, Beth, and now, the engagement to end all engagements, Chrisitie! (You have enough pictures of her!) Chip's musical talents were unsurpassed. He was the world's greatest air drummer, and even David Lee Roth envied Chip's jumping ability. We know you'll be a great pilot cause when you've wanted to be the best, you've done it. You've been a great roommate and the times we spent together will be times that none of us will ever forget. Best of luck at P-cola, ya big spaz! TEA & CRB.

Joseph Scott Eversole

From The Land of the Crimson Tide, Joe rolled into the Academy. Through the Roaring 20's he bounded with his b-ball in hand, leaving plebe year behind. The scramble found Joe in Stud Street where his ego flourished. With his prowess in backgammon and b-ball, he earned the name BROWN. He took up 2/C year with Mark and Joey, and survived ego's nerf hoops, and a duck-and-weave game with school. In and out of class he mastered the art of MAX RACK. 1/C year found Joe still with Joey and worlds of time and a taste in clothes. In the short span of 1st semester he perfected his favorite past times, buying and partying. Yes, as a senior he left quite a few impressions on Philly walls, ceilings, and in his checkbook. Good times and zero balance were the ticket. Closed eyes paid off and he's destined to be a Fly-Boy. Go PAP! With his swaggered strut he's been The Boy, BAMA, the S — t, and always in the plus. Good luck, Joe, and FLY HIGH! JAD.

Craig Randall Branchfield

A St. Louis boy (yo Ace!), Craig landed in 9 and a real plebe year, before scramblin' to 27. Being a physics major & devoted boyfriend, he adapted to the routine: study, study, study, call Linn on Sunday. (How could Mom pay for 1st $100 of phone bill and Craig still owe her $100?!) Only the Cards in the W. Series (How 'bout that 1B ump?!) could distract the study machine. Soccer & Fieldball were a blast as Craig loved heated discussions with the refs, while free time was taken up reading about the Rock Squad and MIA Hunter! Craig's pilot hopes were dashed when the board became blurry from the front row, but a 3.8, Sup's List, and $$ showed him the merits of Nuke Subs! We will remember Craig best for his good humor, dedication and 10 ft. pole policy regarding women (sure, Craig . . . remember the Oct crisis?!). We know your future is bright and wish you the best of luck in Orlando. Take care and hope to see ya in the fleet. TEA & CRA.

Marc Patrick Firlie

Well Firls, you made a big decision when you left the Gorge for 4 years together by the Bay. What about your Pro Knowledge — F-14 Hornet, ha ha! Bowling dates with your ex-biscuit. You even had hair! How about that dance and SI plebe year. Savvy found a Moses for Navy FB. Avoid the 1/3 on ABC. The caddy took the boys to Fla on A and the pitstop in GA on the way back. Great luck! EE had your # or maybe Jake's. Lost that battle and something else — see picture. The advice during Dallas on Fri and the Elbo Room. Chicago with Duker and Cats-Cubs, Sox, Ginos, and sittin' by the lake. FB started great, but Bruce Willis stole my picks. The fall brought a real coach and Savins. In Jan. it was off to Hawaii & the Hula Bowl. Let's get stock in the Chart House. You got your ship! I'll never forget you. Good luck and congrats. You're a daddy and not even married. Stef (Mom, & Dad — I love you, thanks! The Boys — I'll miss you all. Marc)

Kathleen Marie Buckley

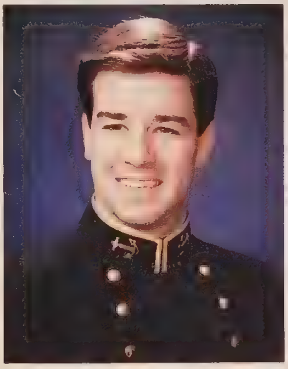
Kathleen joined us from Scituate, MA. She majored in English, which is quite an accomplishment for someone from a state where they don't even speak the language. Plebe year found Kath in the spotlight, whether modelling civies for roommate Sue by showerlight after taps or as lead singer for the GO-GO's at an inhall concert. Youngster year brought great new adventures from Rum in Mountain Dew with the Col. to her first and only experience with Chew. Thanks, Dawn! At first she was hesitant (she peered around the corner before making her move into Mr. Donuts one Sunday morning) but before long violating the Admin-Conduct System became second nature. As for professionalism, Kathleen has always been a step ahead (after all, she has taken 7 PCR's). 2/c summer brought Kath a true love in Charlie who has removed her from the market permanently. For the future, Kathleen, I wish you nothing but happiness. I'll miss you! JMG.

James Michael Byrne

Jim, a southern boy from Jacksonville, spent a year at Auburn before taking on USNA. Being a bit more than they could handle in 32, "the Pigman" was destined for something big. Scrambled to 27, "the good ole boy" gave those he met a feeling of trust and confidence, and led him to solving many of the problems of his friends (and a few people he didn't know). Jim's country-boy-image (sitting around in red longjohns w/ cowboy hat & boots) and modesty hid his outstanding leadership abilities. Not quite in the top 100 academically, someone wisely went against the norm to make Jim the #1 Midn in the country. Always looking for a challenge, M/Capt Byrne took on many diverse activities: sea-wall running, airborne, Severn River swims, and boxing, though boxing had to take a back seat to preserve his face for his #1 girl, Becky ("the wife"). A loyal friend and outstanding leader, The Marines are no longer looking for a few good men: they've found Jim Byrne. KAB.

Thomas Stephen Coyne

Tom's boyhood dream of coming to Navy was put on hold, as he didn't make it on the first try. He didn't take the hint, and his dream became his nightmare. Freshman year was uneventful. A movie of Slob's 3/c year could be called "Escape from Carpenter." Coyner's junior year was worse! Problem areas included: 4 5000's, Rent-A-Cops at U of D, the inability to distinguish white Dodge Darts from Blue Firebirds, 150 days in grease uniform, and no X-mas leave. During a less hectic 2nd semester he excelled in Varsity Lax, acquiring the nickname "Spiceman". A.B.'s senior year was his best. He had his weekends and his 'Vette, when it wasn't in Jersey or Mass. His newest nickname, Schlep, was acquired as he succeeded in breaking every car he came in contact with. Tom was also lucky that girls would fall in love with him at the mere sight of him dancing (a true chip 'n dale), and if that didn't work the rap and rain surely would.



Joseph Adam DeLeon

Joey came to us from N. Tijuana (CA) via NAPS and 18. Joey was easy-going during plebe year, except when it came to AA. Maybe Joey was too laid back; he almost made the square root club. School was never high on Joey's list, and many nights with Dr Data were spent as a 'ster. The B-master came back to haunt Joey again as a 1/c. STUDY, JOE! 3/c year brought a new company and 'lil Red, another veteran of the Bob E. The tomb of Gar (thanks Dano), DCs blood, and Dirks were just a few of the highlights. The only thing that kept Joey going for four years were dreams of Archie & the '66 convertible 'stang back home. As 2/c year started, Brown entered Joey's life. Sleep became the passion, but will you ever forget the night Thoid beat Yo in Nerf Hoops? Joey also became stockholder of Black 'n' Decker. For Joey the Boat School was exactly that. Lookout, Stein (place hand on forehead), here's Joey D with the top down and the shades on. MDG.

Michael Walter Flood

Superman — no, Tom Cruise — no, Mike Flood — came to Navy after a year of hard work at NAPS (he almost even graduated). With this head start he rose to the top of his plebe class; however, his stay at the top was short-lived. Plebe year was a relatively quiet one as Mike lived "harmoniously" with George and Brad. Then disaster struck — scramble. Mike was welcomed to 27 with a Form-2 on his first day; it was a bad omen. The next two years were spent UNSAT, restricting, and doing gymnastics, not necessarily in that order. With all his troubles behind him, Mike was ready to enjoy his 1/c year. Mike breezed through without a hitch (unless you consider academic probation, a couple of performance boards, an honor board, 60 days restriction, and an ack board hitches). Mike persisted with the help of his family, friends, and the love of his life, Sue. On 20 May he went on his way to Pensacola.

Jeanne Marie Grabowsky

Jeanne came to us from Danville, CA. She started in 4th Company, and moved to 27. Yet her heart remained true to those of her former home. On a typical weekend plebe year, one could find Jeanne either returning from crew, participating in a legs contest, or marching tours (but having fun every minute). Jeanne saw the hard and fast rules of the Admin-Conduct System merely as obstacles in the path of fun. Jeanne returned 3/c year with the goal of continuing her search for excitement. Starting with her love life, GD still hung on (though long gone), Edwin Dudley made her laugh, and Michael K. captured her heart (and hand). Despite her beginnings, Jeanne is now a one-man woman (?!). A near 5000 brought a few grey hairs; that's the price you pay for a wild Halloween night in the jungle. From that point it was college life for Jeanne! I am very lucky to have been a part of this; I'll miss you!! KMB.

James Stanley Green

Jim always wanted to come to the Naval Academy. Growing up in a Navy family, the only question was what branch of the Navy would be privileged to get him? That was decided for him. Due to his countless allergies, the Supply Corps would receive his services. Jim wants to be the toughest supply officer in the fleet. He is very concerned with his appearance. Jim PT-ed in his room, complete with photographer, capturing that flexing hulk on film forever. Jim's survival knife, named Mike, bolsters Jim's hopes to be the baddest in the Corps. Jim performs tricks with Mike, and he has only cut himself once. Thank God Klaus was on hand with the Band-Aids! Jim now controls himself with Mike. Jim also has a lighter, less physical side. He is always up for a few beers or a trip to VA Beach with the boys (and Sherman) to down some tequila. There is only one question left to be asked of Jim. "Where is the 'stang?" JPD.

Mark Douglas Groothuis

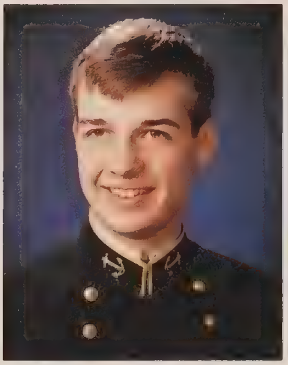
Mark came to us by way of LA beaches and 18. He flew through through the Stalag by the grace of team tables and a fast chop. 'Ster Cruise found Mark Hawaii bound (less SF piers). The BOB E, Waikiki, falling lockers, and Hotel St. What a time! Early HAPPY HOUR! The scramble slid him into Stud Street, still with Joey, plus 'lil Red. Mark passed the year with school, his own music, and Dirks. Don't squeeze too hard! And how about that PIN #? What money?!? 2/C year found him a new roomie, Yo. What a fun-filled year! Big heads, little room. Nerf Hoops? With strong words and hot breath, he inducted the likes of Gentry and Mawee. 1/C year found him a new roomie (the JB Railroad), Plt Daddy, and Three Stripes. Patience and Jaimi pulled him through the years. Through hard days, dads AA tix, g-ma's cookies, and parties, he's stayed one of the boys. He came here a budding Hornet driver and will be a good one. Good luck and FLY HIGH. JAD.

Paul Patrick Hagerty

From the land of 10K lakes and Moorehead St. Pat made his way to USNA- where 25 and CP waited for him. After plebe year: a summer on the Bob E., Westpac and PI. 3/c year found him rooming with fellow Bob E vets Mark and Joey, finishing the year with Firls and Yo. 2/c year saw a more active Pat. The old man finally gained some drinking buds. The Caps played a great game, but Pat missed most of it and lost his hat, too. 2nd semester saw Pat fighting with EE. He lost, but still spent three days honing his survival skills in VA (biscuits & burgers). A long summer followed. ub, SS, and Ico. cdr. 1/c year came, and Pat put on the skates. Army and N.D. fight songs in the fall. Up the River, seven of diamonds. Navy Air beat out subs (Thank God — Red's too chill to be a Nuke). Now Pat heads to P-cola after some time at APL and with Patty (when's the wedding?). Good luck, Little Red, from two of your former roommates who did manage to graduate. JAD & MDG.

Stanley Paul Jezior

Stan came to us from Morton Grove, IL because "I wanna fly jets, sir!" Plebe year he heard Ugmire scream "Jezwah" and exemplified his professionalism by joining D&B and YP squadron. Needless to say, he was in bad shape when he fell into our clutches. With a different type of wit, Stan was the butt of many a joke and jibe, much to his expense and our pleasure. He kept on smiling, and we got along fine. A very confused person for 2 years, he professed a love for flying, but always wore cammies around the hall, and became XO of his YP. Stan's experience with girls has been an experience. After forgetting/losing/breaking up with several locals, the Havre de Grace one, Margaret, and whats-her-name back home, Stan finally met Nancy, and fell head over heels. Since meeting Nancy, he has made some great sacrifices: a car, both rings, a Visa card, etc . . . Now Stan and C are written in stone and P-cola bound. Best of luck and enjoy our wedding present! R & L.

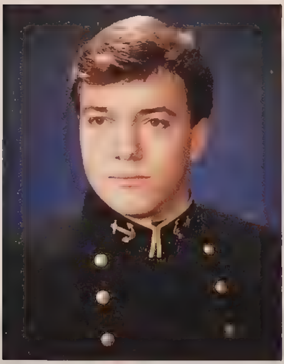


Eric Alois Lafnitzegger

Born to the Navy, Eric came to us from Northbrook, IL. When we first met him, we knew he was different — "Chlorine: the Breakfeast of Swimmers"? The year before, he wrote his name secretly in Goat Court with water, 3 trashbags, and a vent. Numerous attempts at major conduct offenses finally succeeded on his 20th B-Day in the Dahlgren "Bar." Once legal he made his name (Mojoe King) with the Sprinkler and Stewardess dances at Maggie's, Goucher, and Army. Also known as the artist for the Log, Alois did many drawings of his favorite topic, both for himself and the magazine. He was usually quiet, yet during especially trying periods of studying history, he was prone to fits of violence toward his Group III roommates. For a man who looks more like a SEAL than a Nuke, we'll always remember Laf as the artistic mid who decided to stay. Hope your future is bright, and you find a girl like the ones you draw. Good luck. The Boys in 6014.

Laurence John Lessard

From the thriving metropolis of Mission, South Dakota, we were given raw steel. We took this raw steel, molded it, beat on it, and out came 2nd Lt. Ren Lessard, USMC. This man of steel could squat a tank and was a great contribution to the Academy Powerlifting team. Ren could out-drink any three of us mortals, and his neck showed us that none of the Goucher women could out-wrestle him! As a History major he always had good grades and plenty of free time, which he spent honing his keen war-gaming tactics (Axis & Allies, anyone?). With his extra-short hair (?) and his mild manner, he slipped like the wind from room to room during study hour. Ren's simple way of life taught us all a little something about ourselves and what's important (Listen, guy, I'm not leaving 'til the place closes!). We can all sleep soundly at night knowing that Ren is on patrol somewhere in the world for our defense. JMB & TEA.



Lon Dietrig Rademacher

Allo, my friend! Being a firstie for four years at Chesapeake has been trying. Joining the Academy from Hillsboro, IL, Diets (aka Bagley, Butchy Jr.) had a "too cool for school" attitude plebe year. The demise occurred during that trip to England (you were such a nice boy): Torquay, Canadian Bacon, and me. How about that first trip to PA? Hoppy's, F-ville, Chendo, the Parkway, and the land have to be some of greatest times. I just hope your F-ville house has a big fridge. Those 2/c trips had an effect on you: Fat Pat, Maryland, and MC Ball I. I almost forgot your "Dole" affliction during that year. First class summer saw the Boro, the trip, Rum Swizzles, Margaritas, and sharing "those." Being elected Pres to the Rugby Club, MC Ball II, and Stevie Ray rounded out the year. Diets, you've been a great friend and brother. Thanks for the help, convo, and for letting me teach you those finer aspects. Good luck to my best buddy in P-cola. MAJ.

Michael John Ropiak

Rope's came to USNA with two goals in mind; to play major college football and to graduate. He played center for two years, but then decided to concentrate on his specialty — long snapping. After two nearly flawless seasons, he was considered one of the best in the country, but his biggest thrills came after the snap when he got to sprint down field and make tackles. Academically, Mike chose Computer Science, but he should have been an English major. During study hour, when he wasn't reading his fishing magazine with WHFS background music, he was engrossed in a novel. Mike, I'll remember the good times and laughs we had — football trips, hogs nuts, Dirk and George, The Land Yacht, showers, your sense of direction, totem pole dancing. Good luck in supply school. I'm sure that some day you'll be skipper of your own boat, fishing for blues on the Chesapeake, listening to progressive music and sipping a Bud. It's been fun! GIBS.

Joseph John Seibert

"Beef" is a Cincinnati native who, after a year with the NROTC at Ohio State, took the Academy by storm. Being a plebe year company commander foreshadowed what was to come 1/c year, when he became 27th Co. Cdr first semester and ran a tight ship. Joe was a master at demolitions, setting off a series of explosions in his closet every a.m. scattering his clothes around the room. (The plebes trashed our room again!) His illegal cycle and misinterpretation of the rules never left a dull moment. "The world according to Joe" was both entertaining and frustrating. His female conquests were many, but its quality, not quantity, that really counts. Joe chose to be a NFO and lucky is the pilot who gets him as his back-seater. If he ever starts talking about switching seats — eject him outta there! If Grumman or Lockheed don't get him he'll surely be wearing stars someday. God help us! Joe knows what he wants and gets it! JMB.

Joseph Wilcox Tenney

Joe has come a long way in four years. As a third generation USNA hopeful, he brought with him a wonderful sense of "the Big Picture" as well as unwaivering enthusiasm for the institution. These he kept, but along the way he acquired a few more things. Yah Yah, as he became known in certain circles, began to experience all the fullness life has to offer. In his own unassuming way this Californian managed to meet girls in almost every state. He experienced life at Goucher and even had an interlude with a girl who had a fondness for trains. Why, the hard charger even experienced the lost-and-found syndrome in Waikiki. But, after such worldly experience, imagine his surprise when he discovered that happiness was right next door. He even decided to take her with him as he joined The Few, The Proud. All the best to a future Commandant of the Marine Corps. VJT.

Susan Louise Mitchell

Mitch's Plebe year can be summarized in one comearound. Literally. Bummer she forgot her tie during her one chance to "excel." Mitch did excel at sailing, though, after the technique was pounded into her head enough times. She is now the epitome of a dinghy sailor. Youngster year she loved it here so much she started on a 36 week streak of bad grades and no weekends. She soon found herself in a good crowd of summer school studs, the Brotherhood, and LTM's. Staying at USNA so much, she realized what this fine institution had to offer- mainly the guy next door. First class cruise taught her all about tug make-ups, Tijuana, Macs, and airline tickets and convinced her to go Corps — must be one of those things, or a fungus in her coffee mug. Fly Delta, watch the ice, and go fast in green. Good Luck! SVB.

Michael Alan Norton

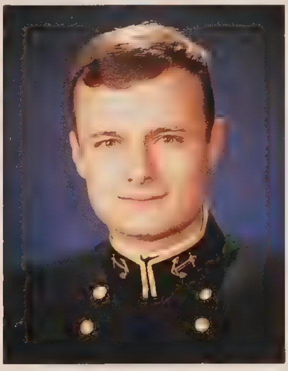
A CompSci whiz from Laporte, MN/Estero, FL, Mike and I met that fateful day in August to begin 3/c year in 27. Mike's an easy guy to live with, though at first it seemed like I was living by myself. You see, Mike lacked the gift of gab and what he did say usually revolved around the hum-drum ins and outs of USNA life. Luckily, (I guess) this passed and Mike turned into the dreaded 27th Company gossip hound. Mike soon quit the hall rat club and became a frequent patron at Maggie's and various G-town hot spots (you sly dog). One thing about Mike — he never had women problems — he avoided it by not talking to any. But I'm sure he'll blossom in P-cola (watch out girls!). I know Mike will be a success no matter where he goes or what he does. He's a good friend and an All-American Nice Guy. I couldn't have had a better roommate and the Navy couldn't get a better pilot. Good luck buddy- knock 'em dead (at Mach 2.2)! CMP.

Curtis Mark Permito

Curt came to the Academy from the south/good half of Jersey, and came into 27 a half hour late and a set of whiteworks short. Although the numerous regulations were at first hindrances to be avoided, he eventually learned to live within the system. Youngster year was the Year of the Woman for Curt, and it was difficult to keep them straight. From Jane, the nice girl back home, to Carol, the wild Dahlgren girl, to Jenny, the Texas tamale, to Joanna and the Big Chill weekend, Curt was never a one-woman man. Second class year he finally met Darlene, and began to settle down. Looking for a career that would best suit the military bearing that the Academy has instilled in him, Curt decided to join the Marine Corps. The Corps couldn't be getting a finer officer, and I couldn't be losing a better roommate. Best of luck to both you and Darlene, both in Quantico and the rest of your lives. MAN.

Michael Anthony Polcari

The villagers waved torches. Iraclop's coffin was empty. He shuffled from a small town in West Virginia to a stone castle on the Severn. At night virgins are scarce, so he passes the time drawing EE spider diagrams neither Ren nor Laf could understand. The vampire did the night fantastic at a plebe year squad party and found himself suffering the sun most of second semester. Youngster year, Iraclop had a bad job of putting up with the golfer — tennis pro — B'ball stud of all eternity. With red knee pads and Velcro tie shoes, he will shuffle south to Orlando for glow-in-the-dark lessons. EAL & LJL.



Victor James Tuttle

Vic, or the "Whale," as many of us know him, might be seen in the phone room calling the "wife" or maybe roaming the halls, blue mug in hand, in search of ice. You might see him returning from football practice or even catch him taking in a western up in the wardroom, but where ever you see him you're sure to get a smile and a taste of his undauntable humor. Vic has the rare gift of seeing the funny side of any situation and has made these last few years enjoyable even in the darkest hours. Now Vic moves on to greater challenges, a wife, and the Marine Corps — Look out, here he comes! JWT.

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Steve Yoder
Company Sub Commander: Mike Cantwell
Company Adjutant: Jeffrey Stec

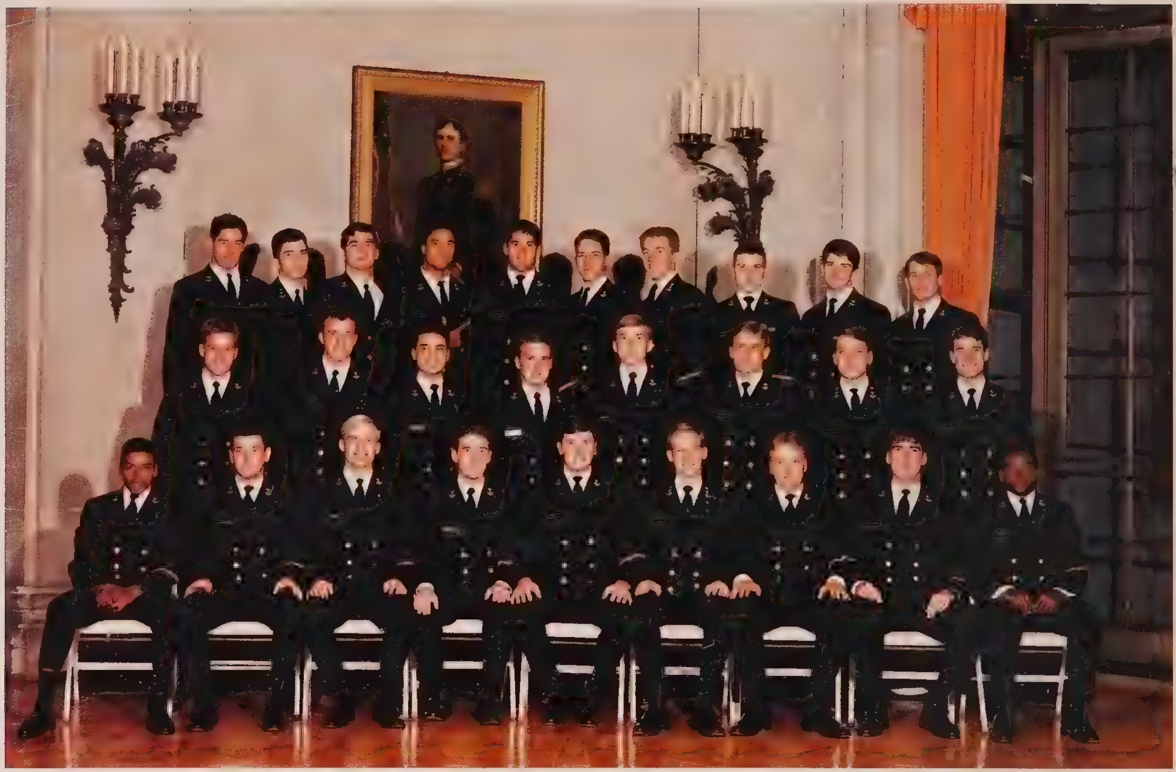
Spring Staff

Company Commander: Timothy F. Whelan
Company Sub Commander: Samuel Baker
Company Adjutant: Patrick N. Curtin III

LT Joseph Hayden

The Class of 1987

Row One: Juan Wheat, Gil Diaz, Eric Henry, John Dryer, Patricia Flynn, Jeffrey Stec, Anthony Fernandes, Gregg Monk, Tricia Thompson **Row Two:** Mike Cantwell, Dan Shields, Steve Fenstemaker, Pat Curtin, Pat Quinn, Tim Whelan, Sam Baker, Sybil Bradley **Row Three:** John Quast, Steve Yoder, Ken Inglesby, Mike Tobin, Bob Hickey, Gunnar W. Buzzard **Not Shown:** Dave Dutch, Stuart Littlejohn, Laura Lott, Vincent McBeth



The Class of 1988

Row One: Darryl Smith, Brian VanNorman, Curtis Wold, Robert McLauchlan, Mark Carlton, Daniel Higgins, Michael McConnell, Alberto Alberto, Patrick Brown **Row Two:** Erik Myhre, Brian Davis, Jeffrey Napoliello, Mark Maglin, Deric Camarigg, Scott Davis, Lawrence Wadford, Martin Beaulieu **Row Three:** John Hawley, Paul Dolan, Hampton Tanner, Curtis Irby, Braddock Treadway, Grant Mager, Michael Lanterman, Stephen Gutosky, Juan Segovia, Mark Haden **Not Shown:** Timothy Cherry, David Flick, Jason Ross, James Schwab

The Class of 1989

Row One: Julie Morgan, Peyton Allen, Laurie Mundy, Kimberly Feltault, Geoffrey Cielo, Charles Quintas, Ronald Novak, David Hurley, Casey Jamieson **Row Two:** Beth Thomas, Bryan Cheeseman, Norberto Nobrega, Erik Harrison, Dave Merker, Kent Berry, Greg Huffman, George Freidenberger, Tom Mathis, John Tekverk, Peter O'Connor, Jeremy Chio, Susan Seaman **Row Three:** Craig Prather, Shan Byrne, Stephen Martell, Robert Jones, Louis Durso, Kenneth Johansen, Joseph Toth, Colin Travers, Kevan Katuin, Frank Letellier, Scott Lysaght **Not Shown:** Vernon Cole, Mark Pimpo

The Class of 1990

Row One: George Dennis, James Forrester, Kenneth Caves, Jeffrey Czerewko, Michael Devaux, Charles Spangler, Walker Patterson, Jesse Tomlinson, Shawn O'Brien **Row Two:** James Fox, Dean Woodard, Marcus Stefanou, Jon Flowers, Miguel Sierra, Christopher Lundstrom, Donald McGahn, Glenn Hopson, Craig Davidson, Joseph Palmisano, Mark Arvizu, Harold Zabrowski, Gary Larson **Row Three:** Joseph Reason, Christopher Engdahl, Robert Beer, Richard Gurdak, Robert Keller, Wilburn Clarke, Robert Wedow, Richard Bonney, Edward Gernat, Brian Park, John Jones **Not Shown:** Richard Radice

Congratulations and Best
Wishes to the 28th Co.
and the Class of '87 from
the Family of
Ken Inglesby.

Welcome to the Navy Trish,
We are proud of you!
Love, Lisa and Ernie.

Good Luck — Class of '87.

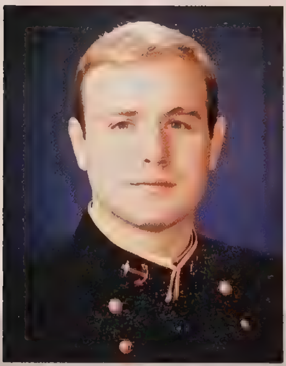
Gunnar, we take pride and
honor in your career. God
bless you and the Class of
1987. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations '87!
Best wishes to you all!
Marines really are better.
John Lynne and David
Family of Lt. Gregg Monk
28th Company.

Congratulations, Trish!
Once Again you've been
blessed. We're filled with
love, pride, and confidence in your future.
Mom, Dad, Doug
Thompson.

Samuel Cranage Baker

Springing upon us at the beginning of youngster year, Sam has been a great friend and companion to myself and others over the years. Stepping out of the concrete (almost) jungles of Alexandria, VA (via Ann Arbor, MI) his long, tall (gulp!), Sam Shepard charisma earned him high honors as an English major, as he approached his goal of slaying the nuclear power school dragon. Yet, fantasy aside, Sam always knew that three things made life worth living: crew, pasta, and Dorothy. Actually, Dorothy was the most important, but Sam's excellence at crew (Varsity Lt. Wts.) and his incredible appetite for eating pasta at 2:00 AM or anytime for that matter, were only surpassed by his years of five hour road trips to Duke U. and the parties both in N. Carolina and G-town. In all that Sam attempted, he was a perfectionist and a competitor. Many will always remember Sam's rebel ideas, but to me he'll just be missed. Take care, Sam, and the best to you always.



Steven Frederick Fenstemaker

Steve came to the Naval Academy as a good 'ole boy from Kansas. His farmboy image was evident when he demonstrated his hunting habits on the Company CDR's gerbils. Youngster year, he maintained his "practical joker" attitude, much to the dismay of his victims. Hence, he coined the nickname "Instigator." But this name seemed too single-faceted for such a well-rounded individual. The name "Pugsley" seemed to describe him to a "T." Pugs's life took a turn 2/c year; no more Grady's, Goucher, or Butterballs. When he met Karen, Pugs's 2/c car loan turned into a ring loan. It's too bad his bliss was interrupted because he forgot to go to the formation he had been going to for the past three years. A "black N" meant a whole semester without Karen. However, the 6th Wing Barber Shop was open 24 hours a day. Pugs was always scheming something. We all just hope he doesn't do the same things to his wife that he did to his roommates. TFW.

Sybil Victoria Bradley

Sybil isn't the kid that came from Winterhaven, CA anymore. She laughed her way through here, even getting sent to regimentals for it. Plebe year was fun with 3 F's, Ac-boards, and snowsneakers. Youngster year she changed her idea that real men only own 3 pairs of pants and went shopping for a striper on 6-0. What the heck! 2/c summer she bought the $100 Bluesmobile, the only living car with an 8-track. That year she flunked EE and became an LTM but did so consistently poorly that she got a D-gift and built a lot of character. She always excelled at breaking regs and not getting caught, but pushing the car through the intersection in town was the height of it. 1/c summer was just one of those things with cruise, anchor bouys, horseback riding and summer school (again). Service Selection stress passed and now she's off to Charleston. Keep the Navy in line. Good luck. Mitch.

Anthony Francis Fernandes

No one could ask for a better friend than Tony. He is a caring, compassionate, loyal friend with an intense faith in the Lord. At USNA, his main forte was Varsity soccer, as he lettered four years and helped lead the team to three victories over Army. He made the day-to-day rigor on the turf much more enjoyable with his cheerful attitude, comforting comradery, and keen sense of fair play. Off the pitch, Tony became instant friends with everyone he met. One could never hear a bad word spoken of Tony; everyone loved him, and he loved everyone. It is appropriate to mention the zeal in which he approached most relationships, especially those with the opposite sex. The "Latino Lover," as he is affectionately called, possessed a certain knack for wooing the women; yet he remained an ever-faithful, caring person, as KMO can attest. Tony, thank you for befriending me on and off the turf, sharing the faith, and always listening. JP.

Gunnar Wade Buzzard

If there was one word that described Gunnar's character at USNA, it was confident. His claim that he could succeed at anything he tried was not a mere utterance but rather a truth. During Plebe year, a coach cut him from the 150# football team, telling him he could never play fullback at Navy. But Gunnar was too self-assured to listen to the coach, and he came back to letter each of his last three years. During Youngster year, an academic adviser told him he would never make it in the aerospace engineering major. Again, Gunnar refused to listen. Armed with a 2.0 grade average from Plebe year, Gunnar went on to graduate an aerospace engineer, helping others in the major along the way. Although Gunnar was most noted for his confidence, he possessed an enthusiasm for life that carried over to his friends and caused him to paint himself green for Halloween and propose on a ski slope. Given these qualities, he will always succeed.

Patricia Agnes Flynn

Trish came to USNA via NAPS. Plebe year she learned how to get away from the pressures of 22 by joining the sailing team. This resulted in the ability to sail and also in many trips that year away from the Academy. Youngster year she took her experience on the high seas, Battalion sailing — laser style, ensuring her Friday noon departures on Weekends. Second Class year was a boon for her; with restriction on weekends during second semester and a black "N" to her credit, she moved to the top of Academy social rosters each weekend. As a firstie, Trish was a laid-back math major with two 15 hour semesters. She spent more time reading English books than her English major roommate. Now she's off to Pensacola as an NFO. God help the guy in the front seat. Best of luck, may you never again forget when your leave ends. SVB.-Thanks Mom, Dad, and all the rest. Couldn't have done it without you. PAF.

Michael Treacy Cantwell

Mike came to us from the distant land of Edgewater, which is about as far as his car can travel between repairs (Juuuj!). He entered USNA via prep school and brought with him a willingness to work hard, a concern for others, and a positive attitude. His dedication paid off he was elected President of the Surface Action Group and Company Honor Rep. In fact, rooming with Mike is kinda' like rooming with John Paul Jones and George Washington all rolled into one. At times I felt more like an answering service than a roommate — "Mike, call Linda," "Mike, call Cathy," "call Nori, call Wendy," etc. Quickly realizing that academics were an ECA at the Academy, Mike never missed an opportunity to go out on the town (which probably explains why I have never known him to have any money). Anyway, thanks for everything, Friend, and good luck in the real world. It may have been all downhill from the concert but everything's looking up from May 20! MAT.

James Truett Hagler

Marvelous Marvin Hagler entered USNA to become the next middleweight champion of the world via the plebe boxing program. His dreams fell short when he could not even knock down a future brigade commander. He decided then to become a "Master debater," and a good one at that! He worked on it six days a week. Nonstop vigor in the afternoons on through the night. Debate was good to Marvin, carrying off luggage at hand on Thursdays (sometimes even his squad element plebette's, also a debater) and returning with trophies on Sundays and an occasional "Sir, have you seen my clothes?" His best moment came when his sweet Karen and a Baltimore fling came out of the same arrival gate in BWI from LA. Seriously, now, James really helped us all; from EE to word processing. He's a great friend. Memories shared at the Ring. Lysa and I won't be late to dinner next time. Good luck with NAVY AIR. The California Room will always be California Dreamin'. GIL.

Patrick Nicholas Curtin

Patrick showed up with his psycho-goalie mentality and battled with grades, lax, roommates, and future. Parties in Bancroft. Grady's. Soph year his alter ego "'tender" emerged as well as his glass-snatching talents. He chose brews over bruises just in time for a week in the Volvo hotel in Fla. VIVIAN! Sleeping in the car in VA Beach. Surviving the roll in the 'vette. The second Fla. trip Curtie lost a head butt contest but won the plebette. Lauren. We'll avoid the taboo night at Chi-Chi's. Float Ridin'. Schaeffer's (both). A roll in the IVY. He could always find a unique place to relieve himself. Through all this and his many scuffles with the cops (N.Y.P.D. & Towson) he never got caught. His qualms over service selection resulted in the inevitable best choice. We will always lean on Curtie to plan us a *good* time. Bett-N-Joe's "...Nothing Special.."

Gil Rodriguez Diaz

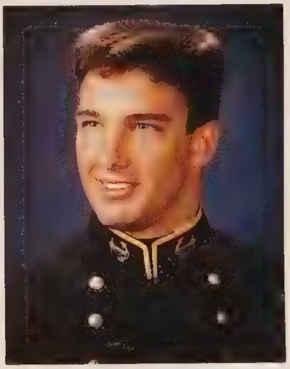
Gil came to USNA from the Naval Air town of Lemoore, CA, to fly (of course). Then came the fateful day during precoms: 20/25; Hello Surface Line! Gil will begin a long tradition of academy grads for his family, with his brothers right behind. Being a 2/C flamer, Gil made himself known to the powers that be and was rewarded with Co Ops. Of course, he actually simultaneously served as Plt. CDR. Gil was the only firstie unable to drink at gators; ah, the perils of youth. We will long remember Ring Dance, three hour restaurant waits, getting lost in VA, immoral NY nights, keeping me awake studying, and his obsession with the weight room. Gil's motto is "AIM HIGH OR DIE!" He applies this to everything from cars to women. His standards range from homecoming queen to Junior Misses. Thanks for a great two years, we were the California room and we will always be California Dreaming! JTH, aka MARVIN. Love you, M&D. GRD.

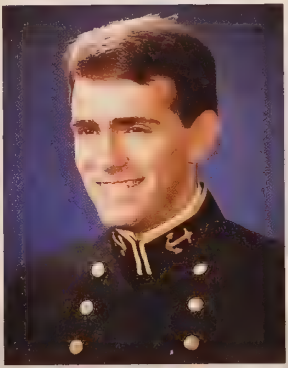
John Elmer Dryer

John entered 28th company with excellent qualifications to be my roommate: a "double E" major, high SAT's, and a complete Oingo Boingo collection. He carried me through Physics, Electrical Engineering, Calculus, and other math orientated courses with passing marks (more specifically, D's). In four years he has had his name changed to "Elmo" and now goes by the abridged version, just plain "MO." His accomplishments include the Sup's list, a second place finish as Billy Idol in the Library's lip sync contests, and originator of the slogan "Pay The Field." The valentines-for-Elmo campaign proved fruitful for Mo who is now currently involved in a steaming hot affair with a future Army second lieutenant. Elmo has been a good friend and a great pit boss.

Dave Paul Dutch

A learning experience is what you get when you don't get what you really wanted. I guess that makes USNA a great learning experience for Boobie Dutch. "I should have gone to a real school." " . . . BUT WHEN . . . "





Kenneth Todd Ham

Ken had a rough start at USNA but turned it around with a case of mistaken identity. Plebe year Hammer showed off his potent pooter power through sniffets and pyrotechnic displays, until the day it "backfired" on him. "The FLY" with Mean-Bean was hazardous. The TJ DOUBLE-TEAM with Bob. Youngster Year: CAUSE — Eat, Drink, Be Merry. EFFECT — "TIMER". Army-Navy Fun with Ken and JANE! 2nd class summer brought cruisin' and brewzin' in the 'Lude. Then: Return of MAGS, Low Flyin' Rig, Creek Crash, "Great Tune," TASTING everyone's favorite DISH, Ring Dance was MAGGIN' and JAGGIN' which ended with a bang. The summer brought LBI and the Top Gun Maneuver. 1st seMESSter; Wednesday Lib, Parent's Weekend; Black 'N', Battles with the ANTI-CHRIST, Wednesday at CJ's. But the good news is that Ken will soon be the pilot he always told everyone he was. "It's hot. Tito's sweaty." BETT-N-JOE'S " . . . WE'RE TOGETHER . . . "

Eric Jon Henry

Eric arrived at USNA from the fleet and parts unknown. Plebe year he was known as "psycho" and studied in the shower. Yes, folks, the shower was turned on! 3/c year he divided his time between the finest watering holes in Annapolis and his rack. After all, EE was never difficult for him (even after 5 semesters of Ralph). 2/c year Eric met Joann and his life would never be the same. Thanx, Jo, his Mastercard is down below the limit now. I wish you'd leave those duty sections alone, Eric. Now his life is divided between Glen Burnie, his RX7, and his rack. He's off to P-cola and with him goes many good memories. How about cartwheels into the Severn and small v-neck T-shirts. Was that you throwing snowballs in the Ram's Head or is my memory just cloudy? Watch your six my friend and remember: if you sleep 12 hours a day, you'll only be in the Navy for 2.5 years. RAH.

Robert Andrew Hickey

Bob came to us from No. Kingstown, RI via a short stop at NAPS. A Boston sports fan to the end, Bob was in heaven as the Sox, the Celts and the Pats all made the finals. But then there were also the Mets, LA, and the Bears to rain on his parade. They say Puritans come from New England, but, Bob, where are your sunglasses? "Mr Hickey, you're not impressing me in the least," but few drunken plebes Plebe Parents Weekend do. Although Bob's tolerence rose (to a half keg), his QPR didn't. We both sweat a 4.0 between us. The pressures of intramural sports and Ocean-o got to him and 2/c year found him joining the brotherhood to chase his first love — Rumor Control. Bob will break family NAVAIR tradition when he becomes a SWO God. Hopefully he won't sleep hungover through formals anymore. I hope my future wife has your attitude so we don't have any fights, but wait ... you get the bottle of Dom Pergnon. SJY.

Kenneth Albert Inglesby

Ken came to USNA to be a naval officer. He endured Plebe year, Duke T-shirts, and Dan's drunken evenings. Then came 3/C year, 28, and the man who defied all myths. The next three years were a blast. There were late-night hoops, after-evening-meal soccer, nights on the ledge with the ever-reliable Dan, visions of being a math major, the reality of Phy-Sci, and the urge to leave, as well as the 5000 he got for staying. As a 2/C he and the "Boys" became one; EE, road trips, totaled cars, Howie puke, dart games, Crossbows and Catapults, CDR's row, N.J, and Hood, were all a part of the fun. 1/C year brought a platoon, the "Stang," responsibility, personal growth, and a semester without me. Ken endured, Kak stayed, and he and the "Boys" were soon parted. Yet all is well, and our hero, Napken, will fulfill his dream and become a naval officer, as he so desperately desired. As Frost said, "Nothing gold can stay," and thus we are parted. Good luck! SML.

Stuart Michael Littlejohn

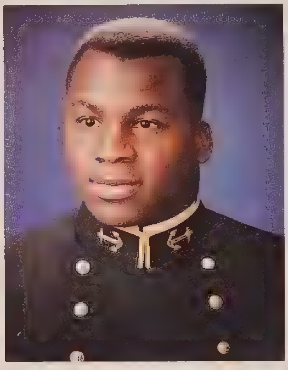
Stu came to USNA from the land of 10,000 lakes. Plebe year in Fun One saw the formulation of some impressive goals (4 stripes and a 3.0). 3/c year meant a new company and the beginning of three years with me, Mo, and Dan. Poly sci turned into math (only you could go from group III to II), Carol appeared, myths were shattered and poems were written. 2/c year came and you excelled. Christmas caused a dream to disappear, but Carol was there. 1/c summer brought Marine-option and Starboard Batt. 1st semester: 5 stripes, PR, life without me, and the fulfillment of a three-year dream. You even made it home to LI. (It took you long enough!) 2nd semester brought sleeping in, a license (thanks to the "STANG"), an unimproved voice, and an underwater career. Thanks for tolerating me, Kak, and the Boys. I wouldn't have made it without you. Your future may be undecided, but "it sounds like a personal problem to me." Ken.

Laura Louise Lott

Laura found plebe year different from sunny Miami — perfume at the O's game, cold trips to Amigos, an ICR. She excelled in everything- grades, pro-knowledge, and varsity V-ball. 3/c year was more relaxing -spending time with her old beau, then frequenting squash meets. Remember Spring Break? 2/c summer — one more chance for Laura to sow her wild oats. Don't forget vacation at Dover, rope bridges in Quantico, and purity tests. Ac year saw Laura's return to the V-ball team as a starter, another "star" academic performance, another crazy Spring Break, red beach, and a last-minute Ring Dance date that turned into something a little less temporary. Cruise in Hawaii was another rerun of Laura breaking hearts. She finally settled down from her "Hyperactive" ways for Plebe detail and Batt Ops. Her string of admirers is long; I'll always be one of the many. Laura is a true friend. Good Luck. DLF.

Vincent Derrick McBeth

THE most gripped man at Navy. In his early years we referred to him as "Bama." His adventures are unlimited, but these jog the memory- Nugget, Boxhead, graceDO, Hago, TWIF, GrandPa, Pops, Jake, RustCrew, WOS, "That's neither here nor there," Springfield — bent, blind, numb. Being d'boy, Heaviness — Angels, Batmites, and icky things — BYE CAS. Would you? Finny's, Barmps. BRGD. Janitor, Best Body, Hook me. Almost USMC. P-COLA, FIRE, gerring, beige, torque-ing, locked, Full, stage, That's Love, 40 min, Bobby M., sorriness, PATHIC. NUGGET had the stature that made a statement. His friends are assured of a lifetime hand to call on and a man to IMP them. Cold as ice, twice as nice, he gets gripped more than cat's chase mice. Together forever, forever together, the three of us are tougher than leather. Thanx for the most gratifying part of all we have endured — FRIENDSHIP. JOHN & TONE. All who have played a part, THANX. LUV U MOM — NUGGET.



Greggory Boyd Monk

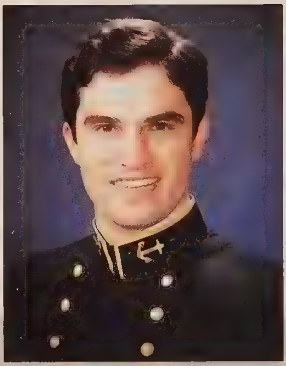
Gregg came to Navy from the suburbs of Detroit. After an uneventful plebe year in 36, Monker moved in with the boys of 28. He started youngster year off right with a trip to Goucher. The girls all loved it when he did push-ups for them. Monker had a very rewarding 1/C sailtramid cruise. It reinforced his thoughts of being land-based and worked out his stomach pumping muscles at the same time. Gregg had a few wild nights out, too. He earned the title of CB when he received his diving quals on the dance floor of Pete's Pub. 1/C year Monker fulfilled every man's dream ... three redheads in one month (M,T,L)! He also became famous in 28 for his back rubs. Monker had another big night out at Poser's, but this time he was attacked (or so he says). A few other things: the girl with an all-over tan, and seven girls in Ocean City. Greg chose to be a Marine Aviator (the only Marine in 28) on service selection night. Best of luck, see ya in P-cola. PUGS.

Mary Patricia Thompson

After a year at Vanderbilt, Trish did not find USNA quite so enjoyable. Some of her upperclass even felt she had an attitude problem. In spite of her attitude, Trish managed to excel in academics, softball, and her social life. 3/c year, Trish had a change of heart. She learned to appreciate her former second class. After a fun-filled summer in Germany with two of her favorite redheads, Trish returned to start 2/c year. Keeping busy with OCF, Trish still found time to work on her tan and her professional knowledge (SEALs were her interest). 1/c summer Trish terrorized the plebes, training for her first semester billet as Batt Squad Leader. A dedicated softball captain, Trish began using 12 oz. weights and throwing potatoes au gratin to strengthen her arm. Good luck with Intell, Trish, you've been a good friend. LLL. P.S. We luv ya, Chunk; too bad your service selection is a contradiction in terms. US.

Michael Anthony Tobin

Mike was always "fixin'" on coming to the Naval Academy, unfortunately, he had to spend a year at N.C State before coming to Annapolis. Once at USNA, Mike made success look easy. He made the Sup's list six semesters, was selected for a Rhodes interview and did VGEP. Mike joined the Pistol team as a novice, but left as an All-American and team captain. Always wishing to broaden his horizons (and collect PerDiem), Mike participated in NAFAC, the British Naval Academy exchange, and an internship at SHAPE. Mike disappointed some of the Brass by turning down Brigade stripes, but he became a folk hero around the Brigade. His roommate will always remember the Bruce concert, Florida, and Pete's Place. But more important were the good times spent in Mother B playing poker or discussing politics. Mike's sardonic wit and hometown advice ("Never drink beer with people you don't like") helped us all make it through this place. P.S Are you sure your car is on Dewey? MTC.



Juan Mendoza Wheat

Juan came to USNA from Salinas, California. Back in NAPS he was a Country Music Lover and a big K-Mart customer. Now he listens to rock and wears Polo all over. Plebe year was good for Juan, he started out with Jessica and ended up with Elizabeth. During third class year, he acquired a taste for the finer things, like Gouda Cheese and the Hilton. Second class summer in Europe introduced him to wine, food, and showers. He also learned to talk with his hands. He could say DISCO and ORANGES. But during 2/C year he laid his eyes upon his sweetheart Eun and he was a new man — including being chic and a great dresser. Since he met Eun, he has never looked away. Fair Winds and Following Seas, our friend. Que Dios te bendiga. Los Hijos — tus dos amigos.

Timothy Frederick Whelan

As a member of an all-male high school, Tim didn't know what to expect from a coed college. Plebe year brought a challenge and a few close calls. 3/c year meant a new company and introducing himself by flipping my rack. The woods and Bud complemented each other well. 2/c year: too much fun spelled unsat, and the big tree ended the semester. 1/c summer saw a great cruise (with waitress-chasing, a wrecked moped and Irish bars), a change in address, and detail. Late night talks and early morning wake ups went with living with me. First semester was full of sister's friends, elevator rides, three Duke girls in one weekend! Second semester brought a cocky attitude and a puke-green yuppie-mobile. Your name means good times and good advice. Thanks for both. Bett-N-Joe's. Ken. "... THE PLACE!"

John Michael Quast

He came to the Academy from America's Dairyland. (Just what is a bubbler, anyway?) Possessing fantastic track abilities and a zeal for progressive music, John brought with him a style unique to the Navy. He is the only person I've seen literally hit a bulkhead. Maybe that's why his knees never touch? John quickly adapted to life as a plebe in 17, getting shoved off from chow calls by classmates and getting in trouble for it. DOnuts for breakfast and Saturday night granola parties provided sustenance. During his upperclass years, John took to travelling. Germany, France, Denmark, and the Italian Navy have all experienced his dry wit. There has also been action closer by-beer-stained Lauderdale hotels and bars, and clandestine rendezvous with female plebes. Nuclear bound, he'll try his hand at HE111 one more time, and will certainly rise in the ranks to meet the mark of the "Q's" already out there. See you in Florida — DAR (pronounced DAR).

Patrick Joseph Quinn

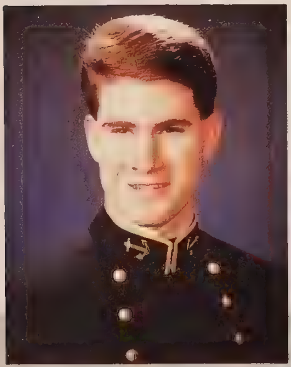
P.J. survived Plebe Summer and the first semester GOOBS only to be teamed with Stef in the task of controlling BIG BOB. " — Pat, I ain't goin' in the closet!" Pasadena — Who's that in the parking lot? Sophomore cruise in the Orient with Duker, DP, and Stef — SAFARI? First Fla. — 151 Floaters, Summer's, Dave's oysters, SNOW? Junior Summer: Rent-a-Reck, "Take those sunglasses off!" Junior year: over the wall, PUDDLES, Sixth Wing Dumpster. Second Fla. — BKing with Firls, ID's. 21 — "Yo Sweetpants! How 'bout some Saltines!" Covers Please. Ring Dance: Curing Hiccups, Champagne bath. MC opt. in HI- KPat & KPoug, Christine and the Ybar, "I feel so safe." In the mud, "This ain't for ME!" 8-minute naps, MAC-A-DOOS. Senior year: A-TEAM, those questioning eyes, Schaeffer's (Don't throw BEER!). Great friends and great memories! Thanks Jen. You were always there when I needed you. You, too, Mom and Dad. BETT-N-JOE'S " . . . WE OWN . . . "

Daniel Kirk Shields

From sports to school to social life, Dan is the type of person who will always give one hundred percent. On varsity squash his relentless effort has paid off by giving him the best varsity record. His dedication to higher learning coupled with habitual studying helped him to get D's in both Physics and Electrical Engineering. He even managed to make the Dant's list one time. Finally, his social life is the envy of all. From fast cars, to fast women, to lots of plastic, he has managed to survive through the years. At service selection he made the big decision to become a fly boy. He hopes to fly F-14's off of carriers. He has been a good roommate and friend.

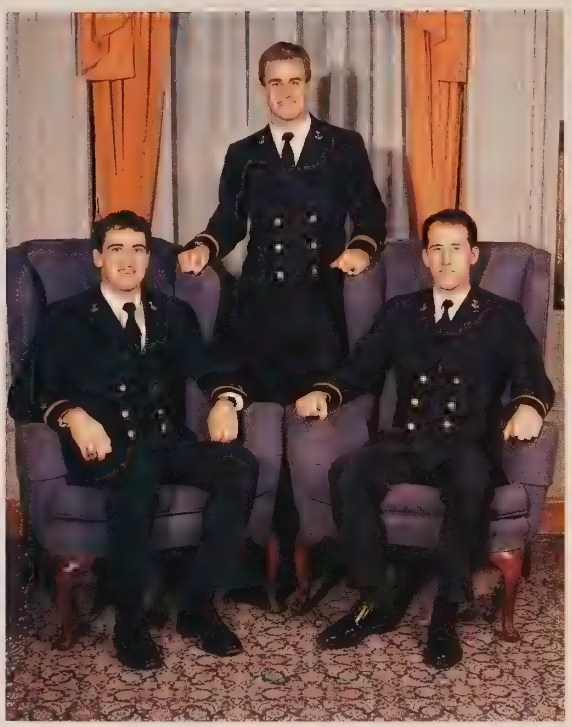
Jeffrey Dennis Stec

Jeff came to us from the cold reaches of Utica, Michigan. Being number six out of eight children, he was able to adjust to the crowded conditions of Bancroft. A truly nice guy, Jeff could always be depended on for a good laugh, even if he didn't understand the joke. That's what made Jeff such a nice guy; his innocence and humility always came out in his quiet character. As things would have it, Jeff became Mr. Intensity for awhile, "Lucifying" for hours upon hours of hard study. He is driven by an incredible discipline and a confident attitude, and yet when it comes to having fun or having an open ear, or being a friend, he could always be relied on. Jeff's simple and tranquil behavior is only the surface of a deep and thoughtful individual. Jeff is like a deep and calm river with strong hidden currents and life. There is no doubt Jeff will make a fine pilot as he ventures out from here. Thanks, Jeff, for being you. TF.



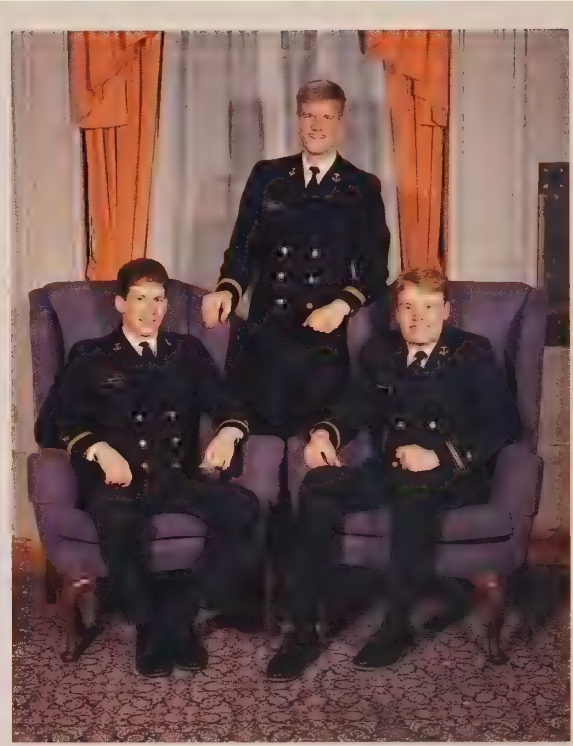
Steven Joseph Yoder

Hailing from Fayetteville, GA, Steve had a great set of numbers first semester. That's 6'4", 155 lbs, and a 1.33. Luckily, and to everyone's amazement, he survived. (Despite bad gouge that oceanography was a gouge major). Youngster year brought better grades and Steve actively pursued soccer. 2/c year brought on a new challenge — the plebes. Aptly nicknamed "Captain Pro-Dev," Steve enjoyed quizzing the plebes on what he didn't learn plebe year. As company commander, Steve led 28 to new levels in drill. "Maybe we'll get 35th next time." Above all else, Steve must be remembered for his heinous crime of waving to a friend at Army. I know a certain Captain who still gets mail over that one! Now Steve plans to cycle to P-cola with Firebird in tow. Steve will have many fond memories of this place. (HA,HA) Good luck roomie and remember: a bogie on your six is better than no bogie at all. RAH.



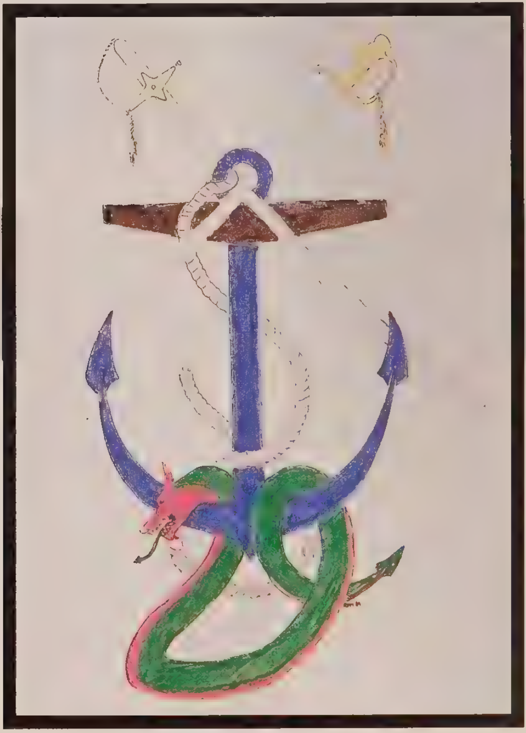
Fall Staff

Company Commander: Christopher W. Hodges
Company Sub Commander: Michael D'Ambra
Company Adjutant: William E. Howe III

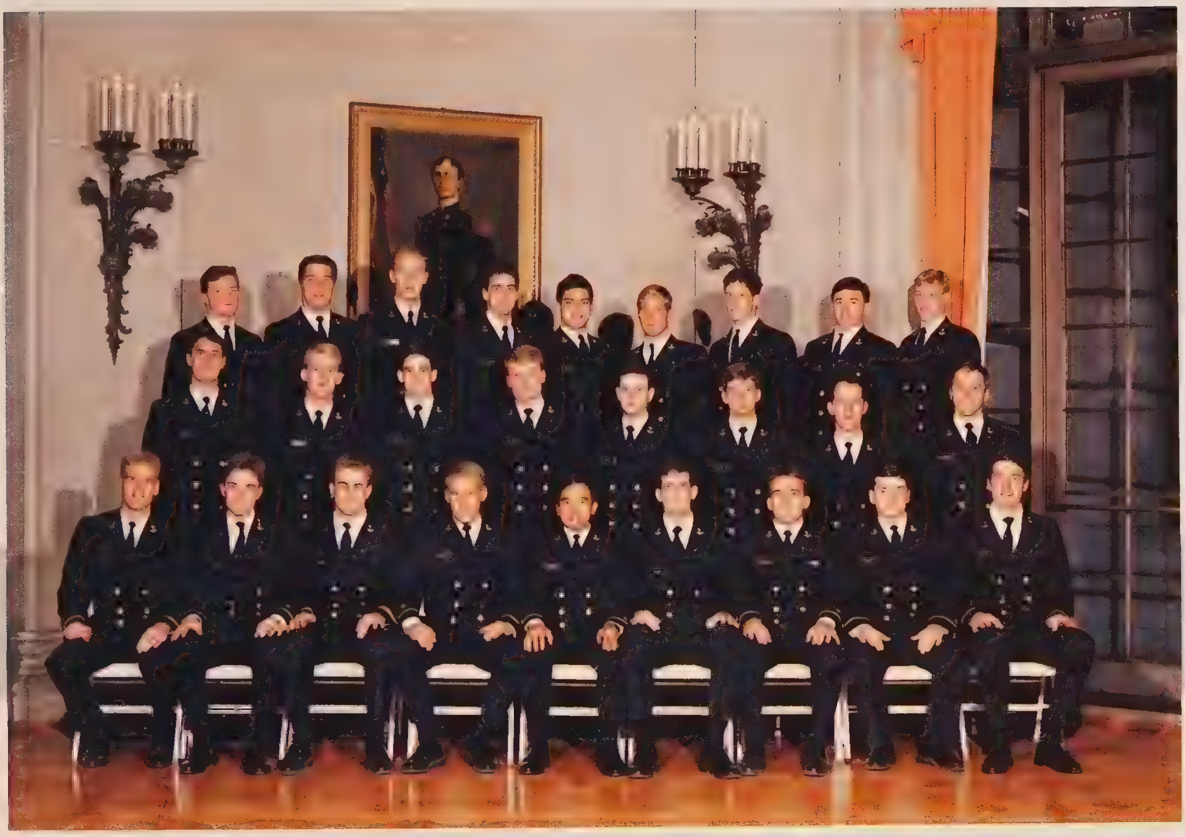


Spring Staff

Company Commander: Louis J. Gregus
Company Sub Commander: Anthony J. Sindoni
Company Adjutant: Brett M. Pierson



LT Jeffrey Tomeo



The Class of 1987

Row One: Lou Gregus, Albert Desmarais, Christopher Hodges, Michael Gieg, Allen Cruz, Andrew Rowe, Steven Sylvester, Michael Lombardo, David Quint **Row Two:** Thomas Graves, Jeff Colwell, Robert Goodbody, Brett Pierson, Thomas Schwab, Eric Holloway, William Howe, Jim Willcockson **Row Three:** Danford Sammons, Keith Peden, Timothy Wolf, Michael D'Ambra, James Merna, Anthony Sindoni, Alan Rodgers, Robert Hallawell **Not Shown:** Gregory Harris, Michael Sheerin, John Wells

The Class of 1988

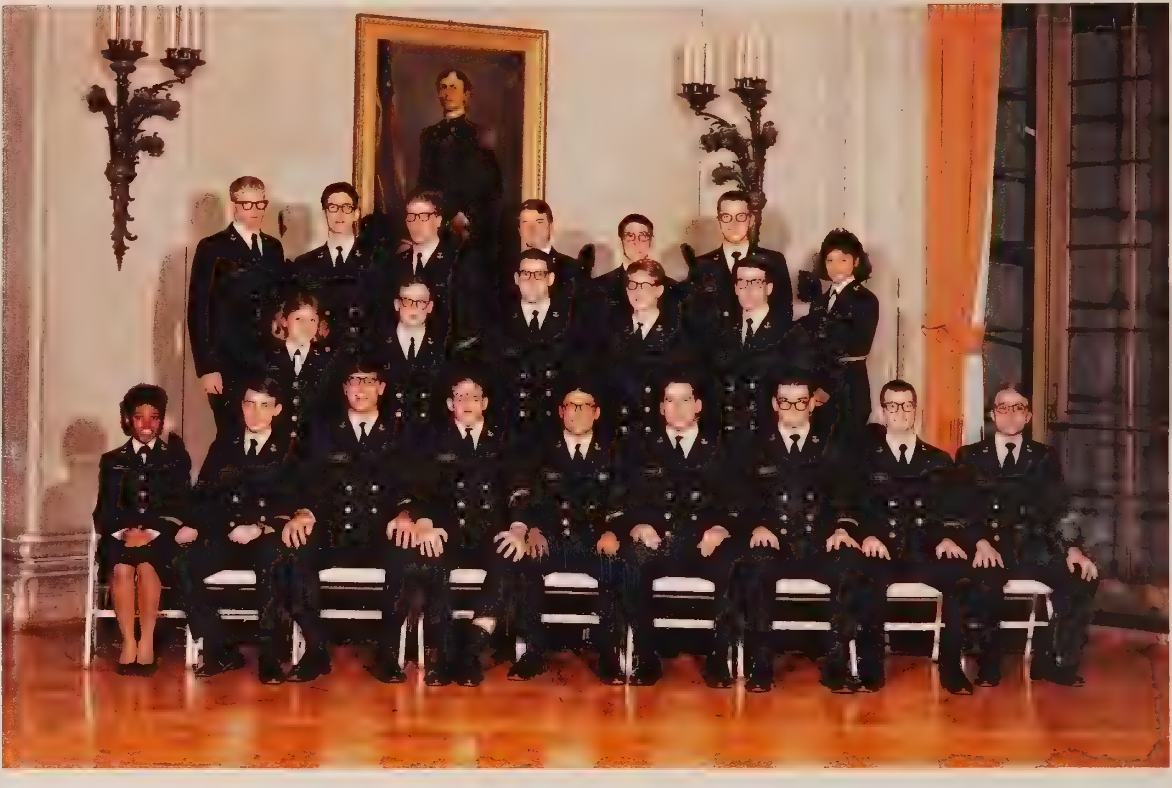
Row One: Cassondra Preer, Richard McGrath, William Park, Ernest Kotsos, James Cox, Joseph Brenner, Shaun Donnelly, Gregory Lamb, Stephen Coker **Row Two:** Robin Buxton, Jason Summers, William Wheeler, Andrew Greene, Brian Clancy **Row Three:** Michael Camilleri, Jon Hooper, Thomas Smith, William Fiery, Robert Harrill, Steven Sladky, Elena Abuyen **Not Shown:** Timothy Brunn, Judy Kempsity, Timothy Mattison, George Mazzoli, Howard Payton, Scott Shire, Gretchen Stage, Eric Wyatt

The Class of 1989

Row One: Roderick Manabat, Matthew Martin, Daniel Eckhart, Gerard Schaefer, John Robertson, Steve Hampson, Lance Fuller, Paul Ling, Timothy Gallaudet **Row Two:** John Bellino, Brian Wong, Matthew Scribner, Timothy Litz, David Milot, Preston Jones, Adam Holmes, John Graham, Carther Jorgensen, Daniel Catlin, Jerome Cann, Ted Wingfield, Robert Ruiz **Row Three:** Reece Morgan, Scott Jensen, Paul Herbert, William Ormsby, Charles Messenger, Randall Smith, Bill Fries, Mark Bergmann, Mark Breeden, Tom Magnani, Anthony Iuculano **Not Shown:** Kip O'Connor, James Reining

The Class of 1990

Row One: Stephanie Karasick, Monica Schrodt, Maria Filonczuk, Derek Vanderbunt, Michael O'Brien, Thomas Creek, Joseph Luchtenberg, Marc Johnson, Baron Reinhold **Row Two:** Ann Stringfellow, James Tannahill, Mark Burgess, John Jackson, Roger Dubbs, David Makowicz, Brian Smith, William Vaughn, Brendan McLane, Anthony Kyvelos, Jennifer Christen, Alan Reyes, James Vestevich **Row Three:** Brian Garrison, Louis Schager, Robert Wcislo, Gerry Bufkin, Robert Sofge, Mark Chenoweth, Michael Osogwin, Daron Fullwood, William White, David Bogner



To our only son Allen Cruz, we're so proud of you. May God bless you and keep you safe and well always. We love you. Mom, Dad, and Gladys.

Keep trying to sweet talk the girls. Unconditional love, Mom, Sheila, Deb, Dee, Emery.

ENS Keith Peden you did it! We knew you could! With immense pride, we all congratulate you! We love you son. May God bless and keep you. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations, Lou and the many mids we have come to know and love. "Our cup runneth over."

Mike Sheerin — proud of you many times before but never as today. Godspeed for the future. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Ensign Tom Schwab, and happy campers. Together you worked, pray-ed and played. May you always keep such a balance in life. Love, Mom, Dad, and sisters.

Bravo Rob Goodbody! Wear the Scarlet & Gold with Pride! May there always be Rainbows . . . Happy memories of USNA. We Love You. Mom, Dad, Bridget and Jimmy.

Spokane congratulates Midshipmen Bowmer, Cote, Dawson, Green, Johnson, Peden, and Sargent on your graduation from the U.S. Naval Academy. We are very proud of you.

Congratulations Alan, With love and pride, Mom.

NAVY
NAVY
USNA

Jeffrey Philip Colwell

Calvin came to the Academy straight from a comic book life in Acton, MA. We learned Jeff was perfect from his plebe year roommates Mike D. and Stan C. We found Jeff on 3/C cruise in a tattoo parlor, leaving with an eagle. That year brought away-football games at Syracuse and trips to Baltimore. 2/C year showed Jeff's true character. Being perfect in every way, he busted on Tom for his grades and his injuries. Since Jeff never turned down a beer, partying with him was an experience. From the freezing 'gater at Army-Navy, kicking him out of bed in G-town, Peals by firelight at Killington, roadside stops in Harrrtford with Tom's scarf, to trying to finish the beer on the Ring Dance boat, Jeff was entertaining. Passing up stripes for pride and no accountability, Jeff breezed through 1/C year. Liking short hair, he's joining the marines to fly. We wish you the best of luck with your career, and may God stay by your side. GNH & TCG.

Allen Regaspi Cruz

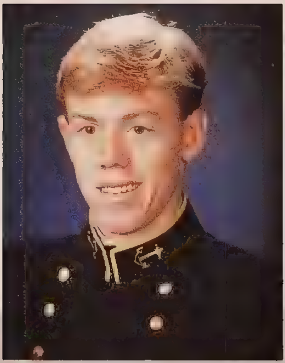
Big Al arrived at USNA thanks to a bureaucratic oversight and a little corruption (Uncle Ferdie Marcos would be proud) in the immigration department. One of the most outspoken mids at the Academy, he realized that the right to free speech includes volume. He chose to exercise this right freely as the earthquakes followed him from California. Big Al had an eye for a certain cultural compatriot of the fairer sex. Things weren't always as hot and steamy as he would have liked, but he kept this on the backburner for two years. He always did have something cooking in the 6-3 Philippine Cuisine. Ever since the KNOBS from Phoamin' Phoar discovered his true love for Corona and loud music, Big Al has since become quite the party connoisseur. Just ask the girls from Subic and they'll tell you all about their boy, Regaspi. If you don't knock 'em dead in P-cola, you can always be a short order cook in Carson! Later dude ... JEW, DMQ, RPD. P.S. ILY, ELA!

Michael Joseph D'Ambra

Mike was a father figure in 29, hitting birthday 25 before graduating and finding those gray strands under his cover. Mike took his time in getting to USNA. Out of Livermore, CA, he tried to learn civilian style, but his studying (?) was too expensive, so he joined the Navy. After being on the NTC circuit and studying for silver dolphins, Mike arrived in the class of '87 with younger brother Chuck. He fell in love with USNA as a plebe in 26, but found the scramble to 29 socially better. Each semester Mike made ADM McKee's decision to accept him for nuke power that much harder as an Engineer. During 2/C year X-mas came early; her name, Diane. So much for weekends with the boys; those two were due for wedding bells. Not the best financier, he managed to scrape funds together (nuke bonus) to get her a rock. Say goodbye to your CA tan "roommate." Take some Beach Boys tapes under with you and I'll send mom's food. Hope the hunting's good. Good Luck, Buddy! TJW.

Albert Joseph Desmarais

Albie, you Road Warrior, you. Well, you didn't travel far to get here but have come a ways since. Youngster year you decided to never put in a full night of studying again. Who else could get Supe's List with 10 hours of sleep a day? Computers and you have mixed well ... so have you and McGarvey's, but that's another story. "Hey, Al, bed spins only stop when you can reach the floor; you're in the top rack ... want another oyster?" Ford should never have sold you a five litre engine ... "SEE YA!" Driving is not a competition for the MOST points. Youngster year you liked girls with Alpha Codes but Second Class year you switched to girls whose boyfriends had Alpha Codes. It's OK, plebes can't take weekends anyway. We wish you the best of luck as a SWO Nuke but you usually don't need luck. See you at the top! "Have you got forty cents?" CWH & LJG.



Robert Elkins Hallawell

Mother mother ocean
I have heard your call
Wanted to sail upon your waters
Since I was just 3 feet tall.
Yes I am a pirate,
Two hundred years too late
The cannons don't thunder
There's nothing to plunder
I'm an over 40 victim of fate.
But I've done a bit of smuggling
And I've run my share of grass.
I've made enough money to buy Miami
But I (drank) it away so fast
I go for younger women
Lived with several awhile
Though I ran them away
They come back some day
Still could manage to smile.
Mother mother ocean
After all the years I've found
Occupational hazard be
Occupation just not around.
— Jimmy Buffett

Gregory Norton Harris

Greg came to us from RR 2, Yarmouth, ME. He came with morals, a hairline, and a fiancee, all of which he lost during his stay here. His mind led him to Dorsey Road, but we all know that his heart stayed in Maine with Stacey. Dogbait was always a true friend, willing to sacrifice pride, comfort or personal injury for the common good- sooner or later he picked up slack for all of us. 2/C year brought the happy campers and road trips to all corners of the country — nothing short of 24 hours was too far. He supplied us all with an endless supply of stories and no small amount of sound financial advice, via Guido. 1/C year led Greg to try and earn his wings early; however, he soon learned that a 200SX will not fly. 1/c year also brought near VT trips to visit Jen and ski. We all wish him well, and hope his sportsmanlike play and game face take him into space. Remember: it's not the kill, but the thrill of the chase. JPC, BMP, TMS.

Christopher William Hodges

CW came from Sunny Southern California to some military school in the east called Annapolis. He came prepared for the rough life at Navy with tennis racket, guitar, and sailing gear in hand. Plebe year was memorable: "Mr. Scufka, like, I didn't have time to make my rack, Sir." Youngster year Chris claimed his famed "Teddy Bear" award and was forever marked as a cradle robber. Second Class year Chris realized restriction was no fun and reveille goes at 0700. He also faced his greatest dilemma — which one to take to the famed Magic Boat? First class year brought Chris three stripes, older women, and Dant's list (amazing!). Well, Chris, for a pork chop, computer science major who should have been an air dale, poli-sci — you've done alright. Cowabunga, man! Good luck. AJD & LJG.

Eric Charles Holloway

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stand still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They rage the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.
And each forgets, as he strips and runs
With a brilliant, fitful pace,
It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones
Who win in the lifelong race.
And each forgets that his youth has fled,
Forgets that his prime is past,
Til he stands one day with a hope that's dead,
In the glare of the truth at last.
— Robert W. Service

Michael Eugene Gieg

"Hobble" came to us from Bakersfield, CA. Can you say flannel shirts and Levis? Drawn by a need to see the world and a love for "Old Spice," Mike came to Navy. It was here Mike developed his prone position (seated at his Compaq computer with a green glow on his face). For the next year Hobble would develop new interests; YP's, Sup's List, and tension. Having survived plebe year, Mike had only three more easy years to study and work on his computer degree. WRONG! The corruption of his classmates soon led Mike away from YP's and computers to such delights as yachting, Marblehead, Jimmy Buffet, and cerveza. Hobble's daily summer routine . . . 1700 race ends, 1705 "Zeus, have a couple beers," 1710 "Zeus, I didn't know the fish were hungry!" First class year Hobble is a new man with a new truck, and a new set of friends. We love you, Hobble De Gieg. "Hey! You want that food?" Good luck with that Nuke stuff! CWH.

Robert Anderson Goodbody

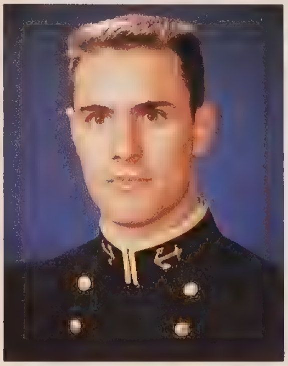
Rob's goals for his plebe year first became evident to us when he announced that he could not wait to party with the guy in the next room. Unfortunately for him this was during a platoon wide discussion with his platoon leader Zoey. Rob spent most of that year struggling with academics and debating with his first class as to the importance of sailing: "I got a regatta, Sir!" Rob took youngster year well, enjoying his drinking rights, and an exclusive apartment on the Severn? Don't ask him about second class year. Marine option cruise in Hawaii tanned Rob a new shade of green; some of us still believe it was from too many Mai tais. Good luck in the corps! BG.

Thomas Copp Graves

Tom came to us from nearby Chevy Chase, which was farther away than the map shows due to his grades. Tom, Lee, and Greg made it through plebe year; Lee left but was missed. A recruited soccer player, Tom's chronic injuries led him to managing the Tennis team, for which he proudly wears his "N." Only those who got to go out with Tom and Jodi ever saw him on the weekends, the rest had to settle for his obnoxious presence in the hall. Seriously, Willis was always willing to buy a round for the guys. He fought through three years of grades, accumulating a few drops of gravy. 1/c year, Tom learned to get better grades by postponing NL till 2nd semester. Off to sail the seven seas, we wish Tom and Jodi the best of luck. GNH & JPC.

Louis John Gregus

Louie came from the breeding ground of midshipmen, New Jersey, who knows what exit. He arrived at age thirty-five with the desire to be a company commander and a SWO daddy. By senior year he had run out three roommates and was well on his way to success as a striper. Damn, along came Chris and Al and neither one would leave. Oh well, then we'll have to be friends — three egos, one world; TIGHT FIT! Youngster year meant the '65 pony (LOU, It's December and the top's down!) and trips to Schaefer's where Lou picked up the first in a series of "bad colds." It's OK, Lou, "The Thing That Ate Delaware" won't follow you West. We had some pretty great trips, too; The Magic Boat was truly a "Magic Evening." First Class year gave Lou Company Commander, Nuke SWO, and a glowing future (HA!). There's room at the top for at least three. CWH & AJD.



William Ernest Howe

Billy Ray came to USNA from Augusta, Georgia. (Ray is still processing the paperwork.) Ah! William E. Coyote, Supergenious! Billy Ray had many ambitions and plans over his four years. We could always count on Ray for time management skills — psych! You can consult E.F. Howegouge for corny financial advice, but it will cost you $500. Bill had things well in hand youngster year; he could sling it with the best of them in 3/c boxing. Billy Ray was our finest adjutant. That's D-E-L-E-G-A-T-E! Narcoleptic Bill found the perfect cure for not sleeping in class. He came up with some alarming solutions to his problem (three of them in fact). During 2/c cruise, Bill single-handedly took on the entire Soviet fleet at Norfolk. Next on his agenda is a duty station physically closer to the enemy — Yokoska, Japan. Thanks, Ray, for putting up with me, Paul Schaefer and the NBC organ. Thanks for all the laughs. Good luck in the Far East! DMQ, JPC, TCG.

Roy Rodriquez Ledesma

Playboy Roy made that long trip to Annapolis from the suburbs of Los Angeles with a year-long stop in Newport, where he proved that 12 hours of sleep a day is what you need to finish at the top of your class. Roy was recruited to play hoops; however, things didn't work out, and Navy missed a great outside shooter. Roy thought that being an engineer was for him until he faced Statics and Graphics and decided that he'd prefer more time for sleep and hoops, and switched to being a mathematician. Roy wasn't the Playboy for nothing and his ever-present smile (and some beers) could start a conversation with anyone. Roy was also known as Julie, company cruise director, the intriguing Brown Hornet, and a "hell on the Hudson" champ as LF (Class of '10) knows. Playboy Roy is finally heading back west to California (San Diego) for some sun, fun, Coronas, and to be a surface "warrior." Good Luck, Buddy! JFM.

Michael John Lombardo

USNA is a place of change for all those who attend . . . Mike is no exception to the rule. Via the great plebe scramble, Mike found himself surrounded by a new group of classmates who quickly befriended the naive "Lump" from Connecticut. Lump's youngster year was characterized by an infatuation with a certain plebette who finally consented to a date after Herndon . . . His female frustrations were just beginning. Second class year EE blues led Mike to the Ac-Board and resulted in another LTM. Mike's bout with prohibition ended on his 21st B-Day with his first taste of alcohol. The year ended with the infamous letter . . . thank God for the JAG corp. First class year . . . 4th of July in New York . . . BB61 . . . extraordinary taxi cab rides? The unforgettable Mr. Dubbs . . . the beautiful dancer Lump met at Jason's, saw twice and blew off . . . didn't we teach you anything? Best wishes to our SWO buddy in Japan . . . keep that coffee mug full! HDG.

James Faulk Merna

Although Jimbo has a short trip to USNA from his home in Lanham, Maryland every weekend, it took him a year in Newport to get here and find his first love — sailing. Graduating in the top of his class at NAPS, he had plenty of time to brush up on his billiards. Jimbo's hard work in academics and sailing at USNA paid off for him; as he received his nuke bonus (SWO style); and a few trophies for getting a good tan, going to yacht club parties, and even for winning a few races. He was also known to be a "shmoove" operator, especially after a few beers with the boys; however, he thought it was time to hang up the ole topsiders and "shmooveness" for his true love, Shannon. The nuke bonus is now a diamond ring, and I hope to see Jim and Shannon down in Mayport. Good Luck, Buddy! RRL.

Keith Roy Peden

Keith came to Crabtown from the Great Pacific North-West (?). Plebe year proved to be quite an experience for "The Two Hundred and Forty Pound Christmas Freak." Keith got his first taste of Navy medicine during spring break and an invitation to meet the Supe around the "Big Green Table" later in the year. Youngster year found Keith scrambled to good old 29. He started out on a bad foot when he unknowingly hit one of his new classmates, a man destined for Honor Czardom, with a "milk bomb." Second class year found Keith engaged with a class in Advanced Christmas Decorating. Keith plunged into first class year as NAVY's Super Shot Putter. There were many days when Keith aired his displeasure to Al, but things seemed to settle down after Hepts. None of us will ever forget the man who started playing Christmas Music during First Class Parents Weekend and decorated the room Halloween. Best of luck to a good friend and roommate. MJL '87.

Brett Matthew Pierson

Grease under his nails, Brett arrived to spend plebe year with Chuck and Oly. His roomies heard tales of Sebring and Alice, but another character assumed the leading role at Ring Dance. As a youngster, Brett scrambled to 29 . . . Alice fell by the wayside, and 2/c year saw the advent of the Happy Campers, whose exploits are too numerous and bold to be recounted here. Firstie year — "dude, you would not believe" — meet me at Davis, and I'll tell all, as soon as my check is good. The car was finally legal (at least in the eyes of USNA), the bike questionable — but what a poster it made. The rewards of persistence finally paid off at Christmas and suddenly weekends with Sylvia took on primary importance; we wish you both the best. Brett fogged a mirror in May, so he went fleetward to do what he does best: go higher, farther, and FASTER than anyone else. Best of luck, BP. Don't die not knowing, and remember, horsepower is the ultimate goal. CDM '87.

David Michael Quint

Didja hear the one about the squid from Georgia who went to Congress? Neither did we. Har! Har! Har! After living with space cadets for three years, you would think he'd be a shoe-in for NASA. Dave came to Crabtown with a yearning for the vast blue expanses of sky, a firm trust in God, an inexhaustible supply of patience, and an unbearable sense of humor. He tortured Big Al on the hour-long vader ride. Dave can't be accused of following in his brother's footsteps. While the eldest Quint pushed electrons for four years, Dave shoveled words. The few, short years here have brought their changes, too. Dave wasn't a holier-than-thou zealot when he stepped through the Academy gates on I-day. But he'll be pounding the BIBLE when he leaves. And who would have thought that Bach could be played so loud? Dave will have a blast in P-Cola. He'll have to get used to some Filipino food first. If they can't take a joke . . . JEW, ARC.

Alan McElwee Rodgers

Shmoov Al left sunny NC and arrived at Annapolis via a stop in snowy Newport, RI. Al had all the answers when he arrived at USNA. This attitude fit perfectly into the atmosphere of "The Club." After being routed into 29 he spent the next couple of semesters living on the edge. A quick chat with the Dant and he decided to set his sights on graduation. Being from Tobacco Road, Al constantly kept the boys informed of how his North Carolina teams in the ACC were doing. Also, with those "Solid Gold" moves on the dance floor, Al was never at a loss for an evening's partner. Al started on the 150's team as a plebe and lettered three times as a defensive end. After a brief stint with Aerospace Engineering he decided that General was better. I know that in his future as a Navy pilot, Al will continue to speak his mind, regardless of the consequences, just as he will continue to monopolize the mirrors checking that "high" hairline. See ya in P-Cola. Good Luck, Buddy! AJS.

Anthony John Sindoni

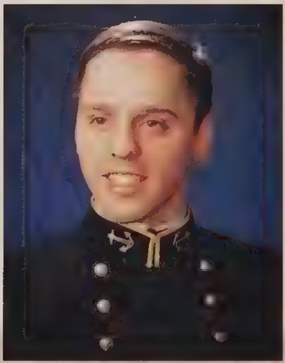
Tony came to us from an exit off the NJ turnpike, bringing with him a desire for nuclear power, a 14 inch neck, and a quiet personality. Leaving, he takes with him a 16 1/2 inch neck, a selection for wings of gold, and an outgoing personality. Everyone liked Tony, especially the women, which suited him fine. Along the way Tony earned three varsity letters on the 150's football team. He had a great pair of hands both on and off the field. As time went by he also developed a desire for the light of night instead of day so, General Engineering became his ticket for twelve ounce curls. The company food rep, and a great guy; there is no one else I would rather have roomed with for the last three years. Its been a blast. Frankenstein!?! See ya in P-Cola. Good Luck, Buddy! AMR.

Steven Michael Sylvester

Sly arrived at USNA via NAPS and the USMC. A Southern California native, Sly tried his best to disprove the myth that Californians were laid back. Youngster year found him chasing after Fourth Class Females, a trend which would continue in the future. Sly also began his involvement with the Plebe Indoc System by standing room tours for "Ripping Racks." None of us will ever forget 2-for-7 night. That was the night he proved gravity worked. Somewhere along the way, Sly developed an interest in jumping out of perfectly good airplanes. This habit led to large knives and command of the Airborne Training Unit. First Class year started with Sly spending his Friday Nights with "The Older Woman." When that fizzled out Sly turned to climbing rocks and other structures (i.e. Bancroft Hall). As USNA looses a CA the Corps gains an officer who will without a doubt become "SUPER GRUNT." Best of luck to a great friend! MJL.

John Leroy Wells

John, aka Eviel Knieval, came to Navy from the booming metropolis of Eckert, CO. While at the Naval Academy, he distinguished himself for his driving feats. Who else would attempt to jump a guard rail doing 60 mph? Although he has proven himself daring at times, he still maintains an Arnold-type physique and stays in top shape without even trying. Did you say "Ladies-man"? Well not only does his middle initial stand for LeRoy, it stands for "Love 'em . . . love 'em all." John is the only guy I know who can get five calls in one night from five different women. Does Lisa know about Becky or Robyn? Who is Julie? We never did find out his secret. John has had a diverse military career, Army and Navy, so naturally he decided on the Marine Corps. As he likes jumping from planes and freezing in Alaska, the Corps is a good choice for him. Maybe they will be able to tame his adventurous spirit. Make sure you give yourself a break to smell the roses sometime.



James Edwin Willcockson

If you had to take a wild guess at where Jim came from you'd have to say outer space or Los Angeles. If he wasn't writing letters to his European sweetie you'd most likely find him at the library, the digital lab, or the design lab. Jim was a hard-working EE geek, often pulling late-nighters just to practice neck gyrations, eyelid stretches, and thousand-yard stares. Jim took pride in being a walking Ships and Aircraft and applied his professional prowess as a NAVTAG warrior and PCR champ. Don't let this fool you, though. Jim may have been a gentleman in the hall, but he was a regular maniac on the playing field. He once cracked someone's skull open with his chin! Off the field, after an all night bash in G-town, Heinz offered to produce a gray version of himself at no cost. What a guy! Ah, yes, H. Edvin Veal-hock-sunt. A nice guy, always willing to help out, a fine addition to the Silent Service. Good luck. Orlando, here he comes! ARC, DMQ.

Andrew William Rowe

Andy, alias Bobbalou, set sail upon an illustrious career in the Navy by first joining as an ET nuke. After a brief spell as an ET he decided to continue his masochistic tendencies by coming to Canoe U. and majoring in EE. By forsaking weekends and all those cute Maryland women, he was somehow able to make it through all those wonderfully easy courses. He came to us from the far-off land of Oregon. He says it's somewhere between Washington and California, but I still can't find it on the map. The Boy Scouts have their motto, the Naval Academy has its motto, and Andy has his. "Life's a female dog, and a differential in pressure (think of a vacuum), and then you marry one that doesn't and then you die."(edited) By the beginning of first class year this somewhat demented outlook on life would change. Andy getting married? I hope that ring you bought was worth your nuke bonus. Good luck to you and Cindy! EH.

Danford Elias Sammons

Dan opted for the relaxation of Annapolis during the summer of '83 rather than the excitement of Newport during the Cup races. Having the special talent for bringing attention to himself, Dan made the most out of plebe year. He was so efficient in the management of his time, he was often seen practicing his manual of arms while doing chow calls. Even as a sophomore, Dan continued the traditional "Message to Garcia." So determined to get down to Lauderdale, he and his roommate sold their broken-down heap for $100 and hitched the rest of the way. As a junior he sprouted academically but received continual reminders that he was attending a military institution. Finally, as a senior, he used his military prowess to become the best wardroom president "Stand in Line" ever had. And with tutoring received from his roommates he occasionally partakes with bikers with butterfly and rose tattoo's. Good luck in Orlando, Dan.

Thomas Michael Schwab

Tom came to us from St. Charles, IL, a place renowned for its beaches, which helps explain his incredible swimming ability. He threw himself into academics for two years until he decided that there was something (someone?) more worthy of his time. Second class year brought the happy campers, Greg Harris training, and his lowest grades ever. Does anyone see any connections? As a firstie Tom learned about life, love, and the pursuit of stripes, he racked up three of them and took full advantage of all the benefits that came with them. He impressed the entire Brigade of Midshipmen, and the band, with the adjutant strut at parades. We finally convinced him of the value of going the Southern way and there's still hope for him if he can avoid being too weak. We wish him luck as a Nuke SWO and we're all sure he'll do "real good, real good." Remember Tom, as long as it seems like the thing to do, do it and we'll all be back at Davis soon. BMP '87.

Michael Thomas Sheerin

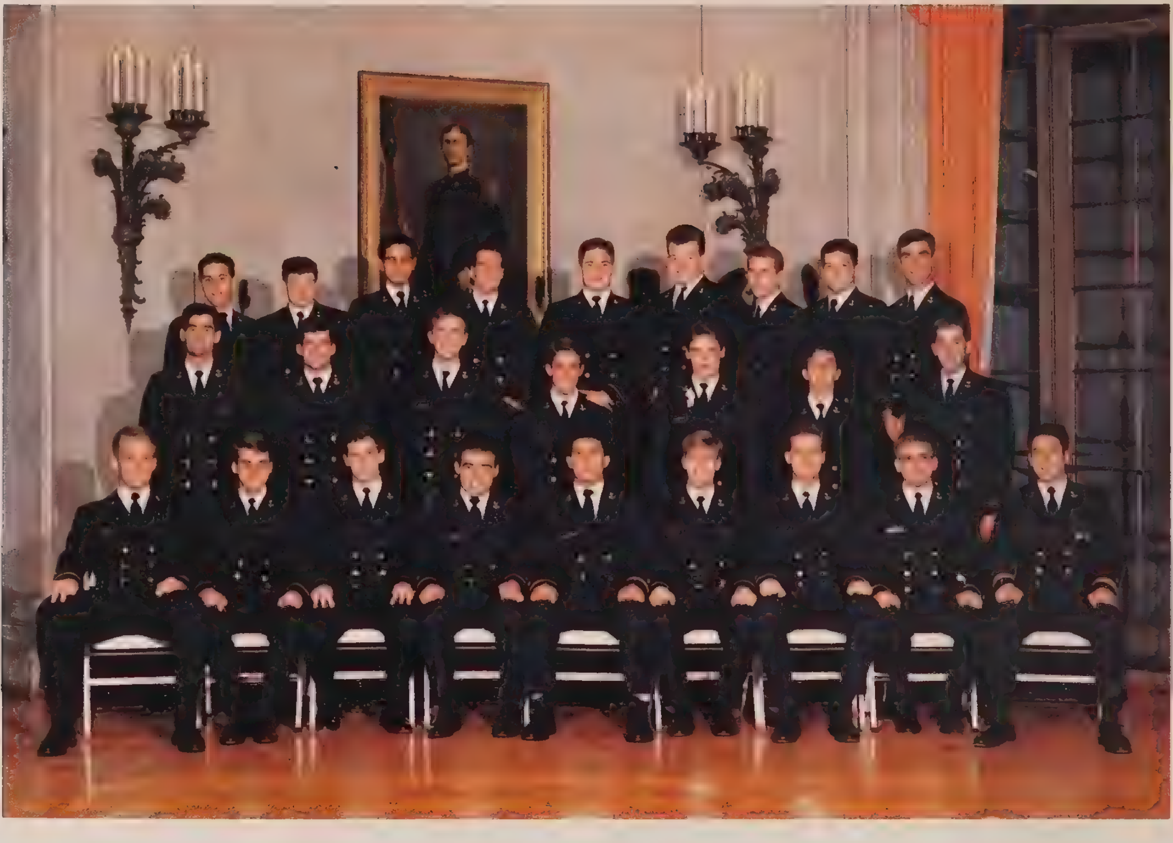
Like his father, "Michael T" joined the Navy. He began his career with the BOOST program in San Diego, where he grew attached to the finer aspects of west coast life. Mike left SD for Canoe-U with a little Southern CA still in his blood. With patience and hard work, Mike was off to USNA. Mike taught us all something about integrity and honor as the Brigade Honor Chairman. "The Man, the Myth" also chaired our Wednesday Afternoon "Social Club." He learned an appreciation for "Newton" and Kirchoff. Not to miss any opportunity, Mike learned how squids do things while spending two weeks on a yawl to Bermuda . . . pretty ruff huh, Mike? Pensacola should be a welcomed break for the Marine's perfect pilot. Mike you've been a friend and a source of sanity to those of us who know you well. Your destiny is sure to be marked with great success. So we said to ourselves . . . selves, we'll miss you! CWH.

Timothy John Wolf

Wolfy had to cross the prairies of South Dakota to join "the boys" here at USNA. His quiet and serious personality hid his burning desires for many things. Wolfy always had the scent but he was too shy to move in for the kill. Being a Poli Sci major, Tim was a master at getting the gouge. Still, he could be found typing those papers at the last minute. His many involvements (honor, statistician, class secretary, headphone man) took up most of his time. Tim's love for Navy sports, the Celtics, and the Raiders made it impossible to argue about any of them. His sports habits carried into our room with the late nite main events and the one-on-ones, from which he is still licking his wounds. TJ will once again cross the prairies and mountains so he can prowl the beaches of San Diego as a surface warrior. Watch out for the Gummi Warriors "roommate", they could be anywhere. It's 3 AM find Calvin and send mom's food. Good Luck, Buddy! MJD.

JAMES K. POLK.
President of the U. States.
GEO. BANCROFT
Secretary of the Navy

CAPT Susan Sitler



The Class of 1987

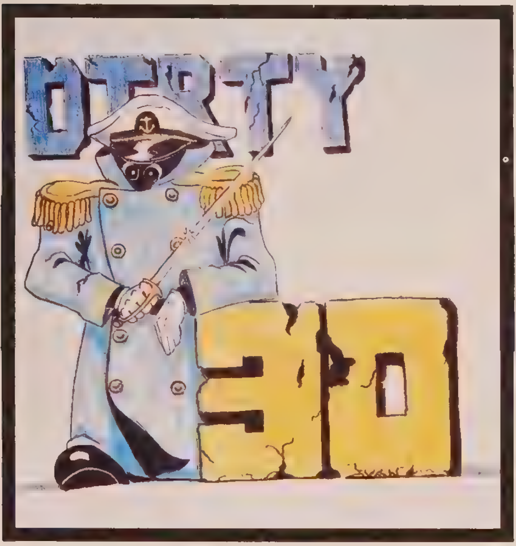
Row One: Jeff Lay, Rod DeWalt, Jim Bates, Ivan Pagan, Rudy Saldivar, Joseph Piontek, Paul Kurisky, Bob Harrington, John Gasperino **Row Two:** Arthur Trahan, John Plourde, Timothy Roylance, Dave Lester, Jason Hardebeck, Michael Jordan, Matthew Jordan **Row Three:** John Pinnata, James Holbrook, Rosendo Rodriguez, Eric Wood, William Cody Grammer, Daniel McMillan, Mark Mykleby, Paul Schoenbucher, David Postoll **Not Shown:** Brian Humm, Stephen Roth, Daniel Snyder, Scott Stanford

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Eric E. Wood
Company Sub Commander: Brian N. Humm
Company Adjutant: Rosendo J. Rodriguez

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Skip Trahan
Company Sub Commander: Paul Kurisky
Company Adjutant: Ivan Pagan



The Class of 1988

Row One: Tim Conway, Milton Guzman, John Freese, David Madigan, Dennis Sullivan, Chris Rackow, Bill Macchione, Terry Moran, Todd MacDonald **Row Two:** Missy Cummings, Laura Stroman, John Church, Steve Coughlin, Chris Warren, Robert Simi, Keith Beals, Christopher Dirks, Robert Grasse, Richard Canedo, Matthew Treaster, Charisse Mann, Annette Schlutermann **Row Three:** Michael Milo, Scott Lowry, Thomas Gaffney, Michael Qualey, Douglas Hill, Jon Swanson, Andrew Shaw, Michael Bynum, David Romberger

The Class of 1989

Row One: Charles Henderson, Mark Jorgensen, Brent Sunderland, Marc Pedalino, Edward Toppi, Lee Modesitt, Todd Nichols, Paul Radomski, Chris Fraticelli **Row Two:** Jonathan Williams, William Snead, Michael Hanna, John Olsen, Tyler Frautschi, Shaun Flanagan, Paul Gallagher, Rich Beutter, Kevin Paschal, Thad Nisbett, Bob Cady, Nicky Rigopoulos, Thomas Farina, Sean McCarthy, Daniel Gentry, Robert Stevens **Row Three:** Mike McShane, Jose Garza, William Hoffman, Christopher Smith, Joseph LePage, Jay LaPoint, Victor Newsom, Matt Sandoval, Tom Coker, Robert Busby, Nick Etten

The Class of 1990

Row One: Darren Coston, Robert Ferrante, Cindy Schultz, Kimberly Fowler, Laura Williams, Denise Leadham, Kathyanne Cardinal, Timothy Chou, Thomas Moriarty **Row Two:** Michael Renegar, Craig Foster, Marco Herr, Michael Kircher, Richard Schoenwiesner, Timothy Feldhausen, Christopher Ross, Jay Jamison, Paul Krush, Arthur Gibb, Ernesto DeLaRivaherrera, Dwight Barnett, Patrick VonzurMuehlen, Daniel Tejada, Donald Elam, Harold Hunt **Row Three:** Stuart Wauchope, Alex Mercier, John Burns, Steven Rutherford, Larry Halvorsen, James Stowe, Kenneth Clark, Timothy Chain, Paul Webber, Eric Wiese, Stephen Koch

MIDN Michael P. Jordan
Good luck, good sailing, and "chin in." We proudly cheer for you and toast to your success. Mom and Dad.

With God as your co-pilot you will always find a safe port in a storm. God bless you and Congratulations, Tim and Class of 87-Family of Tim Roylance. To the Class of '87- Good luck in the future. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tastle Margaret, Don, Brian Steve, Kathie, Georgia.

You are special!

To Marko: one who's never lost sight of his goals; You've done super for a kid who couldn't tie his shoes. Love, Mom and Dad!

Congratulations to Ensign James Bates! We knew you could do it! We are very proud of you and we love you very much. God bless you and your classmates as you set out on new ventures. Mom, Dad, Elaine, Ken.

We are proud to be your parents, skip. May you and the Class of '87 ask God for wisdom and guidance as you serve your country. Love, Mom and Dad

Eric (Rick) Wood
Best wishes to the man who has always made us look good as parents! Fred and Allison Wood.

Rosendro Javier Rodriguez
Jav, the Best of Luck to you always from the Woods of Rochester, Michigan.

Where excellence counts there goes you my son, Jeff Lay, 30th Co. '87. How proud your family and hometown of Maineville, Ohio are of you. Fly with the angels and may God keep you in his sights always. Love, "Mom."

Congratulations to you both Mike 'n John-now you can smile again!
Love, Mom, Dad and Jackie.

James Albert Bates

Spot, the man who hid for four years. He came out only on the weekends to drink, drink, and drink. Funny, because that's what the rest of us did while struggling to maintain a 2.0. Struggle is not in Jim's vocabulary. Fluff skated by with a 3.8. Hmmmm. Youngster year was the year that Jim became famous for rooming with the infamous 30th Company criminal. Leavinworth's not so bad. That year also had Jim doing thirty days hard time for gross disrespect of a superior. Actually he muttered the word "wimp" to a member of '85 but mentioning '85 says it all. Suddenly first class year was upon us. Jim had his nuke bonus, IROC Z, maxed out Mastercard, and, yes, a girlfriend. Now he's headed for the USS Valley Forge where I'm sure he'll hide for another five years. The boys of thirty wish you luck! Smooth sailing. RFS.

Rodney Paul DeWalt

My first encounter with Rod came youngster cruise. Showing his love for Navy Air, he regurgitated his own form of jet wash on a pier in Japan. Rod went into hiding third class year before his flames lit as '87+2 swore in. Second class year meant showing Frosh how things were. Liberty belonged to Kim, finding wilderness in a bush outside her dorm after G'town. His only bad night came before ring dance as we tried to show the woops how to bring six-pack fur into their cages. I still hear the bottle crashing on the stairs. Sucking that scene down solo, 4-2 became home. Rod beat 'em anyway, riding the Magna between musters. With his first class stereo loan, Rod amassed the biggest, baddest set of sound propulsion equipment ever, as Bancroft suffered daily jet blasts. He loved it so much he declined the Dirty 30 lead to stay put. The guy knows you make it up there, not here. Keep turnin' & burnin', you KNOB. See you at the top! Jeff.

John Patrick Gasperino

For someone who, according to NAPS, did not have the aptitude to make it here, this Japanese-Italian from the Nevada desert has done quite well for himself. He has survived the clean room as well as pyrotechnic cleaning device experiments. Rat's academic endeavors were never great, but he always made the classroom interesting. Bob the Steamman, Old Dr. Walters, the girl from New Jersey, and everyone who ever had their uniform items switched around while they slept will never forget him. However, John did distinguish himself with weapons, the High Power Rifle founder and Varsity Rifle Captain was as on target at range as he was in the gopher fields and around bells. Rat will now get to move aircraft from inside the cockpit and not have to push them around. We can only hope that he keeps his oxygen mask empty. The only question remaining is will he be at graduation since Ike is coming down? Fly High! TimTim.

William Cody Grammer

Living with Cody was a true education. How not to sweat the small stuff, how to lose twenty pounds in two weeks (and gain it all back in four days), how to create the perfect bulletin board, how to believe that with the proper mental attitude anything was possible, and how to have a good time without getting into too much trouble were all some of Cody's lessons. Whenever the pressures of life began to close in, Cody was the voice of reason saying, "We'll be OK now, the way I figure it . . . " Usually he was right. One of the few Stephen King Passages that he did not inflict upon me was, "I'll never again have friends like I did back then. Hell, who does?" If that's true, I'm glad that I can call Cody my friend. The Marine Corps is getting a fine officer, and more importantly a good guy. BNH.

Matthew James Jordan

From the Golden State, Matt went to exciting Prep school, then "Good Times Ten, Sir!" Matt and the Men From Ten grew into the Riva Boys who saw their way south for a few spring breaks . . . remember? I didn't think so. Each time we came back with half the number of brain cells we started with. The Boys picked green as their favorite color for reasons left unsaid. Matt's weekends were automatically written off as well as some weekdays . . . thank God for Reef Points! During Matt's tenure here he felt he was rushing things and decided to do a little traveling. After coming back much older and wiser Matt became the lush that he is now. What would we have done without Tom?! Matt loved the traveling life so much, the gator force is getting him back. Hey, dude, it's finally over! What's that saying, "Four years together by the bay, one year together at sea?" Oh ya, I guess I should call you "IRA" one last time for the guys. Ya gotta like that! RR.

Michael Phillip Jordan

Mike came to us from San Antonio, Texas, via Sweet Sixteen. After an exciting youngster year in 30, Mike was ready for Protramid, Second Class summer. That summer was supposed to clear up your service selection, but Mike was more confused than ever, because he wanted to do everything. That summer we met Matt and had a lot of good times. Second Class ac-year, Mike realized that physics was not an easy major, but he did have time to join the bowling team and earn a letter sweater. First Class year brought us more money, and cars to spend it on. For Mike, this combination led to weekly trips to Pennsylvania or Virginia. Finally, when service selection came up, Mike realized that surface line really is mighty fine. So in closing, to a good friend, best of luck in all you do. JEP.

Paul Joseph Kurisky

PJK arrived for his four year sentence from faraway Balm'er, Md. Pablo managed (quite thoroughly) to destroy an unnatural self-imposed geek world. Like when he made his own port-a-potty at Dorothy's, or by sharing Larry's dating service with his pals. Paul was even showing affection for a uniform-clad woman on Spring Break in Daytona . . .Yo! Lighten up, Francis. Paul's overall charm was perfected with his cream-colored, scope mobile, "81" Corvette, first class year, until it was literally grounded behind Halsey . . . but alas, as with Shelley, Pablo's persistence should pay off! With his home serving as a center of operations on weekends, Paul and the K's saved many a Mid from Mother B. We all basked in the love, warmth and excellent cooking provided by Mr. & Mrs. K. Thanks! Above all, Paul's outgoing personality and quick smile guarantees that his many friends will always cherish the good times. Take care and good luck! JBS.

Jeffrey Edward Lay

I first encountered Jeff youngster cruise when his high-flying attitude landed on the decks of the Hill. 30 kts and 15° lists didn't light his burner, thus began his famous rapport with the black-shoes. Even Korean cabs felt his need for speed as we learned how much $5 buys. Youngster year found him roaming in search of hot bands and cold beer, but RP caught him with his pants down. then he contributed to Dirty's 3-year reign of Smoke Hall. Second class cruise taught him the cost of a snickers — 20&20! No better way of lighting the torch for ac-year. The year's highlight was watching Brian's bewildered look as the Fish opened his eyes to Navy life. First class cruise found us together again yanking around the restless jib and bobbing on the Atlantic. But the tide was against him when he floated 8th wing into the Severn teaching the young ones a lesson. Oh well, we all had to share the joy of 3-striper libs sometime! See you at the top, pulse! Rod.

Jason Dee Hardebeck

Jason came from a small town in Nevada straight out of high school- his four year mission: to fly jets (what else?). However, a mechanical engineering degree took its toll. He survived the rocket, cables, and occasional all-nighter getting a project done ("team Xerox" = Kathy, Jon, Geoff, Chris and Jason!). Then Jason's eyes went bye-bye, and the Navy didn't look too bad after precoms. In fact, it looked pretty damn good (especially that $4,000 check!). It's a good thing he went nuke, too. He owns the world's most expensive Triumph Spitfire! (Countless weekends and repair and parts bills will attest to that!) He was the resident zookeeper in 30, with a mouse, crab, and an occasional insect. Louis and Jason were inseparable, as the group picture will show. (Say Cheese, Louis!) Anyway, four years here had its good times, its bad times, but mostly it was just a royal pain. Bye all! P.S. Rudes, I'm still sorry about your dog!

Robert Scott Harrington

Bob entered the Academy right from the enlisted ranks of the Fleet. He has always been older than the rest of the class so naturally he took the position of Papa. Being in this position, all his friends looked up to him for advice. He always was willing to give it because he didn't need it himself. Although Bob wanted to fly, he decided to go Supply Corps, because of his love for warehouses and loading docks. He also plans to go Medical Service Corps, because he loves nurses as well. Good luck with everything! I will see you in the fleet! You supply 'em and I'll fly 'em! The Rat.

James Howard Holbrook

I have known Jim for almost four years now. Over that time he has been known as Chicken-Hawk, Hambone, Bonehead . . . Jim was brought up in Hyden, Kentucky. Mondays are always filled with joy when *The Thousand Sticks News* and the *Leslie County Newspaper* arrive from home. We always anxiously anticipate Tabitha Field's latest bit of literary genius. Oh, how I love to read about catching frogs and shooting squirrels. The most significant characteristic that I've observed is his intense determination. For instance, he stayed under-water for ten straight weeks so he could add to his ribbon collection. He is so determined to keep his Trans-Am clean that he rarely drives it on those dirty Annapolis streets. Most importantly, he is so determined to graduate with a EE degree that he has sacrificed his weekends, and even his spring break to earn it. Jim, remember to believe in the gouge, BJ, and yourself, because you can do anything. MO.

Brian Nicholas Humm

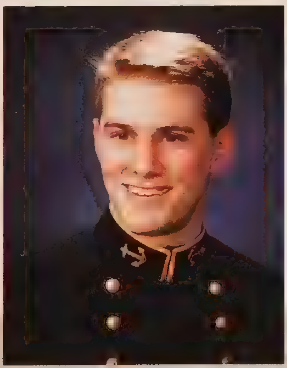
From the sheltered life of suburbia, Brian Humm was accepted into the loving arms of Mother B. Plebe year in 3rd company had its adjustments, but his life was still safe and secure until he moved to Dirty Thirty and met us. Following in the footsteps of ALBE, Brian quickly learned the ins and outs of living between two alien beings (a Puerto Rican and a hillbilly). He learned about the locker monster, that the 10 second rule is always in effect, but never when you think it is, and not to leap from the top rack before you can open your eyes. Brian quickly became one of the most popular in the company because of his ability to entertain us. From the power trip of smashing a debate opponent with a well-turned phrase to the helplessness of having a girlfriend at Oberlin College (Jane Fonda U.). Brian showed his mastery of the English language to anyone who would listen. LL & P. Your friend and roomie, Cody.

David Robert Lester

Although his parents live in Fairfax, Dave is convinced that he's really from Pittsburgh. After living with Mo-Lester for 3 years, I'm not sure either city would claim him! Who in their right mind would want a man who dresses in style, drives a Z-28 Camaro, gets the grades, plays the saxaphone, gets selected for nuke power, and on top of that, has a wonderful fiance? Of course it wasn't always quite that good. Youngster year was full of bad memories from Bojangles or Dahlgren bricks. Remember, if a girl stops you while you're running in the yard, she's not after you for your outstanding personality! If you should become forgetful in later years and begin to lose things, look under the sink! If someone takes the liberty of telling you of your condition be sure to ask them "Am I really?" No need to tell you to do well in nuke school as I'm certain you will. Best wishes and good luck to you and Angie-babe on your new life together. Daddy.

Daniel George McMillan

Dan, Dano, Danny Mac. Dan the man McMillan. Why'd you do it, Danny? What happened to the lacrosse stick? Po's nav kit? All the coat hangers? Dan, you pushed that cop at the 'Vous first. That's all right, we went to the station anyway. USNA's combination of Dwight Yoakum and Bob Dylan. Dan, Dan, Dan. Did you study? Sure you did, Dano. Mac's walking on his hands again. She's not very pleasant to look at. Buy me a beer, buddy. Can't do that in public, son. Lawns make good driveways, don't they, Dano? Nice right to the head, Rocky! From head restrictee to anchor man in one semester and still making people think you're completely normal! Want to know what is scariest of all? The guy is really going to make a hell of an officer. But first, he's gonna have a few beers with the boys.



Mark Gary Mykleby

Myk . . . Mykle Jar . . . always the one to drop his drawers and do a striptease at a party. It's amazing someone so stupid could be ranked so high in our class. Myk was always one for power drinkin' and liked to get abused by big-boned girls with names like "Spike." Never forget the hockey bus trips where he would eat anything, anywhere, anytime. Never would a hockey season pass when he would not get hit where it counts. Myk doesn't have morals, he has standards, and when his standards aren't met, he lowers them. Probably his only fault is that he is going to be a marine. Remember, a full glass is a happy glass. PES, DFP.

Ivan Roman Pagan

Ivan came to USNA via the Naval Academy Prep School from Lawrence, Mass. Like most Napsters, he spent most of plebe year trying to lay low. He survived, along with the majority of the boys in 31, only to be moved away and into 30th Company in the plebe shuffle. However, he wasn't lucky enough to get rid of me. Looking back brings a lot of good (and weird) memories. Ivanman . . . SSHHH — Oh my God! . . . Thud — My neck, my neck — Hey, ole Rollins has got girls in there/ ALBE there/ It tastes like salt/ Art of noise/ Chewbacca lips/ 8th Wing Players/ Rebecca don't even say hi/ Hey man, Puerto Ricans don't get a tan/ The locker monster/ Twilight Zone on the big three inch screen/ NAPS tailgater/ Wake me up in the morning when you run, Ivan/ Reset the alarm for 0659 on your way out, I'll run this afternoon. Thanks for being my friend. Thanks for putting up with me. Your roomie, Cody.

John George Pinnata

John didn't know what he was getting into when he arrived at the Severn River Country Club, but he made the best of it. He liked Smoke Hall so much that when his roommates finished a sixty day stretch, he stood their last muster with them. The OOW was not amused. John came to appreciate Smoke Hall for the next thirty days while he thought about the error of his ways. After that experience, John came to realize that the Naval Academy was to be taken seriously. John even started looking sharp in uniform. It's too bad his standards weren't quite as high as anyone else's. Especially a certain Marine Corps Colonel who fried him for a dirty uniform in church — he was altar boy that day. After that, John started concentrating his efforts on meeting some nice girls. John was that special type of guy that appreciated girls for their personality. In any case John's future in the Navy should carry him far. Good luck in the SWO ranks. Scott R.

Joseph William Piontek

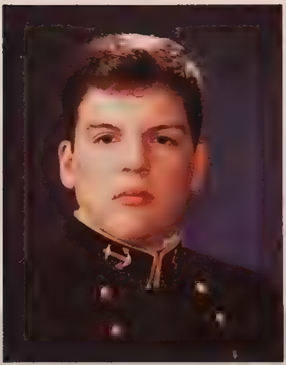
Joe came to us from Puerto Rico via Europe, Minnesota, and Louisiana. Initially on varsity swimming and volleyball teams, he then used his Spanish and German to run NAFAC and the German Club. Singing, quick with a joke, story or smile, he made the dark days lighter. He inspires confidence in people and backs it by consistently going out of his way for you. His understanding, maturity and perception come from combining the love of his family with experiences of his many friends. On the lighter side, he'll be remembered as a ladies' man. The names would not fit here, but he'll always "be in the mood for a Melony," or Julie, or . . . German Forex, Batt staff, and outside lives weren't enough. Take care, and much fun in Munich and P-Cola!

John Edward Plourde

I met John youngster year after the 1987 scramble. I immediately noted his taste in women, especially Clara, or was it Carla, not to mention the girls at Dahlgren, especially the one with the softball injury. John built a love life out of bricks. Second semester youngster year brought us a new roommate, the human mouth. Scamps, as he was known, and our other roommate Scott, Merry Christmas Scott, brought live entertainment for the Tuesday night fights. Second Class year found John exploring the plumbing the sink after many indulging nights. First Class year brought John and I together in the adjutant's room. John worked closely with our new company officer. John has the utmost respect for all officers. Good luck, John, and don't absorb too many neutrons before we meet again.

David Fredrick Postoll

Podaddy . . . The Clerk . . . Shoulders (or the lack thereof). You could always count on him being glued to his computer playing the game of the week or wrapped up in his woobie clapping his feet screaming "Yahoo! I'm beautiful!!" You know he was the pride of New Jersey by the toxic fumes he was able to unleash at will. No one could figure out how the shoulderless, one-eyebrowed wonder could bang his head on a goalpost to warm up before stopping those screaming line-drives on the soccer field. Just about everyone owes mom and dad Podaddy rent for letting us stay in the only safe spot in New Jersey. Nobody will forget the "rememberabilia" of the Podad. PES, MGM.



Paul Eric Schoenbucher

Schoey . . . Reggie . . . Schoenbrickten-schicken-Brachenbacher. How do you say his last name? It doesn't matter because you could always count on him having a beer in one hand and throwing you one with the other. Who'll ever forget the hockey trips, the tailgaters, or the June Weeks where Debauchery was the rule and decency was out the window? Do you think he ever made it through a hockey season without wrecking his shoulder? Do you think he ever studied for an entire semester? I tend to doubt it. At any rate, he was a swell fella who gave the big boned girls as much of a chance as the gorgeous babes at the bars. The bottom line is this: He was a normal guy. DFP, MGM. Thanks to my family and friends and especially the guys on the hockey team. Without them this place would not have been bearable. PES.

Daniel Benjamin Snyder

You made it. The four leaf clover helped. You quit many times ("I should have gone to Duke"), but you always stayed. The brigade returned, plebe year began. Anything in the ceiling? 3/c cruise — Hong Kong, Japan, and Korea; you and Greg teamed up for an awesome performance. 3/c year you were the music whiz "Madonna." Then came spring break, Lauderdale. '67 convertible Caddy, 151 floaters, girls and the sun. 2/c cruise, P'Cola, the rent-a-wrecks, headbutts, and PJ's brawl. Quantico was Mac's umpalumpa's and then Bruce's. Clark's became the hangout, you and your stool found a new friend, Al. Another spring break and the 8 o'clock wakeups at the Elbow room with Marc and Stef. Ring Dance, "champagne baths." Off to Hawaii, the pink Cadillac, and 45 minute sleeps. 1/c year was football, Atlantic City, Chicago, phantom weekends, and restriction. You did it all. 4 years, lifetime friends and memories. Watch out fleet, here comes Duker.

Scott Thomas Stanford

Scotty T . . . Scamps . . . Micro. Always the center, both on the court, and at the Annapolis bars. The life of every party, entertaining with his "magic trick." The organizer and host of some of the best tailgaters . . . U. of M.? No one talks more, or louder. A sex addict? Who is the woman you love now? An ear for good music . . . sometimes. Pay the bills? Self inflicted tennis injuries? Lookin' to get arrested late at night. A sense of humor, an attitude, a personality, and yes indeed, a friend. DGM.

Arthur Francis Trahan

Skip is known to his roommates as "daddy." I once thought the room was magic but later realized Skip was sweeping the deck and cleaning the sink. "Daddy, I lost a button off my shirt, and I don't know how to sew." "Daddy, I think I broke my car, what's wrong?" Skip is closer to middle age than we are. Skip is a political scientist, and despite the influence of his two engineer roommates, has little interest in the technical aspects of the Navy. His sparce technical library and literal interpretation of the term study 'hour' led me to believe that the only thing Skip was interested in studying is his USNA wool blanket. Skip will excel in the Navy, if for no other reason, simply because he can get along with people so well. Maybe that's why he was our company commander. He knows more people than I can add up on my HP. It will be difficult for Skip to meet the entire Navy pilot community, but I know he's going to try. Good luck, Daddy. MO.

Rosendo Javier Rodriguez

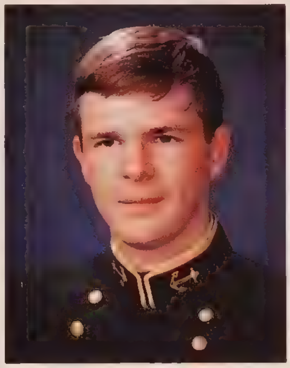
Rosendo Javier Rodriguez Rondon — the name does not exactly ring of an all-American farm boy in search of glory from the boat school. An exchange student from Venezuala is more like it. After a couple lessons from Scamps and the boys on booze etiquette, Jav learned how not to drink. And at closing time, Javier always retained his moral senses. (Well, most of the time). The Latin-American lover was known to frequent the local dance halls with that look in his eye. Back in the hall, Jav was a loan shark, as both the U.S. and Venezualan governments paid him. His most redeeming qualities were patience and understanding. Few people possess the integrity that Jav does. My parents love him to death and are trying to work something out with the Venezualan government about swapping sons. He is a super person and a great friend. I hope he remembers all this when he's an admiral in Venezuala and I want to party at his beach house in Caralos.

Stephen Scott Roth

Scott rattled through four years of wild times. He kicked off the fun via dining out chit to the Vous fourth class year. Then he rode into Dirty Thirty to wipe his slate clean. Escaping youngster year with yet one masonry momento, he found a call to explosives from chem lab. He tried bombing the plebes second class year, leading to a personal in-house waterbed. They were no fun so Scott found the OOW a more entertaining target one night, playing the LT's wings to dodge his first deuce in 2 years. Luck ran out and Scott returned to form with a worthwhile excursion with Johnny P to a "remote" college in upstate NY. It only cost him 3 months. He then proved first class year that your classmates CAN doom you to 52 days Smoke Hall visitation for running from Doughboy in 20th to the tune of a 5K. All behind him now, he heads to sunny Orlando to clean his records again. Live it up and good luck always. Jeff.

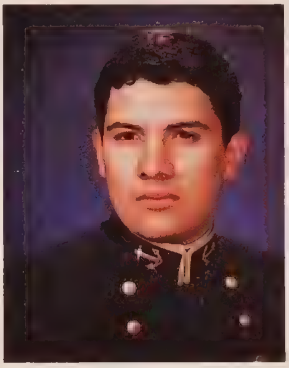
Timothy Matthew Roylance

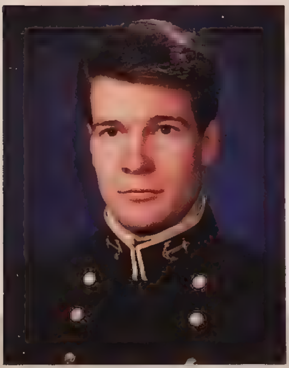
Tim flew in from Belleville, Illinois with one thing on his mind- Navy Air. After spending plebe year in 21 with Greg and Dave, Tim was ready for sailtramid with the captain's special chili recipe and the boat almost sinking in port. Youngster year found Tim in 30 with Dan, Scott, and me. After a few comet bombs, "beautiful" girls from Dahlgren, and the unfortunate fate of Pat Benetar — "Merry Christmas Scott," we were more than ready for Christmas break. Second semester we traded Dan for Scamps and enjoyed a semester of Tuesday night fights. Second class year found Tim with a car, a lot more liberty than the rest of us, and more restriction. First class year us together again and we learned the secret behind minimizing room formal preparation time. When service selection came along, you picked the first possible flight school date. No one was surprised. Best of luck at Pensacola, just don't expect to guard the nukes on my ship. JEP.



Raul Ferdinand Saldivar

We all wondered if Rudes was going to make it through his youngster year. He and Kaiser had a penchant for fun that scared the Hell out of the rest of us. Two years later he's still clad in cowboy boots, and he still spends his Sundays hungover, but the man from Grand Prairie has toned down a bit. We attribute this to Lisa, who, bless her heart, has played "den-mother" to a bunch that doesn't exactly win any awards for good behavior. We get trashed — and so did the apartment. The clean-up crew was always smaller than the party itself, but Rudes never complained; he was too busy planning the next event. We still have a few bachelor parties to throw before the big event so the Sunday morning hangovers should continue. But I'm sure they'll be worth the night before. After the wedding Rudy will carry his fun-loving spirit to Quantico where I'm quite sure he'll find ways to have a good time at TBS. He has every place else.





Eric Eames Wood

In 30th Company was one Eric Wood,
Who could run and carouse more than most could.
He did race and command,
Meet many a demand,
And still manage to do what he should.

While at the Academy four years
He was given oft to disappear.
What he did was a mystery,
Surely off making history,
For many rumors of his ventures we did hear. S.

BATTALION OFFICER
Commander G. Daniel Moore

Fall Staff

Battalion Commander
Roger J. Hilarides
Battalion Sub Commander
David A. Robinson
Battalion Operations
Christopher J. Wilson
Battalion Adjutant
Michael L. Lavigna
Battalion Supply
Douglas M. Schutz
Battalion Administration
Scott M. Wolfe

THE SIXTH BATTALION

Spring Staff

Battalion Commander

Joseph C. Steffan

Battalion Sub Commander

Ronald F. Woodaman

Battalion Operations

Stephen M. Pitrof

Battalion Adjutant

Scott C. Seeberger

Battalion Supply

Timothy A. Florian

Battalion Administration

Richard S. McGrath

The Class of 1987

Row One: John Young, Patrick Perkins, Rodney Graves, Mike Huber, George Williams, Danny Nygaard, Walter Glenn, Michael Wanebo, Joel Baker **Row Two:** Gary Janac, Robert Smith, John Sniffen, Michael LaVigna, Steve Pitrof, John Vertel **Not Shown:** Dale Anderson, Leonard Borgdorff, Paul Bourgeois, Sean Coughlin, Anthony Diggle, Daniel Dougherty, Lazaurnel Dugger, Edward Eckert, Gregory Hill, Scott Lochridge, John McGowan, Michael Smith, Leroy Vaughn, Spencer Wall, Robert Zaorski

LT Frank Scholley

Fall Staff

Company Commander: John Young
Company Sub Commander: Rod Graves
Company Adjutant: Curtis Dugger

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Pat Perkins
Company Sub Commander: Dan Nygaard
Company Adjutant: Paul Bourgeois

The Class of 1988

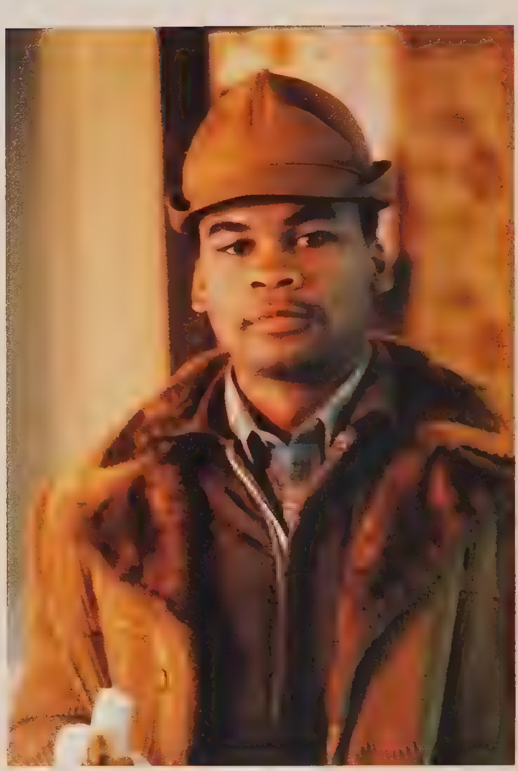
Row One: Thomas McKean, Erin Wilson, Nhut Tran, John Tucker, Lini McCarthy, Rasheed ElMoslimany, Christopher Karp, Rudolph Janiczek, Christopher Lord **Row Two:** Thomas Williams, Donald Waymire, Bart Brown, Erich Wahl, Eric Savage, Currie Crookston, John Romines, Craig Colby **Not Shown:** Kathleen Brennan, Michael Civello, Keith Folkerts, James Grassey, Margaret Jockel, Anthony Ludovici, Kenneth Pascal, Joseph Phillips, Lori Sorokatch, James Spence, Marshall Swor, James Traa

The Class of 1989

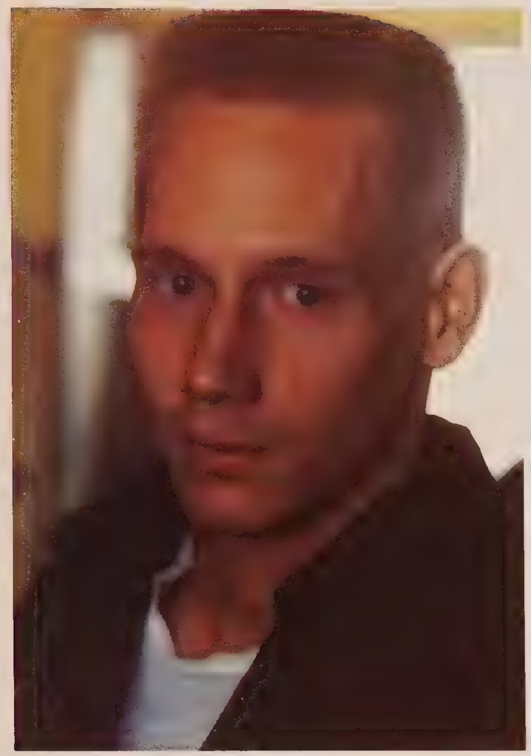
Row One: Christian Post, David Bernhardt, Zachariah Bell, John Uyemura, Michael Goshgarian, Jeffrey Dietz, Carl Thiele, Patrick Moynihan, Ryan Garcia **Row Two:** James Rodriguez, Timothy Nyland, Shawn James, Douglas Noble, Clark Nichols, Paul Montanus, Matthew Childs, Robert Santiago, Steven Debus, Joseph Flanagan, Thomas Schmitt, Colin Elster **Row Three:** James Sadler, Timothy Smith, Loren Smith, Francis Spencer, William Wilson, Robert Miller, Kevin Brown, Matthew Wellborn, Edward Roth, Gordon Fowkes **Not Shown:** Wayne Jeveli, Donald McNeill

The Class of 1990

Row One: John Barnocky, Michael Gordon, Catheryne Buckholtz, Jennifer Redman, Karin Mullane, Tracey Fuchs, Suzanne Autry, John Crowley, Edward Devinney **Row Two:** Kenneth Moreno, Allen Minick, John Blum, Matthew Gutierrez, Aaron Cadena, Robert Matofsky, Willis Herweyer, Patrick McGrath, John Gatewood, Jonathan Pfiffner, Timothy Siemens, Jeffery Wilson, David Arteta, Rafael Davila **Row Three:** Neil Cucuzzella, Matthew Nordmann, Gerard Shanley, Franz Messner, Jeffrey Naglestad, Wade Reinthaler, Duane Sand, Walter Scott, John Chimenti, Mark Kustra, Travis Croll **Not Shown:** Lyle Hoag, Katherine Shaw, Carrick McGaughey



DANGER
KEEP OFF



CLASS of 87
RING
DANC

George Williams 31st Co. Best Wishes to you and the Class of '87. Mom and Dad.

Dolphins aweigh Ensign John McGowan 31st Co. We're proud of you. Love and Luck, Mom, Dad, Joan, Deb, Taffy.

With love and pride, we congratulate our son Gary L. Janac 31st Co. Class of 1987. Mom and Dad.

Congrats Class of '87 31st Co. May God protect you Zaorski, Bob Smith, John Sniffen, Paul Bourgeois. You have made us proud and so happy for your success.

God be with you always, Class of '87 from the Family of Leroy Vaughn 31st Co. Fred, Val, Rod, Sue, James, Mom and Dad.

Mom and Dad laud an achiever! Love and prayers to our son a steadfast survivor! Way to go Ensign W. Ben Glenn! We love our frijol! Mary, Patty and Bob and Pets!

To my "baby brother" Rob, "The Bouge," Sniffen and Smith. The boys who kept our fridge empty and Toad's place full-Congratulations, this Bud's for you! Cathy Z.

Hats off to Danny and Co. 31. Good Luck! The Nygaards.

Congratulations Len! You did what you set out to do and we are proud of you. Our love and prayers go with you. Love,
Your Family.

D.J.D.: You set your goals; you reached them! May the world be a better place because of you. Congratulations!
Dan, Nancy and Dawn.

Dale Edward Anderson

Dale Anderson came to us as a typical Wisconsin boy, knowing how to milk the cow but not the system. Dale had aspirations of being a track stud, but he contracted the "Track Coach Personality Conflict Syndrome," and was forced into premature retirement. Academically, Dale concentrated his interests in the Language Studies Department and he quickly seized control of the 31st Company German Youth Movement. Many romantic interludes began at "raging" road trips. Hook potential was always high and Dale encountered such famous women as Hang Ten, the triangle of Love, the Post Office Girl, and the Wardroom Worker. Even though Dale's friends could not always count on him for a ride back from Georgetown, they could count on him to add some humor into their day. Dale, you are sure to be a great grunt. Good luck in everything. MDW.

Joel Brian Baker

JB wandered North from the backwaters of South Carolina where Mother B. took care of him. After a brief stop in 21, and a lot of usurping, he settled nicely in 31 where he started off with a bang. It's too bad that the bang was a flat tire on his academic unicycle. Of course this didn't stop Joel or the man-eater of Smith College, and don't forget the sailing parties of Summer '84 and the month off of Beirut. But Pooh and Opus and the Wop always stuck together and enjoyed many Army/Navy games. As always, Joel knew just how to stay out of trouble at the after game festivities and found interesting places to crash, but she didn't mind. Still Joel, and Faye, made it through four years, and now it's the Corps ("TROOPS," I love 'em!) I know he's forever thankful to his mom and dad and family. He really loved it here and even liked the Academic Boards. Everyone knows Tank is going somewhere, but where, no one knows. Best of luck Joel! LOC

Leonard Hugh Borgdorff

Len went into qualified recluse beginning second class year. Up to that point a normal boy, afterwards he took the Vertel-Dougherty position of high priest, Bancroft monastary, alias hall rat. His metamorphisi from healthy all American boy to a mumbling, mindless master of electrons. His varied interests used to include baseball, beer and women in that order. Now only electrons can interrupt his comatose state. A sad moral to be told to all of '91. Sooner or later, go general.

Sean Thomas Coughlin

To say that the Naval Academy changed Sean from a seventeen year old man into a 21 year old boy would be false. Why Sean even came to the Academy is a mystery, but his accomplishments here have far exceded his ambitions. One ambition he realized was crew. Sean spent three years in Navy's heavyweight varsity eight and was stroke and captain his last year. Sean once said that he would give up his Olympic prospects for an undefeated Senior year. Well, Sean, it didn't happen, but we didn't believe you anyway. Still, the Adams Cup victory would make and team's season, After a lesson in humility in EN1000, Sean realized that engineering was not his bag. Instead, Sean became the top English major in his class by earning no less than an "A" in all of his English classes. Well, good luck, Sean, on the bright roads ahead of you. It's impossible to menthinn themm all. Shayboy and Feeds.

Walter Benjamin Glenn

Ben "Been Jammim" Glenn came here from the wonderful wilds of Midland, Texas. He quickly endeared himself to the Leadership and Law Department with the bananas comment, and made a place for himself on the Plebe lightweight crew team. His sophomore years he decided to become a mechanical engineer, and that combined with his devotion to the Varsity lightweights made for a lot of work. Sleep was hard to come by, but he earned a spot in the first boat. Junior year saw Ben expanding his horizons and the number of his acquaintances. He had come to earn his reputation, which for his sake best be left out of here. By senior year Ben had opted for biking in place of crew. He made his mark in the company as the many hatted host of the lip sync contest, and as a fine platoon commander. He has been a good friend and a lot of fun to be with. We wish him all the best in his career for he has earned it. STC.

Rodney Guy Graves

Rod came to USNA form the "Land of the fruits and nuts (where even the wind blows for free)," by way of the fleet. He was old when he got here, and rapidly got older as he chaffed under the system. Rod never had it easy, and his friends were what kept him going. Trouble dogged him his first class year, but somehow he pulled it all together and held on. Now it's off to the fleet and back to California — San Diego that is — for a long awaited reunion with the Navy he loves. JBB.

Gregory Thomas Hill

Greg came to the Academy with seven years of surfing and seven running age group world records under his belt. Though he couldn't pursue the surfing, he pursued his running with a passion, but failed to qualify for the '88 Olympic Trials marathon as of this writing. His nightly 2300 taps (even on weekends), two-a-day runs totalling ninety miles weekly, and his long interval workouts did not add up to a sub 2:20 marathon in time. Along the way, he won a marathon with three thousand people in it, raced throughout Europe, and collected awards or many local races while running on the varsity cross country and track teams as Al's designated marathoner. And he studied enough to place in the top 200 of his class and secure a Marine NFO billet. But he was and always will be only a runner with one goal.

Michael James Huber

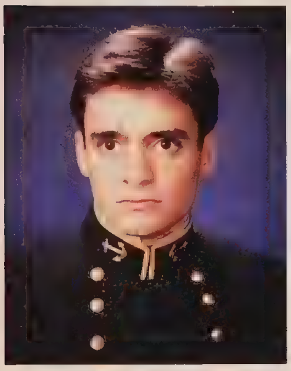
Anthony Andrew Diggle

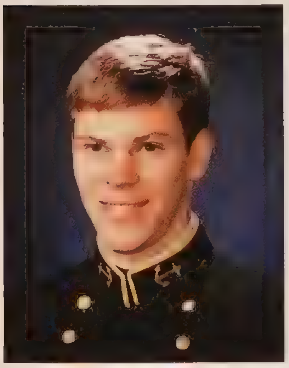
Tony came from Mexico City, Mexico and found the high-pressured life of the Naval Academy quite a change from home. However, with his high level of "intensity" and well developed work ethic, Diggs overcame all the difficulties of Academy life. Not one to mix business with pleasure, Tony spent many a weekend "burning the midnight oil" and in case of special academic events he even managed to study a little. Besides his well-deserved academic record, "Diggs" also developed somewhat of a reputation with the opposite sex. Not one to avoid a challenge, Tony will be jumping from the frying pan and into the fire when he becomes part of the USMC after graduation. Good luck in the woods! LDV.

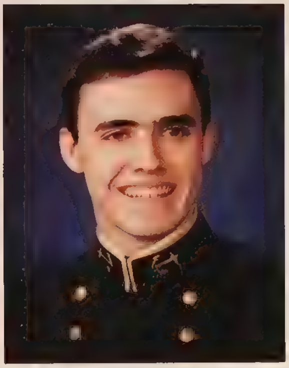
Daniel John Dougherty

Edward Allen Eckert

Ed blew in from the Chicago area and didn't come off the water except occasionally to eat and attend class, although he did miss a class or two due to a "sudden illness." Navy's Dinghy Sailing team Captain was a double major who often could be found training for Mardi Gras in Marmaduke's or Clarke's, if the wind wasn't blowin' stink. A fierce competitor, who goes all out in every activity, including sleep. "Ed of the Dead" or "Rip Van Eckert," has become famous for his special aptitude and on demand Comas. A future aviator, Ed aspires to move from the seas to the skies, flying F-14s, not a drastic change he assured me. What ever he does I'm sure he'll have smooth sailing with the wind at his heels. Good Luck. JY.







Gary Leo Janac

Michael Louis LaVigna

Mike came to USNA from the metropolis of Mahwah, N.J. He skated through Plebe year with Phil and Graduated summa cum "party" from Club 34. Although he did spend many Saturday nights on "the watch" sophomore year, Mike moved to 31 but spend more time out of company than in, having to room with "Mr. Personality" and Berry the Dog. After the scare, Mike practiced his conning on the YP's. Second class year passed and Mike overcame his struggle with the engineering, the boredom and the Bebe. The scare left Mike hanging for the Ring Dance. That's cool. First class year Mike's striper potential was realized and he carried a sword all year. A recipient of the triple crown, Brown Sugar inclusive, Mike continued to party with the guys until doubling over after a Saturday night watch. Mike dreamed his way into the supply corps, with a collateral duty as designate driver. Good luck Park Chop smooth 'em in Athens. Sniff and Spence.

Scott Owen Lochridge

Well Loc — You did it. You said goodbye to your Mom, Dad, Lori, and of course, The Hal, and came to the Severn River Prison. Met some interesting Second class in 30th Co. and then moved on to 31. Remember those trips to New Jersey, skiing in Vermont and West Virginia, and the good times at MWC. The Pensacola O-Club is looking brighter and brighter. Scott, I know you will never forget the support your family and Holly gave you. I am sure they are very proud of you. And for God's sake, tuck up those pajamas!! Thanks J.B. All done!

John William McGowan

Hey, John — Where to start? How about BATS, OTH, UTB, FAWB, CASh (like CHiPs), just to name a few. Only if your mother knew, or does she? John came to us from Philly after 12 years of Catholic school (you would never know it). He quickly got the reputation of being a little crazier than everyone else. After scaring his upperclass in the 18th Company Plebe Year, he became the 31st Company biology librarian. "The Cowhead" began second class summer in style by getting kicked in the head by a 2nd Lt. at Quantico as he helped John through the obstacle course. John's love for science eventually drove him to relieve himself on RG's computer. Going home for the Army/Navy games always brought out the best in McGoo. John, without a doubt, will buy a glass house with his nuke bonus. We're looking forward to the big bash John will have, with live entertainment by the Rolling Stones, when he gets out of the Navy. Diver down, John! HBI.

Danny Allen Nygaard

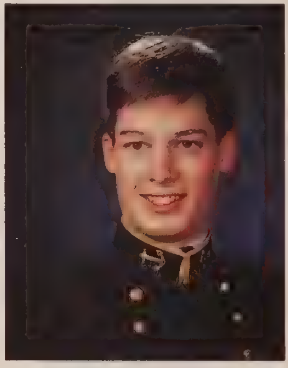
Dan's accomplishments at the Academy were numerous. The Chickenhawk graduated in the top 10 of the class with a Mechanical Engineering degree. Who would have thought that such a large brain could be housed in such a compact body (although, he does have a mellonhead to compensate). During second class year, the Army/Navy Dance was quite a contrast to square dancing lessons in Monticello, Minnesota. Here he discovered the art of dancing while surrounded by fat chicks. Too many ice buckets of Margaritas! Dan was lucky to escape rooming with John and Pat after only one semester of mental torture. Dan was always active in sports, wrestling on the varsity squad until he was injured second class year. He then occupied his time with golf, racquetball, running, lifting, and tennis. Good luck to the company slowpitch softball coach in his 18 holes of golf a day with a little CEC work on the side. Remember Dan, CEC, IT'S DYNAMITE! HBI.

Patrick Ryder Perkins

After four years of Academy life, Perky has been transformed from a good Catholic boy to a key member of the twisted trio. Only company command freed him from the wrath of Mike and John (but not from the Hawk). The Head, realizing that flag twirling was not worth the abuse, set out to establish his manhood by joining company fieldball and slow pitch. Pat distinguished himself with his superb performance on the company tape, and unique pig noises which he would make after studies pushed him to the brink of madness. We can just hear these same noises radiating through the ocean deep to Soviet sonar receivers. There are many things we could say about Carol and Pat, but we'll refrain. We will talk about his sleeping habits, though. Perky has been seen sleeping with Big Macs, buckets, and his blanket and pillow on the floor. Pat, keep working on that chest (don't get paranoid), and the best of luck running silent and deep. HBI.

Stephen Moore Pitrof

What can you say about someone who spends four years at the Naval Academy and ends up transferring to the Air Force? Steve always wanted to go Air Force even though he tried to fool us about going P-3s. He always said "You don't have to be an aero to fly," but he took the hard way once again. Why enjoy three-striper libs when you can work on design projects? Propulsion — deja vu. Blah! Blah! Even though his plebes "punched-out" he hung in there. "Help! Help! I'm being repressed." If you liked jazz he was the connection. Fly high — fair winds and we'll take care of the following seas. GLJ.



John Frederick Vertel

John, why do you drink so much beer? Answer: To build my musculites, of course! After spending a year at Northwestern, Vortex packed his bags and left CA for the great night life in Annapolis. EE wasn't very kind to Tex, nor was the math dept. (Vertle, Vertez . . .which one is right?). The 31 Co. Officer knew him as Mr. Appliance after he rewired the circuit breakers in the hall and packed his room with appliances. Tex roomed with Mr. Spock and WeakMo for three years. This explains his drinking habit (thank God for the Treaty). Vortex took great pride in his chest, and that of a certain Lt. It seems she took pride in his chest also, as she paid more attention to him than a certain Marine Col. at the Pentagon O-Club. John worried little about grades, especially after '87 was granted unlimited flight billets. He will continue to live in the "Vortex Zone" thoughout his flight career. Power up, Power up — Punchout! HBI.

Spencer Franklin Wall

Midshipman Lieutenant Wall, with varsity haircut, came to the Academy via the prep school and 720 SATs. Spence surprised everyone including himself when he survived two ac-boards. Some things never changed for S.F. He forgot that besides his squash game, grades were also important. While Sphinc was Navy's youngest All-America squash player, he shined in academics as well. The All-American from Portland re-visited Annapolis during that summer, the following summer, and the summer after that. Spencer exhibited pride and professionalism. After SAIL-TRAMID, the Playboy was rewarded with a performance board to add to his academic woes. Being the social butterfly of the class, most of Spencer's time revolved around his female companions. Riordan's, Clarke's, and McGarvey's were never the same after Spencer hit town and neither were his Mastercard bills. The AM showed his luck and proved us all wrong by graduating. Mike.

Michael David Wanebo

Mike came to the Naval Academy from Charlottesville, Virginia. After being accepted, he asked what he needed to bring with him. They responded only yourself, something Mike took a little too seriously; he brought "Doc'bo." Mike has been **raging** ever since. During the winter months the slopes see more of him than even his roommates, but Mechanical Engineering keeps him **jammin'** . He is going to be one of Admiral McKee's boys, but even on a submarine I'm sure he'll find time to run, jump rope, lift, swim, do pullups, situps, etc. . . ., all in twenty minutes or less, of course. Ah yes, and don't ever change your hair Mike, because I'm sure the 'bohawk will be the rave of Paris someday. Good Luck. JY.

George Scott Williams

George came from cozy Cabot, Arkansas. After a turbulent plebe year, George was moved from Thirtieth Company up to Thirty-One. He immediately made a name for himself and was known as "Bucket." George chose Economics for his major, so in his abundant free time, he went to such exotic places as Dahlgren Hall, Steerage, and the Astroturf. On vacation he often went down to Ft. Lauderdale, where he became the Grand Belly Flop Champion. After four years of playing on the offensive line for Navy, George reappeared as a "firstie." When he seized control of the company wardroom, collecting funds suddenly became much easier. George decided that Nuclear Power wasn't for him and chose the Marines instead. Good luck George, you are sure to do a great job!

Michael Kevin Smith

Mike came to us from Ironton, Ohio, even though he secretly desires to live in Kentucky. After four years of bouncing off of 250 lb. linemen, Mike ended his illustrious football career on crutches. His EE career was not quite as long, and after youngster year he joined the brotherhood of General Engineers. Another major change in his life was his two new roommates, John and Pat. He is now and forever twisted. The end of second class year Mike emerged at the Ring Dance with a girl who carried larger thighs than his own. He left early the next morning on cruise, leaving many of his worldly possessions behind. His classmates realized that Mike had many hidden talents: These include sleeping, lip-synching AC/DC as Angus Young, winter driving, and avoiding weekend duty. We wish Super Mikey good luck in the Submarine Service, and we hope his peak will still be intact at our 20 year reunion. HBI.

Robert Franklin Smith

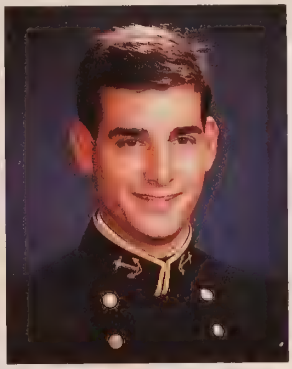
Bob arrived at USNA via the Hokie shuffle and spent many nights questioning the move. "Bean head" is a homeboy from Towson, who compiled more credit hours with his wife-to-be Karen than at the Academy. To Mr. Domestic, organization was as natural as a Budweiser in hand. Bob spent many nights masterminding the ultimate getaway. Key West, Sugarbush and Toad's provided blurred memories of the fellas, but in Newport we were lucky to escape with our lives. His greatest influence was on the tastes of Z, Sniff and the Boog, introducing P.B. and pickles, herring and sardines to our menus. Bob, as a Tau-Beta and BSB, you are destined to touch the wings with the best. Keep your hand on the stick, your eye on the ball and a room in the basement. IRIE! Z, Sniff, and The Boog.

John Mark Sniffen

The Big Guy, Mr. No Credit, Three beers and watch out ladies. It took Sniff a while to realize that his talents from high school were not fully appreciated at USNA. Two 5's and 300 tours later, he joined the Fellas in 31. As Navy's premier tight end Sniff's abilities were largely wasted until his end-zone spike. Aside from football and geeking, Sniff was always in search of the elusive cheap beer. His best came out over second class summer on a golf course and in the BOQ with a surprise phone call. A veteran of Toad's and the Georgetown Pub, Sniff could always manage to find a good time. Never to be kept down, he used his football mentality and brute force to get what he wanted out of the boat school. P-cola's beaches, bars, and babes await you. By the way Sniff, Call Home. Bob and Z.

Leroy Darrel Vaughn

Darrel came to the Academy from the Mecca of this nation: Struthers, Ohio. He was a plebe in 21st, where the popularity of his Southern roommate helped him really enjoy his first year. Darrel played football till the end of plebe year, when he decided to devote all his time to Poli Sci, his true calling. As a youngster, Darrel, always social, made rounds in the company with a walkman on. A minor academic scare later contributed to bringing this custom to an end. Darrel survived and second class year brought further adventures. The opposite sex was the subject of long conversations with his roommates, who helped him to sort out his possibilities and focus his attention on only a few girls at a time. Darrel's last year brought greater responsibility, but with graduation not far off, it was bearable, nevertheless. A great friend who always seemed to have a handle on things, Darrel'll go far. Good luck on Mars. AAD.



John Michael Young

John came to us from West Bumfork, New York on a quest to expand his feeble mind and test his wrestling and driving skills. EE tests exploded his brain and sunk his QPR youngster year. He then decided to bag it and went general E. John needed an easier major so he could play harder and survive my crazy antics. He did get more intelligent as shown by his wild spring break ski trip to the Alps with The Gnome. Raging through on all night trains, speeding in German taxi cabs and constantly in search of young German Freulien (sounds like the name of an orange drink). John found that RX-7's were quite disposable and found a way to have his insurance co. buy him a better car than he started with. Second class summer brought many crazy road trips with Dale and the Wanabros. Low budget and high alcohol consumption was always the goal (even sleeping in cars). J.Y. will do well in the fleet. Good Luck and keep skiing. The Bohawk.

Robert Charles Zaorski

Z hails from Hamden, Connecticut, home of Modern Apizza and Toad's Place. He spent plebe year trying to get around Verhovsek to get to the sink. After the scramble, Z brought his basketball talents to 31. He was mostly quiet, hanging out with Father Ed, Uncle Rich and Mark. Z finally cut loose in Key West playing beach volleyball till he bled, passing out in Sloppy Joe's, and blowin' the conch. His endeavors continued into the summer at P-cola, dancing with golf clubs and awaking in the lavatory. Z was inducted into BSB and Tau-Beta by the '86 absentees: Stein, G. and Pumar. In his final year Z became a single man and drove his roommate, Laz 15, crazy. The Horsehead's intensity, pickup, and USMC flag will contribute much to the Marine Corps. Just do whatever you want and be the best at it. It's good to see a man graduate who can drop trou in front of the OOW. Bob, Sniff and The Boog.

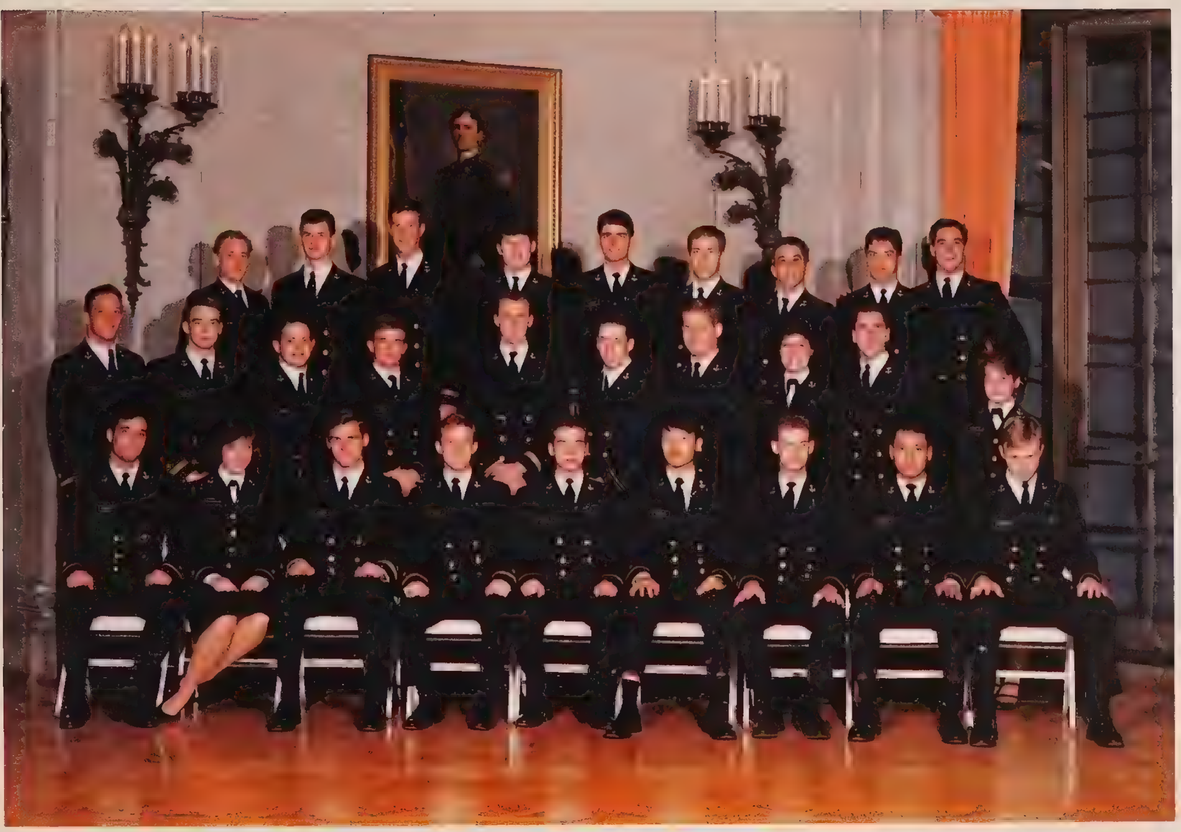
LT Allison Audilet

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Matt Mullins
Company Sub Commander: Eric Parker
Company Adjutant: Kathy Allen

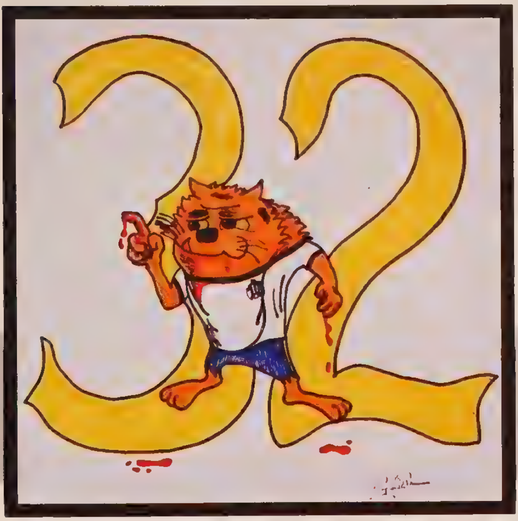
Spring Staff

Company Commander: A. J. Moss
Company Sub Commander: J. J. Jewell
Company Adjutant: A. A. S. Diamos



The Class of 1987

Row One: Rick McGrath, Mercedes Liwski, Chris Wilson, A.J. Moss, John Flynn, Eric Leong, Doug Wilkens, Anthony Diamos, Grady Banister **Row Two:** Eric Parker, Matt Mullins, Tim Florian, Mike Kiess, Doug Keller, John Zulick, Steve Ballister, Kathy Allen, Michael Mologne, Stacey Headley **Row Three:** Art Pruett, Scott Brown, Tom Wilder, Jon Jewell, Derrick Smith, Ted Anderson, Greg Zymbaluk, Tim Thomure, Thomas Bacigalupo **Not Shown:** Randolph Johnson, Darin McCloy, Lisa Rathjen



The Class of 1988

Row One: Noel Salvanera, O'Brien Merrill, John Twibell, Bruce Jobe, Craig Bender, John Tramont, Stephen Lorentzen, Paul Stader, Leland Johnson **Row Two:** Michael Morris, Timothy Andrews, David Velloney, Dane Thorleifson, David Albritton, Thomas Kiss, Frank Dembia, Michael Jones, Daniel Kramer, Gregory Hitchan, Michael Hosken, Adriaen Morse, Sanjay Mathur **Row Three:** Helge Carson, Timothy Keefe, Bryan Graham, Thomas Nigon, Kenneth Burgett, Matthew Leclair, John Nobers, Steven Thorne, Andrew Mueck

The Class of 1989

Row One: Joseph Klein, Edward Holt, Terrence Hammond, Lauralyn Carter, Joseph Wade, Joe Shipley, Gary Irvin, Christopher Brunett, Dale Rohrbach **Row Two:** Michael Gergely, Brian Grimm, Jeffrey Petrie, Jennifer Jaunsen, Dulcita Lu, Marie Demel, Robert Kowalski, William Watkins, Christopher Hopkins, Richard Brennan, Michael Glenister, Ellen Gardner **Row Three:** Mark Autry, John Chewning, Thomas Smith, Barbara Tucker, Brian Greeley, Christopher VanWart, James Edwards, John O'Brien, David Marcellino, Anthony Dickens, Damon Whitfield **Not Shown:** John Coffey, Charles Moore

The Class of 1990

Row One: Quintin Bell, Jonathan Drews, James Johnson, Duncan Owen, Ronald Romero, Dean Wence, Eric Revering, Travis Beal, David Seydlitz **Row Two:** William Chase, Sherman Jefferson, John Byington, Ronald Davis, Paul Buzzelli, John Knight, Byung Tech Kim, Michael Varney, Ronald Gorman, Anthony SanJose, Christopher Quigley, Adam Hunt **Row Three:** William Bushnell, Raymond Weaver, Robert Aeschbach, Thomas Tomsheck, Jeffrey Wall, Keith Branner, Richard Ryan, Kent Nelson, Matt Stromberg, James Stoneman

Congratulations to Mike Mologne, graduates from 32nd Co., and the 150 lb. football team. Best wishes for success and happiness. Mom, Dad, Lew, Tim, Mary, and Amy.

To Ted Anderson, 32nd Co, and the Class of '87: Congratulations and God bless all of you. We love you, Ted. Mom and Dad.

Ensign Thomas M. Bacigalupo. May God bless you with full sails and clear skies. With love and pride — we'll always be here for you — Mom, Dad, Tracy, Scott.

Congratulations 32nd Co. They who hope in the Lord will renew their strength They will soar on wings like eagles-Fly high Greg. Love Mom and Dad Zymbaluk.

Congratulations Randy. We are so very proud of you! Best of luck as you pursue your dream. Love, Mom and Dad.

Well done Class of '87 and our son Tim Thomure, 32nd Co. Thanks for the memories of four proud years. Love, Mom, Cecil, Cindy, Gina.

ENS AJ Moss, your family knew you could do it and you did! We're so proud of you. Love Mom, Dad, Ilene.

A salute to Ensign Doug Keller, "Spike," and Class of '87. Again let our Lord be your co-pilot. Love, Dad, Mom, Dave, Rich, and Dan. Semper Fi.

Ahoy! Clear sailing to the Midshipmen of the 32nd Co. from the Family of Ensign Matt Mullins. We are very proud of all of you. The tailgaters were great fun!

Best wishes to our '87 sons for an exciting and rewarding career with the fleet. Capt/Mrs C.J. Smith

A.J. Moss your continued success brings great pride Love, Gramma and Grampa.

The sky is yours now soar Love, Mom, Dad and Tim.

Congratulations A.J. Moss. Love, Grampa and Marie Kelly.

Congratulations to the Lucky Bag staff and Ted Anderson, editor, on a job well done. Thanks from all the '87 parents for thousands of hours of excellent effort given to record the memories of a great year.

Best wishes to the Class of 1987 and especially to Jon Jewell. From Mom and Dad Jewell and Family.

MIDN Thomas Wilder '87 You have done well. We are proud. Bravo Zulu Tack Bravo Xray. Capt. and Mrs. T.H. Wilder, '45.

87

NAVY
CHEERLEADER

Kathryn Anne Allen

"Just call me Kath" is how she introduced herself to everybody, even her squad leader on I-day. Kathy came to Mean 15 via Georgia Tech and referred to her upperclass as "assets." She never forgot college life and had difficulties keeping her uniform on. Although she doesn't pump her own gas, she somehow decided to be a Mech. E. Second class summer she lived with "Puddles" and we've been tight ever since. Kath lived by the "Give a hook, take a hook" theory, but she seemed to give out more hooks than she got. Senior year, she was voted Social Butterfly and Nicest by the company. Kath traveled a long way from the days of AJ-Squared Away to having her own harem. We wish her luck as a Sea Bee. RAY.

I want to thank all the people who made Navy so full of great memories for me: the guys of 32, Robin and Roy, Bill, Vicki, and Alex, and especially 1706 for all the support. And special love to my family. Thanks everybody. KAA.

Theodore Peter Anderson

Ted went through some unusual roommates before becoming involved as a 101 roommate. He was the least insane of an insane group, and the only one consistently sat. His study methods were incredible: He always appeared asleep when he was studying, especially when he was snoring. But he somehow soaked up the material well enough to get good grades. He always managed to write all his papers on time while helping us all with ours. His eating habits were even more incredible. When he was hungry, only Kiess could rival his chowing. He was a varsity sailor for a few years, until he decided he liked weekends — then he cleaned up intramural competition. Then he devoted his time to a sport folks back home had heard of — hoops. He was on the brigade champion team one semster, then was roped into being the supervisor. Ted can be described as nothing short of awesome. This enthusiastic Hoosier touched a few of us in way that kept us sane and helped us graduate. Thanks! 101.

Thomas Mark Bacigalupo

Batch came to the Boat School with his surfboard and his lacrosse stick. Plebe year had no effect on Tom because he was already a sharp dresser with a laid back attitude. Youngster year in 32 was a time of change, most noted in his grades, as he went from engineer to scientist. As Capt. of the USS Bacigalupo he lead his crew of drunk squids to Philly for Navy's victory, an event which became a tradition. Second class year we all found the habitat of the dark, humid, mushroom environment which was a breeding ground for many different organisms. First class year Batch reached maturity, "21," and he returned to the "real world" he loved, and on weekends he piloted the Fu-Fu mobile on many hunting trips to Virginia. We wish him luck as a SWO and as a future entreprenuer. RBJ MJM P.S. To all of the people who I have met, befriended, and had some laughs with,- I would like to say thanks. TMB.

Stephen Charles Ballister

Steve came to us from Rochester, New York. He has truly made life here in 32 less than boring. In fact, he was voted the funniest first class in the company. I am sure that we will all recall Steve's witty comments for a long time to come. We will never forget "beep," "boing," "What?," "Beat Army . . . Brigade Seats," and all the rest. We also owe gracious thanks for all the food that Steve and the rest of the 101 crew scrounged. Thanks to 101 for bringing Kiess into 32 as well. I will never forget Steve; he has been a super roomie and I wish him the best of luck in Pensacola and beyond. AJM.

John Patrick Flynn

Fresh Johnny Pineapple is on of the most unique human beings ever to grace the Academy with his presence. Wherever he goes, he is certain to make people smile. After rooming with some of Navy's finest, J.P. finally found his home in Room 101. To be more specific, on the upper rack with his head lodged between a pillow and the ever-present N cap. Unfortunately, this put him just below the map of the world. John loves fun and games of all varieties, but his favorite is boxing, and he excelled at it. He had to give up his boxing career for his graduation career, but always remained the fighter. That didn't stop him from becoming the ultimate mushhead about some girl from South Dakota — what was her name again? We will never forget all that we've been through together — and some day it will be even funnier than it is today. ROOM 101.

Stacey Lee Headley

Washington, Pennsylvania endured a severe energy shortage when their 5'4" chiropractor's dream arrived at USNA. Stacey never slowed down, unless struck by yet another violent mood swing or yet another devastating injury. After lettering in gymnastics, she decided that diving would be more fun, lettering yet again! Stacey was at home wherever she went, especially Misery Hall. With this perilous affinity for pain, it only made sense (???) for her to "join" the Marine Corps. Always particular, her love went from pop tarts to popcorn to peppermint patties, but not the Bancroft mice they attracted (Stacey, did you letter in high jump, too?) An honest friend, a faithful confidant, you shall be missed. Keep the faith ! LAR & DFS. O Spare Me!

Jonathan Joseph Jewell

Jon came to us originally from the "American Heartland," a place called Dowagiac, Michigan. A devouted Rugger, he has done it all. After three years, he finally lettered in the sport and earned his precious 'N' sweater. Some of Oaf's other accomplishments include the Black 'N' (from a German exploit), stars, a handle for his head (a rugby accident), seven girlfriends from different parts of the country and two from foriegn countries, and the company's "Most Clueless Award." JJ is an eternal optimist, always ready to spread his cheerfulness whenever it has been needed most. "Pez-man" was also the master of E.I., having the uncanny ability of understanding just about anything. Last year, he drove the ultimate party-mobile. Now JJ cruises the streets in his new Firebird. The Nuclear Submarine community is very lucky to have him. You've been a great friend and a great roommate. Best of luck! We'll all miss you, buddy! ENL.

Randolph Blair Johnson

Randall showed up at the academy with that obnoxious blanket and a contract to play baseball for Navy. His aim from center to home was always on target. What happened to that aim in Batch's car? And his quick feet got him around the bases but were too slow to escape restriction in the spring of youngster year. Coming from notorious 29 during plebe year, he beat the odds of graduating, and did it with style. His smooth personality had a positive impact on the company, not to mention the ladies. Being an Oceanography major, he was a regular at the Fishmarket in G. town, experimenting with various alcohol groups, until his singing debut. He should adapt very well to the life of a Naval aviator. Good luck! Sibe and Batch.

Grady Thatcher Banister III

Grady Thatcher Banister III risked much grief and mention on head walls in assuming the coveted position of Wardroom President first class year. This "Florida Boy w/ Moustache" actually hails from Georgia and hopes to be the next Maverick, with Renee playing the role of Kelly McGillis, of course. Grady's study hour began when all others' ended, and this required him to nap during menial events such as class and lectures by The Carp. His first semester billet of MIR grew into Company Drill, intramural coach, and Company Rumor Control Officer, at which he was very efficient. He also enjoyed financing Federal Court with a weekly parking ticket or two. His leisurely interests included stopping cars in Virginia Beach and praying to the porcelain gods in Philly. Echo and the Bunnymen would be proud of you. Gotta love that P.S . . . and you gotta love Grody Banister, that punk rock Southern rebel. MBM.

Douglas Fitzgerald Keller

Spike was a unique character imported from New Zealand through Third Company, a bundle of raw nerve who had endless fun dishing out headaches and indescriminate abuse. His love for the wilderness near Clackamas River, Oregon is exceeded only by an innate calling to sunny beaches and surf. While at the Academy, Spike gained thirty pounds of sinewy muscle and enjoyed the time with his teammates while excelling as water polo goalie and team captain. He enjoys all other sports, including walking the thin line of HRC and he saws a mean violin. His job as Plebe Summer Platoon Commander allowed his personality to flow freely. For Spike, everyday is "TGIF" — a reflection of his favorite song "American Dream" by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. Spike's goals are to have fun while being the best at what he does and I'm sure he'll fly high among the elite in Navy Fighters soon enough. Best of luck to our "Most Talented," Douglas F. Keller. JAZ.

Scott Alan Brown

"Grog" came to us from the Peach State prepared for plebe year. Pictures of many "Georgia Peaches" could be found in his room along with lots of letters from them. Dating was never a problem with Scott, it was just which girl on what weekend. Third class year was no different as he played the field better than anyone. The girls took their toll though, and as his grades began to plummet, Scott turned himself into a geek. Scott did a 180 and at the start of second class year, he was seeing Sup'ts stars. That year also brought on a most memorable Army/Navy game that will never be forgotten. First class year cruised right along with the Volare, Robin and some radio games. A true Southerner at heart, Scott will be a SWO at Charleston; so watch out ladies, here comes the Grog. None of us in 32 will forget the constant laughter he provided for us all. So, as we head our separate ways, best wishes and thanks for some great memories. AP.

Eric Nathaniel Leong

Eric came to us from San Jose but not before putting in three years as an ET. He was the old man of the company and did not appreciate plebe year. He quickly took to fencing and helped win the Battalion championships twice. His quiet nature and laid back attitude allowed him to cruise through youngster year without half the company knowing he existed. It was this year when one fatal night in Dahlgren would reshape his life. He met Sally and from then on they knew that they were meant for each other. He proposed over Christmas and has the honor of being the first of the company in wedlock. Second class year brought out the acadamian in the "Donger" if not the athlete. The arrival of his computer and games gave him a good break from studies his first class year and had a severe edge over his roommie with almost every game. The Surface Nuclear family is gaining one fine roommate and friend. Good luck and remember to always go "ahead warp speed, Mr. Sulu." JJJ.

Anthony Almond Solon Diamos

Anthony Diamos has spent four fun years with us at USNA, but only the Philippines will benefit from the man's professionalism. This foreign national spent a year at PMA where he was legally hazed. Therefore, he expected the worst in America. However, Tony's flawless voice quickly took the USNA Glee Club to unprecedented heights and successes. Professionally, Tony was nauseating. His policy on plebe-spooning was to do so only after graduation . . . the plebes'. Among his many love affairs was the one he had with his rack and the ones with any of a number of female friends. "Ooh, she is very beautiful!" (Let's not talk about our girls.) Presently, Anthony Almond Solon Diamos cannot decide his future, whether it be in graduate school, manning the controls of a Philippine helicopter, serving as a bodyguard for Cory Aquino, or pursuing a career on Broadway. We will always love the boy, even if he is a Communist. (He's not really.) MBM.

Lisa Mercedes Liwski

They were the best of times, they were the worst of times. Everything from a 3.28 to a 1.67, from Navy Track to Navy Cheerleading, and many other highs and lows. This place has the unusual ability to be in a constant state of change, and to change others at the same time. Fortunately, the one constant was the love of Jesus, as a friend and Savior he can't be beat! He gave me loving parents, great roommates, and the best surprise of all, my three stripes. Heading off to the Marines brings an ever present thought, "You know my folly, O Lord, my guilt is not hidden from you. May those that hope in you not be disgraced because of me, O Lord, the Lord Almighty; May those who seek you not be put to shame because of me, O God of Israel." Ps.69:5-6. Thank Jesus! PTL.

Timothy Allen Florian

The Flapper came to us from the "Home of the Buzzards." After surviving a hectic plebe year which included Captain Cub Scout, the drinking escapade with the wrestling team, and rooming with K.B. and P.K., Tim spent most of his long weekends with Dani, and the others partying with the "Mullinator." Injuries prevented his upcoming career as a Navy wrestler, so he settled back to instruct plebe wrestling sub-squad and struggle through advanced calculus as a math major. Among his "varied" interests were hard rock, Neil Pert, Sawney and Letitia, and the drums, but he has also enjoyed breaking lights and beer bottles, and trying to resist Virginia weekends 2/c year. This is the "Naval" Academy, 2nd Lt. Sheila, leave Tim alone. As a result of his Marine Corps service selection, he spent most of second semester bald. He would like to thank his super parents for standing by him all the way. Best of luck with the "tough team." RSM and MBM.

Darin James McCloy

From the thriving metropolis of Hickory came this good ol' boy with a thick southern drawl. Third class year he arrived on 8-0 ready to assume the youngster position — horizontal. He quickly distinguished himself as one of the best rackers in the company. Youngster year also began the famous Army antics, some of which he can't remember. Darin wanted to follow in dad's footsteps as a Marine pilot, but his perfect eyes left him as the result of too much studying(?) He ran into The Rocket and decided that he really didn't want to be a Mech E. anyway. Along came firsty year, and so did Teresa. The miles piled up on the mighty Camaro during the weekly road trips to Wake Forest to see his sweetheart, and Darin did his part to keep the Virginia State Troopers in business. Leonard-Hagler was nothing compared to McCloy-Flynn one Saturday afternoon in the Wardroom. The Corps found another good man. Good luck, Gus. ZYM.

Richard Scott McGrath

Rick spent three of his high school years right here in the yard, so he decided he'd spend four more here. He was labeled "Fritch" by his closest friends Grog, Sacman, Bonz, Seth, Big John, and Ted. Rick enjoyed the single life as a plebe and youngster, but fell in love with Laurie and plans to marry in February of '88. As an electrical engineer, Rick excelled, and soon became everyone's handyman, especially Laurie's. In his final semester as a batt-staffer, which included being forced to room with the Flapper, waxing his floor over spring break, and trying to build a TV remote control for his design project, "Fritch" picked Nuke, got his $4000 bonus, and is headed for a super future. He'd like to thank his parents for being so supportive. Best of luck Rick. TAF.

Michael John Mologne

Sibe left his family in the Rockies but they eventually followed him east. He went from holding a glove in the outfield to holding defensive linemen on the 150's football field. A great recruiter for Navy but had his troubles with the ring dance — getting a date the day before. Sibe was good at odd jobs, i.e. piano player in Georgetown bars and entertainer in front of Penrod's in Fort Lauderdale. His famous saying "if you worry about it, it's going to happen." This bit of logic, however, did not cover his mishaps with the red Fiero and the blue Rabbit. We hope to "hear" good things about Sibe with the Seabees in the Civil Engineer Corps. RBJ and Batch.

Allen Jeffery Moss

A.J. was thrust into the epitome of the Naval Academy by being given a real plebe year in 12th company. He then came to 32nd company where he promptly enhanced both his studying and fun-having skills. A.J. then went on to graduate as a respectable Systems Engineer and ultimately take the helm of the 32nd company in our final semester. A.J. has gained his classmate's respect by being able to go both ways; that is both studious and professional but also care-free and fun-loving. He was a great roommate my whole first class year and I will surely miss him. A.J., we all wish you the best of luck in the sinking boat service. SCB.

Matthew Bryan Mullins

And the Commandant passed his hand over the face of the Brigade, and scrambled '87. And, Matt awoke in the midst of 32, and didst hate life. And, the ex-chemist was fruitful, and his friends didst multiply. And lo, Matt rose from the ilk of academic oblivion, and was raised on high by the Lieutress. And, the scum that were his classmates fell on their faces and were sorely afraid. And Matt spake and no more was un-reg P.E. gear upon the face of 32. But alas, Matt was laid low by the passing of time, and his multiple stripes were torn asunder. But his professionalism grew like the mighty oak (as did the number of his smack points). But in the end, we all rejoiced for having known him, and upon him was bestowed the title "Lord High Mullinator, King of the First Stall on the Left". Good luck at Top Gun, and don't forget to check under the hood. GTBIII.

Timothy Joseph Thomure

Tim, notoriously known as "Tank," has been the direct cause of many of the more memorable events in the 32nd Company, especially in Room 101. He came to the company youngster year as a squared-away sweat after a plebe year in 18. The first time Carp put us on restriction, that all started to change. By First Class year, the sweating was definitely over and the fun beginning. Actually, Tim had as much fun as anyone at the academy, if not more. Tim went through many phases in the last three years: The Doors phase, the mush-head phase, the truck phase, the QPRcle phase, and so on. Of course, none of these lasted more than a few weeks. Though his antics were bizarre, they made hard times fun and easier to face. Tank was truly 101. He was always a great friend to us, and will be no matter what.

Thomas Yates Wilder

Making the long journey east, Tom comes to Navy from the self-proclaimed best state in the country, California. Another state dear to his heart is Texas, home of Marcy, his southern belle. Born a fish, Tom joined the lightweight crew team. For 3½years he beat his body to a pulp, sucked weight and hated life, and for what? A measly little varsity N and a well deserved nickname, Goose. Voted Mr. Personality by his classmates, one can see why he's one of the most popular people in 32. To do justice to the USNA existence of Tom "Goose" Wilder would take far more words than this, but let me close by asking some questions about the future. Will Tom ever like anything about the east coast? Will the 'Supial be able to settle our California boy down? Will he ever part with the Love Boat? Will Tom ever meet someone he doesn't get along with? And finally, will Tom's neck ever shorten? Pensacola got the best with my roomate and 32 wishes him well. TOPH.

John Douglas Wilkens

Looking back over four of the most memorable years of my life, it's hard to believe that it's over. I can't believe how many times I was tempted to throw in the towel, or let someone else throw it in for me. God knows that there were always plenty of people who would have liked the opportunity — Troy and Arnold my first year, followed by a multitude of others. Sheer pigheadedness is probably the only reason I stuck it out; I always had that, if nothing else! My rebel spirit and temper kept me separate, but it kept me going — joke 'em if they can't take a *@#&! I did it for me, and they can never take that away. This place has taught me a lot, both good and bad, and in the end I got what I wanted — my ring, my car, my Marine Air billet, and my "first-rate" education. I thank the Lord, my family, and my friends for their help in making a dream come true. Hopefully the first of many for the Water Weenie.

Christopher John Wilson

Chris comes to us from McDonald, Pennsylvania — which is a nice way of saying Pittsburgh. He first achieved fame for consistently high performance on the football team, holding the clipboard with valor for 3 years. Not even the post-game "Wilson-gaters" were enough to prevent his retirement second class year. Chris has an affinity for nurses, and even was one for a night. Even though he's the perfect male specimen, he hasn't yet met his perfect female counterpart. It is to his credit that Chris has always been the un-football player; voted most intellectual, this Mech E. will graduate with the highest order of merit in 32, and deservedly so. Bound for the nuclear Navy, we're trying to make him less sensible and diligent so that he'll spend all those bonuses. Chris has been a great roommate and better friend, and we wish him the best in his career — but if he gets out in five, Goose and the Zule want a franchise to sell his genotype. TYW.

Eric Addison Parker

Er-rock dropped in from the sunny beaches of West Palm Beach where beautiful courses enable ol' Jack to swing his magic wands year round. Although Rock did not meet a few of his preset goals (baseball and academics), he took his dissappointments with a lot of grace. The great times have certainly overshadowed the bad as seen through all the visits to Capt Coors' home. Caddying for the Capt. proved to be very rewarding at the 10th hole, and now that Rock has taken up the game he hopes to lure Capt. Coors into toting his bag around Tantallon. How 'bout them High Point trips — your body is strong! Rock may never be noted for his musical creativity that was much in need when the electricity in my car went out with 6 hours to go on our trip. Second class year, Rock lucked into one heck of a girl, for if she has spoiled you as much as she has she has spoiled me, you found one rare gem! Good luck in Mayport, I'm sure our paths will cross again soon! DMS.

Arthur Paul Pruett

Art came to us from a suburb of the "Bean-town," but not without going through NAPS and a splinter-pickin' season with me on the baseball team. Youngster year, Art learned the advantages of having a roommate whose parents lived in the area, as he soon was able to apply his newly-learned skills in FL101 (Free-loading). He did manage to learn a few things that year including the game "Yippie," but not until he had paid the price many times! It sure made playing with the "Wet Shoes" much more difficult; didn't know golf balls could be so noisy! Second class year was academically frustrating, but somehow we all managed to survive from being strangled by wires. At the midpoint of his stay here, Art met Andrea, the girl of his dreams. Fortunately, as the amount of time they spent together increased, so did the chow packages. Good luck, Art: May you, Andrea, and your career avoid the rough. DMS.

Lisa Ann Rathjen

If Lisa will be remembered for anything it'll be for having the most decorated room in the brigade during the Christmas season — from Thanksgiving through finals it was little lights, garlands, and Amy Grant's Christmas album non-stop. The things she endured here are amazing — being a crew jock, having a roller coaster QPR, wondering if she'd get her service selection, and having a terribly moody roommate. (What a pain!) Even more important to Lisa, however, is the true meaning of Christmas — the Messiah. If anyone in the brigade has truly reflected the love of the Father in her eyes and in her heart, it is Lisa. Lisa had a thing for animals too — I never knew Bob but I guess he was quite an addition to the family. She had to keep me from flushing Spot down the toilet after he kept me up all night. You've been a great roommate and a wonderful friend — thanks for putting up with me. your fellow screw-up. SLH.

Derrick Manton Smith

We are not sure where Derrick hails from, but his past includes a golf course or two. Being a Navy brat and a hamster, or is it gerbil, Derr adjusted well to life at Canoe U. Youngster year found our hero enjoying occasional weekends at home with Captain Coors, the family and a long list of friends. As a second class, Smurf played #1 on the golf team and managed to find time for a fling with "Gertie." Too bad he didn't do as well on the PCR as he did on the links. Taking it in stride along with a new life as a bachelor, Derrick began firstie year on NAPS detail, which is another story. As golf captain, Derr enjoyed the life of a three-striper both semesters but was rarely able to use the extra liberty due to the rigors of being a mathmatician. A Californian at heart, Derrick will be serving as a SWO in San Diego after graduation. Derr, we know life has many hole-in-one's for you, but don't get caught night-putting with the Admiral's daughter.

John Andrew Zulick

Zule came to 32 from Shamokin, PA, via the 35th Company. Only a cross country lightweight at first, he is now living proof that four years in the weightroom can change one's appearance. Zule likes to watch and play contact sports, like basketball, for instance. He also enjoys rock climbing and hunting big game. He participated in the Karate Club among other assorted sports. His favorite music group while here was Cat Stevens. Not many people were privileged by meeting the person behind the "Terminator" image. Then again, not many people were ALLOWED the privilege of meeting Zule. His sarcastic sense of humor and direct method of getting things done were only a couple of attributes that most of us came to appreciate and respect. Some of Zule's goals include "reaching Karma" and "overcoming challenges." No doubt he'll accomplish these in the Special Warfare Community. We all wish him well. "Do or do not — there is no try." DFK.

Gregory Richard Zymbaluk

Zymby is the Limit! He has created quite a following here at USNA. I'd like to make it clear that Zym slept almost as much as I did. He got more than his share of nappy time during study hour youngster and second class year. First class year Zymby was "elected" the Second Regimental MIS officer. While he put in some time trying to tame the temperamental NATS system, he spent more time on three-striper libs. Second semester he was never seen at formation, drill, or inspections. A phone in his room also came with the job and by some "accident" it was equipped with an outside line. For his patience in putting up with Teresa's late night calls and the fact that he is truly one of the few great guys you run across in life he is always welcome in my home. You're the greatest Zymby! Darin.

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The Class of 1987

Row One: Patrick Kelly, Miguel Rodriguez, P. Brown, Carol Berry, George Saroch, Susanne Clautice, Michael Hill, John Bays, Scott Wolfe **Row Two:** Duncan Hart, Elizabeth Wuestenberg, Benjamin Griffith, Alex Rapadas, Warren Buller, Timothy Callahan, Todd Buechs, Bob Misch **Row Three:** Thomas Van Atta, Robert Olsen, Jay McKelvey, Christopher Merriam, Stephen Cohan, Michael Demchak, Ted Williams, Stephen Nagy, Steven Battle, James Morgan **Not Shown:** Christopher Dunphy, Joseph Walker

LT Randy Duncan

THIRTY THIRD
HERD

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Stephen M. Nagy
Company Sub Commander: Susanne M. Clautice
Company Adjutant: Michael J. Hill

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Steve Cohan
Company Sub Commander: Rob Olsen
Company Adjutant: Carol Berry

The Class of 1988

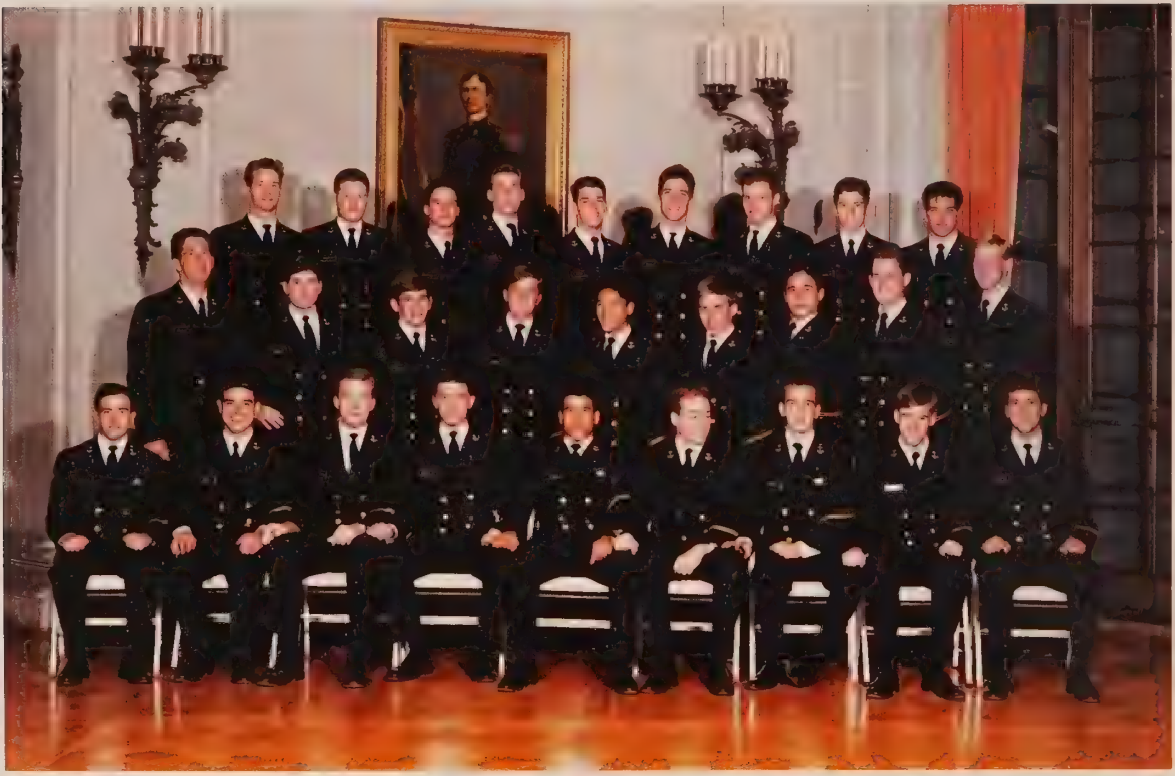
Row One: James Zito, William Tobin, Daniel Begeman, Darren Olson, David Hitt, Thomas Manning, James Hawkins, James Dempsey, Gregory Florence **Row Two:** Peter Dunphy, Christopher LaPenna, James Bartlett, Dave Lopez, Rhodel Dacanay, Thomas McCarthy, Anthony Mazzeo, Wesley Spence, David Hallisey **Row Three:** James Lanoue, James Harlan, Matthew Blackwell, Paul Lehman, William Daly, Barry Crosby, Bryan Monteith, Brian O'Donnell, Scott Kelly **Not Shown:** Paul Ambrogi, Robert Cooper, John Kasuda, Jose Rossy

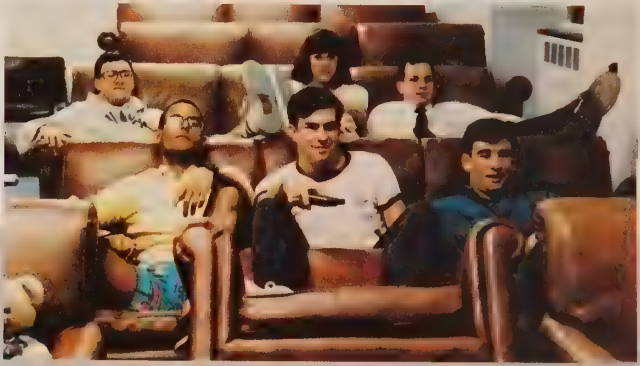
The Class of 1989

Row One: Jeff Winter, Aaron Ressler, Drew Hymer, Tim Trampenau, Dave Cox, Peter Lehardy, John Johnston, Dave Nosal, Wesley Guinn **Row Two:** Michael Sawyer, James Jones, Sean O'Donnell, Jeffrey Kerr, Tania Viera, Kristen Colbert, Hope Mohle, Dawn Hillman, Julie Modlin, Tawayla Lemieux, John Thompson, Steve Kalderon, Craig Anderson, James Miller **Row Three:** Gary Korn, James Bell, Bill Mann, Gary Burger, Matthew Soltis, Keith Hicks, Robert Duguay, Leopold Blum, David Shalikashvili, Mark Sergi

The Class of 1990

Row One: David Holahan, Khoi Tennies, Brandy Thorward, Lisa Bozzelli, Lisa Kleinfield, Christine D'Amico, Janet Fuller, David Avila, Mark Godfrey **Row Two:** David Lerch, Paul Dallemagne, Douglas Rhodes, Cory Jackson, Nicolo Candela, Alejandro Garcia, Keith Davids, James White, Ken Georgi, Jeffrey McCauley, Daniel Bishop, John Dissinger, James Ogawa, Trygve Hammer **Row Three:** William Walke, Thomas Gesell, Peter Courtney, Thomas Smeltz, Philip Valent, Scott Prinz, Robert Green, David McIntyre, Gordon Ray, Charles Cook, Raymond Cournoyer, Edward Zawislak, Tom Young **Not Shown:** Christine Bath





Luck to all the graduates especially "Scott Wolfe." May the road rise to meet you. May the wind be always at your back. Mom, Dad and rest of Family

Rob-Congratulations to you and your classmates. You guys are great. Now go get em! Love-Mom, Dad, Jim, Sue and Karen.

Best wishes for a happy and productive future to the Class of '87 and the 33rd Co. From the Family of John T. Bays. Love from Mom, Dad and Jeannean.

Best wishes 33rd Co. and Congratulations Tom Van Atta for best effort and outstanding achievement. Love your Family.

Ben — With great pride we salute you, the 33rd Co., the Class of '87, and Navy V-Ball. Thanks for all the wonderful memories! Happy Landings, God bless and all our love — Mom, Dad, Bob, Linda and Tom.

Well done Duncan Hart and Class of '87. We are proud of you. Fair winds and smooth seas. Love, Dad, Mom, Jane, Bill, June, Marion, Joyce, Rogers, Frank, Jr., Dianne, Matthew, Mark, John, Jacob.

Congratulations Steve, 33rd Co. Class of '87. May your life be filled with calm seas, favorable winds and endless horizons. Thanks for the memories. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Ensign
Steven Scott Battle!
Jeanette and Dad
Louise Battle
David and Virginia Tolley
Junior and Bootsie Tolley
Wilbur and Jean Newcomb
Dinah Wright
Paul Hyde

James Michael-Lee Morgan: Our love to you. Always remember: responsibility gravitates to the men who shoulder it; power flows to the man who knows how!

We are so proud of all of you — Congratulations for a job well done! Mr. and Mrs. G.H. Kelly, Jr.
You have succeeded because your goals were high. Thanks for sharing the good times and bad. To Fish, Chris, Paul and Bobby. "Thanks for the memories." The Dunphys.

Kirk-your-car-Joel
Congratulations Kirk F. Baldin from the Family of Ensign Kirk F. Baldin.

Congratulations '87 and Co. 33 specially to Ensign J. Rapadas. We lvoe you and very proud of your achievements. God bless you, Jimmy, Anthony, Mom, Dad and Aunty.

Steven Scott Battle

Steven Scott or Scott Steven, we still don't know what to call him, came to this fine institution from Salisbury, Maryland. Well, sort of. He was actually a salty seadog who made his way through NAPS and then on to Canoe U. He was a hard working, dedicated individual who still doesn't know which part of the day is meant for sleep. He'll get it someday. We'll miss his enlightened political outlooks (calls anyone left of Jesse Helms a dangerous radical) and his heated tirades concerning the world political scene. Too bad we had to close the 8-4 game preserve. Maybe you can raise some hermit crabs on that boat of yours. Then there was the big decision as to what music to play and on whose stereo. Boy, what group is that . . .. I know deep down inside, Scott, that you really love Rush. Finally, we'll miss ya Buddha. See ya in the fleet. Go T.H.

John Timothy Bays

Tim saw the light after a year of AFROTC at Kentucky, and made his way to the shore of the Severn. The great scramble brought him to 8-4 where he took his place as 33rd's principal advocate of better living through chemistry. We'll always remember the mobile molecule- especially Miguel, the first to realize its street value. Second class year he transitioned from designer drugs to explosives. Isn't it funny how chemists always describe a good time as a blast? Introduced to alcohol at one of Wolfie's finest, Tim immediately became the life of the party. As a firstie he adopted Jimmy, and for some reason never got to bed before two again. No man knows more cures for someone else's hangover. Giant will be ever grateful for the Sunday grocery runs. We wish him fair winds and following seas as one of the Surface Navy's new breed. Best of luck, Bud! Chris.

Carol Lee Berry

Is it true what they say about Carol and plebe year? No! Carol's romantic distractions kept her from making 'Dant's list youngster year, but her distraction graduated in '85, and she's been enjoying her long weekends ever since. It's a long drive to Charleston. Devoting two years to Navy Crew, she earned the Most Improved Award and a varsity letter youngster year. Her appearance in the Log prompted the popular "Zap the crubas" button, but she stepped out of the crew shell and started stepping to the Jane Fonda beat with Aerobics Club. She's always ready for fun and excitement — as we all found out second class summer — and none of us will forget the Coral Dining Room, the Lido Deck and the Monkeys aboard the "Love Boat"- AROOGIE, BABY! Her warm smile and friendly hello will always be remembered. Oh! one more thing. Thanks for not snoring, and yes, Carol, he's gorgeous. Go for the good times! E.

Todd Russell Buechs

Bixer came to the Academy thinking it was better than the partying, girls, and fraternity at FIT. Little did he know, he was entering the "priesthood" known as USNA. Luckily his sponsors had daughters. He still found himself with nothing to do during the week. After great contemplation, he decided that due to his great hand/eye coordination, he'd take up powerlifting. Well, two rib breakings and one hernia later, he stands (crawls) — Todd the grunt. This note is like Todd; it's joking, yet very serious. All kidding aside, to those who don't know him, there's a lot more to him than you'd expect. Deep down, he's one of the kindest, thoughtful people you'd ever want to meet. Good times, bad times, he's our friend. Watch out Quantico, "There's a new kid in town!" JBM, PMK & TMS.

Benjamin Perry Griffith

He's blonde, blue-eyed, and comes from a society where they "Live to love and they love to live." BEN-JAMMIN PERRY GRIFFITH II is your typical California beach bum. Who else lives volleyball, "hooks" up with gorgeous fifis, and parties hard like fun-loving Floridians? USNA has treated Ben right. As an outstanding plebe (remember the back!) in 13th Company to a responsible head brigade P.E. officer in 33rd Company, Ben has given his all. The three stripes he held as Captain of the Volleyball Team was an advantage not only for Ben but for the room. Those three-striper lib food runs were great. It was beaching! The surface community would have loved Ben but he chose to be a F.I.B. At least P-cola will show him what real beaches are like. Hopefully his Chief Cherokee can handle the dunes. Well Ben, good suds, good loves, and good luck. See you as the future CNO and don't forget about "The Piston." AJR.

Duncan Arthur Hart

Uncle Duncan's motto has always been that, "The South will rise again." This country redneck from South Carolina will long be remembered as the man who ran out five roommates plebe year alone. This feat almost compares to his first semester guest appearances at the academic board. After this rocky start he steadily climbed his way to the bottom fifth of the class where he led Lima company to be plebe summer color company. An observer remarked during the solemn occasion that of all the stripers he was the lowest in the class. Time to take a bow. It is also worth mentioning that he met his future wife during this second plebe summer. How disgusting. Can't you imagine those long stares across T-court? His big green machine, otherwise known as a Ford LTD, reputedly carried 14 in downtown Philadelphia, held 52 large pizzas, and doubled as a hotel among other uses. We hear that shipboard life on oilers is pretty slick these days.

Michael John Hill

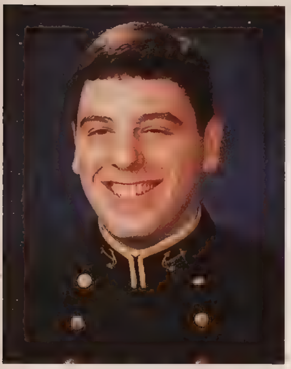
Originally an aspiring sub-mech E type, Mike bagged it and 'took' history after plebe 4-weekers. After youngster cruise he became a believer in failed romances (The wenches: home, Dahlgren, Ring for Ring, country, local, divorced, 'Modern Woman', Free! . . ."Please, not in the car," D.C. and champagne don't mix) memorizing Casablanca and quoting Rick after each fall, "Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, why'd she have to walk into mine?" In Ellicott City, he went ugly early, only to be beaten to her, so he got the babe. Quixotic knight-errant, mass of contradictions, a romantic politically to the right of Machiavelli, Sun-tzu, and Gordon Liddy, his guides. Too rational, he found balance in a quote from Herbert, "Answers are a perilous grip on the universe. They can appear sensible yet explain nothing." Who else would name their car Rache (vengeance)? So efficient he's lazy, he'll be a great SWO. Mig.

Patrick Michael Kelly

Rat arrived at USNA with higher ideals only Bound Brook High could instill: an affinity for study and apathy for party. Ideals change. Knowing SWO was the only choice, he joined the YP Squadron. Not one to do anything half-hearted, he rocked a boat or two and prayed to the porcelain god. Early on he was seen to be a genius (of sorts) quickly dropping from EE and coasting to General in 8 short weeks. Between his individual workouts, he lived for the rack. His hobbies include circuit analysis, sleep, football, beer cans, and Doreen; not necessarily in that order. At the Shore House, who can forget partying with OTIS and the gang from TSC, "I'll hook up the VCR," and "Who ate the ham?" He's made life here easier for all of us, always had a "knack" for picking us up when times were bad. Due to his motivation, dedication, and love for the good life, I see nothing but open roads ahead for Pat. JBM.

Timothy Gerard Callahan

Timo "Jo Jo" Callahan came to the Naval Academy from North Jersey, Exit 8, I think. He brought with him his thirst for knowledge and his hunger for food. His thirst was more than adequately satisfied with the oceanography curriculum but his hunger pains persisted. Being able to draw food first his final year created hunger pains for the underclass in his squad. Bruno, which is what most people referred to Timo as, opted to go Marine Corps, which I might add, is an outstanding choice. I just hope the Marine Corps thinks so. Well, if that doesn't work out, there will always be a place for Timo in this world as Mr. Big Mac.

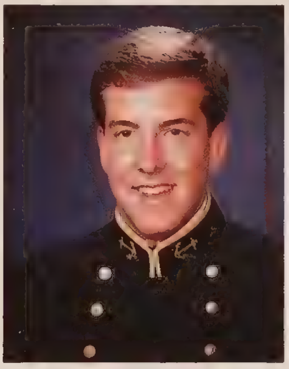


Susanne Marie Clautice

Plebe year Susanne saw her family leaving Cocoa Beach, Florida and it was Susanne's first year on the Gymnastics team, club sport. Youngster year was another year full of gymnastics and selection of the Ocean Engineering matrix. Her family now in Washington state made getting home even tougher. Second class year was a time when academics got rougher, but Suz maintained by getting the gouge. The family moved again to Alexandria, Virginia, and Gymnastics became a varsity sport- and Susanne went to Nationals! First class year Susanne was selected as captain for the gymnastics team and led the team to a school record. She selected the Corps for her career . . .Civil Engineer Corps, that is. Susanne keeps her happy, positive attitude and being ranked first in the Region, Susanne is almost assured another chance to compete nationally. Suz you've been a great friend-Good Luck, with love, Michael.

Stephen Carter Cohan

Steph hails from Barrington, Rhode Island, and loves cwohogs. Right away he became a member of the dinghy team only to join the big boat men and become one of the best and sleepingest tacticians on the team. Now he has MAX speed and MAXFUN with all the boys. (Sean) He began with 20/15 vision which fell due to intense study but never geekdom. The successful mechE never let studies get in the way of a good time. To say he was hard to find on the weekends was an understatement. During his last 2 years he was often hard to find on the weekdays. His years at USNA saw him with many women; none were quite right until first class year, maybe. He was chosen as CC for the herd but still most eloquently maintained his own fun loving-wild-mostly rebellious attitude. The pilot world will see Steve in the back seat giving any pilot the best NFO in the Navy. Good luck and don't forget its only a game and I'll always love you, Roomie. Mike D.

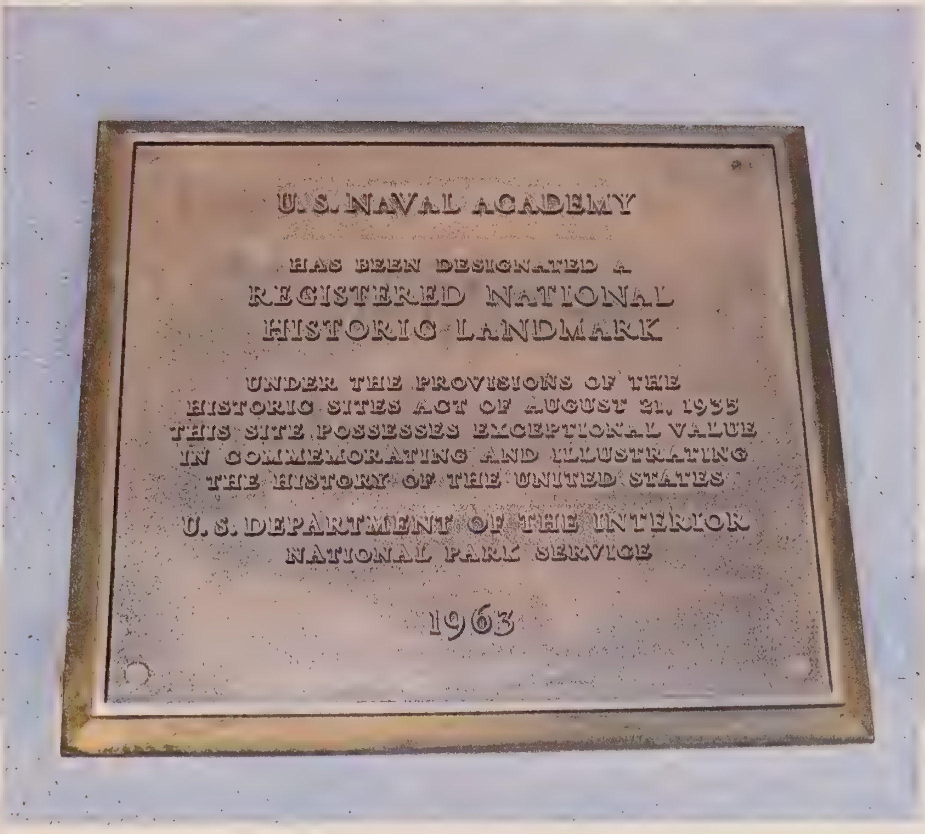


Christopher Edward Dunphy

Vark, it all started June Week of '85. Ogres in the back of the burgundy Cutlass. Coming back at 11:55 was probably the best therapy my knee could have had. Even with that week, I don't think I've ever seen you as physically fit as you were during fire-fighting. Oh, by the way, did you know that in Northern Virginia they discovered that it is possible to grow blue Volvos in your garden. But coincidentally, it must be raining shoes at the time. By second class year, you had established who you were as a midshipman as we know it. The vagrancy incident probably had something to do with it — but which one — the van or the room on 6-0? Chris, Fish and I will forever be indebted to you for being such a "wonderful" role model. RCM.

Jay Bruce McKelvey

Jaybird came to the USN(Football)A to meet women and gain a degree in Nuclear Physics. After two months, he settled for rack and a math major. He has always been quiet and that hasn't changed much since the beginning, except after Mexican meal. Football was ended by a shoulder injury so he did what was natural for an ex-football star; he joined the YP Squadron. That was short-lived and he turned his interests towards weekends with Tara. His hobbies include: Baseball cards, Tara, eating, and Tara and eating. In Hawaii he got ready for a career as a Marine. Who can forget slam dancing with the "gut" and the lemon in the lap trick. He has had trouble with locked doors before (T's sponsor) but only open doors ahead. He came to the Naval Academy as a long shot and proved the critics wrong. As a friend and a marine he can be counted on. The gentle giant has won a lasting friendship with fellow cellmates Todd & Pat.


U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY
HAS BEEN DESIGNATED A
REGISTERED NATIONAL
HISTORIC LANDMARK
UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF THE
HISTORIC SITES ACT OF AUGUST 21, 1935
THIS SITE POSSESSES EXCEPTIONAL VALUE
IN COMMEMORATING AND ILLUSTRATING
THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
1963

Christopher Edward Merriam

July 1983 saw Chris exchange Northwestern swimming for "No Fun" commitment to Navy. The Wellesley man attacked the Academy always in a professional manner with the belief that it just wasn't weird enough. Third class year Opus rediscovered women and began his first in a series of Beat Army parties upholding Navy's tradition of winning the party no matter who won on the field. The years after were volatile, but the ex-EE joined the Aero Club and with the help of some well placed novenas, Mrs. M's hotline to God and Hershey Kisses, Chris managed to survive and still kept two morals. He fell in love a thousand times a day, especially in Florida, and always for real, but with the help of Blue Max, prairie fires and the Hawaiian connection he settled down to excel. It might have been painful but the dream is coming true. Go up there where you belong with the rest of the best, and never lose sight of your dream. MAR JGW.

Robert Christopher Misch

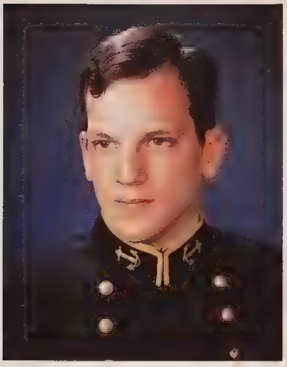
Bobby, I'm bombed . . .Bob has singularly made what could've been four years of hell into four years of purgatory. Scholar, athlete, janitor, Bob has done it all . . .Beat South Carolina youngst . . .I mean sophomore year, privileged enough to take 3 semesters of EE & 5 PCR's. Second class summer won Bob a three-week vacation due to that good old knee.(How the hell can a Div. 1 QB be NPQ?) No big trouble until the Ring Dance, was having such a good time, he skipped going on cruise . . .twice. First class year, Bob was lucky, a certain NFO took him under his wing, damn near killed him with concern. The Browns are going to do it, some year, maybe even the Indians too. The Supt. called, get a hair cut. Bobby, best of luck, Fish, Chris, and me, we love you . . .but don't quote us. You made it all bearable for us. Chris (the guy with the phone — where's C.J.?)

James Michael-Lee Morgan

Jimbo came to the trade school from Wooster, Ohio with one goal in mind: graduation. Easier said than done! For every rough moment along the way though, there was a good one he'll always remember. Plebe year he incurred but survived the wrath of Joel. Youngster year he discovered girls (in the yard). Second class year taught Jim how to read a gas gauge (on Rte. 50, doing 60 mph with his homecoming date beside him). "No really, why are we stopping Jim?" You might say that first class year started in Mayport on Chris's birthday. How much was the bar tab? "Excuse me girls, is this pool open?" And it only got better! How many Mk 46's can you fit in a Hefty trash bag? What you did with that labrador retriever? . . .I wanna party with you, cowboy! We wish him the best of luck as a ship driver, knowing full well that he'll command a battleship one day. For all the times. Chris.

Stephen Matthew Nagy

In 1983 Steve amazingly escaped the "real life" at Penn State to be a plebe here at the Academy. He was not the only Nagy family member to come down from Pennsylvania, for his folks packed up in Pittsburgh to follow their baby to Annapolis. Youngster year had Steve jump from 2nd Company to the other side of the world to 33rd. It was this year that his true love became his BMW and much of his time and money was put into restoring the maroon machine. It was about this time as well that he developed his insatiable need for sleep. Second class year passed peacefully as he developed his leadership skills to command the company first class year. Steve also grew smart and with strong recommendation became a true engineer. First class year was a thrill, living with Clubs and the Pink Duck. Pensacola is now in his plans and the future's so bright he's gotta wear shades. Good luck buddy and may I win the bet. TRW.



Thomas Frost VanAtta

Tom can be described as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Despite a placid exterior lives the psyche of the crazed maniac aptly called "Skeletor." Going from 20 lbs. overweight to physical fitness stud after jump school, this Wisconsian backwoods aviator decided partying no longer had a place in his athletics, until the next party. Running became an important part of his routine. The Marine Corps Marathon succumbed to his pace second class year. To show his legs off the following semester, he decided to do a little J.S. Dancing at Wolfie's party. He put out the most in academics. His major, Physics has not been easy. He was accepted into the Physics honor society, achieved a 4.0 semester, worked at Los Alamos (love that lobster) and has even been accepted into overseas studies for his language skills. F-14's are his dreams. They exist in his concert tickets, rock tapes, and posters. We know you'll get the dreams you deserve. GBS.

Joseph Gary Walker

Gary flew into Annapolis with one goal in mind: to fly out! Well, he got what he came for, and a few things more along the way. Plebe year merely marked the beginning of his quest for three-striper libs. As a third class, he met the girl of his dreams, and hasn't been the same since. During second class year, we found out that Gary had a better broadcast range than WRNV. We hope he didn't use it when he proposed to Kathy. As a first class, he didn't spend as much time in our room as he did passing Gate 8. If not liberty, what else is the Honor Committee good for anyway? well ABE, now you are on your way to "Design, build, and fly 'em". You were handed your dream, so, go on up high and let us know if they can hear you up there. We know the South will win this one. Chris & MiG.

Ted Raymond Williams

Ted was known as the boy from the small state of Rhode Island. He spent his plebe year living with "the boys" in 36. As a youngster Ted worked on his cool image. Will he ever forget the friends he made at the Georgetown Marriot? For the next two years, a chance to room with Steve couldn't be passed up. Who will ever forget maxheadroom, the pink duck, McGarvey's, the VW Jetta bargain and those late nights spent sleeping. Ted really excelled at Navy in 3 areas: sailing, switching majors and ladies. Most of his time was spent down at the sailing center or on sailing MO's to avoid USNA. Probably the biggest thing he'll miss about this place is his team. When it came to majors he was not content with sticking with just one. He sampled four before deciding to take on a double major of physics and science. As far as women go, he could never just settle on one, or two, or three . . .Oh well, TRW, we'll see who wins the bet. SMN.

Scott Michael Wolfe

Scott served as thirty-third's resident academic idol. His goal in life while here was to move into the model room on 3-0 and be the model midshipman. He chose to be an engineer as a plebe because he always loved trains. He spent all his spare time worrying about why all the door knobs in Rickover only turned one way. His love for Rickover and Maury was surpassed only by his love for a certain Canadian rock band. His aim was to fly jets but when his depth perception went and he started grabbing for things ten feet away he knew NFO was the answer. His girlfriend and better half, Mary (pronounced marry) was Scott's constant companion and will also be fondly remembered for her great parties. SSB.

Robert Norman Olsen

Rob, Oly, Rob-O are identities for this man of dual personalities. After being brought up in Albany, Oregon well-versed in partying techniques, Rob moved East and received the first shock in his life at USNA. Emerging from plebe year after having survived chemistry twice he had his sights set higher. He led the Batt X-Country team to three consecutive Brigade Champs, setting the course record as a firstie. He showed his Concept of Duty by showing the plebes who was boss during plebe summer detail. We could always expect Rob to be out there cheering Buddha on or running with Carol to help pass that mile. The saying "It's Miller time" was strictly adhered to by Rob. At any party he was at the forefront. From Ft. Lauderdale to Army, Toga and J.S. Party, he was always there. Truly though, Rob will always be remembered as a good friend who always did his best. Best of luck on the Standley as a surface warrior. Check six-V.

Alex John Rapadas

As "Big Al" walks the yard, girls from all over America gaze at the tan Floridian. He's a surfer boy, you see, but he's also a Navy brat. Alex began his Navy career at NAPS and arrived at USNA ready to hit with the 150 pound football squad. But a shoulder injury, good eating and the rack forced him to mellow out and knock some heads on the Batt football team and company **heavy** weights. In his offtime, he would fill his truck with buds and suds, but meeting a pretty, young southern girl named Kelly he has invested in a turbo Saab and guzzles Lynchburg Lemonades down in Virginia. What an animal! Well, Al it's off to SWOS and Salas's for good sailing and good grub. The USS Pharis eagerly awaits the arrival of Alex John "Paul Jones" Rapadas. Hit the deckplates running, Big Al. Remember the "greyhounds." It's been outrageous. BPG.

Miguel Alberto Rodriguez

And so it came to pass that on 05JUL83 the original party warrior came to Annapolis via Hatillo, Brooklyn, Corpus and Newport. Despite the efforts of several company officers, and more than a few professors, Mig took USNA by storm. He will always be remembered as "The man everyone knows." Third class year saw him acting as social director for DDG-3 in Costa Rica, and being inducted into "The click." He began second class year at the Cafe Del Mar (But she grabbed me first . . .) yet quickly moved to bigger and better things. First class year saw Mig first bartending in a German frigate and later all over Maryland. "Road trip!" Remember the night of the living term paper? Rod never did attempt anything on a small scale (or early). Forget the adventures in Boston (Moon Villa, Cold tea). Remember Pearl Harbor! Good luck in corps, my friend . . .Semper Fi just doesn't say it all. Chris.

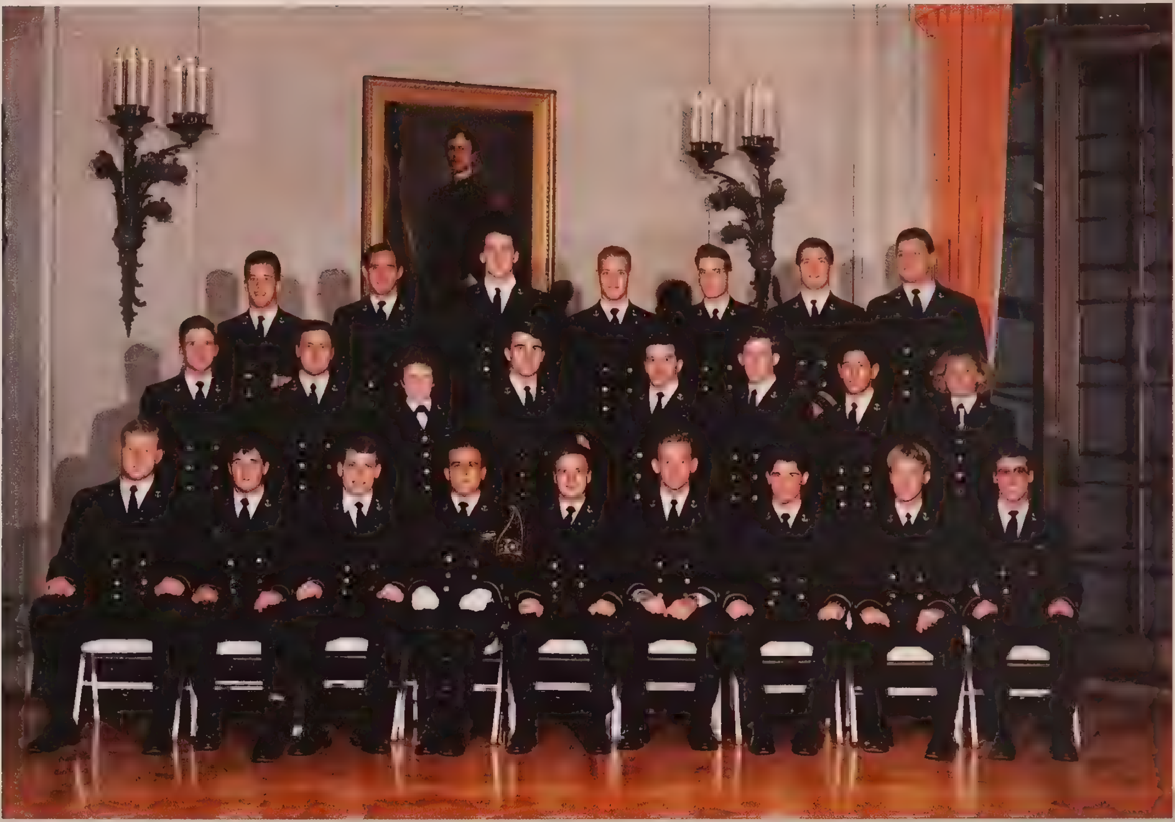
George Burchard Saroch

Give George a beach to sun and windsurf on and he'll take all the abuse you can give him. He's put up with a military family, HS ROTC, Knob year at the Citadel, four years as a NARCH. Now he's going to Nuc school. The Rock's military professionalism has not kept him from building a party reputation. Remember Lehigh, Army-Navy, shoe-shouting expedition, Pensacola catamaran sailing without a tiller, head butting in the Button, Louderdale, erotic bar dancing in the "Dahlia", and Ring Dance without the dance. BooBoo's Academy life has been anything but a party, with sailing and required rack time most every day. Thermo problems arose second class year but were dealt with an "It just doesn't matter" attitude. Mention must be made of his women, from 26 to 16, Cal. to Fl., overweight to anorexic, all thought he was a little teddy bear. His most recent vow is to burn out partying before NPS. He is decrepit, mock him! Oly & Skeletor.

Elizabeth Ann Wuestenberg

Yesterday
is already
a dream and
Tomorrow is
only a vision,
but Today,
well-
lived makes every
Yesterday
a dream of
happiness and
every Tomorrow
a
vision of hope.

LT Peter Young



The Class of 1987

Row One: Gary Carter, Graham Rogers, Doug Hanson, Fred Woodaman, Doug Schutz, Rob Roberson, Steven Ivory, James Kushner, Bob Kay **Row Two:** David Johnson, Tad Northcott, Marjorie Trott, Donald Ward, Mike Georgiefski, Scott Bowmer, Louis Zaccardi, Erica Sahler **Row Three:** Jim Matheson, Kevin Holland, Ed Schofield, Bourke Milligan, Bill Weber, Michael Tluchowski, C.J. Cassidy **Not Shown:** Thomas Marzec

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Jim Matheson
Company Sub Commander: Margie Trott
Company Adjutant: Doug Hanson

Spring Staff

Company Commander: Edward R. Schofield
Company Sub Commander: Tad C. Northcott
Company Adjutant: Graham D. Rogers

The Class of 1988

Row One: Michael James, Paul Savage, Thomas Beck, Lance Davidson, Jonathan Hupp, George Turner, William Hiscock, Jim Campbell, Michael Brown **Row Two:** Richard Bruns, Christian Nordlie, Scott Wilson, John Lemmon, Tom Trotter, Rob Miller, Eric Veit, Jack O'Donnell, Christopher Bushnell, Jeffrey Muller, Stephen Kim **Row Three:** Michael Fournier, Paul Muller, Jeff Margraf, Michael Chesire, Mark Hagenlocher, Mark Butler, Mike Dinardo, Steve Wieman, Michael Tabb, Paul Martel, Steve Hassell **Not Shown:** Michael Cox, David Wheeler

The Class of 1989

Row One: Edward Hiler, Brian Tait, Robert Engle, James Cammarata, Michael Leupold, Hector Baez, David Lopez, Bob Adams, Chris Delargy **Row Two:** Donna Stephenson, Kimberly Stogsdill, Brian Adams, Michael Julian, Roger Suro, Glen Zurlo, Lance Wood, Jim Davis, Pete Zameska, Jim Keller, Chris Tanabe **Row Three:** Edwin Reed, Michael Cousins, Jeffrey Oberg, Paul Wehner, Dan Arensmeyer, Bryn Johnson, Mark Dudley, Heidi Maley, Clarence Willie, Yvette Gonzalez, Andrew Craycroft, Stephen Obsitnik, Richard Dodson

The Class of 1990

Row One: John Cielo, Christopher Pierce, Kyle White, Walter Morris, George Fenzl, Leroy Alicea, Wayne Parker, Eric Brumwell, Michael Bidus **Row Two:** John Hudak, Walter Garner, Vincent Herrin, Jean Lopez, Stephen Spagnuolo, Kirby Scott, John Mustin, Dean Asher, Mark Herrington, Michael Persche, Joseph Giacobbe, Kenneth Niederberger, Theodore Prince **Row Three:** Joseph Pugh, William Randall, John Hartman, David Dorton, Eric McCartney, Curt Renshaw, David Bryson, John Blalock, Scott Pease, Michael Nash **Not Shown:** Mark Gilmore, Kevin McGovern

DRILL
REALLY
SUCKS

We are proud of the fortitude, drive and commitment of our son and the Class of '87. Congratulations! Pete, Shirley, Dave Lucky Kushner.
Scott, we are proud of you and your accomplishment. May you have smooth seas.

Mike Tluchowski to our future pilot with pride and love we wish you all the happiness and success you are so deserving of God bless you. Mom and Dad

MAT, GET JETS!! ILYM LRB.

Congratulations to the Class of '87 with all the best to 34th Co. and all our love to David Johnson. May you have fair winds and following seas! You have all persevered and stand ready for the challenge. God's blessing always! With admiration, pride and love. Mom and Dad

Go for it, Kevin, Go for it all! Congratulations on a job well done. We are very proud of you. Love, Dad, Mom and Scott.

The Cassidy Clan wishes the best to CJ and his Classmates of '87.

Jim Matheson — Well done!
Gold aviator wings next. We're proud of you. Love and best wishes!
Mom and Dad.

Steve, Thanks, for all the sunshine you've brought into my life. We love you. Mom, Paul, Andy, Charlie, and Grandma.

To Erica Sahler and Class of '87. We wish you much happiness and success. With love, Mom, Dad, Chris, Brian, Duska, Anga and Jenny.

Congratulations!
Class of '87 and 34th Co.!
To Doug ("Duke the Nuke")
This is just a beginning!
Dr. and Mrs. V.K. Schutz.

Scott Alan Bowmer

Scott arrived at the University on the Severn from the sticks of Washington. It wasn't long before he reached the pinnacle of his physical aptitude with two straight Cs on the mile. His lack in physical excellence was compensated by his achievements in the halls of Chauvenet. As a youngster, "Skate" established a trend of being in either the wardroom or his rack, a code he lived by for 3 years. With more experience than his peers, he quickly assumed the throne as Wardroom King. While the quality of food at his tailgaters had much to be desired, attendance remained high as their locations were clearly marked by the Safety Orange Bowmer Mobile. Scott was not a party animal, but when he did indulge, he never failed to leave his mark. As he heads off to the Islands to pursue brilliance as a SWO and to demonstrate how "Salty" he really is, we wish him the best of luck; he made the last three years unforgettable. MAT and RTK.

Robert Theodore Kay

Every time I see Bob I remember first seeing him running mindlessly in and out of our room on I-Day; I don't think I actually met him for two days after that. He survived Plebe Summer and the ensuing four years while still running mindlessly in search of the gouge. Despite Bob's nasty exterior which frightens classmates and plebes alike and his traditional comeback to abuse (which is unfit to print) he does manage an occasional winning smile. He is a survivor; overcoming a bad leg injury resulting from the unnatural desire to jump from good airplanes, lasting through the brutality of Skate's prank wars and of Hulka's extermination program of his various roommates. Now we all just want him to survive his driving habits so he can ascend to his rightful place as "First Admiral of the Class of 1987." Best of luck as you head out to the West Coast in search of a SWO belly. JIM.

Gary Arthur Carter

What's up, eh? Anybody seen Ziggy? Yeah he's RACKing! This was one of Dewey's sayings that only a few heard. Actually only those same few knew what Dewey was really like behind closed doors. Youngster year the Dew man spent his time looking for that perfect girl. One night at Dahlgren, he thought he had accomplished that goal when he met LuAnn, little did he know that this would start the Ann syndrome. There would be three more Anns before he settled on the best one: Deborah Anne. Hey Dewey how's the kid? No really, the L on the ring really stands for Libra or was it Dew. He had a wild time first class year — if he got in a bind he pulled a postponed decoy and everything would be cool. But really guys 33.5 of them! All in all Fido, Baldwin, BooBoo, Ziggy, Ralph, Waldo, Grambo, and Dewey had a great time (Snfff). We could live with everything the administration could throw at us except its one major mistake. Wazu! Grambo.

James Peter Kushner

Jim tried to convince me that he's had a boring existence here but I have tried to slander him with or without evidence. Jim came to USNA a fitness freak and ended up the proverbial drunken sailor. His most stirring memories, or lack thereof, center around his sailing trips and the social climates he encountered. He gladly explained the tack-tics of sailing during the America's Cup and he is a very knowledgeable guy who can put away a book at an amazing rate (see spot run . . .) and loves to hangar (room?) fly his way through flight school. His true talent is butt-chewing, plebes or classmates, when I got to see his fangs protrude. Tom told me his emergency brake works so I hope the rest of the car works so you can continue the wining an dining of your Lisa harem. The lawyer can get you out of the trouble you'll inevitably get into once you hit the Southern Coast; I'll need her too! Always check your six and have fun! JIM.

Charles John Cassidy

"C-A-double S-I-D-Y spells Cassidy. Proud of all the food and beer that's in me. Dare any man to say a word against me." Keep laughing, C.J. To the "round mound of downtown," you are to Riordon's what Norm is to Cheers. I don't think there was ever a more likable person. Youngster year brought us together — usually in side-by-side stalls after Covert's chili. After an illustrious football career, (he participated in the NAPS — Navy JV game an amazing four times, you were forced to diminish your body from one of glorious rotundity to one of Herculean stature. But you needed that extra bulk to fight through Ac-Boards. You struggled through a very tough major: visiting. If someone needed to talk to you during study hour, they could always count on you . . . being in either Bill's or Joe's room. You are one of the guys who can be considered everyone's best friend and one who has the uncanny inability to say "No." Thanks for being you. RCM DBM.

Thomas Adam Marzec

He who does not bilge, can not win!-Marzec, Tom felt the Navy was the place for him when he found out that all ships had bilges. He started to perfect his talents by dripping honey on Peat Moss's forehead and reading his diary. Reforming, Tom turned to ruthlessly eating chow packages. A successful Aero major, he juggled many things at once (except eggs). As a Firsty, Tom prolonged buying a car because there could only be one hood in his life. His other love was the rack, trying to rouse him was impossible (what?!). Despite going Nuke subs, being a 4-striper, and a sailor Tom was no wimp. He has always retained the upper hand, but sports several battle scars. Seriously, Tom was always there when you needed him, especially with academics, and his stoic expressions earned him a spot in the Brother(hood). You were lots of fun and we'll miss you. LPZ, Poohbah. Thanks for the support,Mom, Dad, and Mr. and Mrs. P! love you, Tom.

Michael Terrence Georgiefski

Mike is the epitome of the self-made man. Rising from the ranks to become a mustang, he has never let any handicaps slow him down. Dodging academic pitfalls, he became a proud member of the Physical Science Club and a LTM. A merciless heckler, pursuer of trivial arguments, and hounder of stupid questioners, messy people, sloppy dressers, and smacky noise makers, Mike quickly floated to the top of the quick-tongued and fast-witted — becoming the Grand Poobah of the Brother(hood). A wannabee body-builder, Mike would work out with any and all wimps in order to give them doses of Poobahisms. But fear not, the aluminum guru does have a heart, and in it a place for women of all ages. His next favorite pastime is auctioning off his possessions and saying he doesn't need the money. Mike, you've been a true friend, tyrannical roommate, and fantastic entertainer. Best of luck to the funniest Marine, and Booger still misses you! RFW and TAM.

James Vincent Matheson

Ah Vincent, the things that boy has done. From NCAA wrestling champ (if he only had knees) to all-around athlete and company commander thug. Always the studious one, he spent hours on the well-rested well-tested theory, waking for mexican meal and weekends. Hop in his limo of love and road trip. Free flights to anywhere, that's where he was found; Bowling Green, Colorado, Pensacola — Ahhh, PSU! Jim's Phyrst experience, not his last — my best friend's girlfriend, CC Peppers, Brewery, Saloon, Den, tackling two innocent bystanders. Some 18K road trip miles later: Le-Roys, some girls really take the driver's seat. Good times at the Ring Dance, Mike's ice slalom water-ski, the Pitt game — singing Jimmy at C.J.'s; if we only knew the words, you're stupid when you're sloppy. Oh well, now on to the sleaze shack but I guess it doesn't matter, there will still be a P-3 waiting somewhere buddy. Buddy is only half a word! Ed.

Douglas James Hanson

Doug arrived at USNA from the cow pastures of Washington and it wasn't long before he realized the name of the game was survival. Hence, Doug began his three-year career on the football team — as a manager. Youngster year gave Doug a chance to excel academically and to develop his leadership style. It wasn't long before this Political Science major could give Napoleon leadership tips on totalitarianism. His hard work and success in academics enabled him to become a weekend Mother B warrior and chapter president of the Tri-Gecs. Doug's political aspirations led him to spend his summer leave hard at work on the Hill. First Class year found Doug as President of the Ham Radio Club, however his greatest moment occurred when Adm. McKee accepted him as a full fledged Bubblehead. Doug, its been a great three years and we wish you the best of luck. We'll always wonder what will come first: Lt. or 10K miles on the Bronco. MAT & SAB.

Kevin Andrew Holland

Ding, ding! Holland, arriving! Kevin swam his way into the Academy from California, but while becoming the all-American boy plebe year, he ripped the muscles out of his stomach. Kev decided to be the #1 nationally ranked board sailor instead. During a youngster year when overconfident personalities fell to the smell of his glove, he spent time releasing himself from the grip of an old romance. Second class year, he came under the corrupting influence of Web, and had his mouth encased in a painful metal sheath which wound up abrading the lips of a girl from upstairs the next year. Always a conduct case, he got fried for things like chewing gum — a charter member of the Group III subversives. Kev, it's been four good — well, it's been four years anyway, and all the Marines of 34 hope that the future is as bright for you, the nicest Marine, as it should be. Bob Marley forever, Webs and Poobah.

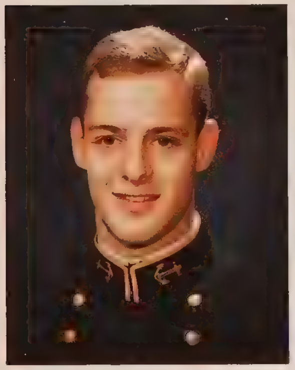
Steven Robert Ivory

The best way to describe Steve is high-strung. He has not sat still since the day I met him in Bermuda. That was Youngster year on SAILTRAMID. Being almost complete opposites it's amazing that he has been my best friend for several years. Originally from Long Island, he moved to the land of sun, sand, suits, skin and Mickey Mouse. There he finished high school as valedictorian, wrestling star, and track stud. The Academy provided him many opportunities to test his leadership style; however, some believe he is ready for the Soldier of Fortune paramilitary youth camp. At Canoe U. Steve has received an unofficial degree in womanizing and has managed to acquire several nicknames such as Disco, Stick, and Remo, however, Iceman seems to fit him best. If Steve were ever reborn, I think he would be happiest as a rapper and scratcher with Run DMC or the Beastie Boys. I wish him the best of luck in the Corps and may God bless him. HOBBES.

David Alan Johnson

Continuing a proud family tradition, Dave joined us from the backwoods of eastern Washington. A true individual, he is renown in the Club for his off-the-wall exploits. From candid impressions and diverse apparel to Houck's barrier, Dave kept us humored and on our toes. He was always there, however, when we needed a favor or some creative artwork. Dave's true love, it seems, was always art, but now it's opera — quite a contrast from the "Philadelphia Experiment." Always an ECA nut, Dave lent his considerable talents to The Log, BSAC and WRNV. To sum things up, Dave is the perfect Mr. Nice Guy. Thanks for the laughs. Best of luck always. DJH and KAH.

Thanks Mom and Dad for the continued support and patience, and to all who helped me through both here and at home. I couldn't have done it at all without you! Dave.



David Bourke Milligan

Known lovingly as Bourkie to local women, he'd have no problem getting anyone he wanted. But he always chose the permanent route. After a later job from his Hawaii/Kentucky squeeze (nice Thanksgiving, turkey!) things started looking Grim for D.B., very Grim. First Class Grim. Old no giving up mug!? Since the first day youngster year when he was faced with 500 pounds of roommate, he's always been a lot bigger than he looks. Labeled as a malcontent by the man in green, who never understood footprints on the bed or drifting soap, times with OOG were good. On our own, it seemed at least one of us was always making that long haul to Smoke Hall. A little more relaxed now, or more careful, the worst is waking up with bleeding eardrums from those Klipsches. So he's a little loud! From the beverage sessions to our personal in town concerts, its been a blast bud! Now bound for shipdom don't give up on snagging that seal. C.J.

Tad Christopher Northcott

Although it's a mystery why Tad left God's country, he arrived at Canoe U. quite eager. His feeble reason for coming was, "to get educated." It took Tad a year to convince us that someone else lived in Rootstown, Ohio. After thoroughly impressing the academic world plebe year, they agreed he'd best study in the Brotherhood of double majors. It wasn't such a bad deal. He managed to take plenty of Dant's List weekends while the engineers waved "bye-bye." Another topic of debate was Nad's sport. Most people agreed that it was somewhere between sleep and liberty. (What day is weekday liberty on anyway?) Hoss and I were like brothers. I'm not sure who wanted it that way, but he is an only child! Tad will trade his SDBs for "something green, and durable enough to wear out in the mud." There was never a doubt that Tad would aspire to the Corps, but he still has my sympathy. Tad will do a fine job for America. Good luck, 2nd Lt! DB.

Rob B Roberson

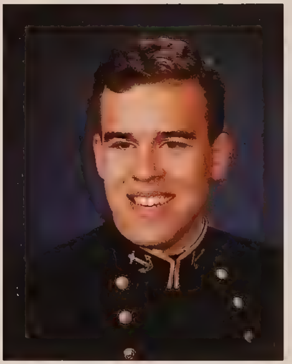
Hobbes, a fellow Floridian, and I met on SAILTRAMID in Bermuda. We weren't best friends until youngster year because of different personalities: he's slow and calm and I'm fast and hyperactive. Rob was a MMA grad and all-American swimmer and womanizer; he continued his crafts at USNA. After swimming and windsurfing, he was a PE stud in all respects. Academically and with girls, Rob had highs and lows. A hopeless romantic and a great chef, Rob had a passion for redheads. We had great adventures together, including detail, PCola, London, New Year '86, and every weekend (Burritos, Bagels, Bacardi, Funk Music, Women, Dancing, Diet Coke, and Cheap Movies) despite our sponsor's criticism to "do something educational." A hopeful NFO, Rob ended up fulfilling his destiny and became a Marine. He will make a fine Marine if he can handle living without his pretty blond hair and living in the mud. I'll be pulling at TBS with you. ICE.

Graham Dillingham Rogers

How you doing, eh? What are you doing this morning? This is what I heard all the time from Grambo. No, he wasn't crazy, he just had to prove to me that he wasn't a Negate. I remember when everyone else thought he was crazy. Falling in love with (God forbid) a female Mid. Have you ever heard such a crazy thing? Ha! Ralph sure didn't think so, Snfff! Someone forgot to tell Grambo that the tennis court isn't rubber. He had the knack for proving he could leap for every ball, then find that the court hit him. Becker took lessons. I learned my postponed decoy from Grambo, although he averaged 33.5 a semester. Grambo and I were the only mids who experienced everything the Academy could throw at us and still survive. I never thought the Tennis center could be such fun. Never give him free run of your house. These are the times that Grambo, Dewey, BooBoo, Ziggy, Fido and Baldwin will remember always. Dedicated to our bud, Wazu. Dew.

Erica Layne Sahler

Erica came a long way since that practice plebe year when she unleashed her troubles for half of Annapolis to hear. It was the beginning of a long, long run. From PEP Super to women's XC captain, Erica proved between seasons that she was a great tennis player, water skier, and car driver (hospital white); also that the Judo Association truly lost a great, as Michaele's ankle attests. Although always finding 'loves of her life,' her motto was, "friends before men." You're as loyal as they come. Eri-Eri, you'll always have the dance move, be the sludgemamma and our Ayla with your bright smile and the wind blowing through your golden hair. You're a beautiful friend, we love you. ALD, MLF. From the Boys: As you've been the brunt of endless jokes, we want to say sorry . . .*psyche!* Thanks, mom and dad. I think my stay here was harder on them at times than on me. Also Christy, Disky, Shelly, Amy, Jane, Patti, Madge, I couldn't have made it without you. I love you. RIC.



Donald James Ward

Don Bud was a tough guy to get to know — and even tougher to like. Beneath the arrogant, opinionated exterior, I discovered a devoted husband-to-be. This was a ceaseless cause of torment, as Suz lived in DC, which restricted Don's participation in the exploits of the Club's bachelors. Suz was understanding (gullible?) enough to invite us to her parties though, despite the suffering of the furniture. The more athletic members of the class of 88 were Don's special friends. Many's the time I remember Don out in the hall discussing leadership with them. Next to his opinionatedness, Don's most telling attribute was a loathing of any physical activity. Occasionally even putting in earplugs to sleep seemed too strenuous. The folks at the Mariner's Wharf can attest to his hand-to-hand prowess despite this lack of formal training. Remember Don — Don't sell yourself short — you'll be a tremendous NFO. Best of luck from the green guy. NAD.

William Henry Weber IV

Transformed from plebe summer idealism, Bill became a larger than life character, a self-proclaimed intellect and expert in all areas. He made his Club debut as the front shaft barefoot marauder. "Does it really matter?" Bill's philosophy toward Academy life carried him through reems of request chits, rooming with Poobah and Kev, and nights over the wall (until the big fall). Romancing women from here to Rome, his attempt at marriage got flushed, but inspired by Repo Man, he took to spasmodic dancing, WHFS, evergreen car fresheners, and raincoats. Rumor says Bill bought a BMW because he thought it stood for Bill Megalomania Weber and that it complemented his pseudo-intellectual glasses. Bill soon became Croquet Team captain, and proceeded to vanquish liberals and Woops with abandon. Bill, you will be the coolest of all Marines. We wish you the best of luck. Remember, Pablo Picasso was never called a Marine. TAM, Poobah.

Ronald Frederick Woodaman

In the beginning there was silence. And the silence was all encompassing. Then, deep from the bowels of the bloated belly erupted: "BUUUUURRRPP, Well, how 'bout that," and the saga of Fred's Academy career began. When not killing small varmints with a blowgun, Fred participated in other social activities such as building his own LAAW, sharpening one of his many knives, or jumping out of airplanes. The only thing Fred didn't manage to forget were the stats on every gun ever made. Despite being one of the heckled, a pursuer of trivial arguments, stupid questioner, messy person, sloppy dresser (dungarees and goat shirt), and smacky noise-maker, Fred still became Sixth Battalion Commander, a member of the Brother(hood), and the president of Semper Fi. Possessing one of the most colorful and aromatic personalities in the Brigade, Fred will be missed by all. Predictably, Fred will truly become the loudest Marine. Poohbah, TAM, WHW.

Louis Peter Zaccardi

Frolicking in Newport before coming to the Academy, Lou picked up a love for the ocean. He joined the offshore sailing team and distinguished himself as a first class skipper by losing his entire rig (blown chutes were penny ante to Lou), and by never getting seasick. He did get a different kind of sick at Block Island, after executing a magnificent swan dive, clothed in whites, onto a whaler. More than a two-fisted sailor, Lou continually boxed with EE. Those many late nights were made bearable by listening to his transcendent sound system, and dreaming about driving his russet TransAm to digital lab on weekends. Neither his New York driving traits, nor rattling eight-wing with his bass response distressed Lou, but painting his toes, mocking his custom built subwoofer, and telling potential buyers his equipment "was busted" drove him into frenzies. Seriously, thanks for the fun times, keep your airspeed up, and have fun! TAM.

Edward Ronald Schofield

Eddy, Sped, #!@$, or just plain Ed, is never without an opinion, however unfounded or C-OH induced; he is the worst joke teller, boldly boisterous, impossibly impatient and thickly goggled. The road trip miles are countless (18K), the SB's numerous(?), and the wild times plentiful. Ed lived by the motto, "It's the good times you'll remember," such as The Wharf, JB concert, DC ramblins, The Big Woo (Leroy's), b-day bashes, PSU pillaging, Limo of Love/Silverado, ice skiing, Our (or is it Mike's) Place, Pitt and "oh, . . . the car", and Sunday night policy. If we were abstainers we'd own Miami, but who wants the hassles? How he gained polo stardom and got good grades is a mystery. Its been crazy; now we change latitudes/attitudes to P-Cola and more of the same in the "S Shack." I know Ed would want to thank his Pittsburg Family Club so I will . . . Thanks! And Ed, don't sell yourself short, you're a tremendous slouch. As Always, Vinnie.

Douglas Moore Schutz

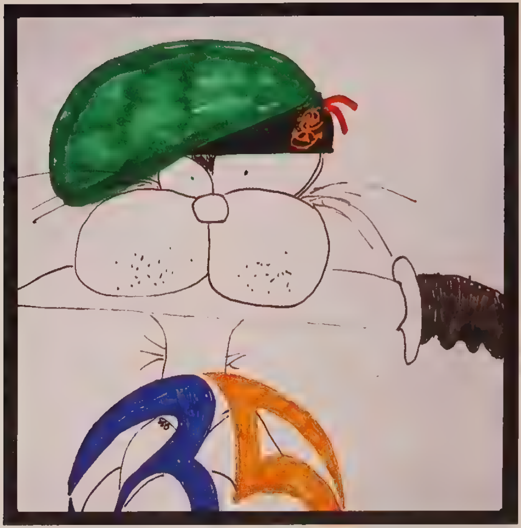
Doug, world renown as the "Duke," has worked extremely hard since chanting "mental discipline . . ." at grade school. Coming from the City of Brotherly Love, Doug gladly roomed with Morris and the New Yorker when picking youngster rooms. Morris tested the limits of Doug's mental discipline, especially during room formals when Capt. Houck asked, "What's that smell?" Struggling through second class year, he was inspired by having "Happy Bode Plot to You" sung on his birthday. Walking back from the library, Doug improvised methods for meeting women. He would stop at Dahlgren, hide his book bag, and "by going early and having a good eye, he could find a quality chick." However, burning night oil paid off for Doug when he went before Adm McKee and got into Nuke School. With the USS Eisenhower waiting on the horizon, Doug's career has just begun to bloom. Fortunately, his sense of humor and mental discipline have survived. TAM & LPZ.

Michael Alan Tluchowski

Guido arrived at USNA as an old salt after a year of struggle and partying at NAPS. Appointed on a wrestling scholarship from the rustbelt of Ohio, he quickly adapted to military life, with a jock mentality, of course. An old saying goes, "you live by the gouge and you die by the gouge." Well, as a member of a group of academic elite known as "the brotherhood," Guido definitely lived, maybe subsisted, off of the gouge. After lettering his Youngster year, however, he realized that academic survival and wrestling couldn't coexist and turned his attention to the Honor Concept, where he rose among the ranks of the power-hungry mega-smacks. He did a heck of a job, however, as a "life-exempt" honor committee stud. Now, having finally rid himself of the urge to join Smackey in the Corps, Mike is off to P-Cola to fly jets. We'll all miss the familiar sight of the negmobile and the cowboy hat. Best of luck, bud. "Got any milk?" DJH.

Marjorie Dale Trott

If it's ever been more true that "great things come in small packages," I've yet to see it. I've enjoyed 4 years of telling little people jokes without worrying about losing my two front teeth. I may not have gotten as many passes, but it was worth it. Actually, my little friend Marge has been a great bud, and thanks to "the hook" a cool roomie on road trips. At least we didn't get stuck with any goobers (OK- *I* didn't). Through 4 years and many changes, I've found a special person in Marge. If there's one thing I want my friend to know, it's that I trust in her and I believe in her for who she is and I hope that her trusting heart will only see happy times from now on. You made it a lot of fun Marge! BEAT ARMY! Love, Goober. To Mom, Dad, Coach, Shelley, Ric, Paul, and the team: a simple thanks isn't enough for your love, friendship, and support. I love you all very much and never would have made it without you.



Fall Staff

Company Commander: Phil Brandt
Company Sub Commander: John Gordon
Company Adjutant: John Raymond

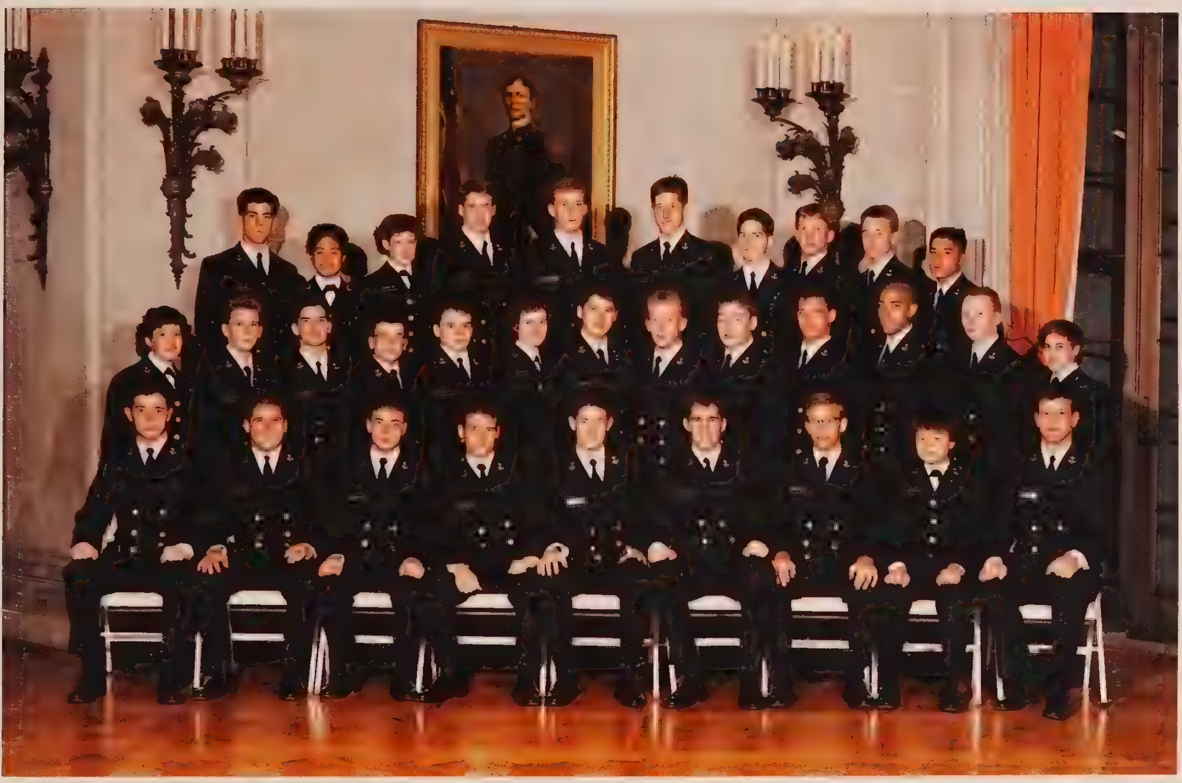
Spring Staff

Company Commander: Mick Rovenstine
Company Sub Commander: Mike Watt
Company Adjutant: David Anderson

The Class of 1987

Row One: Joseph Steffan, Arthur Clark, John O'Boyle, Thomas Mattson, Scott Seeberger, Wesley Mumm, Logan Jones, Michael Watt, Richard Galvan **Row Two:** Guy Braden, Rick Stollmeyer, Bruce Shuttleworth, Daniel Shaffer, David Anderson, Phil Brandt, Ramon Cancio, Daryl Wagoner, Chris Melling **Row Three:** John Gordon, John Raymond, Robert Adler, Michael Rovenstine, Roger Hilarides, Jeffrey Kane, David Beemer, James Springer **Not Shown:** Mark Fox, Charles Kirby, Andrew Ricciuti, Michael Weigert

MAJ Michael Herdering



The Class of 1988

Row One: Clarke Woodfin, Damon Fields, Marjorie Canby, Loren Wisniewski, Nancy Rogers, Tauria McMillan, Roger Clark, James Zarzaca **Row Two:** Earl Jones, Michael Hammond, David Greer, Sean Leary, Rich Montgomery, Philip Campbell, Daniel Conley, James Owens, Steve Tiedemann, Rene Cerda, Alex Weiner, Brad Hermsen **Row Three:** James McGrath, Desmond Smith, Robert Cecchini, John McInerney, Scot Fuhrman, Frederick Hall, Glenn Pendrick, Timothy Kunkel, James Landon **Not Shown:** Max Aguilar

The Class of 1989

Row One: Eric Hannum, Mark Minotti, Dwight Dick, Michael Durst, DeMoore Billingslea, Joe Navratil, Carl Newman, Russell Coller, Dale Fajardo **Row Two:** Craig Washington, Chris Cantarella, Bob Bigler, Rich Williams, James Oakes, Robert Stauder, Florencio Dictado, Dana Sweetser, Michael Breslauer, Robert Williams, Kevin Dippery, Patrick Griffin, Benjamin Salerno, Robert Saunders, Christopher Jones **Row Three:** Thomas Slusarchyk, Andrew Bober, Christopher Cross, Michael Belles, Dean Vantol, Anthony Menzl, Brian Soika, Thomas Hare, Joseph Vitelli, Richard Guth

The Class of 1990

Row One: Darrin Sanders, Bruce Harris, Anthony Bunosso, Louis Carvalho, Burk Lindsey, Raymond Godsil, Kelly Dobson, Sabrina Bell, Trenton Goulding **Row Two:** Mary Kay Wegner, Paul Barranco, Michael Tisdale, Charles Carver, Jason Carter, Susan Mead, Michael Martinez, Bradley Staley, John Donnelly, Mike Grossholz, Kelvin Ford, William Garrity, Anne-Barbara Slemrod **Row Three:** Thomas Disy, Michelle Vanexel, Sara Burke, Brian Keith, Mark Watkins, Evan Robbins, Timothy Supan, Michael Jensen, Robert Wojcik, Robert Jardeleza **Not Shown:** Wesley Wilson

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1
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David A. Beemer-
Congratulations, son.
We knew could do it!
We're all so proud of you.

Congratulations David Anderson. We are so proud of you! Your dreams can now be realized. Good luck Class of '87. Love, Mom, Dad, Nancy, Donna and Michele.

With pride and love to our son Ensign Robert M. Adler and the Class of '87. May God bless you and hold you always in the palm of his hand. Love, Mom and Dad.

Mick, we are all so proud of what you have achieved with God's help. Love, Dad, Mom, Allen, Sharon, Nate, Janet, Kurt, Deb and Dalene Rovenstine.

To LOGAN S. JONES. From infancy to Ensign, God has blessed us through your achievements. We are very proud of you. From you Family.

Congratulations Scott Seeberger! Be proud of your accomplishments. Best of luck in the challenges that lie ahead. Mom and Dad

Good luck Class of 1987, especially 35th Company. Love to Mike, Dan, Rich. Reenie and Fred Weigert.

Ensign Charles K. Kirby
Our pride in your achievement is surpassed only by our love for you. Determination, dedication, and spirit got you where you are. Love Mom and Dad.

Robert Michael Adler

"Chief" started life in the inner city slums of New York and ended up with the prosperous career of a Surface Warrior in the Navy. In three years he has roomed with two "saints", a "lobster", an "invisible man", and finally the "Dog." His complaints about the system are what got his numerous roommates through their internment with him. A true fan of Lee Iacocca, almost all New York teams, and Michelob Beer; he was the versatile weekend warrior of the company. Bob began his career at the Academy as a Space Mathemagician but the rigors of the Math Major soon got to him during second class year and he became a member of the "Brotherhood." This brought on a rash of gouge classes and his QPR jumped to new heights. Starting out at NAPS, Bob will finally find his home in Norfolk with his "American" car, a smile on his face, and a fine Italian woman at his side (even in his bachelorhood). Say Hi to the Wenz for us. DTA MRW.

David Terry Anderson

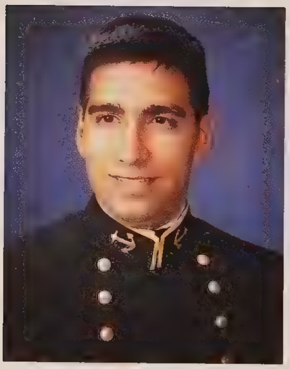
Dave "Yoda" Anderson. . .a quiet man from Suisun City, California, best friends included his Macintosh, Popeye's chicken and his rack. The most difficult thing Dave has done while at the Academy has been to start and sustain a conversation; he is truly the invisible man. Upon graduation, our classmate will be trading in his whites for Air Force blues (the lone bus driver in the company). Dave loves to live in the lap of luxury, owning an expensive car (foreign, I might add), and his own personal recording studio with over 150 compact discs and growing. We will all miss Dave, but realize he will have plenty of time to write from his underground missle silos. "Whoo Whoo" Dave's most famous quote while sitting in Mumm's with an armadillo hat on his head. Good luck and happy flying. P.S. Watch out for the Wabbit. RMA MRW.

David Allen Beemer

"The Beems" came to USNA ready for sailboats & computers, but faced instead A.J. the fascist striper. Although 4000's don't normally transfer to academic year, the trend was set & Dave soon occupied a permanent spot on the EMBC. Relocated into 35th and PhySci youngster year, Beems got off on the right foot by giving the laundry people direct feedback. His subsequent tenure as Brigade Laundry Rep set the standard for years to come. Second class year brought laughs when Dave's exploration/plumbing skills left an indelible mark on the 6th Batt. We received written commendations for denying showers to 850 people that day, which offset the integrity subsquad. First Class year saw the Beems playing it safe in order to keep his weekends and toying with green and white. However, he thought clearly in the end & picked a can out of Pearl. Dave, its been a helluva time, but we made it and built a lasting friendship. Slava Bogu Tovarish. RLS.

Guy Milton Braden

Guy's Lone Star heritage is evident from his snakeskin boots and the armadillo he wears on his head. His first semester did not offer a promising future. But an amazing show of persistence catapulted him from his humble start into the top 100. Physics gave him little trouble until his last semester. Faced with academic holocaust by a Nazi prof, Guy tackled the problem like a man: he got the gouge. He subjected himself to the same roommate for 6 semesters, teaching Phil how to ride motorcycles, make margaritas, catch crabs, and wreck Camaros. The adverse affects of this association remain to be seen. After tiring of American girls, Guy took his bulky body to Germany, where he met a gorgeous fraulein. He's studied German ever since. He leaves the 35th Company proud to be a champion "thang." Guy, you're a great friend and inspiration. Keep up the good work. The submarine force needs good men — and they got the best. PDB.



Richard Galvan

Rich came to us on loan for four years (and one at NAPS) from the Marine Corps. Confident in his service selection, he never did play the part of a gunge nut. Rich is an awesome runner too, with two Marine Corps marathons under his belt. He also led sixth batt's cross country team to three straight undefeated seasons. Academically he was a 2.0 and go history major, but boy could he work miracles with his Apple Macintosh computer. He's headed to Quantico where he will get his first haircut and shave in five years. Rich's alias was "Abdul," because he often returned from leave looking like a outcast PLO guerilla. Rich did finally prove that he loved to demonstrate his professional knowledge; he took more than the required four PCRs. Good luck in the Corps, Rich, and learn to talk right. DGS.

John Wesley Gordon

After a year at a "real" school (Wyoming), Denver's #1 citizen made it to USNA, but his added maturity didn't help much. John arrived in Annapolis with the same naive dreams we all had (scholar, athlete, studly aviator — yea, right!) After a typical plebe year in 7, JG's first semester in 35 was almost nauseating — accomplished student (3.4+), varsity athlete (sailing), etc.- but a roommate change eventually took its toll. As Gordo's love for rack and weekends developed, organized sailing and Naval Architecture gradually lost priority. Despite a disappointing Superbowl (Go Broncos?), first class year was by far John's best. It not only marked the purchase of his 3rd car (RX-7, 911, Thunderbird), but his search for the "perfect girl" finally ended with Memphian Cybill Shepherd (somewhere in the back of her mind. . .) Thanks for everything, Johnny; I'll always owe you. Good Luck in P'cola, but remember, the girl in red is mine. JMR.

Roger John Hilarides

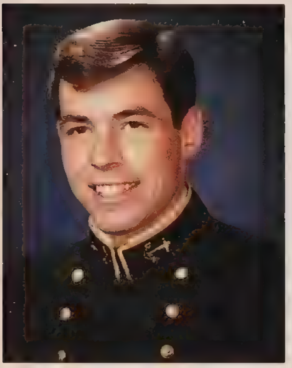
A Hickory Hills native who was tossed from 16th Co. (who would have guessed she was a firstie's sister) Chip arrived in our midst ready to excel. And excel he did, whether it be terrorizing Rith, alarm clocking Dave, or theaming up with the themperature thwin for a Dogpatch adventure. Adventurous traveler best describes Chip, i.e. the N.Y.C. Hardrock Cafe, Delaware, and the Randolph Bacon roadtrip. It was there that the infamous Whiskey Drinking Club formed with president Chip. Youngster year included bricking his roommate, girls with elevator fetishes, and Charlie Brown. Chip excelled as president, especially in the presence of topless dancers, but also testing the ice at Va. Beach, the square knot wolfbite, and his finest moment behind the wheel of his 944. Chip is also a walking etiquette book on the finer wines at dining outs. First class year found Chip in Richmond, a Batt. Commander, a Trident Scholar, but still throwing beer cans at BOOWs.

Logan Scott Jones

Whenever we walk into a McDonald's, we think, "Logan . . . twenty piece." Logan (yes, that's his first name) broke away from Garden City, Kansas to grace our humble institution. Following his "freshman" year in 20, Morgan joined us with a painful tuck and halo firmly affixed. With the help of the "Wabbit," our hero was off to a stellar start representing his buddies. It wasn't until second class year that some of us discovered that maybe the "Wabbit" was "wong." Lomo's infamous "push-ups and sit-ups" consisted of pushing back the covers and sitting up at the chow call. First Class year marked the end of the Wabbit, the end of the halo, and the end of an attitude. Logie decided that making a hot rod out of a Honda and road-tripping to Dairy Queen were more important than a good tuck and a brush-off. Welcome to reality, "Head." Glad you decided to show . . . "BOOM SIR!!!" MJR JWG JMR.

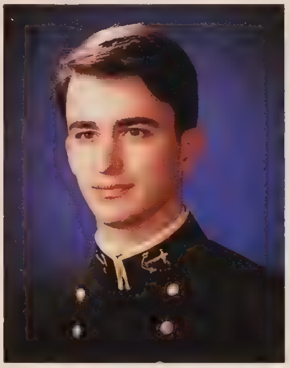
Philip Dean Brandt

Phil joined 35 as the ultimate product of plebe year: a hard charging, serious individual ready to excel in the challenges offered to an upperclassman at USNA. Unfortunately, as fate would have it, he got stuck with a Guy who corrupted him in the ways of rock and roll (how was that VH concert Phil?), partaking of various bottled pleasures on a regular basis (aren't those Kent, OH police cars nice — on the inside?) and of using those more descriptive words that seem to lapse from memory around mothers (maybe it wasn't so bad!). Through it all though, Phil never lost his ability to meet and excel in all challenges, especially as THE 35th company commander. Most importantly, however, has been Phil's devotion as a friend, going above and beyond the call of friendship so many times that it will probably take me a lifetime to repay him. I'll start by saying: Best of luck to you Phil, although I don't think you need it.



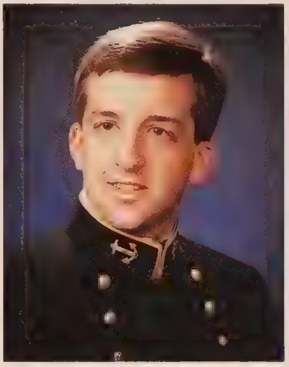
Ramon Julio Cancio

Ramon Julio Felipe Cancio came to USNA from Washington, D.C. Immediately upon arrival he dove into a career as an eternal 4-year member of the third soprano section of the D&B, an unlikely niche for a fine athlete like Ramon. Ramon's manners and poise have been finely tuned as a result of his Naval Academy "experience." So much so, that he went from the unusual abstaining plebe to the ring leader of the "livelier" half of the soprano line. Seriously, Ramon has been a great friend over the past years. He always makes time for his friends and never hesitates to lend a helping hand. We wish him lots of luck in the surface community and if we need advice, we'll call the "Latin Lover" at 555-RAMON. Good Luck, TD. and D&B W.



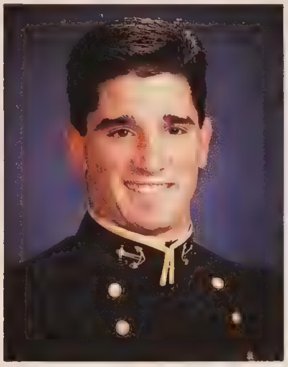
Arthur Brooks Clark

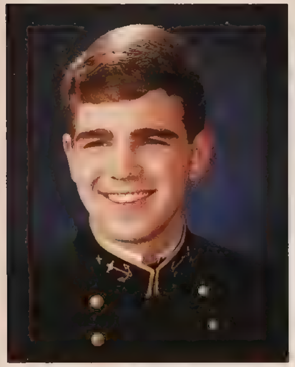
Brooks came to the Academy well versed in the freedoms that he had at U.T. and from a short stint in the fleet. After a two long years with the D&B, he decided to spend his weekends with Rachel instead. Brooks and Rachel made the perfect couple and also made the perfect host and hostess for the legendary social events that took place under their supervision. Brooks' wisest move was his escape from Electrical Engineering to the scientific study of hedonism, Economics. This was shortly followed thereafter by another wise move — presenting Rachel with *the ring*. Perhaps Brooks' greatest gifts were his sense of humor and his ability to enjoy a laugh with anyone. I will long remember the Humor File and the many late-night joke sessions. Thanks Brooksie, you made life here a little easier and a heck of a lot more enjoyable. JCS.



Mark Harold Fox

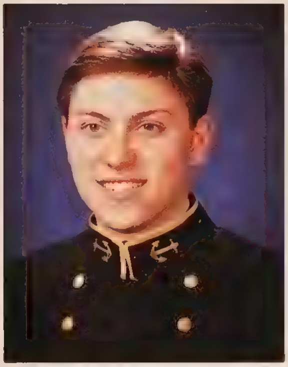
Mark came to USNA as a football recruit from Florida, but ended up walking on the lax team and lettering three years. Foxy's biggest accomplishment plebe year is that he violated almost every major violation and never got caught. Jean-Jean and Beth could attest to that. Mark's boxing skills were a highlight youngster year, just ask P.W. and D.B. As a result he was a high ranking member of the EMBC, earning the much coveted Black N. Second Class year Mark showed promise as a judge as he presided over the fishing contest in Ocean City. Foxy also managed to leave his mark at the Thayer Inn at W.P. Mark gained notoriety first class year with Drew as residents of the Anchor Room. Where's Wiggs? Foxy's P'Cola bound in his P'up with Barbara on his mind. Yes Foxy you did graduate. TC.





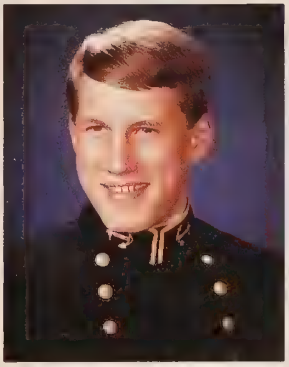
Jeffrey Paul Kane

Jeff came to USNA from Libertyville, Illinois as a true Bob Dylan fan. He soon developed into the party dude often seen as a crazed pirate on the loose attacking at will with his K-Mart sword. During the week he survived on the perfect diet of Steerage pizza and grapefruit juice. Gin became the weekend cure to thoughts of the perfect rendezvous in Princeton with his best friend's little sister. Being an accomplished political scientist, he chose nuclear power as a joke and somehow got accepted. I'm sure there are plenty of motel vacancies awaiting his arrival in Orlando. If not, he can always live out of the turbo Pacer. On completion of this incredible feat he'll be a proud plankowner on the Lincoln (CVN 72). He might even find himself going to sea one day. I just hope they don't let him anywhere near the engineering plant. Good Luck! DSW.



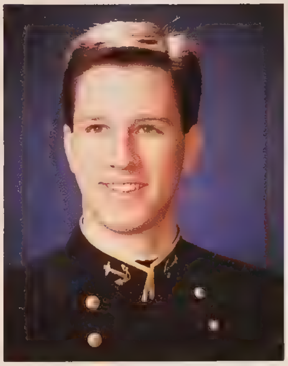
Charles Kenton Kirby

There's a breed of man known only to the South, epitomized by courage in the face of unsurmountable odds — a breed who willingly stares death in the face and laughs. Its ranks are thin — Davy Crockett, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, Kent Kirby. (Sorry Kent, I can't go through with this. I can manage the rest without your help!) A man of modesty, Kent came from the thriving metropolis of McMinnville, Tennessee, where, after his appointment, everyone wanted him to get tickets to that big race. (Or is that Indianapolis?) Kirb's Gomer Pyle accent made him popular. A semester with Beemer taught Kent everything about life. A WestPac cruise was an experience. His fiancee Missy made him an honest man and kent set his sights on being a SWO. And then it's on to Tennessee politics. Its been fun: two years together in Long Beach? Just can't see it! By the way, get me a beer, Hairlip. Slippery.



Thomas Michael Mattson

Tom came to USNA from nearby Rockville,MD as a soccer stud who would go on to letter in the varsity sport. As a chemistry major, the department is lucky to still be standing with this mad scientist on the loose. At the end of each weekend Tom could be seen bringing in the week's groceries, always keeping his personal store fully stocked. In his senior debut in fieldball he became an offensive machine. His Marine Corps instincts were fully unleashed as he showed no concern for his own body, dealing fierce blows to opposing goalies at will. He was a dominant force on the brigade champion team. Tom's driving was also out of control as he drove his car, the green tank, both on and off the road. He especially liked driving across the median, provided there was a tow truck nearby. This country should be glad to have men like Tom in the Marine Corps. Good luck at Quantico and look out world! DSW.



Christopher Norman Melling

Chris comes to us from Doylestown, Pa. (where everybody who's anybody comes from). First time I heard of the place was when I met Chris. Chris jumped headfirst into academics with EE. This caused him much stress and probably accounts for the probing and prodding he went through first class year at Bethesda. Women doctors can be fun though. Chris tended to sweat the grades a bit, but get a few beers in him and he partied like the best. Remember mice hunting after one night out? The restriction is best forgotten. However, he seemed to enjoy getting others blitzed more. He particularly excelled in quarters. Hey, are you sure that quarter bounced first? We never got to see Chris on the make with girls since he spent his productive Academy career with a girl from Jersey. Maybe its the sense of security she gets from riding in a car the size of an M-1. He needed it since it was the only car that held four suitcases for an overnight.

Wesley James Mumm

Mumm-Dog is, was, and will always be the party animal. Whether it was trips to the Alumni house for some of Kimbo's doubles, Pete's for a beer, or firing up the whiskey drinking club, Wes was ready to party. But our multi-dimensional hero did more than just party. As if spatting on frozen Bedouins wasn't enough, he even allowed himself to be taken advantage of by a sorority prize! Yes, due to a freak of nature and his #@%$& roommate, our animal enjoyed a Macon beef patty, hold the mayo. At the sight of the sequined beauty, the "Dogger" reinvented the term "putting on beer goggles." Training at the Dogpatch had prepared our veteran for any circumstance. Long legs from Boston held our Animal's attention until he saw the light, of the sun rising on Route 50. His MGB humming toward the shore, as the chords to "Louie, Louie" hint at what adventures lay ahead for the party animal. RJH.

John David O'Boyle

"Oh John" met me plebe summer with stubble on his head and a smile on his face. His sense of humor helped us both make it through the horrors of being a plebe in 22. That summer John studied the entrails of a sub for 70 days and earned his silver dolphins. I came back from 8 weeks of leave and John was the only familiar face in 35. Success followed John in his 3 years in 35th Company. Top 100 didn't satisfy John. Top 50 was more to his liking. John, I know you'll do well in the Medical Corps, but I hope I never need your service. God bless you! Keep in touch. MJR.

John Michael Raymond

What do Elvis, Cybill Shepherd, and Johnny Ray all have in common? You guessed it, they all came to the Academy from the great city of Memphis, Tennessee. John arrived in our company after a brutal plebe year in 31st company. The suplex, temple death lock, and the dreaded pile-driver became Raymo's trademark. The champion of the world had a little trouble, however, conquering his EE major. With huge amounts of time now on his hands, John decided to chase down centerfolds, ruin perfectly good hairlines, and become a rock and roll star. He was always a sharp dresser, that is until he got mixed up with those Maryland girls, at which point he was lucky to have any clothes left at all. Memorable moments include half a beer at 11,000 feet, road trips to Richmond, Lynchburg, and Duke, and the prestigious distinction of being the only human being never to have a hair out of place. Good luck and God bless.

Andrew Ricciuti

Drew came to USNA via southern California (BOOST) via West Chester, Pennsylvania. Plebe year was spent with Daff and Bing, and hours of "stroke." His athletic career ended with his letter as crew coxswain and the last three years were spent as a star on the battalion track team. Times weren't always so good as Drew saw three Ac Boards, three semesters of EE, and numerous days with the EMBC for bridgewalking. Times improved and Drew the entrepeneur opened the 8th wing barber shop, and the liberty hounds had time to spend drinking hoodka at the Elkoholics Lodge. Pensacola-bound due a short-lived case of Severn River Hip Disease during Precoms. Hope the firebug will make it that far. We did it Bro', the Anchor Room lives on. MF.

James Glenn Springer

Jim came to USNA from Antioch, Illinois after spending two years as an enlisted man. His prior experience helped him much as he was one of the more exemplary performers of "Stud Street." Whatever he did, whether it was sailing across the Atlantic, managing the radio station or company drill, he gave it his all. After a struggle through second class year with few or no weekends due to a tough Aero curriculum, first class year was a welcome relief. Following Christmas break he became engaged to his long time girlfriend Kelly, and he could count down the days till his wedding and an exciting life as a Navy pilot. Jim left his mark at the Academy and we all know he will continue to do well. Good Luck. RJC.

Richard Lee Stollmeyer

Rick came from a large well-to-do corporate family. Many late nights were spent talking about the family light-fixture dynasty. I am confident that Rick gained admission to USNA solely on his prolific knowledge of light-fixtures. With his high morals and standards Rick should have breezed through plebe year, however he met the Gabe and thereafter developed a hatred of football players. He only got into trouble when he was with me and the funny thing. I was the one getting fried. Rick was a straight arrow, but even so he was still a member of the Rabbit's secret integrity subsquad. Rick would often talk of times past and bringing up his bet to graduate top 50 at USNA. Well Rick lost his beer but he sure did one hell of a job trying his best. Rick's good nature will be multiplied by marriage. Remember buddy, nukes never smile. Ricky, you have been a great friend. Keep in touch and name a kid after me. $$$ GOOD HUNTING! DAB.

Daryl Steven Wagoner

"Wags" came east to USNA from Piqua, Ohio — an "easy" 8-hour drive- sure. From day one he wanted to fly for the Navy, and his vision has held out so he will get his chance. Daryl didn't believe them when they said "You do not have to be an Aero in order to fly." So he was, and will. About his major, which was "the hardest major ever invented," it always seemed funny to us that his favorite expression was "Hey, turn off the lights, I'm racking!" First class cruise with Billy B and the three dreaded Nimrods was the longest 30 days living in a closet, but he got tan. Harrison Ford (?) was funny in Richmond, but you still owe us all gas money. If Daryl flies like he drives he had best know where the bright yellow handles are. Of course, there are no left turn lanes at 30K feet, so he should be OK. We'd say "Good luck," but you won't need it, so fare-thee-well, wherever the winds should take you. May the force be with you.

Michael Robert Watt

Mike "Lobster" Watt — the man who always managed to maintain a suntan, even in the winter, came to USNA as a Boiler Tech. Mike's favorite hobby was composing papers and as his many proofreaders can attest, his literacy is questionable. We will always remember Mike hopping around the hall with crutches and white works as he skated through First Class year. Mike, the senior man in age in the company, is looking forward to collecting his social security check in a few years. After a brief time thinking that he was a "grunt" an unfortunate fieldball accident caused him to make the right choice: The Supply Corps. Happy toilet paper dealing. I am sure Mike will continue to play the role of gigalo, changing his women as often as he changes his socks. Good luck in the future, we know you will do well. RMA DTA.

Michael Joe Rovenstine

"Mick-head" came from Bartlesville, Oklahoma. As a plebe in 22, he was blessed by Captain Connelly's leadership training, and he was understandably despondant about the class scramble. As a youngster, Mick found himself in the 35th Company. Rack time filled this Math major's social calendar. People in the company came to know Mick by his second class year. He achieved fame for his hambone and backfart. He could have reached stardom had "the wabbit" not taken his integrity from him. He met Terri, his one true love (from November '85 to November '86). As a firstie Mick spent much of his time at Dairy Queen, and in the wardroom supporting the K.C. Royals. He was challenged professionally by becoming second set Company Commander (not to go to McDonald's every night). Mick will don Marine Green after graduation, and if history is any indicator, he ought to take TBS and Pensacola by storm. Good luck, "head," and God bless! LSJ.

Scott Christopher Seeberger

Scotty came into our company full of interesting stories concerning his cow-tipping days back in native Madison. A country boy at heart, Scott was also known for his beer drinking abilities, the cheaper the better. Youngster year really opened his eyes, especially the blanket party and then Foxy's knife escapade. Second class year brought him over to some new roomies and new drinking spots, namely St. John's and the top floor at the parking garage. A favorite with the Dahlgren crowd, our crew jock took a few a turns out Gate 0 with the same. Goucher roadtrips became the vogue but only with a few cold Schaefers under his belt. First Class year brought a serious true love into our C.J.'s heart and an even heavier penalty on his thin finances. This just caused Scott to order all the free ice water one could ever want at Fran's. Good luck in flight school and stay away from that cheap beer. WJM.

Daniel Gustaf Shaffer

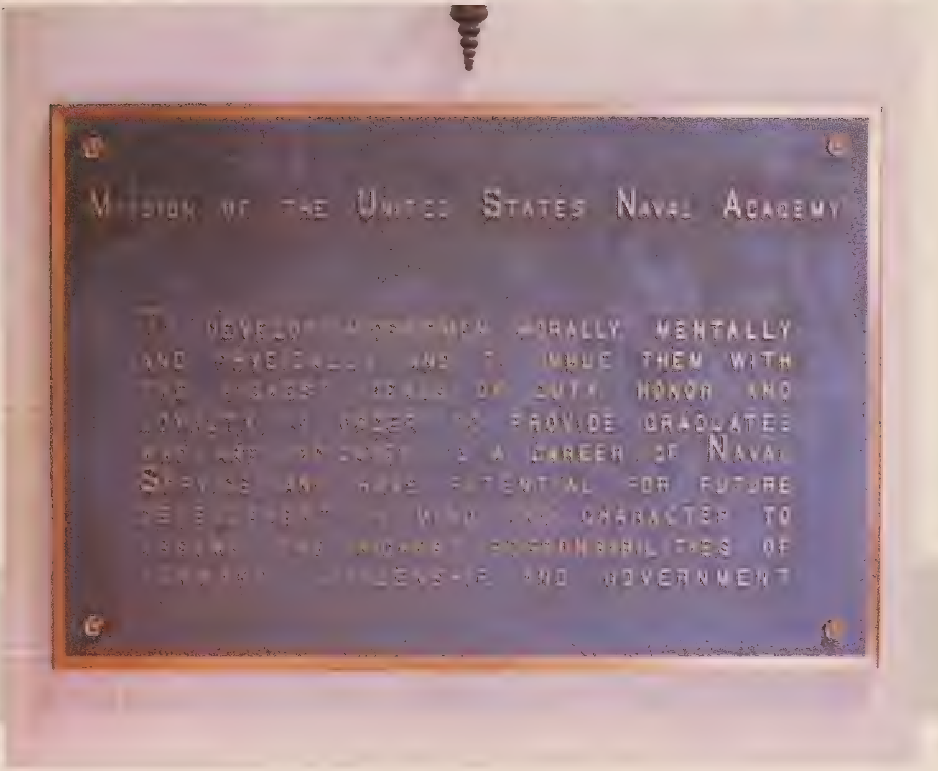
Dan came to USNA from sunny California. After enduring Good Times Ten, Dan got moved to 35th Co. As youngsters, we enjoyed the challenge of white water rafting with Dan. Second class year, the English major elected to take Cables. We could only endure one or two minutes of his shrieking with EE homework before Weigs was forced to save him. Dan was romantic and had many love affairs while here. Dan's final year was interesting. He worked on secret communications at Los Alamos and raked in the per diem bucks. The trip from California consumed three cars, almost four, when Dan took a short-cut down a dirtroad full of craters. During the school year, Dan skated out of marching by working in the press box and being the baseball manager. Dan graduated near the top of the class and we're sure that he will do fine in subs. He will always remain one of "The Three Musketeers". Good luck, Dan. RG MWW.

Bruce Bowen Shuttleworth

Young Bruce has been an example of dedication to goals. He sets high standards and strives to reach these lofty heights. One of his most important pursuits has been the blue-eyed brunette. That ever elusive beauty has carried this dedicated soldier on many a road trip. Yet, second class year, with visions of Trinity, the Kennel, Scandinavia and Pensacola dancing in his head, he left Mother B for West Point. Upon return, he began his rise to the top of the Brigade. Hard work and an active "ssssocial" life left Bruce at the pinnacle of the fourth class Regiment. Ac-year as Regimental Commander presented many challenges and successes. While nothing escaped unscathed (what a year for 944s), he did what was the hardest to do, "the right thing." The sole survivor of the Porsche club slides his sunglasses back, eases his foot off the clutch and sets his sights on P-cola, after all, isn't that what dreams are made of. RJH.

Michael William Weigert

It is important not to l-av-out th-on-subj-ct upon which Mik-sp-nt th-most tim-. Y-t th-r-w-r-many oth-r fac-ts of his stay at USNA which w-r — qually m-morabl-. Th-r-was his y-ar managing th-sailing t-am, a thankl-ss job. Th-r-was th-summ-r sp-nt first at Los Alamos laboratory (mor —.-.) and th-n in G-rmany. His par-nts w-lcom-d all his fri-nds to th-ir home n-ar Philad-lphia as long as th-y could g-t by th-two Gr-at Dan-s. Mik-is h-ad-d for th-Truxton, and th-n som-day to Nucl-ar pow-r school. But h-'ll always b-r-m-mb-r-d for making it through four y-ars as an-.-., d-spit-answ-ring-v-rybody -ls-'s qu-stions during study hours. Hop-fully Mik-will b-abl-to stay awak-b-tt-r in th-fl — t, sinc-h-was known h-r-as th-"Rack Monst-r." K — p ch — rful, Mik-. DGS.



MISSION OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

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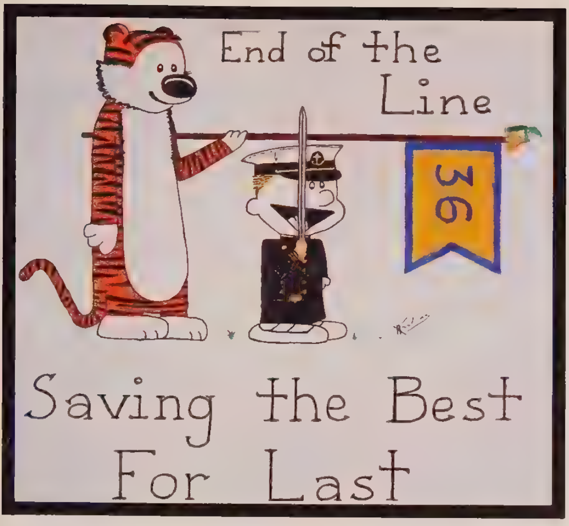
LT William Standley

Fall Staff

Company Commander: Anthony J. Gonzales
Company Sub Commander: R. G. MacMurchy
Company Adjutant: Paul A. Saksvig

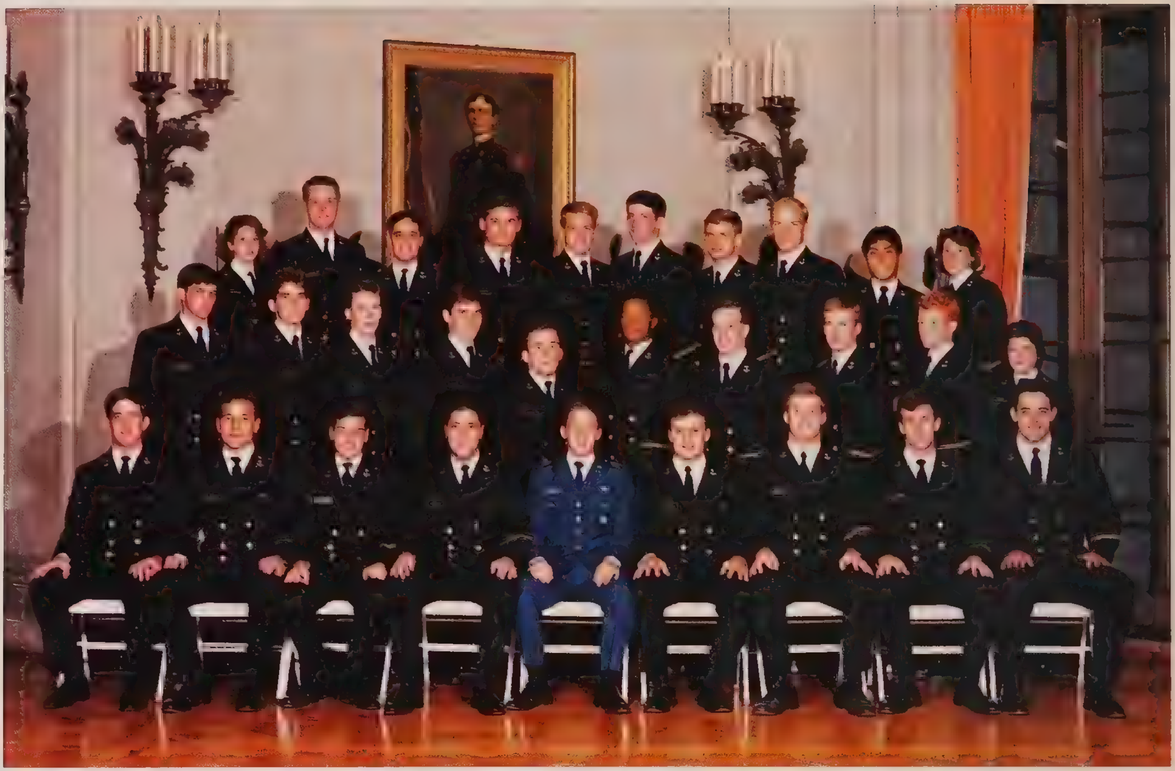
Spring Staff

Company Commander: Doug Wilson
Company Sub Commander: John Hall
Company Adjutant: John Weaver


End of the Line
36
Saving the Best For Last

The Class of 1987

Row One: Matthew Midea, Douglas Wilson, John Hall, John Meissel, Arthur Cimiluca, Kirk Baldin, Anthony Gonzales, Robert Shepherd, Gregory Thompson **Row Two:** John Wilson, Andrew Vuillemot, Jim Swanson, Jackson McGrady, Joseph Simei, Ryan Richey, John Weaver, Owen Duke, Cary Schabert **Row Three:** Daniel Bates, Mark Winkler, John Mellor, Richard MacMurchy, Robert Burns, Paul Saksvig, Dave Robinson **Not Shown:** John Young



The Class of 1988

Row One: Clayton Cosby, Ron Seits, Michael Corriere, Steve Pontell, Michael Rothstein, Scott Whitaker, Scott Wassel, Bob Collins, Chris David **Row Two:** Keith Burgess, Charles Head, John Schulte, Mark Levett, Donald Bates, Myron Hall, Ward Quinn, Scott McClure, Peter Limoge, Kristin Bakkegard **Row Three:** Cheryl Beddick, David Shelver, Daniel Bates, Jerry Stokes, Robert Pridgen, Richard Clark, Ken Zieleck, Gregory Wild, Scott Diaz, Cynthia Hooker **Not Shown:** Klaus Barboza, Cynthia Putzback, Troy Saunders

The Class of 1989

Row One: Zigmond Leszczynski, Edward Devilliers, Gregory Pusch, Fred Fagan, Francis Davey, James Howe, Steven Blette, Marcos Javier, Todd Pfeiffer **Row Two:** Ronald Howe, Randall Unger, Steven Hilgendorf, Jeffrey Engel, Tom Svoboda, Joseph Baumgartner, David McCord, Tung Pham, Felipe Luna, Gregory Gulick, David Turnbaugh, James Melvin, Joseph Holland **Row Three:** Michael Leschinsky, Ron Smudz, Christopher Gagne, Craig O'Brien, Sean Johnson, Philip Kondilas, James Schwappach, James Hughes, Paul Day, Neil Underwood

The Class of 1990

Row One: Courtney Barilar, Sandra Nagy, Deborah Sparkes, Ann Copland, Tanya Worthy, Charles Berger, James Ball, Norman Freebeck, Richard Utnik **Row Two:** Kurt Eglseder, Matthew Berra, Gregory Archbold, James Young, Christopher Nelli, Naseer Chaudhry, Joseph Testa, Neil Covington, Adrianne Cosby, Clement Wong, Mark Hunt, Kent Leka, James Boswell, Shane Roach, Michael Jacobs, Timothy Burgess, Mark Reiling **Row Three:** Joseph Devine, Robert Takesuye, Robert Rypka, Shane Smith, James Bradley, Christopher Morton, Sean Kent, Efrem Venters, Matt Cooper, Mark Carroll, Charles Brady, James Kollar

Last but not least — the 36th! Congratulations to 2nd LT Robert Shepherd and the Class of '87. Once we were proud — now we're speechless! Love, Mom etc.

We love you and are proud of you John T. God be with you. Dad, Mom, Mike, Jennifer, Katie, Kim, Lucas, Damon and Patty.

Rob — Having you for a brother makes a sister proud! I love ya, "Quink."

You've made us all so very proud and what is past is prologue. Love and congratulations, John Midea, from your family and subsidiary members of the clan.

Best wishes to the Class of '87 and our congratulations to Paul Saksvig. We are so proud of your success. Love, Peter, Brit, Mom, Dad.

Congratulations Ensign Joseph A. Simei. May the pride and joy you have given us be returned to you. May our prayers and God's love be with you always. Love, Mom and Dad.

Jack, you have achieved what you wanted most — to be a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy. We are so proud of you. The future is yours, Go for it!

TO A
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UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
NAVY

Kirk Frederick Baldin

Baldini. Kirk F. Baldin was a real Italian since day one. Weenie, what is a Hoosier by the way. Who are you kidding, we know you lived in a corn field. Were you a Navy fan or a Notre Dame one? That's cool. Eat any sliders lately? We love you Kirk, but your laugh and heavy metal gotta go. By the way, have you seen Ding Dong's mail lately, no, Schmo! Uh huh. It's a good thing we got you when we did or you'd be a real flamer. Joe told us all. Mr. Verbatum, hold any history come-arounds lately? We didn't expect Weave's to do plebe summer, but we knew you'd love it. We know the plebes loved it when you took them out on a recon raid in the middle of the Severn. By the way, was that Dukers boat and Budweiser. Crazy! So how's the mile running lately? How about your car? Mr. Optimistic you always cracked us up. Drop kick any books lately? Still want to be a dentist? How bout Nuke? How you made it through M.E. will never know. 15%.

Daniel Thomas Bates

DTB of USNA who came to us from SP MD loved his acronyms. His roommates think that too many women in uniform distorted his mind. Maybe he distorted theirs. What do we mean maybe? Whatever the case, the "waterboy" of Navy was always fast for an argument and a big complainer. Ding Dong learned this early and so did Baldini who always pushed you a little too far. Sometimes he thought you were going to crack up. Duke, however, used the silent method by borrowing anything of yours that sparkled in his eyes. All too many times did DTB go in an outrage upon returning from one of his Casanova love affairs with the team. Our best advice to you is control those emotions or you are going to end up like you know who. Remember all those late night bull talks when we always made you feel like you did not know anything, well you don't. Anyhow, for the future SWO daddy of us all, good luck and leave the WUBAs alone. The 15%.

Robert Nicholas Burns

Bob has had visions of gold wings ever since leaving his warm home of Plantation, Florida. Plebe year was not much fun (so I've been told) but he made it all the way. Undaunted, Bob held fast to his convictions and has had quite an impact on all who met him. What a gun fanatic! A real "Col. Charles Askins" (or was it Finn Agaard?). Bob loved nature especially possums, too bad most of his true insights came at one o'clock in the morning. Math was another specialty, will we ever forget "the square root of the means of the sums"? Bob, you're a good guy and a great human being — Fair winds and (I suppose you already know this one). GST.

Arthur Edward Cimiluca

Affectionately known as Econo-Art, Art came to the Academy from Bernardsville, New Jersey. The Academy has changed Art in many ways, and it has been interesting to watch his evolution over the last four years. No longer can Art be found continually cleaning his room, and on any given night he can be found destroying it while wrestling with a host of opponents. He can sit at the bar with the best of the company for at least 10 minutes, and he is now familiar with all of the worldly pleasures of life. Art has proven to be a trustworthy and loyal friend, and the company was sorry to lose him to the wife during second class year. Art's great enthusiasm and drive to be a SWO will be a great asset to the surface fleet.

Jackson Lee McGrady

Jack has made great strides from his days as Froggy and Amoeba man plebe year. He is no longer the social recluse who sleeps 15 hours a day and only leaves his room on weekends for the coveted quart of Storm Brothers' ice cream. After turbulent times during second class year, Jack realized his true calling and went general engineering. Since then Jack has been able to enjoy life more fully; at least those parts he remembers after his off-duty binges. He has distinguished himself as being the only midshipman to charge the watch squad inspection with sword drawn, having more body hair than the average primate, and above all being a good friend. Jack's example of impeccable room standards, outstanding military bearing, and unparalleled enthusiasm will serve the Marine Corps extremely well.

John Edward Meissel

Mick (or is it mister —) made his way to USNA via VMI and then NAPS. What a way to come. After being thrown into a room with this Virginian I found out what imagination was all about. Who else would name a plant Felix and manufacture a mobile out of paper birds and have it engulf an entire room? Who else would try and get away with being 12 hours UA and say a skif of snow stopped him from making the long journey of five miles back to school? Who else would try to explain the bottle in is hand while in the dorms on NAPS detail? Yes, Mick knew his way to Smoke Hall about as well as any of us. But Mick, you do have taste, from the car you drive to the guy you set up Cindi's friends with a person can tell you are a man of quality. I guess that is why the bubblehead force decided they wanted you. Take care little buddy and if you ever want to try and kick my posterior end again you'll know where to find me! Dive Dive Dive. 86+1.

John Phillip Mellor

One look at John's uniform says it all: dolphins, boomer pin, stars and trident. It can truthfully be said that John helped over half the Brigade at least one time academically. A roommate personally attests that John dragged him kicking and screaming through the EE program. Sounds like a good mid, well not quite. John enjoyed protesting and avoiding some of the more trying traditions at USNA. He finally drilled first class year. We sometimes wondered if John's eyes were worse then his geekers showed. "John those socks look more red then black and are Docksides part of the SDB uniform?" As a firstie he went out of control. With his major finished he had time to relax. He raided the elevator for a nice big lounge chair. He also built monster speakers. Along with his trident project, his other accomplishment was going all year without changing his sheets. Congratulations. I'm sure John will have success wherever he goes.

Matthew John Midea

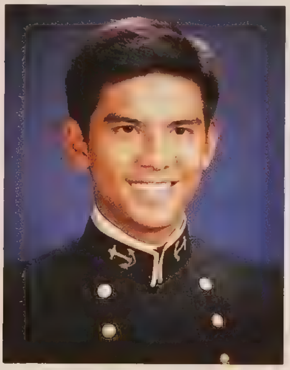
For someone who was destined to be a truck driver, this greasy pasta-eater from Pittsburgh somehow managed to sink to 4-1. Murray Mideawitz never wasted a penny and earned $4000 in extra cash and still made the Marines pay for beer. The infamous Boot Ball/Ring Dance left Murray a free agent but was soon picked up by the Ultra Seal. Footballs must be a different shape here at USNA, because for someone who *never* dropped a pass in his high school career he certainly had troubles here. Guido came here to wrestle, but had his bid for a letter ended with a broken sternum. However, he may be able to use the techniques he learned when he shares a room on a fudgeboat with F3.

Owen Eugene Duke III

Duker, a man of many talents: class president, Tough Guy's phone man, noid impersonator, and lover of Jeans. This guy had many names: The Noid, The Duke of Dork, Duker, Wen, 'O', and others better left unsaid. His antics amused us all, especially Ozzy's fiancee. Wen is the only guy who could manage to assemble an entire Chevy Blazer on 8-2 . . . He never hesitated to get himself into trouble as was proven by his constant attendance in the hall during weekends for four years; ya right! If you ever saw a chaplain getting hit with a snowball, bubbles streaming from 8-2, or cannonballs being launched inside King Hall, you always knew who to look for. We don't know what we would have done if we wouldn't have had the Duke Estate to escape to. "O" was always putting on shows from beach parties to flying circus acts off his porch. Owen's fantasy has always been wanting to say "ARUGA" at mach 2 and now he is getting the chance. The 15%.

Anthony James Gonzales

Tony came to 36 and immediately assumed control as company commander. A certain girl in Virginia had Tony half way to the altar — well alright, three-quarters of the way, but he gave it up and now leads the life of a swinging single. So what if he's spent most of his first class weekends at the home-front, at least he hasn't been dating any women that wear the uniform he wears to class; this year. He has also managed to go out and terrorize the city of Annapolis at least until eight o'clock or two beers, which ever came first. Tony came to the Academy with the dream of becoming an NFO, but he ended up selling his body to the Nuclear Power field. I'll always remember Tony with "off the medicine chest wall," the "abstract vector look," Miss Right, and his habit of showing up on film with girls that are going out with his best friends. Good luck in Nuke Power School, Brister. BB.

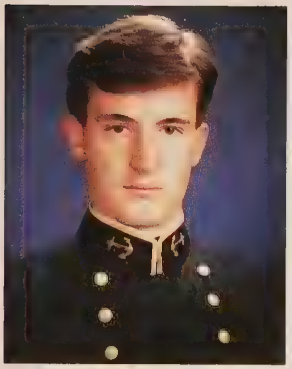


John Theodore Hall

J.T. was a little gift from the cornfields of Iowa, and after a stint with his buds in 20 plebe year, he was more than happy to join the ranks of 36 with the rest of us, as long as when he graduated he was LAND-BASED. To J.T. the sight of corn and the smell of cow manure was as good as . . . , well almost. John had a unique style of changing relationships, he would simply introduce the old to the new. The old, however, didn't know she was on the way out until she got back to Iowa, smooth John, real smooth. Despite being a party pooper, he was still able to display his athletic prowess by scaling a flag pole, with the help of a few brewskis. He finally found his niche in the world of lightweight crew, but at about 151lbs he could have doubled for an oar. John likes to live on the wild side, SEALs, Hvywt. crew, rock climbing, and Latin American women. We'll be thinking of you while you are belly-bucking submarines. Good luck! DGW/RGM.

Richard Guy MacMurchy

What's a pink belly? The Cheese King arrived from Boardman via St. Pete, all 5'2" of him. A prior snipe, Rick thought he had the system beat; i.e., the rack was his number one priority. The veteran Road-warrior left his mark as DIH king at Del, UVa & Goucher (It's amazing what you can get for a pair of anchors). Every spring Rick led the charge to Ft. Lauderdale. Then he met HER. HER led him to MI. Lest we forget the Boot Ball when the Viper struck. All wasn't lost cause he still had the Indians and Browns. As Stubcdr, Toofus found a feline (LL) & she created a whipped pup. A small man with a big heart, Ol' Reliable was destined to fly. That's what dreams are made of, Bubby! AJG.



Ryan Gibson Richey

No one at USNA knew the terror possessed by a flying potato until Ryan joined our illustrious ranks four (or is it five?) years ago. As one of the original Riva Boys, Ryan quickly established himself as a real ladies man rarely being seen without one. After crossing some bad wires Ryan felt he needed a year of good old R and R and left Good Times Ten for sunny San Diego. After returning as "The New Guy" Ryan decided to show off his disco moves and as a result got the Bedcheck, after all you were the New Guy. After crawling around Annapolis, Ryan found Griffin's where he was initiated into Tom's Prairie Fire Club and soon had his own private stool. If he wasn't at his favorite bar he was on the road recruiting girls for his fan club? Remember, just because you always have a blonde in one hand and a beer in the other doesn't mean you know it all even if Tough Guy is convinced you do. Fly Navy, C'ya Meat! 15% and MJJ.

David Andrew Robinson

My first run-in with David was a silky-smooth jump shot in my face during plebe summer on the Dahlgren courts. Although he acquired the name "Little Dave," his game was still sweet. His freshman year, like so many others, was spent in the gym. He worked hard to get a spot on the USNA's first undefeated JV Basketball team. His hard work was overshadowed by his friendship and Christian example. The "other" Dave, as he was often called, also excelled in the classroom. Youngster year the man was hard at work again, especially in the MPG. He had many high-scoring games, but most of all, he was a leader. That leadership came in handy later as Battalion Sub Commander. A Trident scholar, President of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, and friend, Dave will not be remembered for what everyone did for him, but for the better people we are for knowing him. Philippians 4:13. See you in the pros — "Got to have a dream." Hootie.

Paul Amund Saksvig

Paul came from Kenosha, Wisconsin. After the youngster shuffle, fate had us stash our stuff in the same room. Neither wanted to move so we've stayed together. Paul follows the rules, not because it's the right thing to do, but because he knows from experience that whatever he does against regs, he'll get caught. His several tours of Smoke Hall are proof. To Paul, school is just a nuisance. Nobody, not even Paul, knows why he majored in EE. A prof told Paul that an English major knew more EE than he did. According to Paul, life is drinking beer and water skiing. If he wasn't drinking beer or water skiing, he was asleep. It wasn't long before he had earned the title "the invisible man." Paul firmly believed that if a little is good, a lot is better. He faithfully applied this philosophy to his life, particularly sleep, food, beer, and women. Now it's time to wake up and move on, so Paul will join the surface nuke community. JPM.

Cary Michael Schabert

Cary came to USNA from California, and unlike anyone else, he hates the state. Cary applied and was accepted at most of the top business schools, but decided the Naval Academy and economics, offered the best chance in the corporate world. Too bad he forgot the five-year commitment. Cary is an avid world traveller. When everyone else was going home for Christmas, Cary was off to places like Egypt or Korea. Cary was always spending time laying out new adventures to places only he cared to visit. When he wasn't planning out trips or ways to make a buck, he could be found under his desk light. Cary defined "hall rat." He was the only one to ever follow the 1.5 hours per class per day rule the dean advised. Of course his grades reflected it. Cary took his grades seriously. After getting "only" a B on a wires test he used his HP as a squash ball. We wish him good luck in the Sub navy and wherever he goes.

Robert Harding Shepherd

Throb, motel master/keeper of the Camino, came to us young and impressionable from Heartland. He was tops in his class, 1 of 4, but was subjected to a savage brutalization at the hands of this masculine institution. A fond lover of the opposite sex, he now has a nosering (MB) to match his earring. He always fancied himself an engineer, but never pulled the train (so he settled for computer science). Initially the leader of the Road Warriors, Rob now confines his travels as a Bus Driver on the Hershey Highway. Having had the intestinal fortitude to earn a varsity crew letter, and survived SERE, Rob has graciously volunteered to babysit America's Peacekeepers back in Heartland, thanx Rob! /// The Road Warriors.

John Clark Weaver

Mr. Navy taught us all how to be real midshipman. The master irritated him to no end, the Duke was no better and Schmoe was even worse; but Weini set him straight. Enter the new guy, who knew everything just like John until he took the first class PCR. Weini called him the tough guy and he believed it. Dee is the best thing that happened to him but he will never admit it. She will replace Schmoe and the Duke as his mother. Navy football had a shot at a winning season until he took out Bob's knee. There must be a better way to impress the coaches. You are a hard driver and a hell of a (I mean tough) guy. How he made it through Ocean E. we'll never know. Yes we do! Who kept his car in the yard since plebe year? Stars help, that's live. To the future Admiral of the Navy, hit the deck plate running. Weak, very weak. We love Ya. JC's. 15%.

Douglas Gregory Wilson

Mookie came to us from Tacoma, but soon earned his title as a true spud. After a less than stellar plebe year, Doug majored in summer for four years and through some twist of fate ended up as Company Commander. He was also the authority on women, but had a hard time differentiating between Lindas (A&B), and simply differentiating. Doug, a two time engine math all-american, also earned a favorable letter as the 150# kicker. Though rugby was never his game, Doug scrummed well in Florida. Slug settled on a Happy Turtle and became the sole survivor of the Boot Ball/Ring Dance '87. Destined to be a Naval Aviator, Slug's flight plan home will always include a 7-11 milkrun. GOOD LUCK! JTH RGM.

John Christian Wilson

Gektor, a geek with magnitude and direction, came to us from California armed with the golden check book and the Shell credit card. Geck and the card were the means for most of the Road Warrior exploits. Even though he was only road warrior to be placed on probation, he handled his liquor better than his women. (a belated victim of the boot ball) Tom Cruise he's not, but Naval aviation is his chosen profession. Although his wardrobe will never make GQ and his car, Road and Track (he prefers his lemons brown), Geck and his smoking HP found their way into the top 100. JC will always keep a fond place in our hearts.

Mark Gerard Winkler

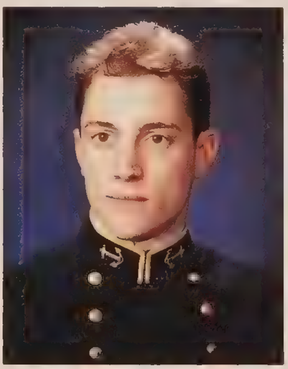
Winks came to crab city from North of the F.I.B. line, a true cheesehead. After bouts with a knee injury, a sprained thumb, and impetigo plebe summer, Mark hit ac year near the bottom of the pile. Academics proved to be his saving grace (couldn't have been those two years at UW). he survived living with Tim and the Fat Rat and wound up in Awesome's 36 with eventual mega-striper Murray Mideawitz. Mama Celeste proved to be the big story of youngster year, even if the whole thing only lasted 8 hours. Luckily for him, Gonzo never showed anyone the picture. Spring fever the following year found winks batting clean up for Drew. (Tasted great even if I was less filling. MGW). After 3 years of color blindness, Mark finally saw the light during precoms and as a result went from NPQ to NFO. Best of luck in Iceland you P-3 daddy. (Say hi to Bob.) BZBD.

Joseph Anthony Simei

Italian stallion without the stallion, oh, he made me hurt. "I say boy ya bother me, get out of here, ding dong!" By the way who's Simei? Four years by the sea, three in Billsville. Got any albums from Matt and Eric lately, how about golf clubs? You better get used to "Buy this, buy that." Sorry, Lisa, we got your number. Sure was a good thing Owen had a phone so you could hear that voice five times a day. Oh yeah, what was your car doing driving out of 8th wing on a marchover. Was that before or after your driving privileges were revoked? Just how did you park in the yard for two years? And how about that music collection? Unreal and unpaid for! Have your friends finished up at Penn St. — I mean the State Penn yet? Think about it. Orlando and Lisa . . . dive, dive, dive. C'ya meat — we'll always be there. . .the 15%. . .Lisa, you are my life and I love you, Joe.

James Lee Swanson

Dawg hails from Heartland, and came to us via the fleet and NAPS. The financial wizard will pin on a star before he makes his last payment on the rolling wet-bar. As a Marine engineer, "weekend" was not in his vocabulary; however, he always found time for a host of female companions. He has been seen with the likes of an artist, a school teacher and a Turtle, but he will always be remembered as the man with two dates at Army. Another victim of the Boot Ball, Dawg has become the chauffeur for the Road Warriors. His Brigade Championship performance proved his athletic ability, despite the varsity track coach. Too many crabs caused Dawg to trade Core for Corps.



Gregory Scott Thompson

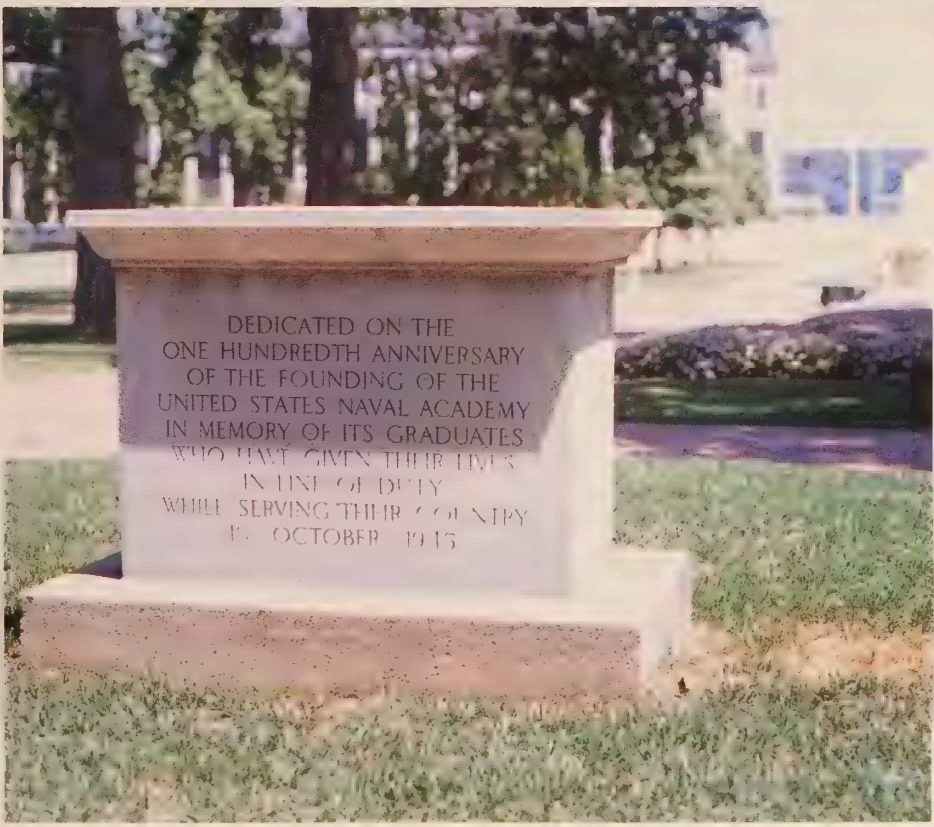
Scott began his life wandering around. He finally decided to settle down in sunny southern California in some one-dog town of Yucaipa. The dog's name is Kim and is famous for boogie boarding. He then decided to leave his beautiful surroundings and venture to the arm pit of the world. Coming to the Academy, Scott decided early to practice the art of misplaced aggression. Taking one of the hardest majors, Systems Engineering, Scott instead decided to study Newtonian Physics by accelerating his thermo book greater than gravity — repeatedly. He then decided to chastise his roommate, who had picked a good major, just because he hadn't mastered the English language. Scott is a fighter, he attained all his goals when he was at USNA, even the mile run and the struggle. He came to the Academy with high aspirations, but chose to be a submariner; oh well, you can't have everything. May you have flowing neutrons and deep seas. BOB.

Andrew James Vuillemot

Drew, aka Yak-Daddy, left his red-neck ways on the shores of the north beach of Saugatuck, Michigan with Jose and his dip to pursue academic excellence at Canoe U. Drew finally found his niche in society as a founding member of the infamous Road Warriors. Armed with Mellow, Busch, and the Beach Sheet he went forth in search of quality free grub and road sodas. He always left a little token of his appreciation wherever he scrounged, not withstanding Town Court, and 730-A. (Who could forget the lax game at Turtle U.?) Seriously, he took his future profession to heart and we are sure he will make a fine Infantry Officer. As far as "her" is concerned . . . "It's not my fault!"

John Richard Young

John is a native of all the sunny beaches on the Delmarva Penninsula. The ladies there all know his "YOUNG1" Trans Am quite well by now, but fortunately he decided to pay us a visit every Sunday night for the better part of our last three years. He never stayed longer than Friday before setting out on his next great adventure, but his time was well spent. J.R. had "no time" for much except Varsity Baseball, where he made his mark for four years. Academics were nothing but a challenge to find the gouge. Being a man of many words with only one purpose, a few found it easy at first to confuse John's competitive drive and sureness of self with everything but a lack of confidence. Twenty days and a shaving cream loaded donut fixed that. Since then he's proven that he can back every word up, though. Even to those who doubted the Redskins. Now J.R. enters the "Ice" age. The night is Young. DR.


DEDICATED ON THE
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FOUNDING OF THE
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
IN MEMORY OF ITS GRADUATES
WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES
IN LINE OF DUTY
WHILE SERVING THEIR COUNTRY
10 OCTOBER 1945

Those We Left Behind

The Class of 1987 which graduated on May 20, 1987 was only three-fourths the size of the Class which arrived on July 6, 1983. The difference is accounted for by the following list. All of these men and women left behind good friends and fond memories, and we wish the best of luck to them in their future endeavors.

Priscilla Mercedes Acosta
Walter David Adams
Michael Kamohoalii Aiau
Kurt William Allen
Isidro Manuel Alvarez
John Carlton Armstrong
Peter J. Armstrong
Wayne James Armstrong
Darryl Alan Asp
Gregory John Atchity
Christopher Lester Avery
Bradley William Babbitt
Joel Sanford Babcock
Howard Michael Baca
David M. Bachler
Robert Arnold Baker
Robert M. L. Baker
Michael Edward Bartkus
Suzanne Elizabeth Bartlett
Patricia Noelle Bartlo
Kenneth Steven Bartunek
Kenneth Chad Bastian
Grant Matthew Bates
John Adam Bechtold
Gary Scott Bedard
Troy Michael Bell
David Rudolph Berman
Anthony Ralph Berry
Scott Allan Bird
Kenneth Irvin Black
David Brian Boellner
Pauline Elizabeth Boener
Amy Blythe Bolton
Richard Lee Bomhold
Arthur Borja
Bethanne Robin Boscia
Brad Evan Bosland
John Robert Brake
Thomas Arthur Braun
John McKenna Brennan
Brian Loyd Brinker
George Allen Brisbin
John Jerome Britschgi
Gerald John Broda
Paul Frederick Brow
Richard Anthony Browning
George Merritt Bugg
Warren Joseph Buller
Beth Illona Burgess
James Leland Burgess
Loreto Jose Cables
Stanley Benjamin Cahill
Valerie Renee Callas
Helge Frank Carson
Dominick Casamassina
Steven Curtis Chamberlin
Joseph Louis Chapman
Bud Jeremiah Chase
John Edwin Chua
Michael Anthony Coggins
Anthony Sean Coker
Matthew V. Colagiuri
Murray Andrew Cook
Thomas Richard Cooley
Michael Riley Coombs
Westford James Cosgrove
Sean Stephen Coyle
Nelson Daniel Craig
Jay Herbert Crandell
Guy Wallace Cruce
James Arthur Walter Cubbage
Timothy Leo Culhane
Ronald Curry
Andrew Bailey Dabney
Michele Ann Daley
William John Daniels
Danford Rogers Deakin
Charles Ryan Deasy
John Buck Debnan
William Richard Debruyn
Michael Joseph Demchak
Lisa Marie Desimone
Timothy Sean Dineen
John Henry Dittmer
Robert Kneale Dockstader
Gabriel John Doman
Paul John Dombrowski
Daniel Scott Donahue
Thomas Anthony Duncan
Dennis William Dyc
Jennifer Kennedy Eaves
Robert Michael Edwards
William Timothy Eichhorn
Thomas Arthur Elkins
Byron Bruce Evans
Frederick John Evans
Tammy Marie Ezakovich
Conrad David Farner
David Howard Faulkner
George Andrew Felt
William Douglas Ferguson
Steven Leonard Fischer
Keith Edward Folkerts
Frank Sheldon Foster
Edwin Lawrence Frederick
Marvin Deane Freudenberg
Timothy Francis Friend
Peter James Fritts
Howard Bruce Frost
Tomas Patricio Furlong
Christopher John Gallen
Brian Scott Gansemer
Greg Winsor Gauntlett
Verne Blake Gifford
Stephen Joseph Gizinski
Paul Anthony Godek
Paul Allen Goodwine
Daniel Neil Grau
Anthony Joseph Grey
James Edward Haasl
John Walter Hajdin
Kristie Charlotte Hajek
Bruce Thomas Hale
Eric Matthew Hallman
Patrick Thomas Hanley
Todd Shaffer Hardy
Jeffrey T. Hassman
Kerri Anne Hawkins
John Boyd Haynes
Robert Clark Hendrich
Peter John Henrich
Patrick James Carl Henry
Joseph Lorenzo Herbert
James Joseph Hines
William James Holm
Phyllis Mildred Houston
Neil Lee Howard
Richard Alan Huffman
Arthur Hughes
William Charles Hurley
Douglas W. Jaquish
Willie Lee Jett
Lee Cal Johannsen
Avin Euell Johnson
James Patrick Johnson
Jason B. Johnson
Theodore R. Johnson
Jeffery Charles Jones
Michael Allen Jones
Bernard Arthur Joseph
David Michael Juenemann
Eric Andrew Kaiser
Eugene T. Kaiser
Martin Ray Kilmer

Timothy Michael Knavish
James T. Korpela
Kenneth David Krogue
Wendy Jill Krom
Lisa Beth Kugl
Michael John Kurka
Shery Renae Lamerson
Jonathan Lorenzo Larsen
Leonard Jay Law
James Edward Martin Leahy
Judith Theresa Leonard
Clayton Matthew Lewis
Robert Edson Lewis
Charles Robert Little
Duncan Henry Livingston
Shawn Wade Lobree
Theodore Patrick Lopez
Trent Alan Lovett
Demetrio Arnocillo Lozares
Michael Vincent Lucci
Anthony Mark Lummus
Mary Anne Mackinnon
William James Henry Manning
Richard Anthony Marion
Samuel Allen Maroon
Andrew Thomas Martin
Christopher Scott Mathews
Thomas William Matz
James Vincent McCloskey
Jeffrey R. McDaniels
John Daniel McElroy
Todd Ian McIntyre
Brian Robert McKane
Michael Dennis McKee
Marcellus Pablo McKinley
Charles Kip McLaughlin
Christine Quillian McLeod
Carmen Graciela Melgarejo
Scott A. Memmott
Gregg Wacher Meukow
David Clarke Miller
Karen Eileen Miller
Kris Ane Miller
Larry Jay Mills
Scott N. Mitchell
Maria Angela Mlodzik
Albert Willard Mobley
David John Molthen
Charles Fred Morgan
Donald Keith Morris
Michael Francis Morse
Sheila Emi Motomatsu
Timothy Donald Nagy
Carl Louis Nerup
Carol Joan Nies
Erik Alf Nilsen
Marten Jay Niner
Cary Philip Noah
Donald William Noblick
Arnold Erling Nordeng
Jeff Linwood Nupp
Shawn Robert Ohara
Douglas Wayne Okland
Martin Edward Oleksyk
Brian P. Orear
Patrick Kirby Orr
Charles Hans Packard
Alfred Benjamin Parchment
Richard Llewellyn Parker
David Alan Pasley
Danny William Patterson
Jeffrey Lynn Patterson
Adam John Pawlak
Bryan Scott Pecherek
Rolando Jose Pena
Nicholas J. Petti
Joseph Phil Phillips
Ernest John Pido
Robyn Lee Pieper
Kelly Ann Poetzman
Michael Andrew Pokorny
Ross Edward Postel
Sean Michael Potochney
Scott Thomas Powers
James Shannon Poythress
Jeanne-Marie Elizabeth Prideaux
Erik George Prout
Shawn Michael Quick
Henry Walter Ramsey
Paul Raymond Ramsey
Michelle Alexis Regn
Lawrence Joseph Reiring III
Thomas L. Rempfer
Virgadean Louise Richmond
Rene Glenn Rivas
Kenneth R. Rizer
Greg Richard Robbins
Edward Henry Rodriguez
Randall Scott Roelker
Ernesto Tadeo Roig
Curtis Ray Rookard
Erik Michael Rosenmeier
Stewart Keyth Roten
Ronald Edward Rouse
Kenneth Christopher Rouser
Steven Frederick Rowell
David William Ruden
Luis Emilio Sanchez
Michael John Eugene Sanchez
William Charles Sanders
Jovi Keao Santiago
Michael James Saucier
William Earl Sawyer
Martin Donald Schaefer
Christian Charles Scheuring
Christopher John Schultz
Vicki Lynn Schultz
Richard Edwin Scoville
Thad Anthony Secino
Michael David Sellers
Bonnie Faye Shamblin
Samuel Stephen Sidner
Darrell Albert Sik
Guy Mark Simmons
Dwayne Edward Sims
Patrick James Sims
Robert Alan Sims
Carl Joseph Skokan
Brian James Smith
Hansford O. Smith
Morris Edward Smith
Ronald Andrew Smith
John Christopher Snee
Libby Jo Spaulding
Stephanie Lorraine Speakman
Weinnand Richard Springer
Robert John Stahl
Joseph Charles Steffan
Edward Hayes Stepehnson
Tommy Ray Stewart
David Charles Stieren
Roger Beemer Strautmann
Lester Henry Stricker
Curtis Shannon Talley
David Hewlett Taylor
Sandra Ann Telkamp
David Anthony Thiede
Gina Eileen Thomas
Matthew David Thor
James A. Timmerman
Anthony Thomas Tomanek
Pastula Dollenberg Travis
Kyle Wade Tribble
Joseph Valdes
Gordon Maurice Vanlue
Richard Thomas Vanwickler
Maureen Anne Wall
William Francis Walsh
Peter Brian Walther
Kirk Smith Webb
Elizabeth Tyler Webster
Robert Michael Westbrook
Paul Hunter White
Robert Allen Wiese
Lewis Patrick Wiggs
Walter Todd Willmore
Frank Van Wilson
Paul David Wilson
Peter Stephen Wilson
John Clair Wingenbach
Richard Kenji Wisener
Geoffrey James Wood
Samuel Aaron Wood
Eric Michael Woolfolk
Kenneth Lee Wrenn
Brian Richard Yotz
John Vincent Zambrzycki
Sandra Aija Zeile
Noah Matthew Zigas
James T. Zucker

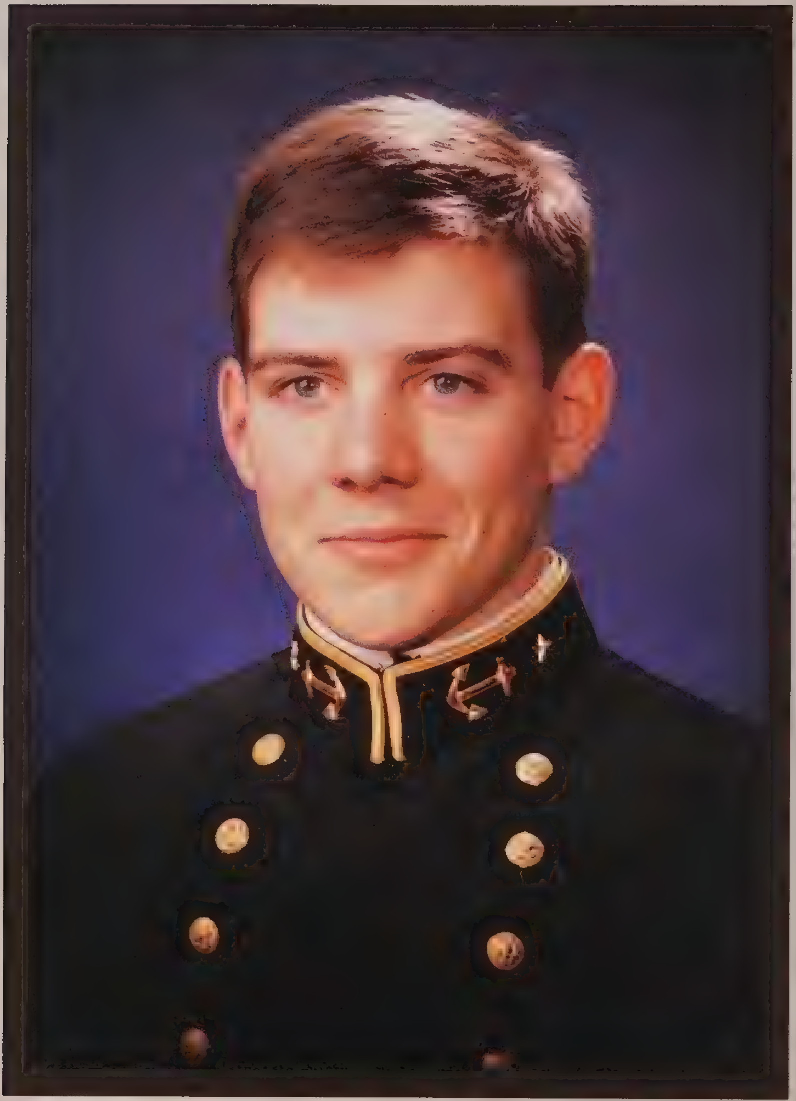
In Memoriam

Christopher Patrick Long

In Memoriam

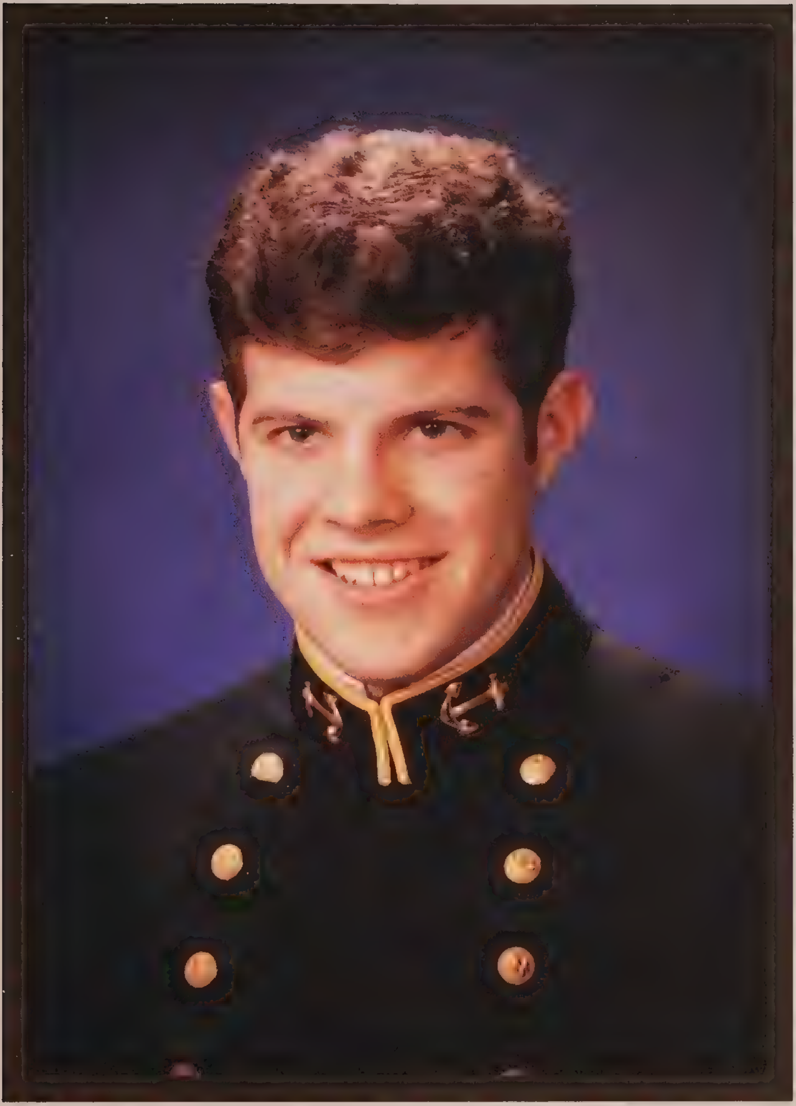
Kenneth Roger Cundiff

In Memoriam



Hans Christian Graverholt

In Memoriam



Andrew Paul Coffey

ACTIVITIES

The wide selection of extra-cirricular activities available at the Naval Academy provides midshipmen with a method of escape from the fast-paced, high pressure Bancroft Hall lifestyle. Many consider their activities to be a real lifesaver — not unlike these lifeboats onboard the **U.S.S. Constitution** . Midshipmen who find their escape in these activities do not do so without sacrifice, however. Great amounts of time and effort are poured into all of the activities at the Academy. This section of the **Lucky Bag** tells not only of that time and effort, but also of the benefits reaped.

Contents

SPIRIT ACTIVITIES

Cannoneers 580
Cheerleaders 582
Ring and Crest 609
Class Officers 630

PERFORMING ACTIVITIES

Drum and Bugle Corps 584
Antiphonal Choir 594
Protestant Chapel Choir 595
Catholic Chapel Choir 596
Glee Club 597
Musical 598
Masqueraders 599
Trident Brass 618

PROFESSIONAL ACTIVITIES

Airborne Training Unit 602
Semper Fidelis 604
NavTag 606
YP Squadron 607
Military Studies Association 609
Surface Action Group 610
Dolphin Club 611
VTNA Flight Training Squadron 638

JOURNALISM ACTIVITIES

The Log Magazine 588
Lucky Bag Yearbook 590
WRNV Radio 592
Reef Points 608
Trident Calendar 608

RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

Table Tennis Club 613
Scuba Club 614
Big Brothers/ Big Sisters 615
Photography Club 616
National Eagle Scout Association 619
Orienteering Club 622

ACADEMIC ACTIVITES

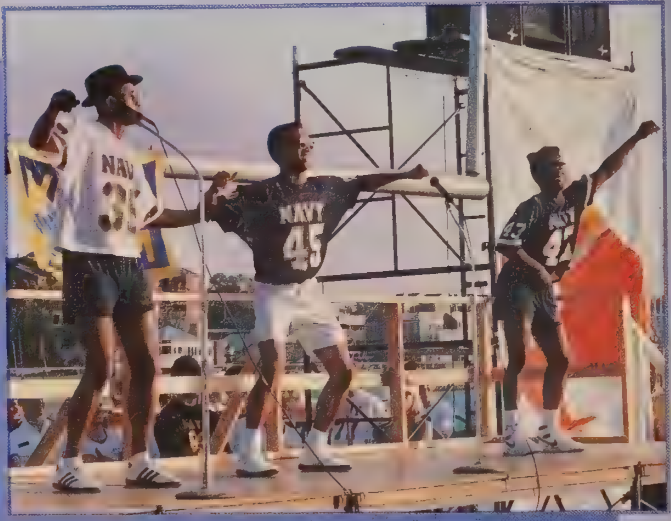
Astronomy 612
International Club 613
S.N.A.M.E. 620
Society of Women Engineers 620
I.E.E.E. 621
History Club 621
American Nuclear Society 622
Marine Technical Society 623
Churchill Society 624
Honor Societies 625
Foreign Affairs Conference 632

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

Officers' Christian Fellowship 634
Navigators 635
Fellowship of Christian Athletes 635
L'Chaim 636
Chaplain's Activities 637

BRIGADE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

The continual ringing of the bells and the wail of sirens at 2300 on any given night always marked a "spontaneous pep rally". During these pep rallies, the cheerleaders, a D&B contingent, and the Wub"A" gang were all present to lend their support. The group responsible for the coordination of these pep rallies and other assorted spirit-related activities was the Brigade Activities Committee. One of the BAC's major undertakings was Army week. Spirit was at an all time high, and Brigade Activities Committee was very busy with multiple pep rallies, the bonfire, and the Beat Army fireworks. One of the most memorable spirit contests that occured was the tricycle race, won by 35th company. The midshipmen in charge of coordinating such contests and various spirit activities were John Bissa and Dave Welch.



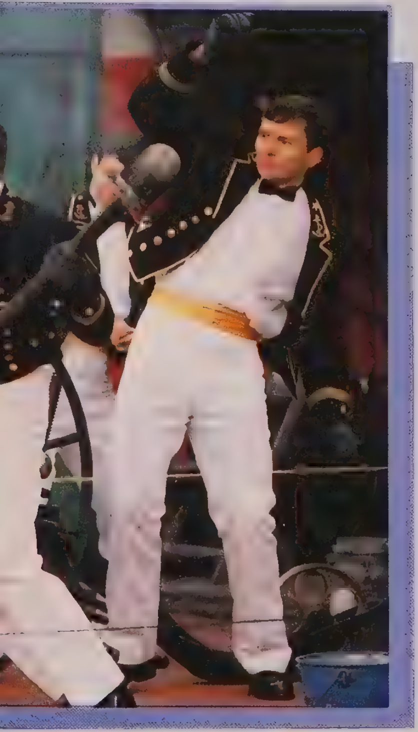
The Midshipman Action Organization, headed by First Class James Byrne and Keith Bannach, was very active this past year. This group of midshipmen dedicated their time and patience towards serving the community of Annapolis and other local areas. They accomplished these selfless deeds through sponsoring woodchops, in which the wood was distributed to needy families, volunteering as science fair judges, and other charitable activities. One of the organization's major projects this past year was hosting the Anne Arundel County Special Olympics. Midshipman volunteers were designated as huggers who made the day fun and exciting for a special child. The Midshipman Action Organization truly reflects a midshipman's sense of community responsibility as well as that to the nation.

MIDSHIPMAN ACTION ORGANIZATION

THE CANNONEERS

BOOM! Memorial Stadium once again rocks with the thunder of the cannon manned by the Cannoneers. Actually, it is not really a cannon, but a 1865 Dahlgren Boat Howitzer, which has been keeping track of Navy touchdowns since 1967. A select group, the Cannoneers, is composed of eight members, two of whom are handpicked plebe year to serve for the remaining three years. This year's Cannoneer team consisted of First Class Tim Corrigan and Joe Krensavage, Second Class Paul Ambrogie and Jay Shanley, Third Class Kevin Shanley and Mark Metzger, and Fourth Class Kurt Eglseder and Ken Carrier.

NAVY FOOTBALL . . . IT'S A BLAST!



GO NAVY . . .
BEAT ARMY!

NAVY CHEERLEADERS

Continuing to Cheer the Team on to Victory . . .

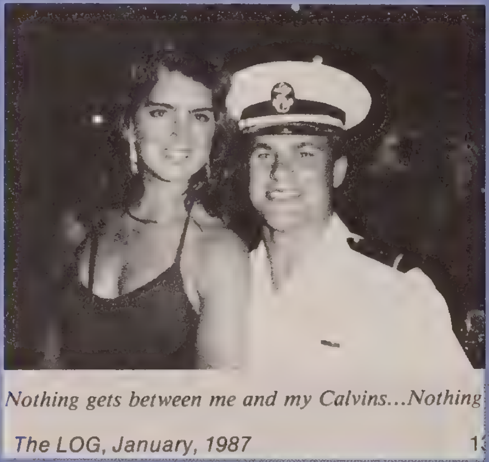
Ever loyal and faithful to our teams and to Navy, the Cheerleading squad put every effort into promoting the spirit of the Brigade. Whether it be pep rallies, football games, or basketball games, our cheerleaders are known for their acrobatic feats, fiery spirit, and of course, Fuddrucker basketballs and footballs. Being on the squad demands much dedication since it involves long hours of practice and time on the road. The benefits of course, are being with the team wherever they may go and cheering them on to victory. Whether it be in Philadelphia against Army or at Charlotte, North Carolina for the NCAA basketball playoffs, our cheerleaders represented Navy proudly.

DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

The United States Naval Academy Drum and Bugle Corps, a brigade support organization, is comprised mainly of two-valved bugles, several types of drums and a flag corps. The D&B performed the halftime shows for Navy football games in the fall, as well as halftime shows for various professional football teams. In the winter and spring seasons, the Drum and Bugle Corps provided support for the basketball team and travelled all over the country to play concerts and march in parades at places like Disney World, the Epcot Center, and Myrtle Beach, to name a few.

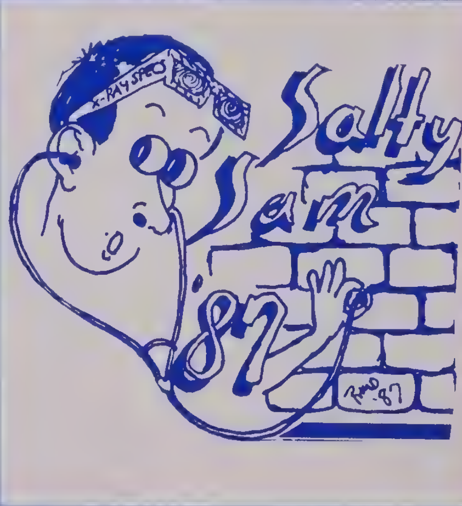
The Drum and Bugle Corps is an integral part of the organization of the Brigade of Midshipmen and supports the brigade at formations and pep rallies. The Corps' activities are planned by midshipmen, who are responsible for practice schedules, transportation, and the overall direction of the organization. The Drum and Bugle Corps serves as an excellent leadership training experience while providing a necessary and entertaining support function for the Brigade of Midshipmen.

Ludwig
Hooray Navy!



Nothing gets between me and my Calvins...Nothing

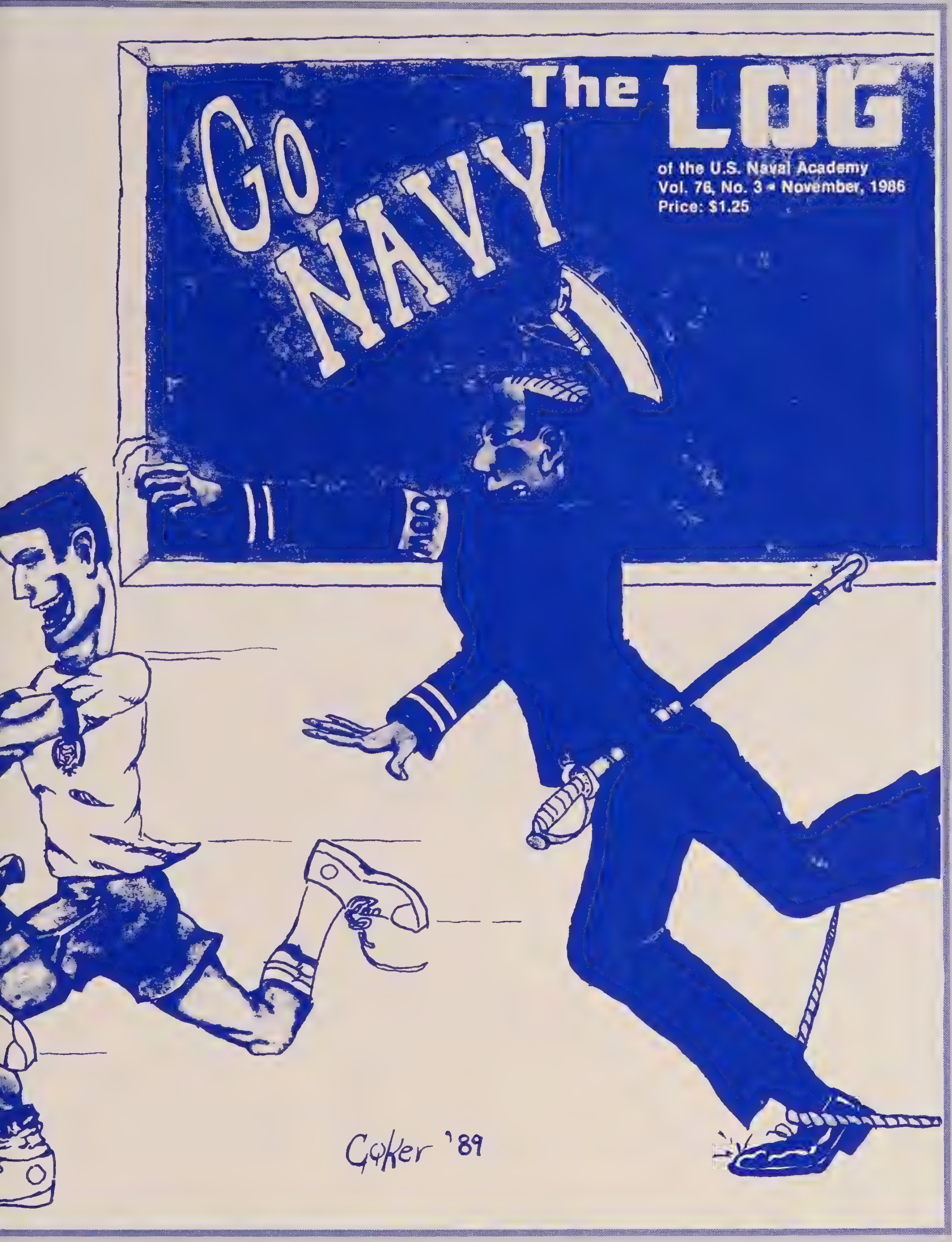
The LOG, January, 1987



Those who were responsible: ***Row One:*** *Rod Dill, art editor; Susi Massoglia, executive editor.* ***Row Two:*** *Mike Hatheway, business manager; Dave Biddinger, features editor; John Kempkes, editor; Paul Gosnell, photography editor: Andy Howell, circulation manager.*

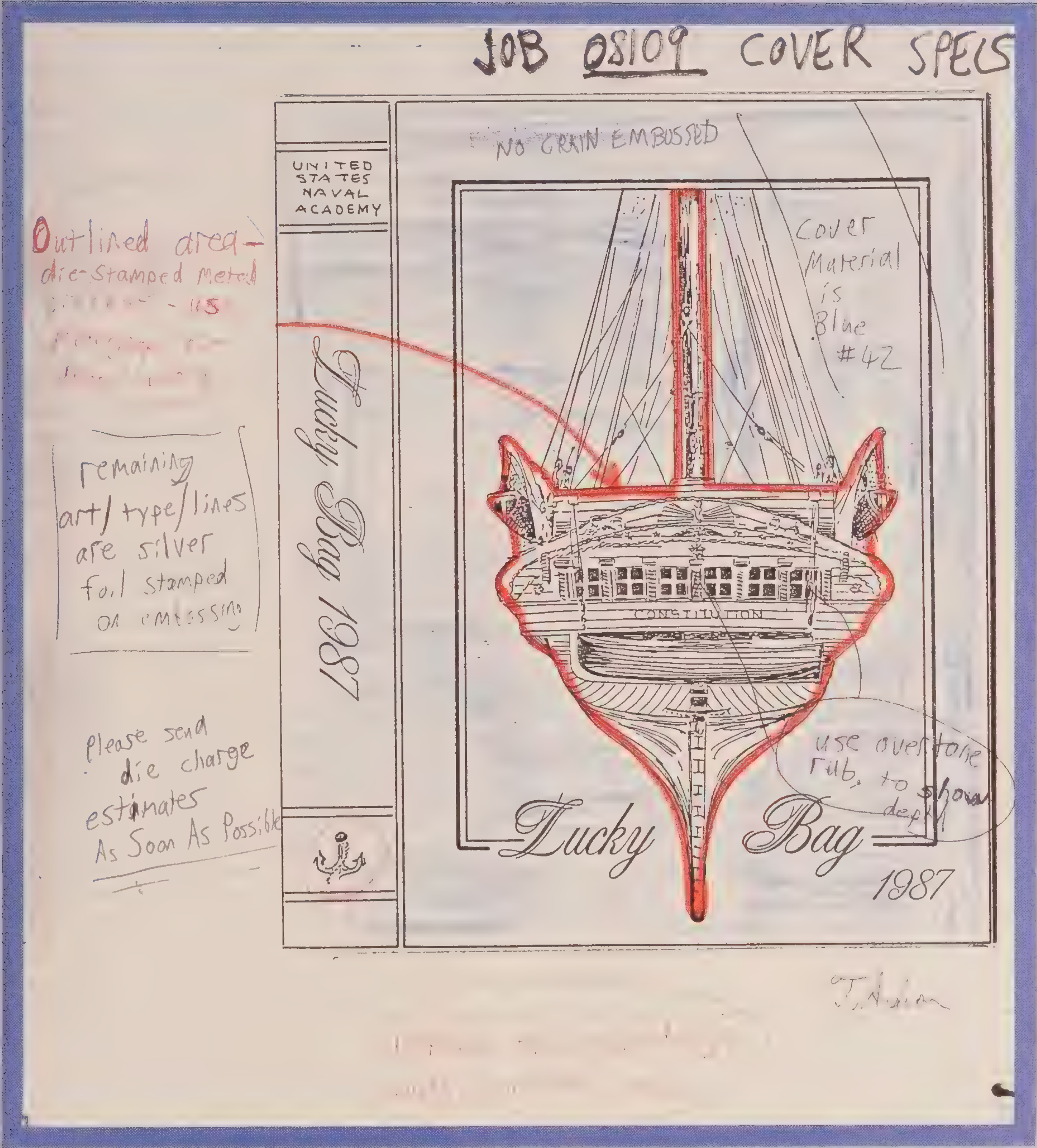
THE LOG

The LOG magazine provides a written outlet of humor in which members of the Brigade can express their likes, dislikes, and general feelings about the Naval Academy. Historically, the LOG has poked fun at almost everyone; the cheerleaders, stripers, the Drum anbd Bugle Corps, plebes, and especially the administration. Regulation P.E. gear was the subject of countless cartoons and facetious articles. With all the new and constantly changing regulations, the LOG was never short for material. The person held responsible for any sacred toes stepped upon was editor-in-chief John Kempkes who risked more than anyone will ever realize in his efforts to give the brigade unrestrained humor. He was assisted by Suzi Massoglia, executive editor; Rod Dill, art editor; Dave Biddinger, features editor; and last but not least, Salty Sam '87.


GO NAVY
The LOG
of the U.S. Naval Academy
Vol. 76, No. 3 • November, 1986
Price: $1.25
Coker '89

LUCKY BAG

The book you are holding in your hands did not create itself. The hard-working midshipmen on the *Lucky Bag* staff spent tens of thousands of man-hours planning and producing it. An overwhelming project, the Academy's yearbook is the largest yearbook in the country. As usual, the staff struggled to meet its difficult deadlines. In the process, the editors, writers, and photographers all learned a lot about the journalism business. While most major college yearbooks offer class credits and/or salaries to their staffs, the only compensation the *Lucky Bag* staff received was the satisfaction of a job well done. Since extracirricular activities were only allowed to meet from 1945 to 2000 on Sunday through Friday and from 0500 to 0700 on Monday through Saturday, it was quite a chore to maintain a steady work schedule. The staff was led by editor-in-chief Ted Anderson. Other principal staff members were associate editor Jane Collins, business manager Kim Boyer, photo editor Dave Hoff, and copy editor Roni Plautz. Section editors were Laura Stroman and Kerry Romig, year; Lisa Rathjen, staff; Sandra Hill, brigade; Rob Carlisle, activities; and Lorene Paulsen, sports.


UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
Lucky Bag 1987
CONSTITUTION
Lucky Bag
1987

JOB 0S109 COVER SPECS

NO GRAIN EMBOSSED

Cover Material is Blue #42

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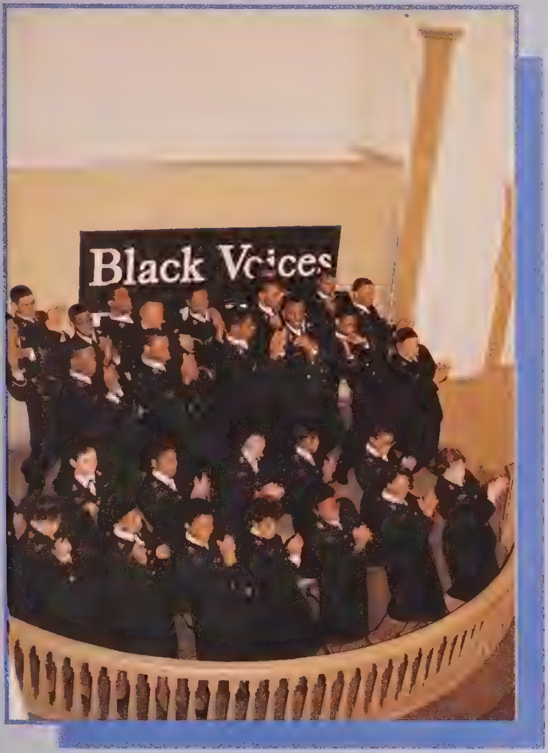
WRNV

"You are listening to 89.7 WRNV, the only Rock-n-Roll station in Annapolis." The Academy's amateur radio station was heard 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Managed by James Springer, the station was run by midshipmen primarily for midshipmen. WRNV was known across the Brigade for its variety, from Christian programs to the latest progressive bands. Music was not the only service provided, WRNV also added to the 0700 reveille festivities, kept the Brigade informed on the latest USNA news, and broadcasted Service Selection night. Who could forget dial-a-mate and the interviews with the unlucky delivery people? With over twenty disc jockeys, the Academy was never without music. During study hour when no one was allowed to broadcast from the 8th wing basement, the auto D.J. took over. Perhaps the best known song on WRNV was the Naval Academy rap. Coach Lenz, the Commandant, and a supporting cast of celebrities all lended a hand. With such variety and no commercials, who would ever want to turn the dial?

Black Voices

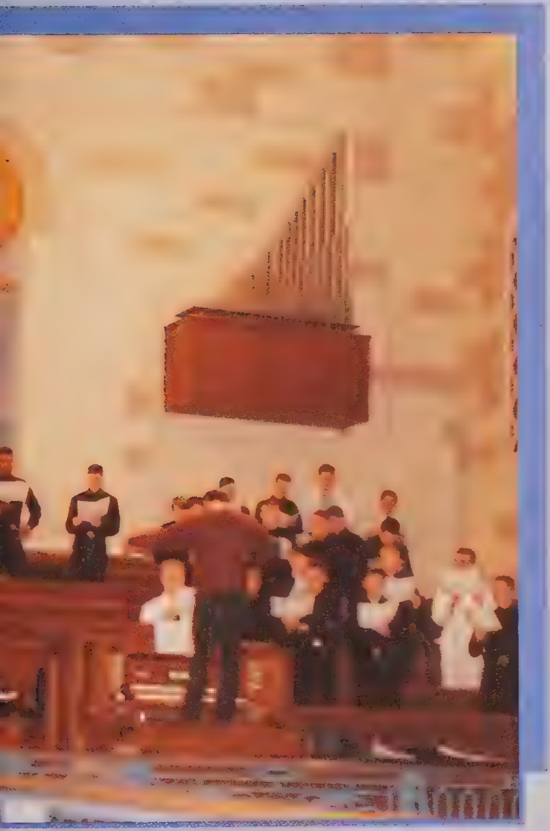
GOSPEL CHOIR

Promoting fellowship and providing a spiritual outlet for midshipmen was only a small part of the purpose behind the Naval Academy's Gospel Choir. Representing the Academy at special religious services both in the yard and away was also a major project. A community service oriented group, the Gospel Choir also performed for various military and civic organizations, which supported the recruitment efforts of the Academy as well as the Public Affairs department. Over the past year, the Gospel Choir sang for many area churches, performed in the Martin Luther King services, and participated in an inter-service academy gospel choir concert.



ANTIPHONAL CHOIR

Of the many musical diversities at USNA a very popular activity has always been the Antiphonal Choir, which provided midshipmen an opportunity for sharing, release, and fellowship. The choir's purpose as stated by First Class David Schiffman, president of the choir, was mostly, "to provide musical support for the Protestant services on Sunday and to perform at other special events." One of these special events was the 1986 Annapolis Choral Festival, which included choirs from all around Annapolis. A total number of two hundred and fifty people participated.

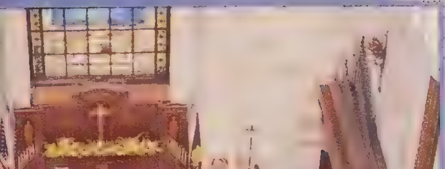


PROTESTANT CHAPEL CHOIR

The goals of the Protestant Chapel Choir, "to support the Protestant Chapel services and other such duties as the Commandant sees fit," were certainly attained over the past year through the patience and hard work of dedicated midshipmen. The term "other duties" belies many of the choir's other activities. These included a fall tour during September to Virginia Beach, a winter trip to Dallas, and a spring trip to New York. The major undertaking of the Protestant Chapel Choir this past year, as for every year, was performing *The Messiah.* Many long hours of practice were put in by members of the choir as well as girls from Hood College who volunteered their time and talents. Performed in both the winter and the spring, it was a truly touching performance.

Catholic Chapel Choir

On Sunday mornings during Catholic Mass, melodic, yet compelling lyrics could be heard throughout the Chapel. The group responsible is not a professional one, but consists of midshipmen who willingly donate their time to sing for the Catholic Choir. According to Dr. John Talley, the director, this year's choir has proven better balanced due to the greater number of accomplished voices than in years past. With the welcome increase in talent, the choir was able to sing a larger variety of musical pieces. The Catholic Choir traveled many places this past year such as the Basilica in Baltimore, Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, and in New Orleans during their Spring tour. The group was headed by Joe Steffan, president; Phil Brandt, vice-president; and George Ganahl, secretary. They were invaluably assisted by Commander Myslinski, the Catholic Choir's officer representative.

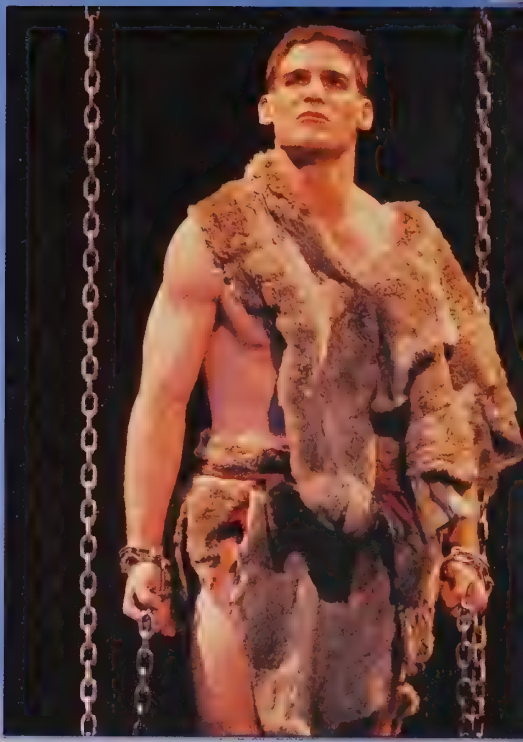


GLEE CLUBS

The Women's Glee Club at the Naval Academy provides women with an opportunity to sing for various groups and organizations, television broadcasts, and Sunday worship services. The Women's Glee Club, led by its president First Class Mary Kelly, performed Handel's *Messiah* at both the Academy and Hood College. They also provided the musical *Ruddigore* with most of its female actresses and performed in various Commissioning Week concerts.

During the 1986-7 school year, the Naval Academy Men's Glee Club, a nationally recognized organization, provided musical entertainment for the Brigade and other military and civic organizations through concerts, musicals, and other special appearances. The Glee Club was also one of the primary supporters of public affairs and recruiting activities.

Under the leadership of its president, First Class Scott Johnson; vice-president, Andrew York; and secretary/treasurer, Richard Fatzinger; the Men's Glee Club represented the Brigade at such functions as the commissioning of the USS Bunker Hill (CG-52), which took place in Boston, Massachusetts. They also performed for the Brigade in many productions, including the Christmas performance of *Messiah*, the musical *Ruddigore*, and various commissioning week concerts. The men's and women's Glee Clubs both performed for the nationally televised network special "Christmas in Washington."



LIFE IS A DREAM

The Masqueraders' fall production of *Life Is a Dream* depicted the life of Polish nobility in the late eighteenth century. Written by the Spanish playwright Calderon de la Barca, this classic play starred Second Class Anthony Villanueva as Basil, the King of Poland, First Class Brian Hendrickson as Prince Segismund, Second Class Curtis Wold as Duke Astalfo, Second Class Jim Campbell as Clotaldo, Second Class Rob Schasel as Clarion, and First Class Heidi Moser as Rosaura.

RUDDIGORE

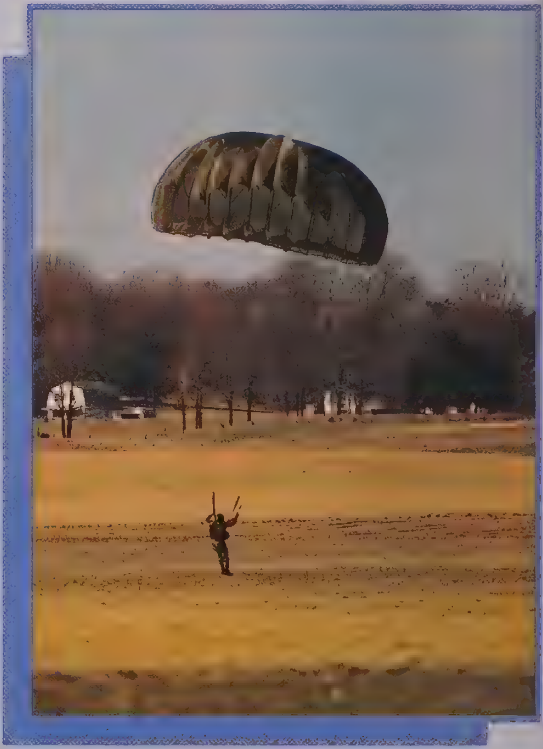
A tale of romance and evil, despair and rejoicing, with a series of ironic twists, *Ruddigore* , the Glee Club's winter musical, delighted everyone who saw it, as evidenced by the sold out attendance at every performance. Directed by Professor David White of the English Department, the show starred Second Class Scott Wilson as Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, First Class Joseph Steffan as Richard Dauntless, and First Class Molly Carroll as Rose Maybud. Also featured were dozens of other midshipmen actors, actresses, musicians, and technicians, all of whom performed marvelously to produce yet another outstanding glee club musical.

Navy Performers Excel in Their Productions

Despite the academic emphasis on math and science at the Naval Academy, many opportunities exist for midshipmen to display their talents. Whether it be singing, acting, or playing a musical instrument, ECAs such as the Glee Club, Masqueraders, the various choirs, and the Trident Brass, to name just a few, provide such opportunities. These ECAs not only benefit the midshipmen involved with them, but the whole Brigade as well, since ultimately they are the ones who enjoy the various performances of these groups. Needless to say, a midshipman's ability to perform should not be stifled, but allowed to thrive; and thrive they do, as attested by the enormous success of these ECAs which promote the performing arts.

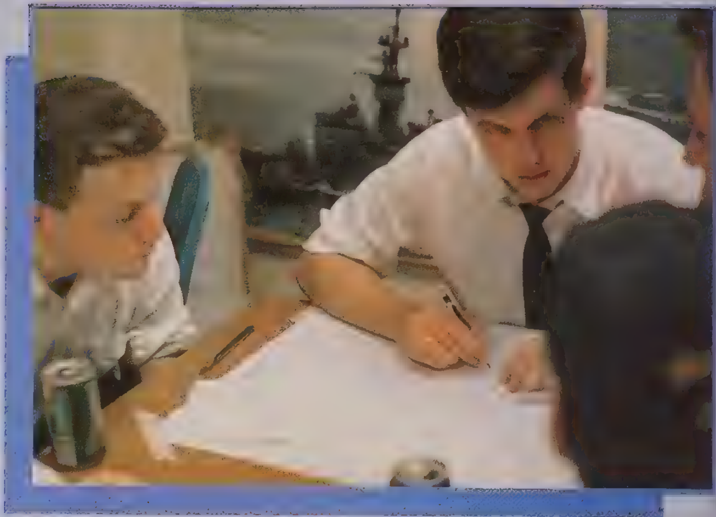
AIRBORNE TRAINING UNIT

"Left, Left, Left Right Left, ... I want to be a recon ranger ...." Plebe Summer? No, it's the Academy's Airborne Training Unit out for an early morning run. The main purpose of the unit was to provide midshipmen with an opportunity to become parachute qualified through the Army's school in Fort Benning, Georgia, but it also accomplished much more. Once a midshipman qualified, he could continue to gain more jumping experience and attempt to earn his gold jump wings. The unit also introduced midshipmen to various Marine Corps and Special Warfare units and familiarized them with the missions and capabilities of these organizations. Over the past year, the Airborne Training Unit participated in unit jumps over the USNA dairy farm, sponsored reconnaissance skills and repelling clinics, and sent a few of its members to jump at the NAS Oceana airshow in Virginia. First class Steven M. Sylvester commanded the unit, assisted by classmates Fred Woodaman and William Neumann.



SEMPER FIDELIS

One of the more popular ECAs at the Academy due mainly to the increasing interest in the U.S. Marine Corps, Semper Fi has been very active this year. Supporting such events as a repel jump and a canoe trip, and even the Marine Corps marathon held in Washington, D.C., this ECA strives to indoctrinate midshipmen to the pride and professionalism found in the leadership of the Corps. President Ron Woodaman and advisor, Capt. Houck, USMC, were successful in leading this club to do just that. Those involved who plan to make their military career in the Marines definitely have a distinct advantage in their training to become officers in the world's elite fighting force. The members of the club would like to thank the U.S. Marine Corps officers at the Academy as well as Gunnery Seargeant Elvington for their support.

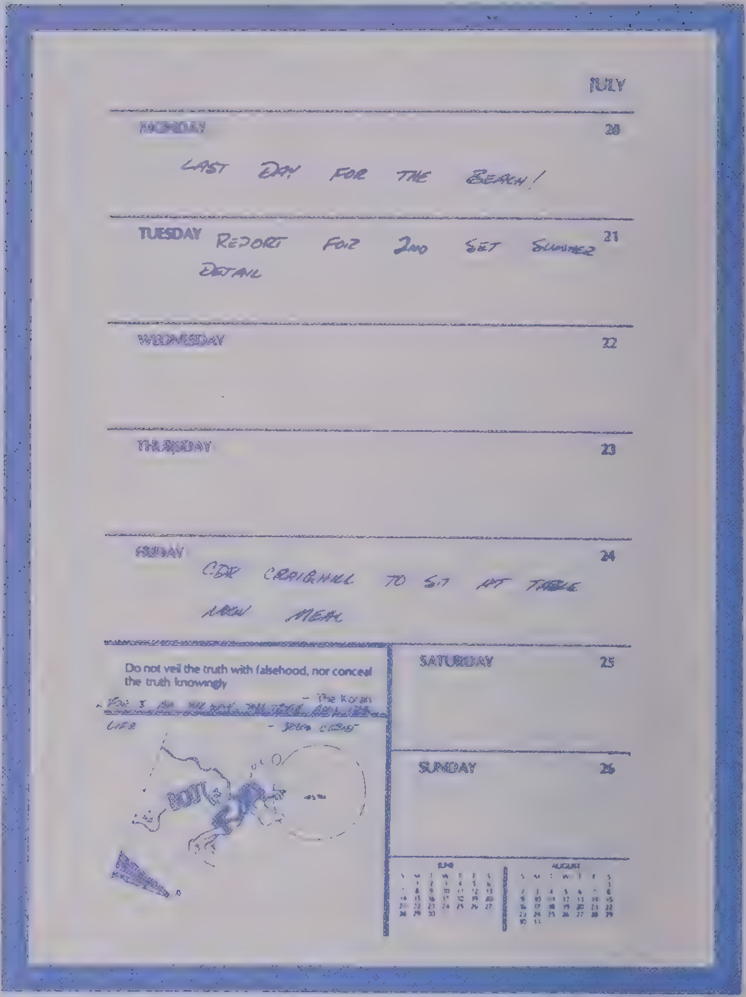


NAVTAG

For those in pursuit of a realistic scenario for war gaming, NAVTAG is the answer. Naval Tactical War Gaming has become one of the more popular ECAs at the Academy since it is not only a lot of fun to play, it also gives the midshipmen who participate a professional advantage since it involves knowledge and application of the weapons and platforms in our modern Navy and in the Soviet Navy. Supervised by Lt. Surgeant of the Professional Development department, NAVTAG pits company teams against each other. With the help of a navkit, some moboards, and a computer terminal, each team tries to outsmart the other, without being eliminated first. The two companies most successful in doing this were 12th Company and 22nd Company. In the finals, 12th Company emerged as Brigade champions, and the award for the Most Outstanding Tactician went to Midshipman First Class G.V. Contaoi.

YP SQUADRON

Known as the greyhounds of the Severn, the Y.P.s are well known by any midshipmen who has ever taken NS101 or second class ProTraMid training. For those, however, who feel this is not enough and want to hone their shiphandling skills, this ECA provides them that opportunity. Now in their second year, the new YP676 class is now the sole platform being used having replaced the obsolete YP654 class, much to the liking of those on the YP squadron who enjoy the indoor bridge, complete mess facilities, and larger berthing spaces. The YP squadron has taken numerous trips including a day trip to Baltimore's Inner Harbor as well as a weekend excursion down to Norfolk, Virginia.



JULY

MONDAY 20

LAST DAY FOR THE BEACH!

TUESDAY 21
REPORT FOR 2ND SET SUMMER DETAIL

WEDNESDAY 22

THURSDAY 23

FRIDAY 24
CDR CRAIGHILL TO SIT AT TABLE NEW MEAL

SATURDAY 25

SUNDAY 26

Do not veil the truth with falsehood, nor conceal the truth knowingly
— The Koran

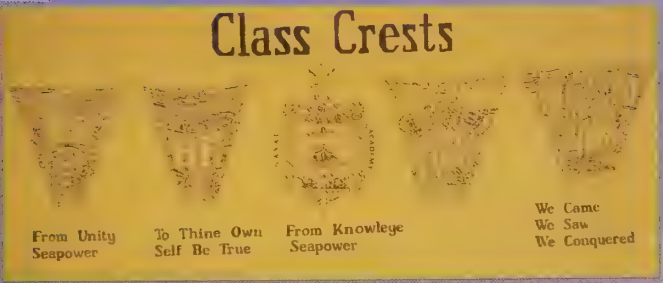
[illegible] LIFE
— [illegible]

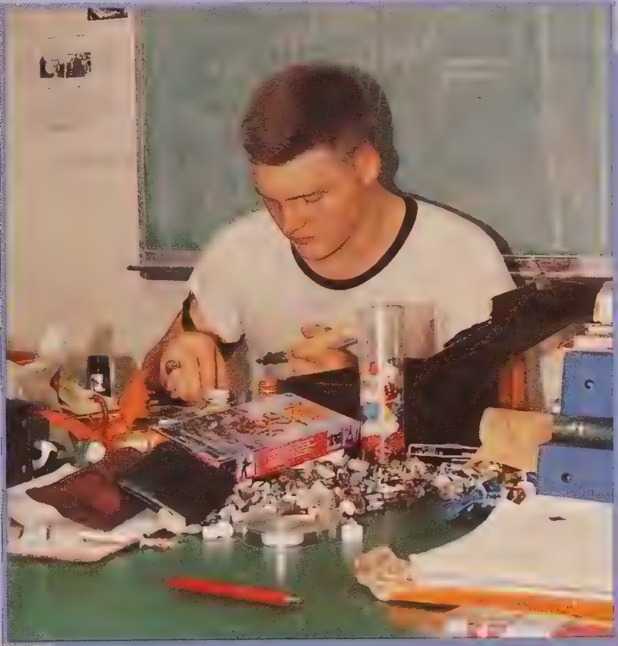
TRIDENT CALENDAR

Every year, midshipmen look forward to the issuing of the new Trident Calendar for its humor, candid depiction of life in Bancroft Hall, and its aid to help organize one's schedule. Every year the calendar features photographs and cartoons contributed by midshipmen. This year was no different, and under the direction of Midshipman Second Class Rob Cecchini, the 1987-1988 calendar promises to live up to its reputation.

REEF POINTS

On July 2, 1987, the Class of '91 will receive what every other mid has received before him ... and dreaded. That infamous little plebe "handbook" known as Reef Points is traditionally compiled by members of the 10th Company. This year's staff consisted of: *First Row:* Jim Boland, photographer; Jim McKenna, Yard Gouge; Jeff Hahn, photographer. *Second Row:* Eric Ruttenberg, Editor; Sean Epperson, history; Charles Lochard, Business Manager; and Don Dracon, ECAs.


Class Crests
From Unity
Seapower
To Thine Own
Self Be True
From Knowlege
Seapower
We Came
We Saw
We Conquered



RING AND CREST COMMITTEE

Headed by Midshipman Second Class Randy Martin and Midshipman Third Class Peyton Allen, the Ring and Crest Committee approved three possible crest designs for the Class of 1990. These designs then went to each company for a vote by secret ballot. On February 12, 1987, the Commandant of Midshipmen approved the crest for the Class of 1990 and the contract for rings and crests was awarded to Jostens.

MILITARY STUDIES

In a small corner room in the catacombs above the Rotunda, great wars and battles are fought . . . on a game board of course, but to those involved with the Military Studies Association, it may as well be the real thing. Headed by Midshipman First Class Dave Renberg, the club provided members of the Brigade an organized club for playing simulated war games educating those involved in the strategies, probabilities, and "fog" of war.

Always trying to increase the professional awareness of midshipmen, the Academy has its own Surface Action Group which promotes knowledge of and respect for the surface warfare community. The Surface Action Group promotes many projects and ship visits to enhance members' working knowledge and allow them to have in-depth looks into the surface community.

This past year, The SAG sponsored a SWO tailgator and lectures by author Tom Clancy **(Red Storm Rising)** and Vice Admiral Metcalf. The club also coordinated visits to the USS Bunker Hill and assisted the surface warfare division during service selection night.

SURFACE ACTION GROUP

Pictured above are the officers of SAG: First Row; Scott Herbener and Shawn Colson. Second Row; Anthony Klimas, President Michael Cantwell, and Officer Representative, LCDR J.F. Moran.

In order to give midshipmen with an interest in submarines a chance to learn of the latest developments in the submarine community, the Dolphin Club not only provides a means for them to meet junior officers in this warfare community, but also a chance to take a part in submarine commissionings, hear guest lecturers, and attend special receptions for submarine officers. Presided over by Midshipman First Class Jeffrey Earle, along with Midshipman First Class Christopher Calhoun as Vice President and Midshipman Second Class Stuart Hamilton as Secretary, the Dolphin Club sponsored a trip to both the Pentagon and New London as well as an annual crab feast.

DOLPHIN CLUB

ASTRONOMY CLUB

Ever wonder if those stars they told you about in Celestial Navigation really do exist? Just ask First Class Dave Quint and the other members of the Astronomy Club. With the help of the telescopes located on the top of Michelson Hall, including a 16 inch reflector telescope, the sky unfolds as most of us have never seen before, but have the opportunity to if one happened to be a member of this most interesting ECA. In addition to these facilities, the Luce Hall planetarium further aided a members understanding and practical application of the heavens.

INTERNATIONAL CLUB

To promote understanding of other cultures and to provide opportunities for language students to practice their skills in social settings, the International Club sponsors club banquets and the International Ball, an annual highlight for the Brigade. Members of the international community, including many daughters and sons of foreign dignitaries, are entertained by midshipmen at the Ball. Presided over by Midshipmen Arthur Trahan and Suzanne Brown, the International Club successfully educated its members about our diverse world.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

Coordinated by Midshipman Second Class Dave Hoff, the Table Tennis Club met periodically in Dahlgren Hall to enjoy the game of table tennis, better known as ping pong. The Club worked on its technique in order to perform well in the tournaments it entered. Just goes to show that no sport is neglected at the Academy!

SCUBA CLUB

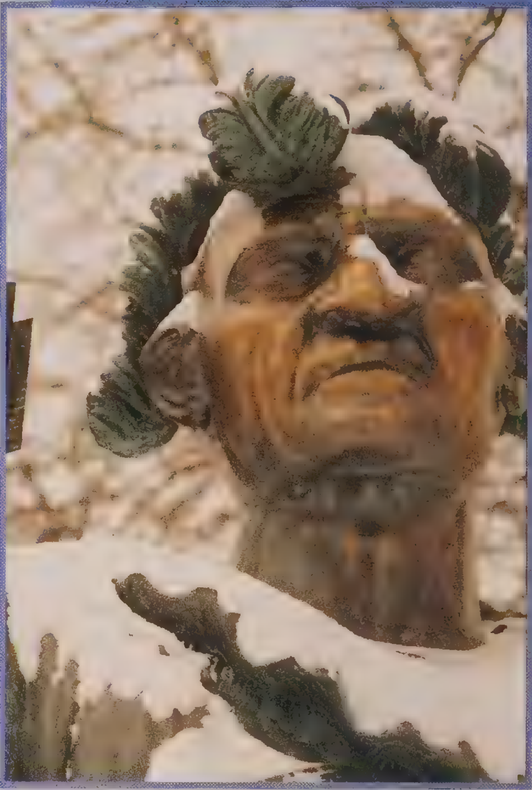
Scuba is fast becoming a fad throughout the country, so it is no wonder that one of the largest ECAs at the Academy is the Scuba Club. Presided over by Midshipman First Class Frank Carr, this club meets and practices in the Lejeune pools and teaches the basic skills of scuba diving such as how to compute the maximum time possible one can stay underwater or how to buddy breathe using one tank for two people. However one is not totally qualified until he or she performs an open water dive and successfully demonstates the skills they learned in the pool. These open water dives are usually done in open quarries in Pennsylvania or in the Florida Keys over spring break. Needless to say, scuba is a lot of fun, and many midshipmen are now able to enjoy this activity because of the Scuba Club.

BIG BROTHERS BIG SISTERS

One of the many community service oriented ECAs at the Academy was the Big Brothers/Big Sisters club. This year, the club sponsored a Christmas party and a Bowl-a-Thon for the midshipman brothers and sisters and their sponsorees. The organization provided midshipmen the opportunity to work with young children who lack an older role model in their lives. According to club president Thomas P. Browne, "Many of the midshipmen who participated had prior experience with this sort of work, either from other Big Brother/Big Sister chapters or from church groups. This organization was not as group-oriented as other ECAs because of the nature of the job and the limited liberty available, so it's more of an individual activity."

The Photography Club is a prime example of one of the many clubs at the Academy that provides midshipmen with the opportunity to further their talents and skills without sacrificing precious time and energy. The Photography Club supplies darkroom equipment, materials, and the know-how for each member to use at his own pace. The club also sponsored and coordinated the annual Midshipmen Photo Contest. The Photography Club was headed by First Class Greg Thompson.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB



NATIONAL EAGLE SCOUT ASSOCIATION

The Naval Academy's chapter of the National Eagle Scout Association was founded in 1984 by a group of midshipmen Eagle Scouts interested in continuing their involvement in scouting. On the twenty-third of October, 1986, the USNA chapter received official recognition by the Boy Scouts of America in the form of a charter granting the Academy the authority to officially operate as a chapter of the National Eagle Scout Association.

The mission of the National Eagle Scout Association is to provide manpower to the Baltimore/Washington D.C. area in the promotion of better scouting and to continue active scouting among interested midshipmen. Members are involved with hosting scouts at the Academy, giving tours to scout troops, participating in Camporees, and representing the Naval Academy at various scouting events around the country, These included the Boy Scout National Jamboree and the Philmont Scout reservation summer camps.

TRIDENT BRASS

Trident Brass is the Naval Academy's midshipman jazz ensemble, providing an extension for the musical talents of its members and entertainment for the Brigade. The group consists of eighteen midshipmen and is assisted musically by members of the Naval Academy Band. Trident Brass typically performs several concerts in the spring, highlighted be the Commissioning Week performance preceding the climbing of Herndon. The officers: President Dave Lester, Vice-President Greg Rouillard, and Secretary Jon Jerge. First Class Petty Officer Denny Blair of the Naval Academy Band provided direction and guidance for Trident Brass.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN ENGINEERS

An ECA devoted entirely to women, even more specifically women engineers, the Society of Women Engineers, exists to promote awareness and informative support in a field where women are only just now beginning to establish themselves. Guest lecturers and career seminars are the main means of accomplishing this task. Pictured are President Jeanne Grabowsky (seated), Vice President Adrienne Marks, and Secretary Erin Martin.

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

In a world of ever-increasing technology, the various fields of engineering are constantly updated. To keep members of the Mechanical Engineering Department and midshipmen in this major aware of new developments and designs, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers has established a chapter at the Naval Academy to provide this necessary information. Through publications, field trips, and meetings, the club provides its members with hands-on experience as well as the chance to observe real life applications of mechanical engineering.

INSTITUTE OF ELECTRICAL & ELECTRONIC ENGINEERS

The Institute for Electrical and Electronic Engineers (IEEE) is the largest professional organization in the world. The student branch at the Academy gives its members the opportunity to enhance their experience and stimulate their interests by participating in engineering-related seminars and field trips such as the spring trip to the Calvert Cliffs nuclear power plant at Calvert Cliffs, Maryland. The IEEE workspace is located in the Michelson-Chauvenet lab decks, and its members use this space for conducting meetings, making plans, and as a quiet, computer-equipped study area.

HISTORY CLUB

It has been said that the conquerors of the world were not successful due to their familiarity of military tactics and weaponry, but because of their knowledge of history and its impact on the future. Perhaps the members of the History Club hope to gain this wisdom and become the Alexanders and the Napoleons of the next century. In any case, the History Club attempts to broaden the horizons of its members and increase their interest in the study of history. Through field trips to such places as the Smithsonian Institute, guest speakers, and by sponsoring movies on Sunday afternoons, the club has managed to increase membership while maintaining a high quality educational program.

AMERICAN NUCLEAR SOCIETY

The newest edition of the many engineering societies at Navy is the American Nuclear Society. Hoping to eventually integrate a nuclear engineering program into the Academy, the American Nuclear Society affords students the opportunity to experience and discuss all phases of nuclear science and technology, including military and commercial. The club enhanced these objectives by participating in the American Nuclear Society National Convention in Washington, D.C.

HYMAN G. RICKOVER

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S
Academy
ORIENTEERING CLUB

ORIENTEERING CLUB

You may ask, what is orienteering? Orienteering is a sport which is quite popular in Europe, but is just gaining popularity throughout the United States. An orienteering meet is a footrace through all kinds of terrain, in which the runner carries a map and a compass to use for navigation. Control flags at certain points along the correct path give the participants clues as to whether they are heading in the right direction. These points are indicated on the map, but are often difficult to find. The Naval Academy Orienteering Club was headed this year by Midshipman First Class Matthew Kirk. This ECA allowed midshipmen interested in this sport to compete in events that are held in such places as Quantico and West Point.

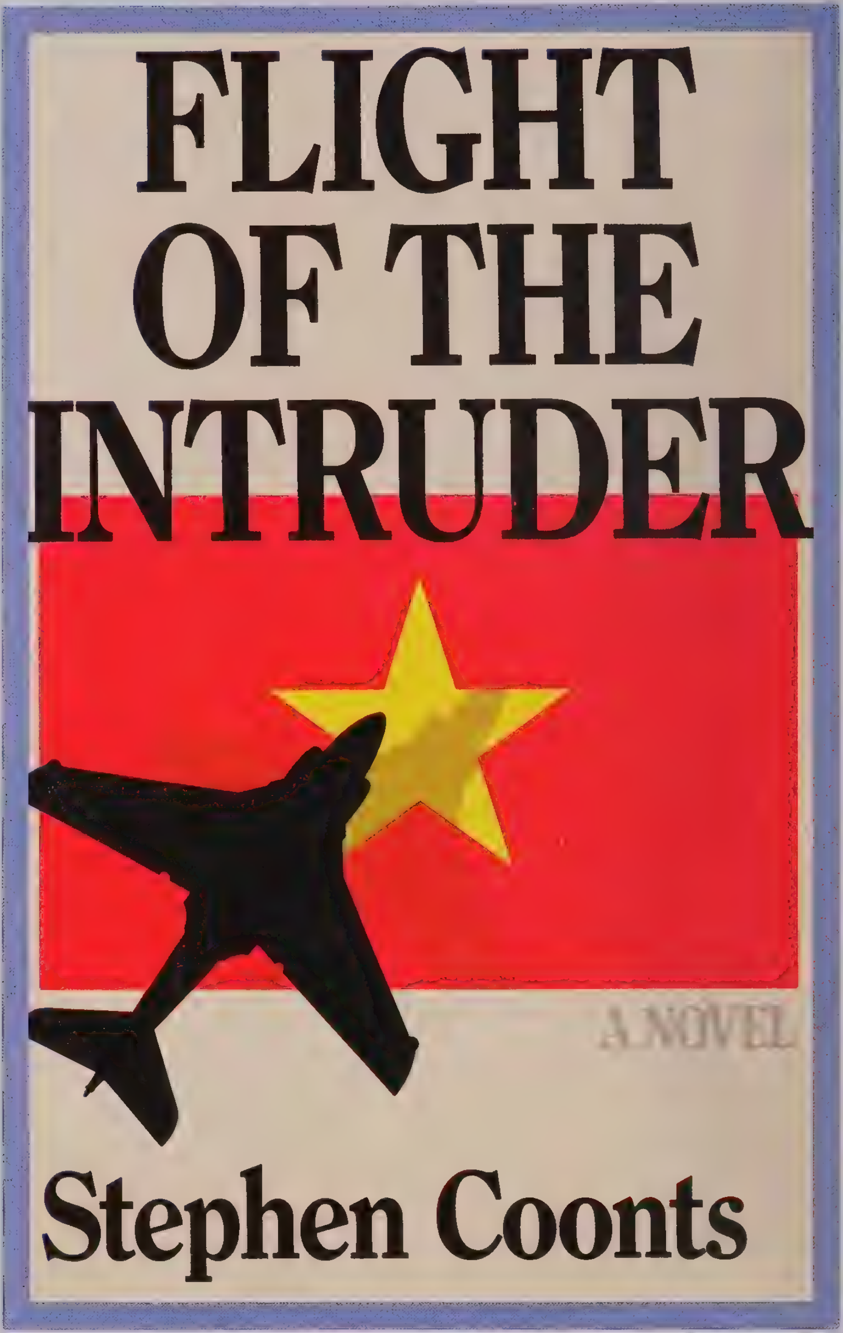
MARINE TECHNOLOGY SOCIETY

Oceanography Club

One of the more popular majors at Navy is the oceanography major. With its obvious direct naval applications, the topic of oceanographic research interests many. Because of the expanding desires of midshipmen to learn more outside of the classroom, the Marine Technology Society, better known as the Oceanography Club, was founded. The purpose is to promote a better understanding of the ocean environment and its estuaries, such as the Chesapeake Bay. Conservation methods are another big topic, as well as future developments and plans in the oceanographic field itself. Over the past year, members were treated to a special field trip to the Baltimore Aquarium, a crab feast, and an educational, fun-filled camping trip.

CHURCHILL SOCIETY

The Churchill Society exists to furnish midshipmen, who have an interest in the literary arts, a yearly series of lectures featuring poets, dramatists and novelists. Led by President Walter S. Sechriest III, Vice President Brian Hendrickson, Secretary Parker Ladwig and Treasurer Bill Weber, the Churchill Society sponsored such authors as Professor Henry Taylor, a Pulitzer prize winning poet, Stephen Coonts, author of *Flight of the Intruder* , and Ms. Chris Llewellyn.



ΦΚΦ

PHI KAPPA PHI

Phi Kappa Phi is a national inter-major honor society. To become a member, one must be in the top 3 percent in academic standings by the spring of Second Class year or in the top 6 percent by the spring of First Class year. This year's officers were Midshipman First Class George Lipscomb, president; First Class Jeff R. Evers, vice president; and First Class Charles D. Ferguson, secretary.

1987 MEMBERS

Burkett, Paul A.
Calhoun, Christopher S.
Dalton, Marc H.
DiMento, John
Douglas, Robert I.
Evers, Jeffrey R.
Ferguson, Charles D. II
Gaffney, Michael P.
Gilstad, John R. H.
Hamilton, Patrick J.
Johnson, Scott D.
Lipscomb, George A.
Mellor, John P.
Miller, Gregory A.
Noyes, Brian D.
Nygaard, Danny A.
Ostroff, Pacy P.
Shaffer, Daniel G.
Tackett, Stephen H.

1987 INITIATES

Bates, James A.
Brandt, Karl D.
Dorsett, Dolores M.
Finch, Michael F.
Gieg, Michael E.
Hanson, Douglas J.
Hartman, Curt C.
Hilarides, Roger J., Jr.
Hill, Michael J.
Kline, Brian T.
Laible, Henry A.
Lennon, Andrew C.
Lewis, John S.
Mercer, Thomas A., Jr.
Mykleby, Mark G.
O'Boyle, John D.
Pignataro, Robert P.
Roth, S. Scott
Schabert, Cary M.
Smith, Robert F.
Sullivan, Wendy I.
Ubellacker, Kent L.
Wasson, Drew
Watson, John N.
Woughter, John C.

1988 INITIATES

Arguelles, James P.
Burr, Richard A.
Chalfont, Julie S.
Fielding, Leanne K.
Hurdle, Daniel J.
Jobe, Bruce A.
Kaufman, David L.
Kiss, Thomas K.
Kropcho, John III
Lanterman, Michael M.
Maloney, Dennis A.
McMahon, Michael V.
Penrod, Shawn L.
Povlock, Karen B.
Reuter, John H.
Rife, Stephen C.
Ross, Jason J.
Rouillard, Gregory W.
Schasel, Robert D.
Travis, Owen M.

ΠΣΑ

PI SIGMA ALPHA

Pi Sigma Alpha is the national honor society for political science students. The Naval Academy's chapter was led by Midshipman First Class Paul Bunge, president; First Class John W. Craig, vice president; First Class Russell A. Moore, secretary; and First Class Paul A. Walker, treasurer.

Blackburn, D.L.
Bunge, Paul
Craig, John W.
Colwell, Jeffrey
Diggle, Anthony A.
DiPaola, Joseph P.
Dorsett, Dolores
Hanson, Douglas J.
Hutson, Peter M.
Ives, Thomas
Kane, Jeffrey P.
Lott, Laura L.
Marsh, Charles D.
McCawley, Brian C.
Moore, Russel A.
Moser, Heidi J.
Stewart, Michael
Stollmeyer, R.L.
Thompson, Mary P.
Tobin, Michael A.
Vauk, Ronald
Walker, Paul A.

OMICRON DELTA EPSILON

ΟΔΕ

Omicron Delta Epsilon is the national economics honor society. Through the Academy's branch of this society, midshipman who were proficient in the study of Economics were able to meet together as a group and attend lectures or other related events.

Bartlett, J.E.
Bell, J.A.
Bookwalter, B.
Campbell, C.G.
Cardello, F.J.
Cheney, E.D.
Cipolla, D.
Colburn, P.
Daly, W.J.
Dickens, A.
George, M.W.
Grinnel, E.
Janssen, R.W.
Kelley, S.P.
Koerschner, D.J.
Madigan, D.B.
Marcheese, E.F.
McCarter, A.
McCartney, K.S.
Michael, D.A.
Mills, C.W.
Orourke, D.C.
Peck, T.R.
Pescatore, R.
Pfeiffer, T.A.
Pietkiewicz, T.F.
Pullin, P.E.
Purvis, H.L.
Rapson, R.C.
Rose, M.J.
Ross, K.J.
Sears, B.S.
Sheedy, J.S.
Silvey, J.C.
Steidle, J.M.
Swor, M.L.
Tanner, H.H.
Thiery, D.B.
Vanetta, K.A.
Vitelli, J.M.
Wadford, L.
Watson, J.S.
Whearty, K.J.
Wickard, A.F.
Workman, S.
Wright, A.R.
Wyatt, E.R.

CHAUVENET HAL

PHI ALPHA THETA

The international honor society in history, Phi Alpha Theta seeks to bring students, teachers, and writers of history together both intellectually and socially. At the the same time it encourages good teaching, historical research, and publication by its members. Qualifications to become a member of Phi Alpha Theta include completion of four history courses, a 3.0 CQPR, and a 3.1 CQPR in history courses.

ΦΑΘ

Anderson, Dale E.
Anderson, Theodore
Burkett, Paul A.
Dimento, John M.
Franchi, John
Gardner, Mark
Hartman, Curt
Henderson, James A.
Hill, Gregory T.
Horrisberger, Michael
Julian, David A.
Metzger, John V.
Piontek, Joseph W.
Shuttleworth, Bruce
Snoke, Timothy
Tackett, Stephen
Stillwaggon, Joseph
Willcockson, James
Wulff, Siegfried
Bivans, Roger W.
Collins, Jane M.
Kane, Colin P.
Palmer, George
Travis, Owen
Veit, Eric M.

ΣΠΣ

SIGMA PI SIGMA

Sigma Pi Sigma, the honor society of physics students, exists to promote interest in physics and advanced physics through lectures and social activities. In order to become a member, one must be a engineering, math, or science (Group I or II) major, be in the top one third of his class, and have had at least 3 physics classes with a B average or better including SP222. Leading Sigma Pi Sigma were Midshipman First Class Eric Dano, president; Midshipman First Class Bernard Koehr, vice president; and Midshipman First Class Chuck Ferguson, secretary.

Bailey, Charles
Bingham, Charles M.
Bouchard, James E.
Braden, Guy M.
Calhoun, Christopher S.
Dano, Eric B.
Dimento, John M.
Ferguson, Charles
Finch, Michael F.
Gray, James L.
Hagerty, Paul P.
Hair, John D.
Hill, Kevin C.
Hoffman, Richard J.
Holbrook, James H.
Jordon, Michail P.
Kata, Steven J.
Koehr, Bernard E.
Krensavage, Joseph S.
Kropcho, John
Lipscomb, George A.
Melling, Christopher N.
Miller, Gregory A.
Muggleworth, Charles E.
Reimann, Timothy J.
Roberson, Bradley W.
Rowe, Andrew W.
Stauber, Renaud E.
Stefanko, John C.
Summers, Wesley I.
Tadlock, Jimmie
VanAtta, Thomas F.
Walters, John I.
Weigert, Michael W.
Willcockson, James E.
Wirth, Charles C.

ΠΤΣ

PI TAU SIGMA

The honor society for Mechanical Engineers, Pi Tau Sigma was led by Midshipman First Class Thomas M. Schwab, president; First Class Michael C. Sopka, vice president; First Class Kent L. Ubellacker, secretary; and First Class Mark D. Groothuis, treasurer.

Baldin, Kirk F.
Brown, Mark S.
Dau, Fred W. IV
Groothuis, Mark D.
Laurilla, Sherry M.
Lewis, John S.
Lim, Claude-Phillipe
Lunifeld, Thomas J.
Nygaard, Danny A.
O'Kuinghttons, Camilo O.
Parzych, Garry E.
Sasek, David J.
Schwab, Thomas M.
Shay, Eric F.
Sopka, Michael C.
Swickly, Robert L.
Ubellacker, Kent L.
White, Dennis B .
Wilson, Christopher J.
Ambrogi Paul A.
Barton, Joweph G.
Crickette Troye C.
Dolan, Paul A.
Finley, David E.
Hawkins, James D.
Ludovici, Anthony J.
Maloney, Dennis A.
Rife, Stephen C.

TAU BETA PI

TBΠ

Tau Beta Pi is a national engineering honor society that includes the top fifth of all First Class engineering majors and the top eighth of all Second Class engineering majors. This honor society kept busy this year coordinating such events as the 1987 Wine Tasting Night, hosting an Advanced Technology Seminar, and participating at the Tau Beta Pi national convention. They also participated in Plebe Major Selection Night and a conference at the University of Illinois. The club officers were First Class George A. Lipscomb, president; First Class Robert Swickley, vice president; First Class Robert Pignataro, secretary; and First Class Kevin Potts, treasurer.

Baker, James M.
Bates, James A.
Brandt, Karl D.
Buckon, Andrew D.
Burgos, Brian
Culbertson, Jennifer
Deane, Timothy M.
Dimento, John M.
Douglass, Robert
Gonzalez, Evaristo
Hamilton, Patrick
Hayden, John M.
Hilarides, Roger
Hill, Kevin C.
Holloway, Eric C.
Jennings, Jeffrey
Kempkes, John C.
Laible, Henry A.
Lara, Joe
Lester, David R.
Lewis, John S.
Lipscomb, George A.
Lacchio, Richard
Marzec, Thomas A.
Mellor, John F.
Mercer, Thomas A.
Miller, Gregory A.
Muggleworth, Charles
Noyes. Brian D.
Ostroff, Pacy P.
Parzych, Garry E.
Pierson, Brett M.
Pignataro, Robert
Plourde, John E.
Pollari, Michael
Potts, Kevin M.
Reimann, Timothy
Robinson, David A.
Ruggirello, Stephen
Scharf, Shawn M.
Schwab, Thomas M.
Seawright, David
Simei, Joseph
Smith, Robert F.
Sopko, Michael
Sorenson, Matthew
Sullivan, Wendy I.
Swickley, Robert
Tackett, Stephen
Taylor, Jeff
Ubellacker, Kent
Watson, John N.
Willcockson, James
Wison, John C.
Wolfe, Scott
Aaron, Matthew B.
Barton, Joseph G.
Baugh, Walter T.
Beals, Keith A.
Bello, Robert J.
Bivans, Roger W.
Chalfant, Julie S.
Crickette, Troye C.
Czeszynski, Alan D.
Dolan, Paul A.
Dempsey, James C.
Fielding, Leanne
Finley, David E.
George, Thomas F.
Giedraitis, Michael
Gresia, Eric J.
Guevarra, Mark B.
Hawkins, James D.
Horten, James E.
Kaufman, David L.
Keeling, John J.
Kiss, Thomas K.
Ludovici, Anthony
Maloney,Dennis A.
McKelvey, Dennis
McKenney, Robert
McMahon, Michael
Miller, Kurt F.
Mills, Rodney A.
Penrod, Shawn L.
Perpuse, Albert D.
Quilty, Michael J.
Reuter, John G.
Rife, Stephen C.
Robillard, David
Rouillard, Greg W.
Sarfert, James C.
Schick, Timoghy R.
Shaw, Andrew L.
Strasser, Edward
Street, Brian E.
Walker, Colleen M.
Wannamaker, Andrew
Wolters, James A.
Woodbury, David L.

Class of 1987

Row One: Tim Wolf, ***Secretary*** and Owen Duke, ***President*** *Row Two:* Fran Fitzpatrick, ***Vice President*** and Jim Matheson, ***Treasurer***

Class of 1988

Row One: Kathy Toomey, ***Secretary*** and Desmond Smith, ***Treasurer*** *Row Two:* Kennon Artis, ***President*** and Richard Bryant, ***Vice President***

Class of 1987

First Class Company Representatives: *Row One:* Duane Walters, Craig Perri, John Mykyta, Ed Holland, Tom Browne *Row Two:* Lee Miller, Mike Martin, Jim Matheson, Dick Hoffman, John Gordon, Brad Edenfield, John Franchi, Greg Johnston *Row Three:* Jim Merna, Paul Schoenbucher, Todd Monroe, Roger Stanton, Robbie Monroe, Tom Bacigalupo, Eddie Schofield, Alex Edwards, Dave Oss, Amy Donovan, Ed Lanoue, John Sniffen, Ron Prass, Tom Hubbard, Michaele Laforge, Tim Whelan, Kathy Buckley, Matt Miggens, Owen Duke

CLASS OFFICERS

Class of 1989

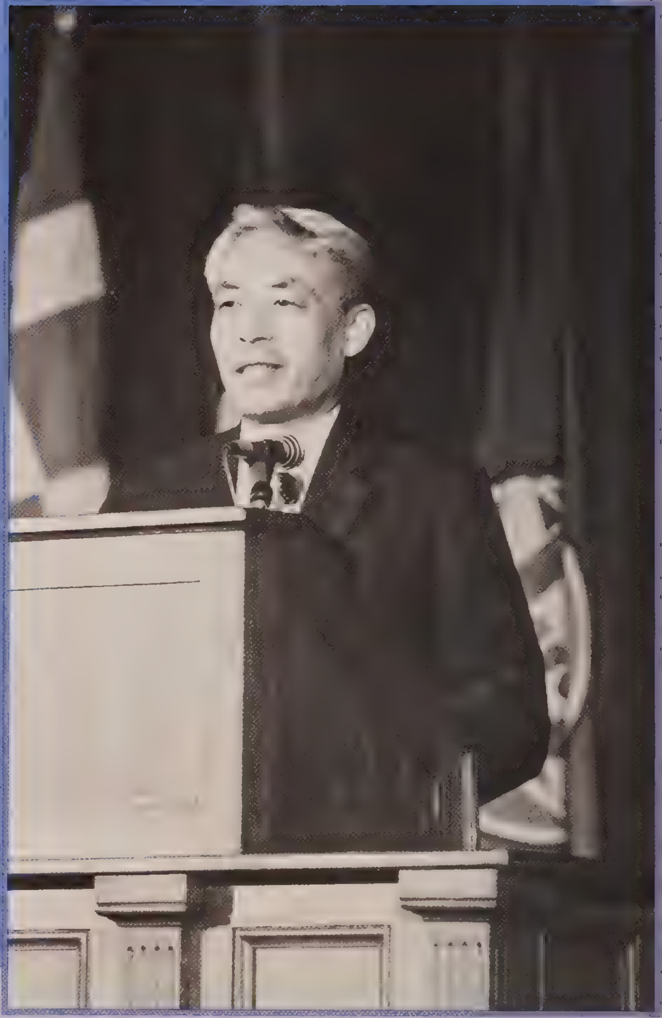
Row One: Shevaun Webster, ***Secretary*** and Tom Schmitt, ***President*** *Row Two:* Sean Nolan, ***Vice President*** and Mike Goshgarian, ***Treasurer***

Class of 1990

Row One: Steven Sloan, ***Treasurer*** and Juan Spencer, ***Secretary*** *Row Two:* Joe McDonald, ***Vice President*** and Bob Sofge, ***President***

NAVAL ACADEMY FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference, now in its twenty-seventh year, has become a tradition that means many things. To the Naval Academy it is a way of integrating this nation's future Navy and Marine Corps officers with their peers from other colleges and universities, both military and civilian, from across the country and around the world. To the delegates who visit and participate, it is a chance to spend four days learning about not only the topics discussed throughout the week's events, but also about the U.S. Naval Academy. To the participating senior advisors, speakers, and faculty, it is a chance both to impart their experience and views and to observe the political involvement of students participating in the conference. This year, over 200 delegates participated in NAFAC. Speakers such as Admiral Inman, His Excellency Han Xu, Ambassador of the People's Republic of China, Mr. Roy Smith, a 1960 graduate of the Naval Academy and General Partner of Goldman, Sachs and Co., and Ambassador Richard F. Staar, coordinator of the International Studies Program at the Hoover Institute on War, Revolution, and Peace, spoke on the topic of this year's conference, "Role of Technology in International Relations." Midshipman First Class Scott McFarlane, the Midshipman Director, did an outstanding job of hosting this most educational and prestigious event.



Roles of Technology in International Relations

Channels for Change
in the
Contemporary World

U.S. Naval Academy
Foreign Affairs Conference

April 21-24, 1987

O.C.F.

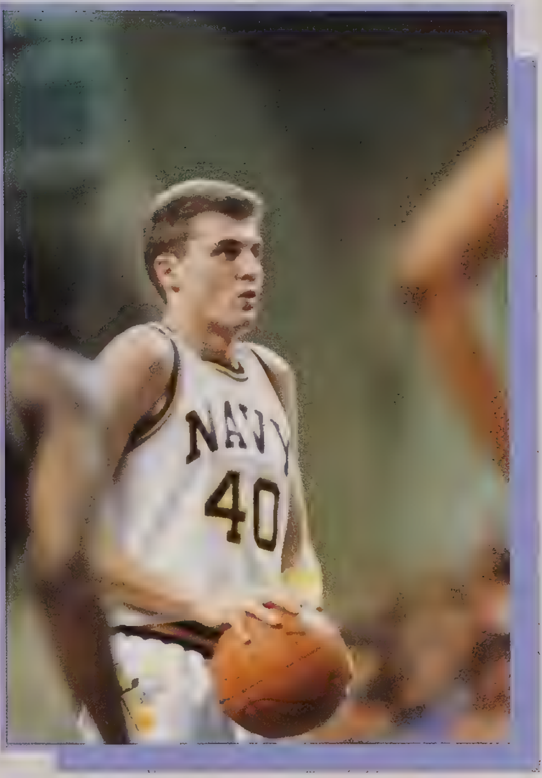
The Officers' Christian Fellowship, is comprised by a group of midshipmen and officers eager to share the type of fellowship and love which they believe is found only in a group of Christians. The main goal of this ECA is to prepare midshipman to be "able workmen of Christ" out in the Fleet and Fleet Marine Force, by teaching them such disciplines as how to lead a Bible study, manage personal finances in a Godly way, or disciple others. Presided over by First Class Trent Nickels and Sandy MacMurtie, this group accomplished their goal by holding weekly Tuesday night meetings in Mitscher Hall, having Open House at the Maranatha Mansion just outside Gate Three on the weekends, and sponsoring retreats to such places as White Sulfur Springs in the woods of Pennsylvania. These are only a few of the many activities available to those members of OCF, but of course the main asset is getting to know a very special group of other Christians in a relaxed, friendly atmosphere.

THE NAVIGATORS

Known throughout the world for their evangelistic efforts, the Navigators are also well represented here at the Academy. Pictured are Scott Erdelatz and Dave Welch, who led the Navs in their activities of which there were many. Often there would be a retreat on any given weekend or rather what the Navigators like to call a "Charge," which is a week long summer camp which disciples those who attend on such things as evangelism or strengthening their own personal faith in Jesus Christ. After lunch, one could always find a contingent of Navigators meeting in Steerage to just socialize as well as pray and encourage each other. No midshipmen could escape getting invited to a Navigators rally at least once! Which is probably why the Navigators have such a large following here at the Naval Academy.

FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTIAN ATHLETES

The Fellowship of Christian Athletes, or FCA, is a national organization of which the Naval Academy is a charter member. This club exists to present to athletes and coaches, and all whom they influence, the challenge and adventure of receiving Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord, serving Him in their relationships and in the fellowship of the Church. Led by First Class David A. Robinson as president, Carl Liebert as vice-president, and James L. Swanson as secretary/treasurer, this ECA accomplished its mission by conducting various "huddle meetings" in which different topics were discussed, or by sponsoring various lectures by prominent athletes and coaches who have demonstrated the power of the Lord Jesus Christ in their lives.



CATHOLIC MIDSHIPMEN CLUB

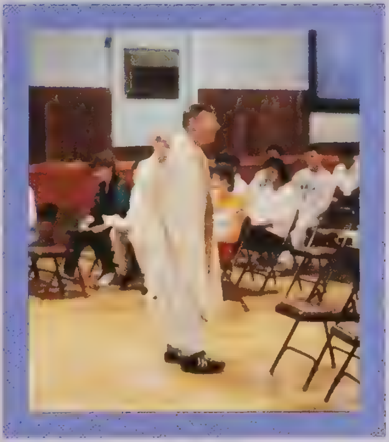
The purpose of the Catholic Midshipmen Club is to provide fellowship and religious education for Catholic midshipmen and any other interested individual. The club sponsored many activities during the year such as retreats, picnics, a Christmas party, ice skating, and many guest speakers. This year's officers pictured above are: **Row One:** Christine Keller, president; Sue Skelly, secretary. **Row Two:** Jim Maguire, social director; Steve Ferro, spirtual director; Dan Garcia; Jeff Margraf; and Gus Cata, vice president.

L'CHAIM

The religious extracirricular activity L'Chaim exists to establish a Jewish Cultural Community at the Naval Academy which will provide social, cultural, and religious enrichment for Jewish midshipmen. The highlight of the club's year for its first class members is the Jewish Baccalaureate on the Sabbath before graduation. L'Chaim met for a religious service each Friday evening throughout the year in the Jewish chapel in Mitscher Hall. This years officers were Daniel G. Shaffer, president; Erik Fields, vice president; and David Shanes, secretary/treasurer.

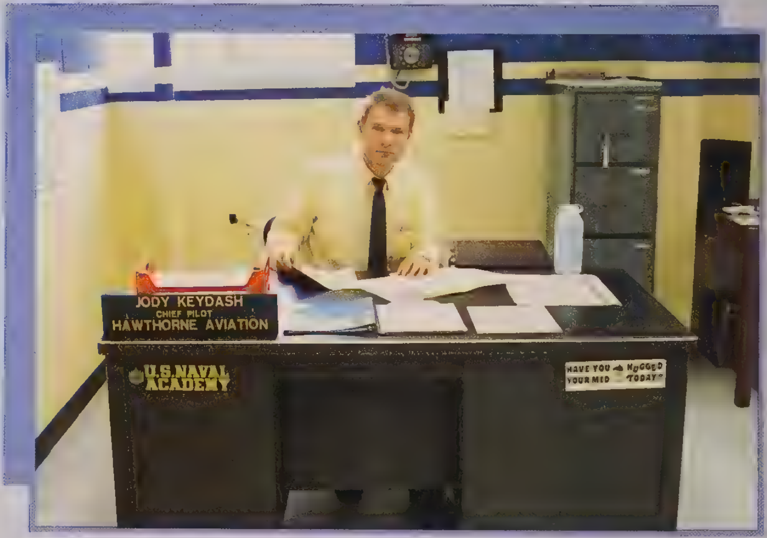
COMMAND CHAPEL PROGRAM

The Command Chapel Program in one way or another probably affects every midshipman. Chaplains do quite a bit more than delivering sermons on Sunday mornings. In addition to all the religious extracirricular activities which they help coordinate, they also plan such events as the "Walk Through the Bible" and special concerts by religious artists. Through the Command Chapel Program, midshipmen are also able to interact with members of the Annapolis community in religious activities. Pictured to the left is the Chief of Chaplains, Rear Admiral McNamara with the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral James Watkins. Pictured below is Father George W. Pucciarelli leading a retreat with members of the Catholic Midshipman Club. "Father Pooch," as he is affectionately known, was chosen by the Class of 1987 to be an honorary member of the class.

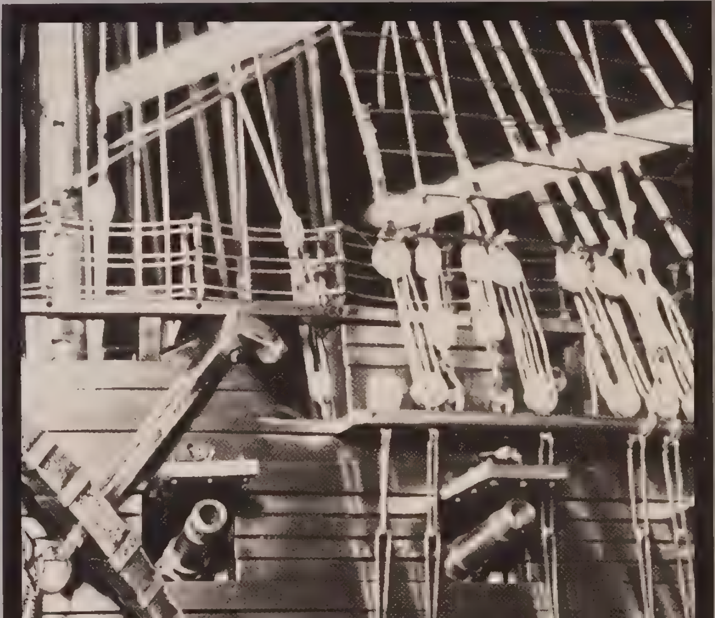


VTNA

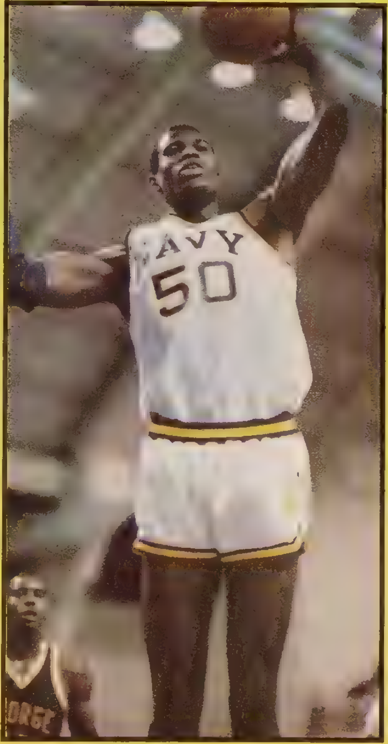
Like many of the ECAs at the Academy, VTNA trains midshipmen in an interesting skill that some may not otherwise have a chance to learn, while for others, it could help prepare them for their careers in the naval service. In this case, that skill is flying and the Academy provides this training by awarding a contract to a private corporation; in this instance, Hawthorne Aviation. Jody Keydash, the chief pilot and manager of the program at the Academy, heads a program that all midshipmen agree is both fun and exciting.


JODY KEYDASH
CHIEF PILOT
HAWTHORNE AVIATION
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR MID TODAY?

25



Sports are Navy's Big Guns



The **U.S.S. Constitution** met and defeated our nation's enemies with 44 of these powerful guns. It was also through the use of these guns that the ship gained its greatest reknown. Similarly, the Naval Academy meets and defeats its foes on the playing fields and courts. Navy's arsenal of athletes accumulated twenty varsity victories over archrival Army, and brought the Academy into the national spotlight.

Contents

FALL SPORTS

Football 642
Water Polo 650
Volleyball 654
Cross Country 658
Soccer 662
150s Football 666
Rugby 670
Rifle 672
Intramurals 676

WINTER SPORTS

Basketball 680
Swimming 688
Track 692
Hockey 696
Fencing 700
Gymnastics 704
Volleyball 708
Boxing 710
Squash 712
Intramurals 714

SPRING SPORTS

Baseball 718
Softball 722
Tennis 724
Crew 728
Golf 734
Track 736
Lacrosse 742
Sailing 746
Bicycle Club 750
Powerlifting 752
Karate 754
Judo 756
Trap and Skeet 758
Bowling 762
Intramurals 764

SPORTS

Above: *The Navy defensive line takes on Virginia, head-to-head.* **Far Right:** *Bill Byrne takes a break while the defensive line takes charge of Virginia.* **Right:** *Ted Fundoukos (92) reaches back to boot a field goal.*

Strong For Opener

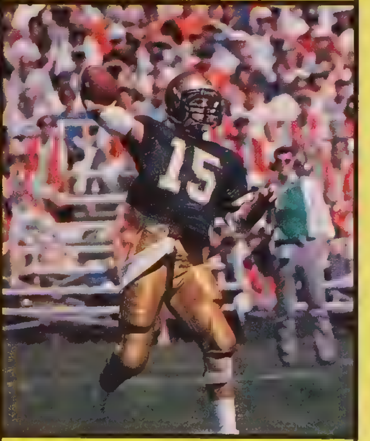
The football team opened the season for the fifth straight year against an ACC opponent and emerged from the contest with a 20-10 victory over the Cavaliers of Virginia. In the game, tailback Chuck Smith and quarterback Bill Byrne both ran for touchdowns while kicker Bob Sunderland booted a 42 yard field goal. The midshipmen gained a total of 415 yards and held the ball more than thirteen minutes longer than Virginia.

Smith was the star of the game, gaining 230 of the 415 yards by himself. "I wasn't surprised," said head coach Gary Tranquill. "I expected him to do well." The press was quick to compare him to Napoleon McCallum. While attending the game, Ensign McCallum said, "He's got the opportunity to play and show people what he can do. He's going to make people forget Napoleon McCallum."

Aside from the action on the field, the plebes had their first taste of Navy football. Most of the plebe class charged the Virginia band, much to the dismay of the administration and the lone ten ushers. The Virginia game was also the first and last time the Brigade would ever be allowed to throw candy during the march-over all year.

Above: *Chuck Smith, the leading rusher for the game, finds himself in the open, compliments of the Navy line. Smith's excellent game brought praise from all sides and high hopes for the season.*

Bill Byrne
Co-Captain



William Declan Byrne
6'3" 211 Pacifica,CA
Major: Political Science

Byrne is the first quarterback in Navy's recent football history to serve as a team co-captain. He played a key role in the Midshipmen setting four school team offense records in 1985, including the best offense-per-game average of 396.8 yards.

FOOTBALL

Vince McBeth

Co-Captain

Vincent Derrick McBeth
6'1" 226 Camden, AR
Major: Political Science

McBeth was on the varsity team as a Plebe and started the season finale against Army. He is one of the best athletes to play linebacker at Navy. McBeth ran back a pass 53 yards for a touchdown in 1986. His hard-hitting play won him respect against opposing teams. Aside from football, he won a "best body contest" in Fort Lauderdale in the spring of '86.

Navy Blasts 'Em Big

"I'd rather be at PEP", complained one plebe during the Dartmouth game at the Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium. He was just finishing his forty-fifth pushup following the last of Navy's touchdowns over the Big Green of Dartmouth.

It was the second week in a row that the midshipmen had scored more than forty points in a game. Navy's record was then 3-1 with a 52-29 loss to Indiana. Chuck Smith was second in the nation in rushing yardage per game with 156.7 yards per outing. Co-captain Bill Byrne was holding his own with 180.2 yards passing per game with five touchdown passes. During the Lehigh game, co-captain Vince McBeth picked off a Lehigh pass and dashed untouched 57 yards down the sideline for a touchdown. These two shutouts left Navy feeling confident about the season and gave the plebes the opportunity to really show their Navy spirit.

Left: *Chad Van Hulzen (#85) gets ready to take on the Lehigh offense. Bill Byrne calls the play in the huddle, as Navy continues to dominate over their opponent.* **Below:** *Chuck Smith(#38) shows his ability to outrun and outsmart the opponent as he breaks away from the defense for a touchdown.*

FOOTBALL

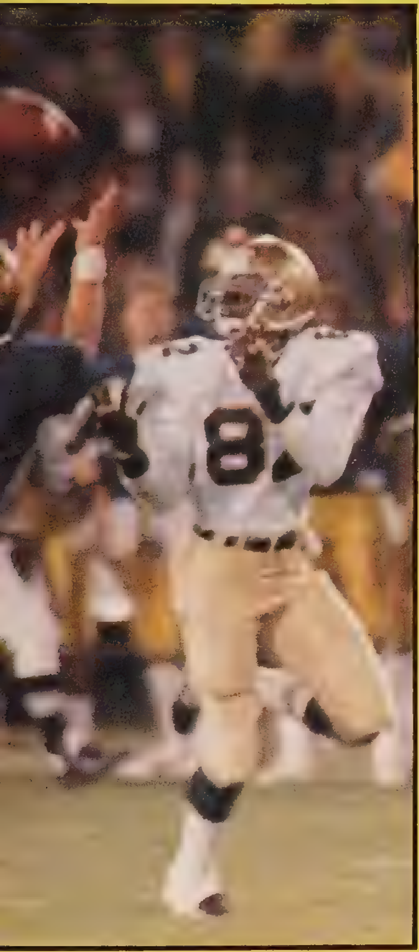
Ah . . . Phooey!

Gary Tranquill
Coach

A Frustrating Loss

Final score: Notre Dame cheerleaders 10.5, Navy 3.5. The first score indicates the Midshipmen's rating of the Irish beauties that stole the show while the second marks a world record time in hours to get from Annapolis to the game's site in Baltimore Memorial Stadium. The game itself was a sideshow but the mids enjoyed the drizzly evening all the same. The Irish fans proved their recon abilities by cutting away the giant Navy balloon. The mids responded with a cheer of 'Na na na na . . . hey hey hey . . . goodbye.' The mids then proceeded to shut down every wave by the Irish fans. Notre Dame's Leprechaun was passed up the stands by the mids, and then he placed a female midshipman's cover upon his head (tradition was upheld). Oh yes, Navy lost 33-14.

Left: *Mark Firlie (#41) defends against a key Notre Dame pass. Firlie was named all-American and went to a bowl game.* **Below:** *Notre Dame's gorgeous highlight.*

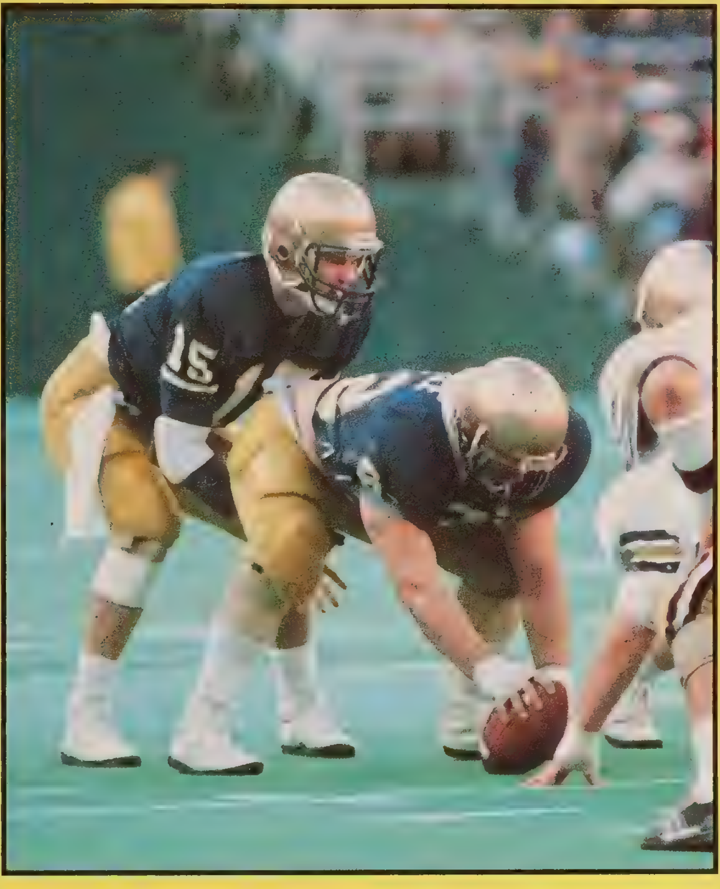


When Tranquill was appointed Navy's 31st head coach in January, 1982, he brought with him a background that included time as an assistant coach under coaches like Woody Hayes and George Welsh. Before taking the Navy post, he was the secondary coach for Bowling Green. From there he moved to Annapolis to coach the quarterbacks and receivers until 1977 when he became the secondary coach for Hayes at Ohio State. In 1979 he was the defensive coordinator at West Virginia, and in 1982 he took the helm of the mids. During his five years at Navy his record was 20-34-1, but three of those victories were at the hands of the Army Cadets.

Scoreboard

W	Virginia	20-10
L	Indiana	29-52
W	Lehigh	41-0
W	Dartmouth	45-0
L	Air Force	6-40
L	Pennsylvania	26-30
L	Pittsburgh	14-56
L	Notre Dame	14-33
L	Syracuse	22-31
L	Delaware	14-27
L	Army	7-27

A Disappointing Day for Navy



FOOTBALL

Lots of mistakes and no breaks. That describes the 1986 Army-Navy game quite accurately. The Midshipmen turned over the ball three times in the game, including a fumble on the first play from the scrimmage line. When the clock finally stopped counting down, the scoreboard displayed 27-7, the Cadets were again victorious. "It was a typical game for us," said quarterback and co-captain Bill Byrne. "We made the turnovers and didn't get any breaks." Taking two of the fumbles down the field, the Cadets were too much for the Mids, and Navy failed to recover from these setbacks. Byrne spurred a few moments of hope in the second half when he led Navy for a 71 yard drive for a touchdown, but it just was not enough to come back. What a difference one year made. Remember all the fun of the Army-Navy games past? The swapping of shoulder boards and fun-filled marchover were replaced by a mirror reflection of the Cadets' entrance. No more mayhem in the stands, and the poor plebes couldn't even stay overnight. The closing of the Philadelphia Center was probably the most depressing change of all. Yes, the 1986 Army-Navy game was certainly one no one here will care to remember.

Waterpolo Places Sixth at NCAA

The 1986 waterpolo team reached a pinnacle this past year with a sixth place finish in the NCAA's and a ninth place ranking nationally. Led by head coach Mike Schofield and team captain Doug "Spike" Keller, Navy water polo finally attained a long awaited goal; to be the first East Coast team to beat Brown, not once, but four times, a first in Navy history. Navy waterpolo also had a number of outstanding individuals for the 1986 season. Third class Tom Popp played with the United States National Junior team and was named All-East. Along with Popp, second class Tom Temple and first class Ed Schofield were also selected for All-East. Schofield also holds the Navy record for saves in a career, 315. Tom Temple, an obvious key player, was selected as an All-American, the second such honor to ever be bestowed upon a Navy water polo player. Navy is expected to have an equally if not better season next year. Even though the team is losing six seniors, Temple and Popp will remain, assissted by two underclassmen with outstanding potential, Jeff Tomlin and Erik Blum. With the increased recruiting efforts in California, Navy will soon be able to break into the top five, which are all Califonia teams. This feat has never been accomplished by an East Coast team.

Left: *Tom Popp looks for an open man.* **Below:** *Mike Wooster goes for the ball and in the process dunks the opponent. Tom Temple sets the hole.*

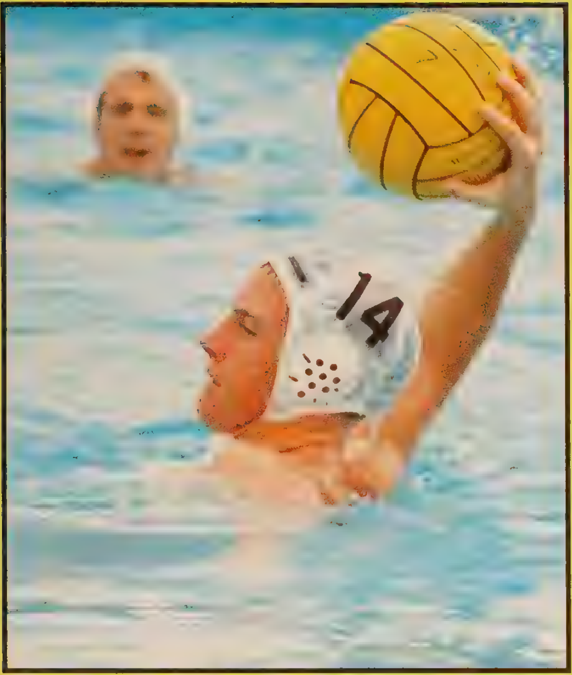
Ed Schofield

Hard work and diligence pay off, and one of the hardest workers on the waterpolo team, which finished sixth in the NCAA, was first class goalie Ed Schofield. "I was the screamer on this year's team," said Schofield, adding, "I was obnoxious in practice, but it was expected. If someone screwed up in practice, they could expect to hear from me. I guess you could call me intense, but all the guys knew I was only doing it to make the team better." A four year letterman, he shared goal duties with classmate Doug Keller since plebe year. Schofield was named Most Valuable Player at this year's Eastern Championships and was first team All-Conference and All-East. A hopeful Naval Aviator with a major in Oceanography, Schofield says that the best aspect about the team was that "it was a team first and foremost, and what the team did as a whole was what was important."

Scoreboard

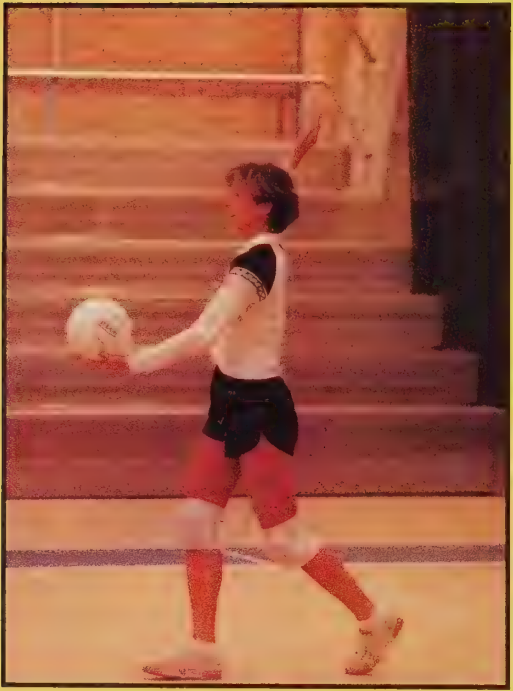
W	Richmond	12-4
W	SE Invit.	3-2
W	Cal State	6-5
L	S. Cal	9-11
W	Wash. & Lee	15-5
W	Brown	6-5
W	Richmond	15-10
L	Brown Invit	0-3
W	Army	15-6
W	Mid. Atl. Conf.	3-0
W	NE Invit.	6-0
W	Mid Atl. Champ.	4-0
W	Eastern Champ	3-0
L	NCAA Champ.	1-2

Right: *Reachin' back for that second wind. Somebody's got their eye on you. And after the game, we'll hit the beach.* **Above:** *Keep that ball moving. Mike Wooster goes for the pass. Go for the goal.*



H 2 O POLO

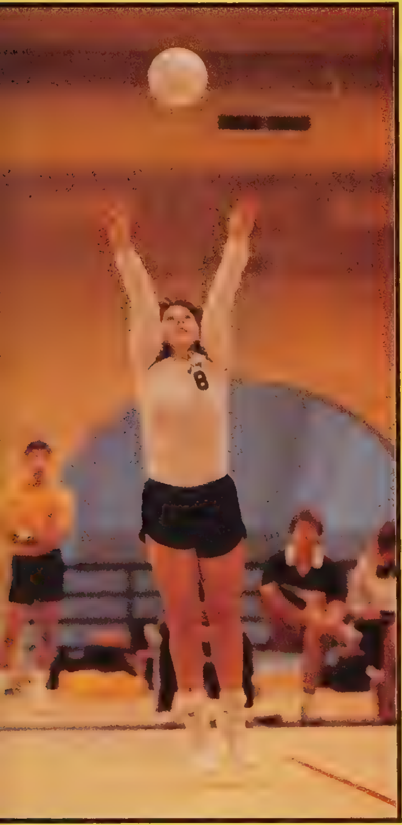
Volleyballers take 15th



One of Navy's most successful women's sports was Volleyball. In their 1986 season, they proved why they were the best. Earning an impressive 45-7 overall record, the team markedly improved over last year's 37-11 season. The Women's Volleyball team won the USNA Trident Invitational Tournament, the Loyola Tournament, the Towson and Mansfield Tournaments. They captured honors at the Eastern Coast Athletic Conference Championships and were ranked fifteenth in the nation. Outstanding players on the 1986 team included second team All-American and All-Region first class Diana Farraday, the team captain. Second class Kathy Kubiske joined Farraday on the All-Region team. Other standouts were first class Laura Lott and third class Heidi Fleming. The team was coached by Jan Dainard and George Carey.

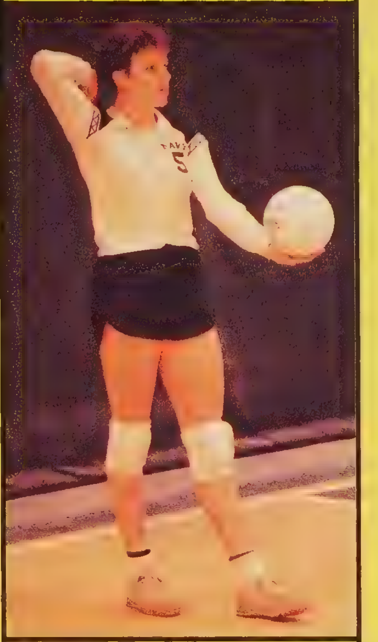
W VOLLEYBALL

Left: *Diana Farraday dominates the net in the fashion that has made her an All-American. Laura Lott concentrates on another of her highly precise serves.* **Below:** *'Killer' Kubiske serves another of her deadly serves. Kathy Kubiske shows her versatility by setting the ball to another of her teammates. The team poses for a picture after a satisfying win.*



Diana Farraday

Captain

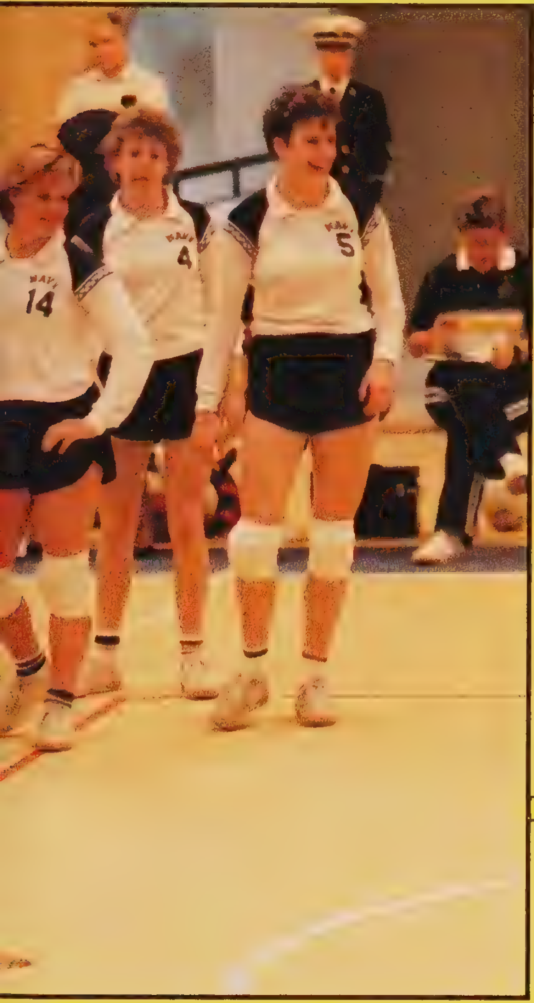


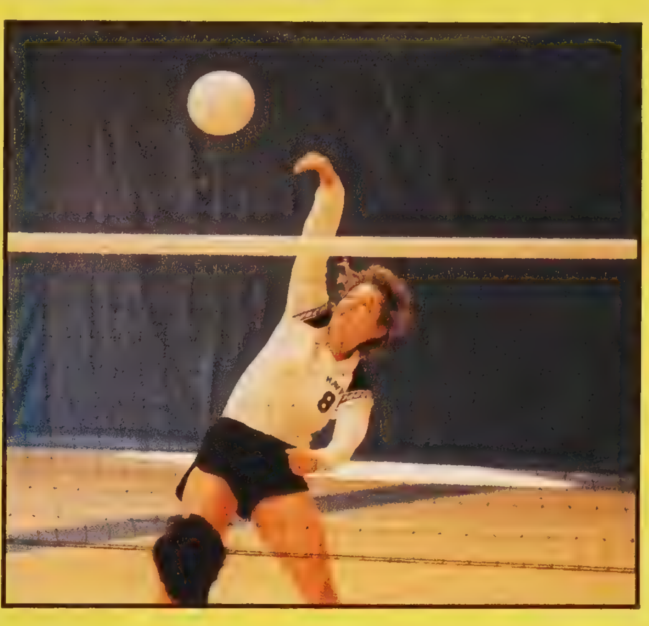
Diana Farraday, captain for the Women's Varsity Volleyball team, has been an outstanding and highly competitive player for four years at Navy. A major contributor to the front row, her good sense of team organization, integrity, and unity led the team to a 45-7 season record, the best in Navy Women's Volleyball history. She also excelled individually. She was named All-Tournament in the Mansfield and Trident tournaments and All-Region. Her greatest personal achievement was being named to the All-American second team. As an athlete and team captain, she was supportive, yet managed to maintain a firm grip on a very talented team. Her skills will be missed by the team she leaves behind.

Scoreboard

W	*Trident Invitational*	*6-0*
W	*UMBC Invitational*	*5-0*
W	*Towson Invitational*	*6-1*
L	*Florida Invitational*	*1-3*
W	*Loyola Invitational*	*6-0*
L	*E. Stroudsburg Invit.*	*1-2*
W	*Penn-Wells Classic*	*3-0*
W	*Forrestal Classic*	*5-0*
W	*ECAC Div. II Champ.*	*2-0*

W VOLLEYBALL





Above Right: *Laura Lott takes a set from Heidi Fleming as she shows the power that has made her an integral part of the team.* **Above:** *Kathy Kubiske gets ready to slam the ball over to the opponents as the rest of the team gets ready to lend assistance. Kathy Kubiske again shows her powerful hitting ability as she attempts to catch the opponent off guard.* **Left:** *The team gives each other encouragement before the game starts. The closeness of the team shows after each serve as they regroup and give each other words of encouragement.*

Scoreboard

W	*Army*	*26-30*
L	*St. Joseph's*	*23-32*
L	*Delaware*	*22-33*
W	*Fordham*	*19-44*
W	*S. Connecticut*	*16-47*
W	*Long Island Univ.*	*15-50*
W	*Georgetown*	*26-31*
W	*Rutgers*	*18-44*
W	*Syracuse*	*19-47*
W	*La Salle*	*18-55*

Aztec Invit.	*4th*
Paul Short Invit.	*3rd*
Wisconsin Classic	*7th*
Heptagonals	*2nd*
CACC	*1st*
NCAA Regionals	*6th*

NAVY
71
ARMY
59
NAVY

X Country Sweaks by Army

The Naval Academy's men's cross country team had a very successful season this past year, ending with an 8-2 record. their winning season included taking third place at the Paul Short Invitational in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a second place in the Heptagaonal Championships in New York City, and for the third year in a row, the team took first in the Colonial Athletic Association Conference Championship meet.

The biggest meet during the season was against Army, in which Navy won 30-26. Team captain Ron Harris set a new course record at this meet. Harris also set a course record at the Heptagonal Championships, made All-East, and took seventh in the IC4A's. His biggest accomplishment this past year was going to Nationals.

Other key runners were first class Guy Jackson, second class Lance Davidson, fourth class Robert Packowski, and first class John Lesniak, whose performance against Army was vital.

Far Left: *A pack of midshipman runners overtakes a lone cadet during the exciting meet between the rivals. Navy won 26-30.* **Above Left:** *A Navy runner strides towards the finish.* **Left:** *Coach Cantello and his boys pose after another big victory.*

X COUNTRY

Scoreboard

	Essex Invit.	2nd
W	Dickinson	15-50
W	Shippensburg	20-41
W	Mary & Wash.	23-37
	Dickinson Invit.	2nd
	George Mason Invit.	2nd
W	Mt. St. Mary's	20-40
	Phil. Textile Invit.	1st
L	Army	27-29
	Heptagonals	8th
	ECAC meet	4th

Opposite: *The woman harriers get off to a good start in their annual meet against West Point; unfortunately the finish was not as good and Army won by two.* **Above Left:** *Ruth Chasen cheers her teammates on.* **Above Right:** *Erica Sahler strides on to another first place finish.* **Above:** *Lynn O'Neil comes out of the woods and heads for the finish.*

Women Striders Do Great

X COUNTRY

A strong women's cross country team finished the 1986 seaon with an impressive 6-1 record in its dual meets. The season was highlighted by a first place showing in the Philadelphia Textile Invitational Tournament and fourth place in the NCAA Eastern Championships; the NCAA placement was particularly exciting since the team had finished ninth in 1985. The team was undefeated in dual meets until a very close loss to Army, 27-29. Standout runners this year were team captain Mary Balch, along with two other first class, Michele Laforge and Amy Donovan. Other team assets were third class Carol Womack, and two plebes, Sarah Burke and Maria Filanzuk. Possibly the best runner on the team was first class Erica Sahler, who was named ECAC all-East runner. The team was coached by Barbara Lawson; officer representative was Captain Stumbo, USAF.

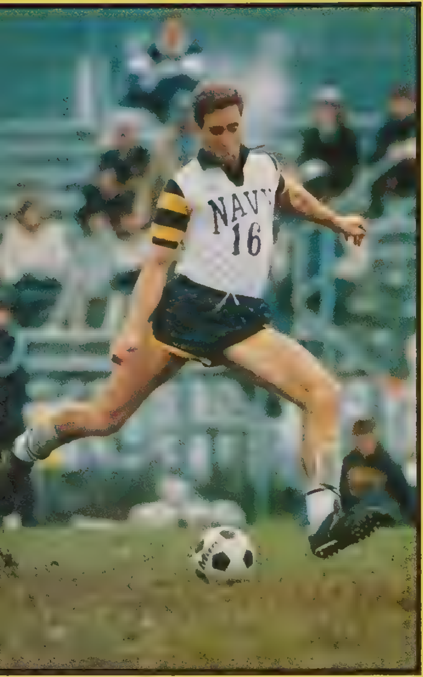
Women's Soccer Debuts

Scoreboard

L	St. Mary's
L	Virginia
L	West Chester
L	CampSprings
L	Loyola
L	Washington
L	Anne Arundel

Above Left: *Vicki Gnibus charges down the field after a loose ball. Boot that ball.* **Below Left:** *Tammy Adams gets control of the situation.* **Below:** *A Navy defender prepares to clear the ball from the Midshipman end of the field.* **Left:** *Leslie Kocher keeps her eyes on the ball as she stops its flight.*

W SOCCER



NAVY
11
NAVY

Above: *Chris Clay (#16), having evaded the opponent's defense, takes a clear shot for Navy.* **Right:** *Using their heads, Navy's players use teamwork to outsmart a St. John's player and get control of the ball.* **Below:** *Leading scorer Mike Dee dribbles around his defender.* **Far Right:** *Pat Stauch (#9) picks off the adversary while Louis Shager gets control. Teamwork was an essential ingredient in the successful season.*

Soccer Beats Army

With their first ten-win season since 1980, the men's varsity soccer team had one of its best seasons to date, finishing with a record of 10-6-3. The highlight of the season was the struggle for a victory against Army. Navy won the exciting grudge match 1-0.

Led by team captain first class Pat Stauch, the team depended on excellent performance from many players throughout the season. Second class Mike Dee was the leading scorer, assisted by classmate Jed Smith. Fourth class Scott Benedict, the team's newcomer, showed he had what the team needed. First class Harry Schmidt goalied until the fifteenth game of the season in which he broke his foot. What could have been a major setback for the team turned into an excellent opportunity for third class Mike Ulses to prove his prowess as the next and upcoming goalie.

Scoreboard

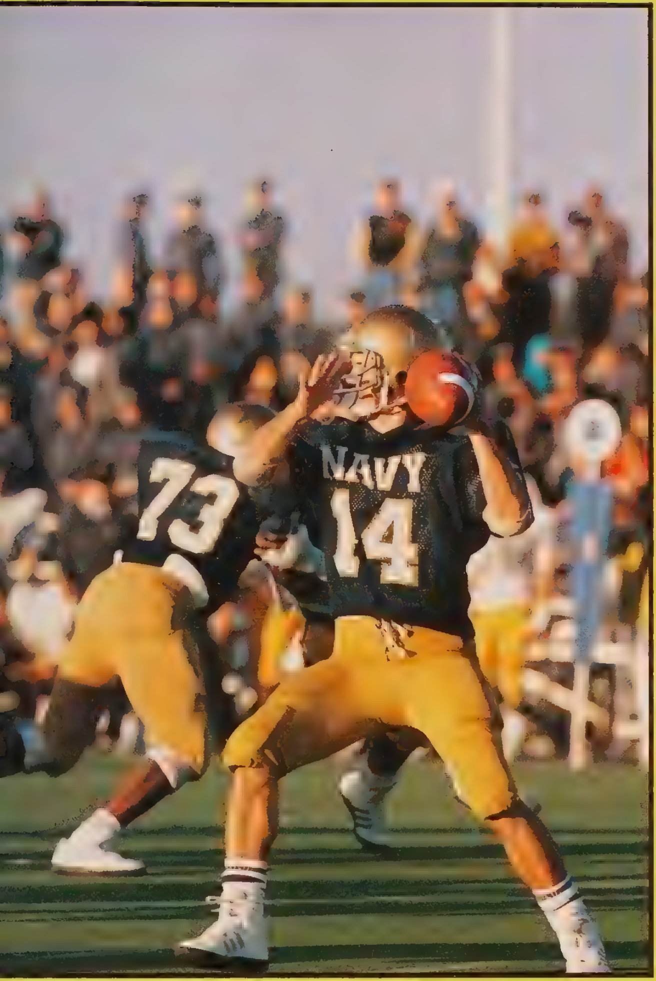
T	*Penn State*	*1-1*
W	*St John's*	*4-0*
L	*William & Mary*	*1-2*
L	*George Wash.*	*1-2*
L	*James Madison*	*1-2*
L	*Maryland*	*0-2*
W	*UNC Wilmington*	*1-0*
W	*East Carolina*	*4-0*
L	*Chapman College*	*0-1*
T	*George Mason*	*0-0*
W	*Richmond*	*2-1*
W	*West Chester*	*3-1*
W	*St. Joseph's*	*3-2*
W	*Catholic*	*1-0*
W	*UMBC*	*1-0*
W	*Fla. Invit.*	*1-0*
L	*Notre Dame*	*1-2*
W	*Army*	*1-0*
T	*American*	*1-1*

Scoreboard

W	Princeton	42-6
W	Penn	17-0
W	Princeton	27-0
W	Rutgers	28-7
L	Cornell	3-12
W	Penn	56-0
W	Army	23-21

Champs For 3rd Year

NAVY
14
87
NAVY



150 FOOTBALL

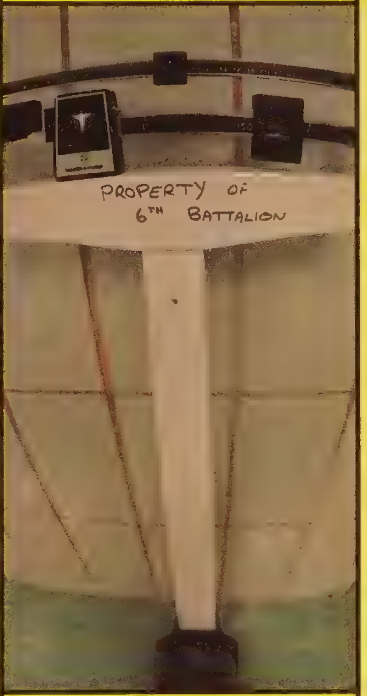
During the fall, anyone could mistake the brutal clashing of helmets on the astroturf for the Varsity football team, but not true! These midshipmen make up Navy's 150-lb. football team, not as widely publicized as the Varsity team, but just as dedicated. With a 6-1 record, Navy 150's tied with Army and Cornell for the Eastern Lightweight Football League Championship. The lightweights finished the year with the most climactic game of the season, the Army-Navy game. With three minutes left in the third quarter, Navy was down 21-3. Navy managed through sheer determination to score twenty points in the next eighteen minutes, ending the game and the season with a sensational and miraculous 23-21 victory over Army. The team's coach, Lt. Colonel Lonnie Messick, had an outstanding first season. The team Co-Captains, Midshipmen First Class Tony Prato and Bill Reilly, were both selected for All-ELFL honors. In addition to the captains, the offense first team honors went to Tim Corkery, John Dove, Dave White and Doug Wilson. The All-ELFL Defense included Tom Heatter, Todd Vaupel, Matt Sampson, Curtis Lee, and Rich Rodriguez.

Above Left: *Quarterback Fran Fitzpatrick leads Mids in new and successful wishbone offense.* **Left:** *Doug Wilson kicks another field goal for Navy.* **Above Far Left:** *Luther Arther breaks away from the defense.*

Top: *Navy's offensive line gets ready to overpower the Princeton defensive line.* **Far Right:** *Doug Wilson gets ready to add more points on the score against Army.* **Above:** *Navy's defense watches the action on the field in anticipation. Tony Prato and 'the wild bunch' wait for the next signal.*

NAVY
8
150
150

158 Pounds



One of the most difficult parts of playing 150 pound football, according to some of the players, is not the practices every day, but cutting the weight for each game. The maximum weight for a player playing is 158 at weigh-ins. This is sometimes as much as 20 pounds less than their average weight. To get down to this weight by Wednesday weigh-ins, the players sometimes eat nothing from Sunday to Wednesday and work out in multiple sets of sweat gear and sit in the sauna for hours. After they have made the weight, they go to their tables and make up for all of the food they have been depriving their body of. According to one player, "This gets very tiring, doing it week after week, but it's worth it to play football." It takes a lot of dedication from these players to put their bodies through this type of tourture each week.

Ruggers Ranked Fourth

After a number four finish in the nation last spring, Navy Rugby began a new era this past year with many new faces and a new coach. Captain John Byzewski, USMC, took a young and inexperienced group of dedicated individuals and molded them into one of the hardest-hitting, most feared teams in the nation. Led by military All-Americans first class Carl Nerup, Joe Buenavista, and Dan Schill and second class Bill Schmitt, the ruggers posted impressive wins over Loyola, Salisbury State, University of Maryland Baltimore County, Towson State, Georgetown, and a 4-4 tie with eventual national runner-up Air Force. In the spring, Navy Rugby marched in with a much-improved team and a number four ranking in the East Coast. The ruggers then demolished a number of teams including George Mason and Cornell, before bowing out in the Mid-Atlantic Championships to Princeton.

No guts, no glory.
4
11

RUGBY

Scoreboard

W	*Air Force*
W	*MIT*
W	*Norwich*
L	*W. Virginia*
W	*St. John's*
W	*NC State*
W	*Coast Guard*
W	*VMI*
1st	*Sectionals*
W	*Army*
W	*Citadel*
5th	*NCAA Champ*

Above: *Fire when you see the whites of their eyes. "You may fire when ready."* **Left:** *Practice makes perfect.*

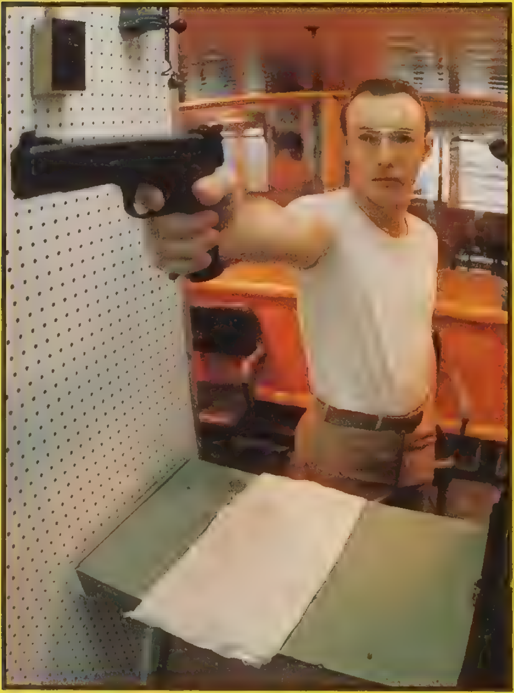
Rifle Hits the Target

RIFLE

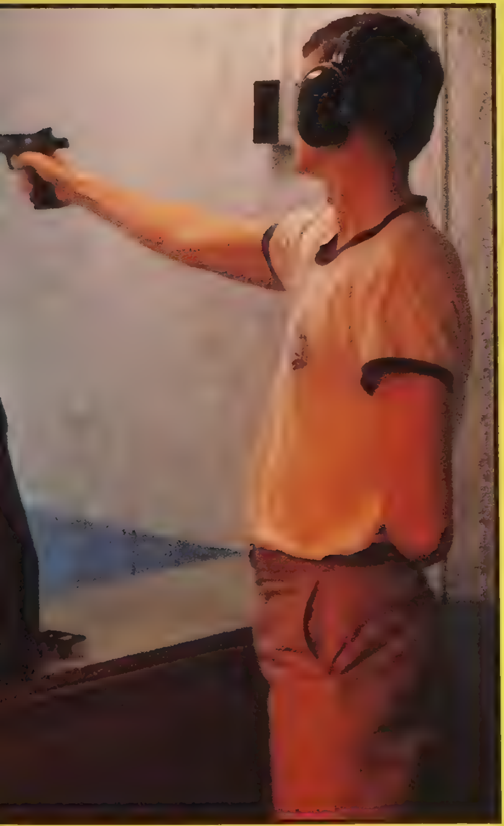
The Naval Academy's rifle team, led by first class John Gasperino, ended one of their best seasons ever with a 9-1-0 record. Navy has always been one of the top teams in the nation. The highlight of the season was, as usual, the Army-Navy competition. Navy was victorious, 7646-7634, in a long, hard struggle. During the meet, Army broke the record, which they had set the previous year. Not to be outdone, Navy broke Army's new record and walked away with a well-deserved victory. Many members of both categories of the Academy's rifle team went to Nationals: In small bore, Navy sent second class John Twibell, Dale Szpisjak, Dave Bales, and William Suggs. The latter three also accompanied team captain Gasperino to the Air Rifle Nationals.

Pistol Takes Aim

Navy's pistol team again experienced a superior season with victories over two of its toughest rivals, Army and MIT, both home meets. Continuing the tradition of their past three seasons, the pistol team went undefeated. All-Americans first class Pete Turner, Mike Tobin, and Steve Thompson led the team, assisted by two other leading shooters and national hopefuls, second class Geno Ceña and Eric Weisel. In addition, everyone on the team shot extremely well all season. The team beat Army and MIT with two of their very best scores ever, both almost national records.



Above Right: *Roger Erickson takes aim.* **Right:** *Aim and fire. The casual look. Sight alignment and trigger control.* **Above:** *Roger Erickson shows his stuff.*



Scoreboard

W	*Virginia*
W	*Ohio State*
W	*MIT*
W	*Purdue*
W	*Citadel*
W	*Coast Guard*
W	*Norwich*
W	*Army*

PISTOL

There's Something for Everyone

Midshipmen who did not participate in a varsity sport channeled their athletic energies and interests through the intramural program. A wide variety of sports from which to choose, the list ranges from football to frisbee, soccer to sailing. The most popular sports were touch football and company softball. The intramural program is one of the best organized in the country. Some teams develop fierce intra-Brigade rivalries, which at times led to unexpected confrontations. The victorious teams earned color points for their companies. This year, the company basketball Brigade champions, Twelfth Company, went to Canada to play the College Militaire Royal, a military academy similar to USNA. Demonstrating why they were the Brigade champions, they beat the Canadians, 73-63.

Left: *Tennis anyone? Two knockabouts sail downstream in the steady breeze.* **Below Left:** *USNA basketball courts are always full of mids.* **Below:** *Squash is one sport that truly tests your coordination. Frisbee football can get intense.*

Scoreboard

CHAMPIONS

Basketball	12th Co.
Soccer	4th Co.
Boxing	1st Batt.
Crew	1st Batt.
Cross Country	6th Batt.
Fencing	6th Batt.
Football	3rd Batt.
Squash	3rd Batt.
Tennis	4th Batt.
Waterpolo	3rd Batt.
Sailing	6th Batt.
Frisbee Ftbl.	3rd Batt.
Powerlifting	1st Batt.
Racquetball	4th Batt.

USNA
INTRAMURAL
SPORTS
SUPERVISOR

USNA
43
69

Referees

Someone that takes almost as much abuse as a plebe at times is the intramural referee. By being an intramural referee, a mid places himself in the position to make calls that not everyone will like. One referee was overheard saying, "If someone doesn't like my calls, that's tough. I call them as I see them." Without these referees (and sometimes even with them) out on the playing fields, intramurals could become very unruly. It's their job to make sure that the teams play by the rules and in a sportsmanlike way.

Scoreboard

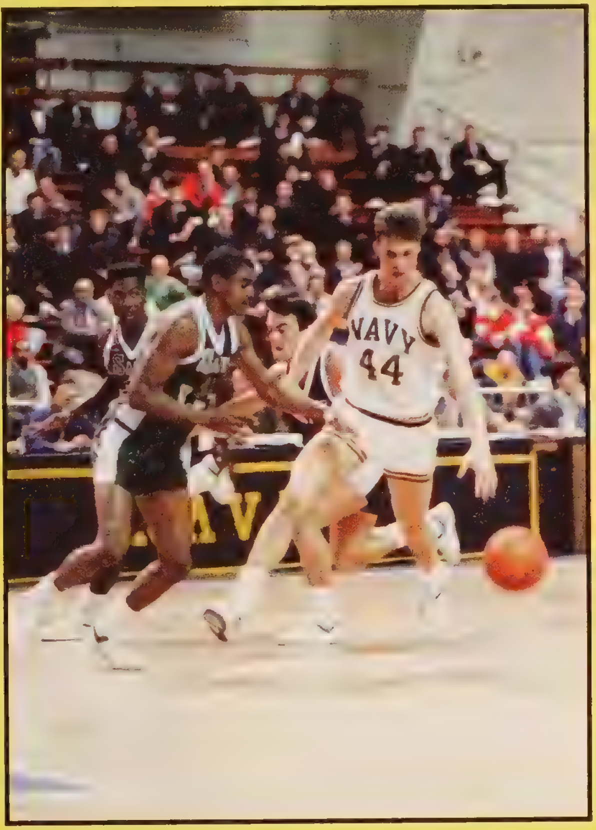
L	*N.C. State*	*84-86*
W	*Utica*	*86-55*
W	*Michigan St.*	*91-90*
W	*Yale*	*92-63*
W	*St. Leo's*	*92-57*
W	*Idaho St.*	*78-56*
L	*UNLV*	*79-104*
W	*UNC-Wil.*	*72-58*
W	*E. Carolina*	*91-66*
L	*Richmond*	*62-64*
W	*James Madison*	*95-70*
W	*George Mason*	*59-57*
W	*Lafayette*	*75-71*
W	*American*	*96-60*
W	*Delaware*	*84-60*
L	*Drexel*	*80-83*
W	*Wm. & Mary*	*82-59*
L	*Kentucky*	*69-80*
W	*UNC-Wil.*	*67-66*
W	*E. Carolina*	*76-60*
W	*James Madison*	*73-71*
W	*Miami*	*78-62*
W	*George Mason*	*81-64*
W	*UMBC*	*75-50*
W	*American*	*68-61*
W	*Wm. & Mary*	*63-52*
W	*Army*	*58-52*
W	*Richmond*	*84-66*
W	*Wm & Mary*	*63-52*
W	*James Madison*	*85-64*
W	*UNC-Wil.*	*53-50*
L	*Michigan*	*82-97*

YALE
24
44
YALE
44

Hoopsters Have Best Year Ever

After last year's appearance in the NCAA regional finals, expectations were high for Navy basketball this year. The team lived up to those expectations, posting 26 wins, and claiming the Colonial Athletic Association title. The team's season opened at the Tip-Off Classic against a strong North Carolina State team which went on to win the ACC title. Despite David Robinson's 36 points, the team lost by only a controversial basket. The team rallied to win its next five games. The highlight of the fall season was an overtime win at Big Ten power Michigan State. The game was won on a last second shot by superstar David Robinson. Robinson, who was chosen as player of the year by every poll and was the first player taken in the NBA draft, repeated this buzzer-beating performance again at University of North Carolina Wilmington in an exciting 67-66 victory. But he saved his best shot — and his only three-pointer for a home game a few weeks later. A shot hurled from center court dropped into the hoop as the horn sounded, giving the mids a 73-71 victory over conference rival James Madison. JMU players and fans stared in disbelief as thousands of Navy supporters swarmed the floor in elation. The other highlight of the home schedule was the Army-Navy rivalry, which featured two of the nation's finest players, Robinson and Army guard Kevin Houston. Houston was considered the best shooter in the country, but Navy's defense held him to making only 3 of 15 on the second half. The woops led by six at the half, but in the end the mids prevailed 58-52. Aside from Robinson, the key players were first classmen Doug Wojcik and Carl Liebert. Wojcik, the team's captain, provided the team with strong leadership, both on and off the court. He set school records for assists and three-point shooting. Liebert, a workhorse forward, played hard all season and amassed quite a few points, rebounds and steals. The other starters were second classman Cliff Rees at guard and Derric Turner at forward. Coach Pete Herrmann got a lot of minutes out of his bench, especially from center/forwards Carey Manhertz and Byron Hopkins, and forward Craig Prather. After 13 straight victories, the mids had the bad luck of drawing Michigan in the first round of the NCAA tourney. Despite a career-high fifty points from Robinson, the season ended in a 97-82 loss.

BASKETBALL



David Robinson

Co-Captain

David Robinson can be called the most talked about basketball player ever at Navy. The 7-1 center has brought much attention to himself and to Navy basketball this year. Named player of the year in nearly every poll, Robinson has set many Academy records, including

Game records

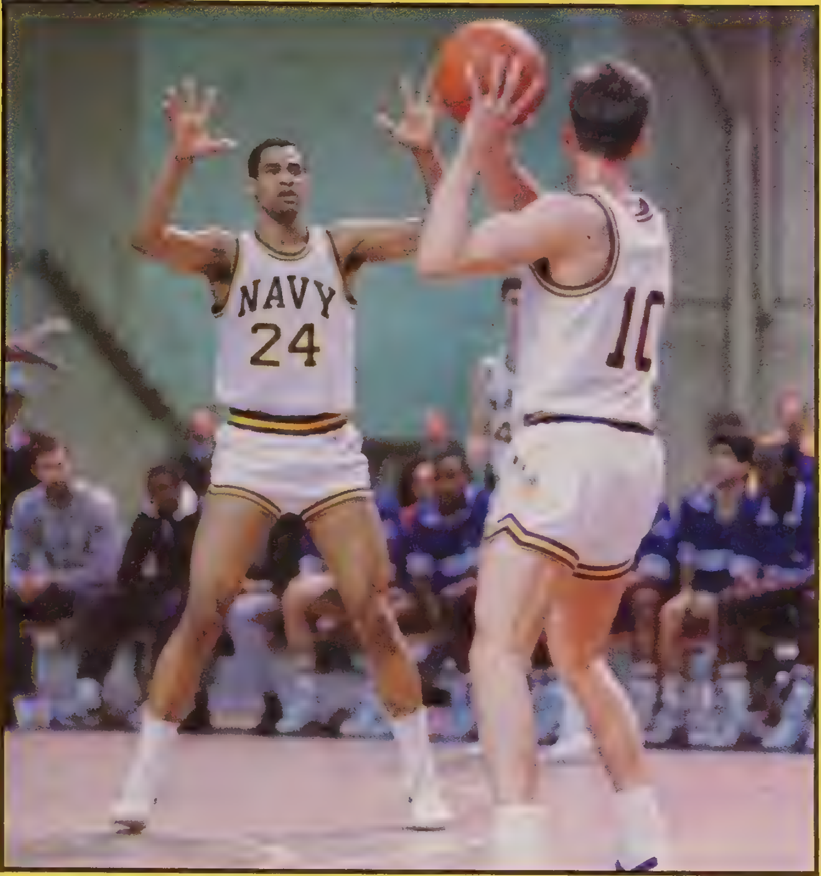
Field Goals made ***21***
Field Goals attempted ***40***
Scoring ***50***
Rebounding ***25***
Blocked Shots ***14***
Free Throws made ***21***
Free Throws attempted ***27***

Season records

Scoring ***903***
Rebounding ***455***
Blocked Shots ***207***
Steals ***66***
Scoring average ***28.2***
Double-figure scoring ***35***

Career

Scoring ***2,669***
Rebounding ***1,314***
Blocked Shots ***516***
Steals ***160***

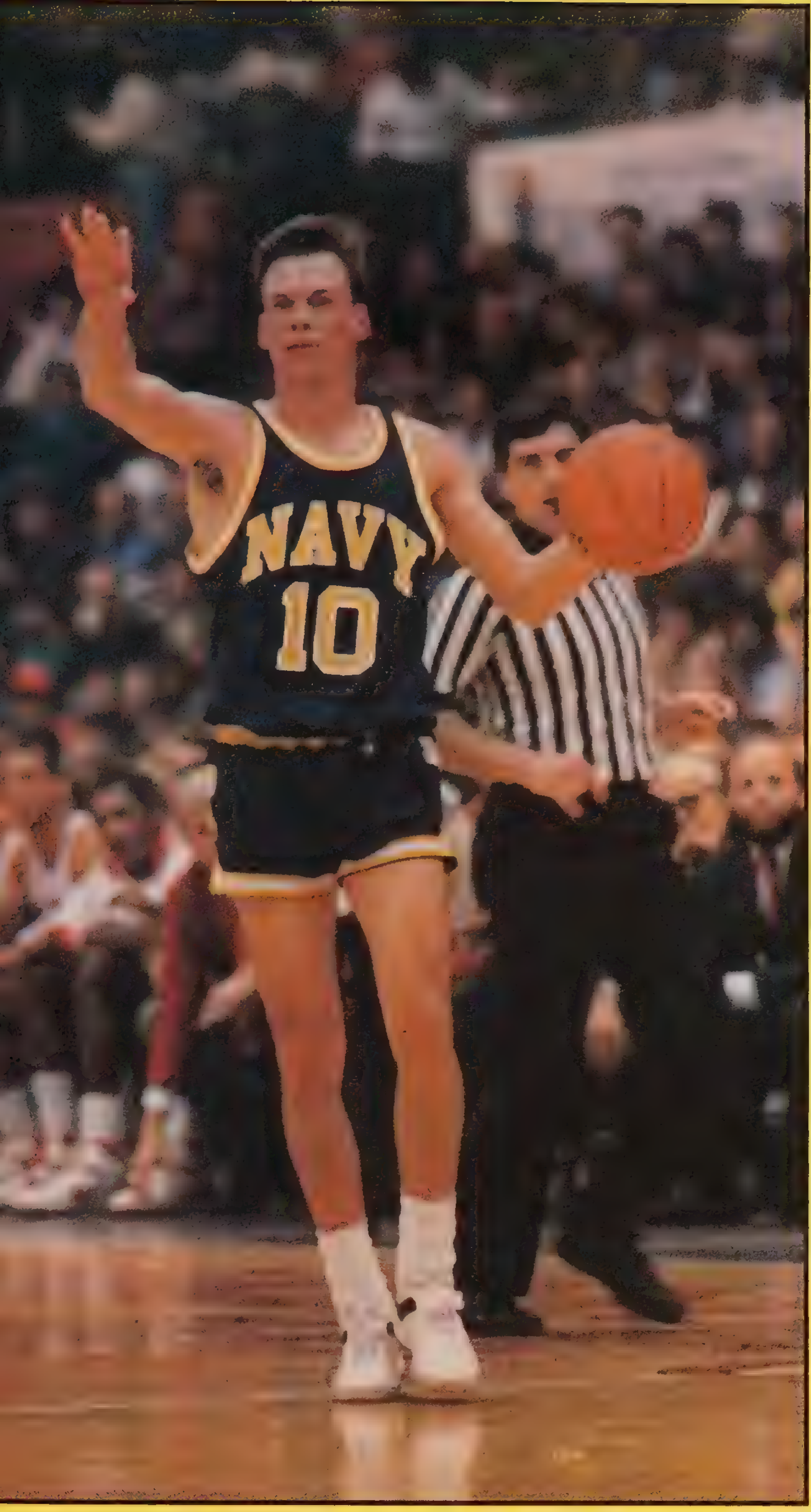


BASKETBALL

NAVY
24
44
11

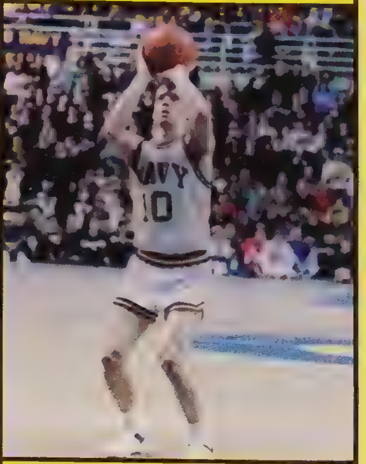
Above Left: *The "Zoo Gang" added a new dimension of spirit to Navy games this year.* **Far Left:** *While some players applaud from the bench, Coach Pete Herrman is not quite as pleased with what he's seeing.* **Left:** *Wojcik passes around the perimeter to Derric Turner against a tough zone by American U.* **Above:** *Cliff Rees puts up a jump shot. His outside shooting helped clear the lane for Robinson.*

Below: *Cliff Rees, Doug Wojcik, Byron Hopkins, Carl Liebert, and David Robinson go over the play one more time at UNC-Wilmington. The mids won by a point on a last second shot by Robinson.* **Right:** *Wojcik sets up the offense in the Hall-of Fame Classic against N.C. State.*



Doug Wojcik

Co-Captain



Co-Captain Doug Wojcik played an important role as point guard on the team. He ran the offense, paced the team, and kept pressure off of David Robinson by taking advantage of the new three-point rule. One of Navy's best guard's ever, Doug was named to the All-Conference team. He holds school records in the following:

Assists-game 14
Assists-season 251
Assists-career 714

Scoreboard

W	*Mercy College*	*72-50*
L	*Millersville*	*68-77*
W	*Kutztown*	*88-52*
W	*Winthrop*	*69-54*
L	*Longwood*	*65-70*
W	*Randolph-Macon*	*73-64*
L	*Washington*	*55-75*
W	*Gannon*	*78-51*
W	*Liberty*	*83-58*
W	*Lock Haven*	*87-54*
W	*George Mason*	*80-63*
L	*Lafayette*	*63-74*
L	*American*	*52-66*
W	*Catholic*	*83-56*
W	*William & Mary*	*67-58*
W	*UNC Wilmington*	*73-70*
L	*UMBC*	*61-63*
L	*Wingate*	*72-85*
W	*District of Col.*	*77-67*
W	*Towson State*	*77-64*
W	*Immaculata*	*68-52*
L	*Mount St. Mary's*	*53-70*
W	*Army*	*70-52*
W	*Loyola*	*77-53*
W	*Lock Haven*	*82-62*
W	*Pace*	*80-73*

Successful Season

W BASKETBALL

The Navy women's basketball team had one of its most successful seasons ever this year. Only a Division II team, Navy defeated 4 out of 7 Division I schools on its schedule. Highlights of the season included a 70-52 routing of Army and winning their first ever post-season tournament to be named ECAC-South Champions.

The team is saying farewell to two very talented and impressive seniors. Captain Shelly Laurilla set the record for number of games played with 101, topping assistatnt coach LT Schiavetta's record of 100. Miss Laurilla was also named Academic All-American. Point guard Margie Trott had a fruitful season as she shattered three school records, one of them Navy's all-time assist leader with 500. Despite these temporary losses, the team's eleven veteran players are looking forward to a possible NCAA bid next year.

At Left: *Team leader Shelley Laurilla drives though the American University defense.* **Above Far Left:** *Coach Dave Smalley rises to his feet in disgust with a bad call.* **Above Left:** *Point Guard Marge Trott, Navy's career assist leader, grabs a pass.* **Above:** *Laurilla puts up a jump shot.*

Swimmers Stroke for Navy

The men's swimming team had an outstanding season, finishing with a 10-3 record and a the Colonial Athletic Association Championship. The season ended with a climatic 63-50 victory over Army, in which the final event, the freestyle relay, decided the meet. Navy rallied for a triumphant fininsh. Jeff Thompson, placing third in the Eastern Seaboard Championships, held the record for 50m freestyle. Tim Gallandet maintained the record for the 1500m, 800m, and 400m freestyle, while Mike Pestorius, a plebe, set a new record in the 400-yard individual medley.

SWIMMING

Left: *Join the Navy and ride the waves. Which way is up?* **Above:** *Keep stroking for Navy. Breathe and stroke.*

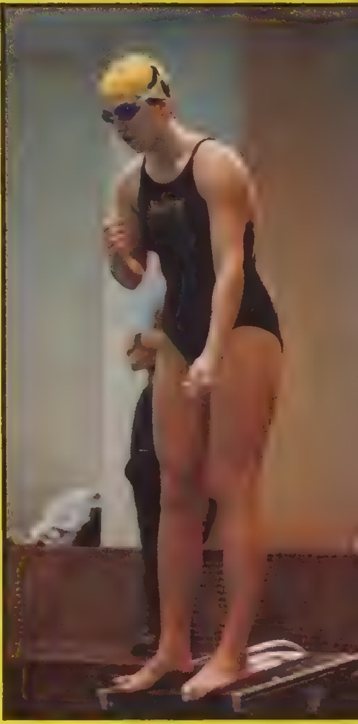
Scoreboard

W	*W. Virginia*	*59-52*
W	*James Madison*	*130-86*
W	*Dartmouth*	*98-15*
L	*Harvard*	*42-70*
L	*Princeton*	*33-80*
W	*Army*	*63-50*
W	*Cornell*	*65-48*
W	*John Hopkins*	*137-71*
W	*Brown*	*67-46*
W	*Yale*	*67-46*
W	*Penn*	*71-42*
W	*Villanova*	*145-71*
CAA Champ.		*1st*
L	*Columbia*	*56-57*
EISL Champ.		

Scoreboard

W	Virg. Com.	139-129
W	Bloomsburg	164-100
W	American	166-96
L	E. Carolina	116-150
W	Duke	162.5-104.5
W	Delaware	152-113
W	John Hopkins	82-44
W	Towson St.	95-27
L	James Madison	120-146
W	Wlm. & Mary	148-120
W	Grge. Wash.	146-117
W	Georgetown	166-101
	CAA Champ.	3rd
L	Army	87.5-180.5
	NCAA Champ.	12th

Above: *Do it for Navy. A perfect dive.* **Right:** *Get psyched. Love that water. Splashdown!*



Women Take to the Water

Ranked sixth in the nation and third in the Colonial Athletic Association, women's swimming had a very strong showing for the 1986-87 season. Finishing with a 10-3 record, the Navy coaches, Dick Purdy and Brian McLaughlin, were ranked in the top ten of all NCAA coaches, an honor very well-deserved. Team standouts were Brandee Polowy and Suni Pandya in distance, Leanne Fielding in sprints, and Stacy Headley in Diving. Navy women's swimming also sent two plebes to the NCAA competition; Debbie Williams for the backstroke, and Dora Lockwood for the breaststroke.

W

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Track Third at Heps

Right: *Jim Lanoue strides around the bend, determined to win the event.* **Far Right:** *Navy runners lead the pack against Princeton.* **Below Right:** *Hit the beach! A long jumper kick's up sand.* **Below:** *Timing is the key ingredient in this Navy high jumper's clearing the bar.*

Scoreboard

L	*Princeton*	*63-73*
W	*Rutgers*	*85-53*
T	*Maryland*	*68-68*
W	*Penn*	*96-41*
W	*Army*	*74-62*
Heptagonals		*3rd*
IC4A's		*12th*

Men's Indoor Track experienced a stellar season in 86-87, both at Halsey Fieldhouse and away. The season was capped off with a strong victory over Army at Army, a tie with U. of Maryland, and a third-place showing at the 1987 Heptagonal Meet. The team had considerable talent in many areas this season. Pace setters were team captain Wallace Moore and Olympic hopefuls Ron Harris and Michael Greene.

I TRACK

Scoreboard

W	*Delaware Invit.*	
W	*Catholic*	*102-14*
W	*Towson St*	*104-12*
L	*Maryland*	*27-91*
T	*Lafayette Invit.*	
W	*Georgetown*	*80-51*
W	*Catholic*	*106-12*
W	*St. Joseph's*	*80-43*
W	*Millersville*	*87-31*
W	*Liberty*	*81-41*
W	*Mt. St. Mary's*	*84-46*
L	*Duke*	*58-59*
W	*UMBC*	*112-9*
W	*James Madison*	*94-36*
L	*Wlm. & Mary*	*58-60*
W	*Mary Wash.*	*101-25*
L	*Army*	*46-72*
Heptagonals		*8th*
ECAC Div. II Champs		*3rd*

Above: *Erin Martin strains to clear the bar in the high jump.* **Above Right:** *Going for height and distance, a Navy jumper appears. to be flying. The finish is in sight for these distance runners.* **Right:** *Starting in the outside lane has its disadvantages; it looks like the starter is standing in the way.* **Far Right:** *Shri Drake attempts to put the shot to the other side of the fieldhouse.*

Women's Track Has Fine Year

WI TRACK

Navy women's indoor track had an excellent season in 1986-87, outdistancing several formidable Eastern Collegiate Conference opponents. While hosting both the 1987 Conference Championships and the 1987 Heptagonals, the team also experienced its first dual meets against Army. The women on the indoor track team were led by 800m runner Carol Womack, and All-American and team captain, first class Janet Walters. Team spirit was high during the season, with each member doing her very best. Several women had their best individual performances over the year, but still managed to contribute to the unity and integrity of the team. In comparison with past performances and the rate of improvement, the women's indoor track team should continue to improve in the future.

Hockey Takes to the Ice

The clash of hockey sticks and the cutting of blades on the ice filled Dahlgren every afternoon throughout the winter season. Still fighting for their varsity status, Navy Hockey maintained its reputation as one of the top teams in the area, and finished their season with a winning record. Season highlights included two tournaments, the Crabpot and the Blue-Hen at the University of Delaware. Navy Hockey placed second in both these tournaments. One of the season's highlights was a trip to Montreal, Canada to play the Canadian Military Academy in a Sports Exchange program between the two academies. Even though the team lost six first class, including team captain Eric Schoenbacher, thirteen second class were left behind to rally the team to even greater victories, especially the long battle in gaining a varsity status.

Above Left: *Good shot! Let's go for the goal.* **Left:** *The inevitable on the ice.* **Above:** *Face-off. Take the puck down the ice.*

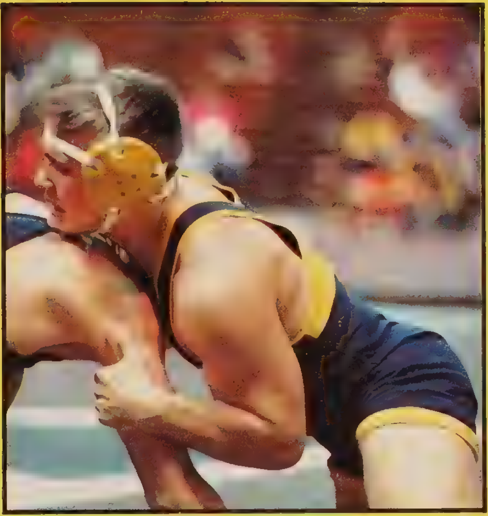
Scoreboard

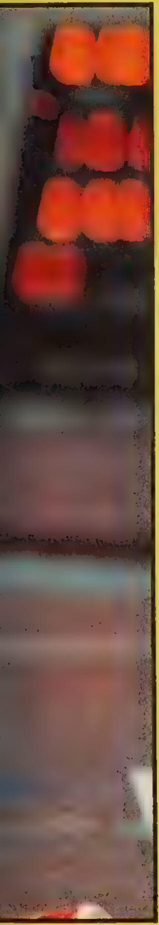
Wins	*13*
Losses	*11*
Crabpot Tourn.	*2nd*
Blue Hen Invit.	*2nd*

HOCKEY

Another Great Year

Navy wrestling lived up to its expectations and even managed to strive for further excellence over the 1986-87 season. The team led into their season with a well-deserved victory over the University of North Carolina, ranked fifth in the nation. At the close of the season, Navy wrestling finished with a 33-12 record and was ranked twelfth in the nation. The most climactic meet of the season was the Army-Navy competition. Taking place at Army, the auditorium was filled the intense anticipation of what was to come. The meet began and Navy ruled supreme, winning 22-12. The team took fifth place at Nationals with second class Matt Treaster finishing as an All-American. There were many more individual accomplishments throughout the season as well. Scott Kelly went undefeated throughout the regular season. Team captain Craig Dellorso took third in Navy's all-time career victory highs with 97 wins. With such consistent performances and formidable talent, the wrestling team anticipates even more successful seasons. Even though the team is losing its competing seniors, the remaining underclass are expected to fill the void with an overflow.



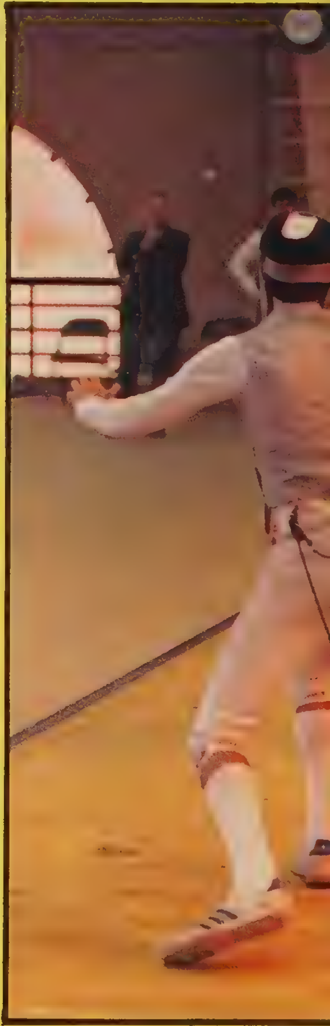


Scoreboard

2nd	*Turkey Bowl*
W	*Oregon State*
L	*Wilkes*
4th	*Sunshine Open*
1st	*Maryland Open*
W	*Princeton*
W	*Frank. & Marsh.*
W.	*E. Stroudsburg*
W	*Yale*
W	*Drexel*
L	*Penn State*
W	*N. Carolina*
W	*Syracuse*
L	*Pitt*
L	*Lehigh*
W	*Maryland*
W	*Bucknell*
W	*Rider*
W	*Old Dominion*
W	*Wilm. & Mary*
W	*Shippensburg*
W	*N. Carolina*
W	*Army*
2nd	*EIWA Champ*

WRESTLING

Fencing Gets to the Point



FENCING

Navy fencing returned to its MacDonough Hall this past year with a very strong season. Highlights included a victory over archrival Princeton and an upset over New York University at NYU. With only one graduating first class, the fencing team hopes to have an even stronger team next year.

Team standouts included Dave Hitchcock and Sheldon Jo, team captain, on the Epee team, Dan Haas on Sabre, and Bob Collins and Matt Bishop on Foil. The Epee team was very strong, taking the silver at Easterns. The fencing team as a whole took fifth at the Eastern Collegiate Championships, no small feat. There were many outstanding individual performances as well. Hitchcock took sixth and Jo ranked seventh. Dan Haas not only took ninth at Easterns, but was ranked tenth at the National Championships.

Scoreboard

W	*Princeton*	*16-11*
L	*Penn*	*12-15*
L	*Columbia*	*7-20*
L	*Rutgers*	*12-15*
W	*St. John's*	*18-9*
W	*William & Mary*	*19-8*
W	*N. Carolina St.*	*14-13*
W	*North Carolina*	*16-11*
W	*New York Univ.*	*20-7*

Scoreboard

L	*Princeton*	*6-10*
L	*Fairleigh-Dickinson*	*5-11*
W	*John Hopkins*	*14-2*
L	*Columbia*	*3-13*
T	*Rutgers*	*8-8*
W	*St. John's*	*9-7*
W	*Stevens Tech*	*16-0*
W	*New York Univ.*	*12-4*
W	*Goucher College*	*14-2*

Women Take Fourth

Not to be outdone by their male counterparts, the Navy, women's fencing team had an equally good season. Finishing with a 5-3-1 record, the team had many outstanding individual competitors that composed a tightly knit team. The well-organized and highly competitive squad managed to place fourth at the national intercollegiate championships in New York City. Second class Patricia Turney, one of Navy women's fencing most successful individual members, finished eighth in the individual competitions at Nationals.

W FENCING

Gymnasts Take Easterns

The 1986-87 season proved to be one of the best for Navy's mens' gymnastic team. Finishing with a 9-1 record, they also won Eastern Collegiate Championships and sent three to Nationals. Part of the team's success can be attributed to the fact that coach Peter Korman had competing seniors: Ed Magee, Bill Hamblet, Mike Flood, and Tom Belisimo. After a traumatic fall in which Belisimo broke his neck, he was back for his entire season, and was a definite asset to the team. Other team members with outstanding record breaking performances were Bob Cox and Jerry Haran. Bob scored a 9.7 on floor exercises and Jerry scored a 9.3 on the parallel bars. Jerry Haran also attained a 55.3 all-around score. Future gymnastic teams at Navy will have to work very hard to top the 1987-88 season.

GYMNASTICS

Scoreboard

W	*Mass*	*260.6-257.25*
W	*Wlm. & Mary*	*261-231.5*
W	*Cortland St.*	*261-231.2*
W	*S. Conn.*	*260.3-251.8*
W	*Springfield*	*253-243.3*
W	*Air Force*	*266.65-244.9*
L	*Temple*	*267.05-269.1*
W	*Syracuse*	*267.7-235.4*
W	*W. Michigan*	*267.7-265.7*
W	*E. Stroudsburg*	*271.1-252.85*
L	*Penn State*	*272.4-280.4*

Scoreboard

L	*Radford*
W	*Lock Haven*
L	*Rutgers*
L	*West Chester*
W	*Princeton*
L	*Air Force*
L	*UMBC*
6th	*Towson Invit.*
L	*Rhode Island*
L	*Towson State*

While not really having their best season in 1987, the women's gymnastics team experienced many firsts over the past year. The reopening of MacDonough Hall allowed the team to begin a new and more rigorous training program. Another first for the gymnastic team was competing against Air Force. First Class Suzanne Clautice, team captain, hoped to take the team to Regionals and the ECACs. Successful in both, the team took fifth at ECACs.

Women Gymnasts Keep Trying

W
GYMNASTICS

Scoreboard

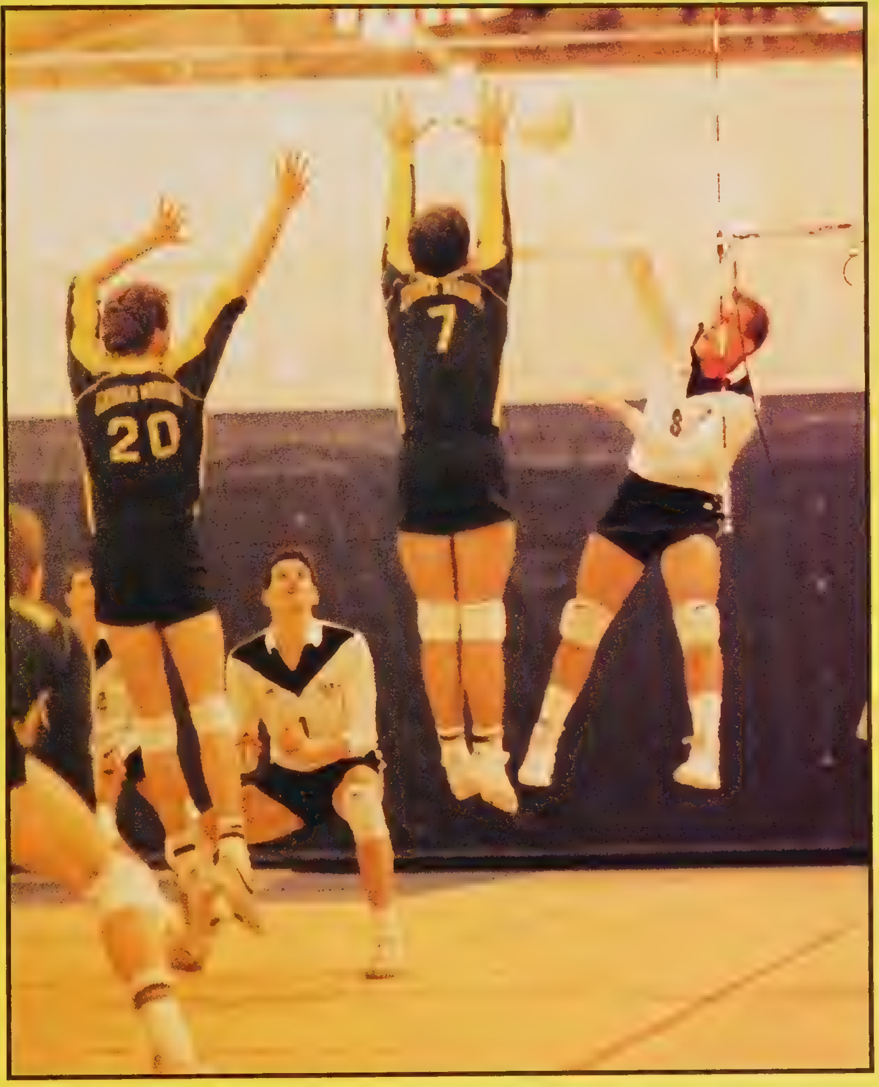
L	*IUPU-FW*	*0-3*
L	*Ohio St.*	*0-3*
W	*N.J. Tech*	*3-2*
L	*Ball St.*	*0-3*
L	*IUPU-FW*	*2-3*
L	*Penn St.*	*0-3*
L	*Rutgers*	*1-3*
L	*George Mason*	*0-3*
L	*Rutgers*	*0-2*
L	*Princeton*	*0-3*
W	*St. Francis*	*3-0*
L	*George Mason*	*0-3*
L	*Penn St.*	*0-3*
W	*Robert Morris*	*3-0*
W	*Rutgers — Newark*	*3-0*
L	*George Mason*	*0-2*
W	*St. Francis*	*2-0*
W	*Robert Morris*	*2-0*
L	*UC-San Diego*	*1-3*
L	*Long Beach St.*	*0-3*
L	*E. Stroudsburg*	*1-3*
L	*Penn St.*	*0-3*
W	*St. Francis*	*2-0*
W	*Robert Morris*	*2-0*
W	*St. Francis*	*3-0*
L	*E. Stroudsburg*	*2-3*
L	*Rutgers-Newark*	*2-3*

9 Wins, 18 Losses

GUEST
5
3
4
20
GEORGE MASON

Spikers Deal With Tough Season

The Navy men's volleyball team started its season with a disappointing weekend, losing two of three matches at the Indiana-Purdue Invitational. The highlight of the weekend was Frank Cardello being named to the All-Tournament team. The next weekend brought no better news. After the first two disappointing weekends, however, the team rallied to beat Army at the New Jersey Tech. Invitational. After having an ups and down season and losing Frank Cardello to knee surgery, the Mids rallied back to win the USNA Invitational. Chad Watson was named MVP and Herman Cestero and Ben Griffith to the All-Tournament team. The Mids beat Cornell in the first round of EIVA, but were then defeated by Rutgers.



VOLLEYBALL

Scoreboard

Brigade Championships

118lb	*Don Gamboa*
125lb	*Steve Fernandez*
132lb	*Andre Smith*
139lb	*Harry Wingo*
147lb	*Roger Stanton*
156lb	*Paul Banoczi*
165lb	*Shaun Donnelly*
172lb	*Dick Hoffmann*
180lb	*Chris Dobleman*
190lb	*T. Packy Murphy*
HVWT.	*Mike Parrillo*

EVERLAST
EVERLA
USN

Boxers Pound Foes at Nationals

USNA
EVERLAST

This year the boxers from USNA took first at Nationals, boasting many All-Americans. The hard work and dedication that the members of the team showed throughout the year payed off when the team travelled to University of Nevada-Reno. Season hoghlights included: Brigade Open and Downtown Athletic Club's Salute to Boxing's Greatest in New York. Winners at the Brigade Open included: Don Gamboa, Steve Fernandez, Andre Smith, Harry Wingo, Roger Stanton, Paul Banoczi, Shaun Donnelly, Dick Hoffmann, Chris Dobleman, T. Packy Murphy, and Mike Parrillo.

BOXING

Racquets Meet the Ball

The 1986-87 season proved to be another good one for Navy squash. The team finished the season with a record of 14-5. This was enough to earn the team the number 6 nine-man team ranking, narrowly missing what would have been the fifth straight year in the top five. The team traveled to the Intercollegiates at Yale in March and came away tied with Princeton for third in the six-man rankings. Contributing factors to this outstanding showing included team captain Spencer Wall's winning of the men's National Intercollegiate B Championships. Wall finished the season with a 24-1 record. Additional honors went to John Spenger 1st team All-American and Spencer Wall and Tim Slough 2nd team All-Americans. Perhaps the most prestigious award of the season was the Intercollegiate Sportsmanship Award, winning it for the second time in three years.

Scoreboard

W	*Amherst 9-0*
W	*Bowdoin 9-0*
W	*Tufts 9-0*
W	*MIT 9-0*
W	*Williams 7-2*
W	*Columbia 8-1*
W	*Trinity 7-2*
W	*Fordham 8-1*
W	*Cornell 9-0*
W	*Dartmouth 7-2*
W	*Lehigh 9-0*
W	*Rochester 9-0*
W	*Stony Brook 9-0*
L	*Princeton 1-8*
L	*Yale 4-5*
L	*Harvard 2-7*
L	*Penn 4-5*
L	*Frank. & Marsh. 2-7*
W	*Army 9-0*
Intercol.	*4th*

SQUASH

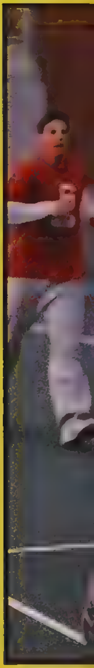
Scoreboard

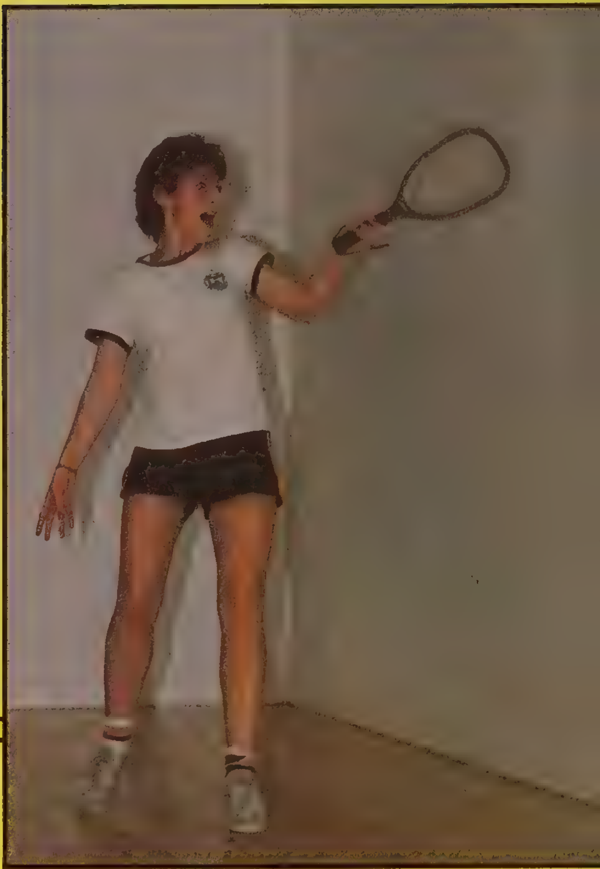
Champions	
Fieldball	*35 Co.*
Lwt. Football	*16 Co.*
Hwt. Football	*27 Co.*
Squash	*4 Bat.*
Team Handball	*6 Bat.*
Coed. Soccer	*3 Bat.*
Basketball	*6 Bat.*
W. Racquetball	*2 Bat.*

With the start of a new semester, another season of intramurals began. Although the winter intramural period is the most injury-laden season of sports at the Academy, mids continue to enjoy them. During the season known affectioately as the "dark ages," a chance to take out frustrations on the playing field is especially appreciated. Such sports as fieldball and football kept the companies busy in the cold and snowy weather. Squash, team handball, racquetball, and basketball allow some of the intramural athletes on battalion teams to stay inside and avoid the cold weather.

Intramurals in the Snow

I N T R A M U R A L S





USNA
17
49
28
USNA
40

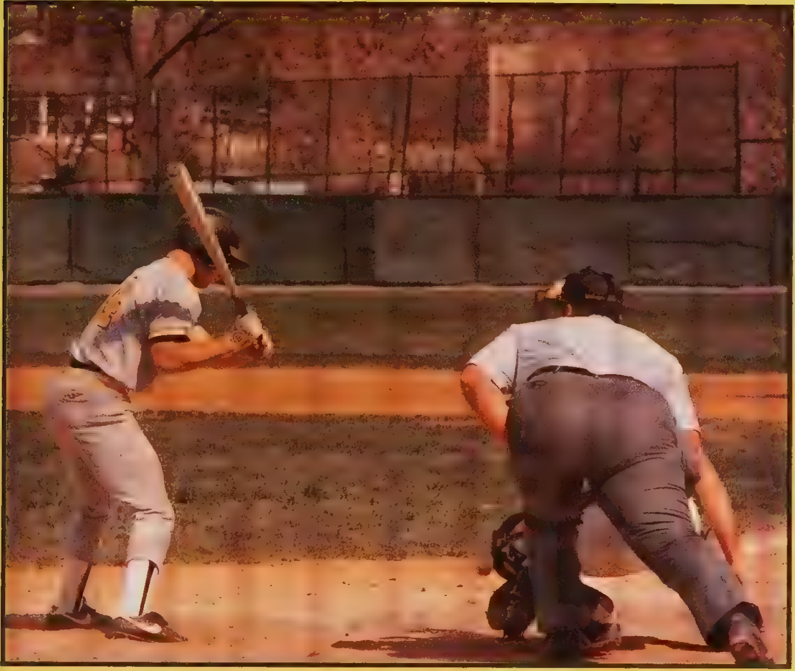
Fieldball

One of the most dangerous intramural sports is the ever famous fieldball. Many mids come away from this sport with injured knees and fingers. It is difficult to explain fieldball to someone who has never seen the game. Basically, it is a cross between rugby, lacrosse, and rumbling. Rumor has it that fieldball was created in a prison to help the prisoners relieve tension. It is also said that the game is only played at prisons and at the service academies. How appropriate.

Scoreboard

L	St. Thomas	1-6
L	Creighton	3-14
L	Creighton	1-4
W	Towson State	13-1
W	Gettysburg	2-0
W	Gettysburg	6-4
L	West Chester	4-6
W	Georgetown	11-0
L	C.W. Post	2-3
L	Penn State	1-7
W	Penn State	7-6
W	Lehigh	5-4
W	Columbia	6-1
L	Columbia	2-6
W	Army	6-1
W	Army	6-3
W	George Wash	4-1
W	Cornell	7-2
L	Cornell	5-2
W	Princeton	13-1
W	Princeton	3-1
L	UMBC	4-6
W	Harvard	6-1
L	Harvard	2-3
W	Dartmouth	4-2
W	Dartmouth	6-2
W	George Mason	11-2
W	Penn	1-0
W	Penn	1-0
W	Brown	4-3
W	Brown	10-6

Navy Sluggers 13-3 in League



The 1987 baseball season saw the defending Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League champions come up one game short. The mids, under the leadership of team captain Ted Wallace, finished 13-3 (21-10 overall), just one game shy of consecutive championships. Dartmouth took the league with a 14-2 record, losing twice to Navy. Offensively the mids were paced by the sizzling bat of Chris Fatheree who became the eleventh player in Navy history to hit over .400. Fatheree was joined on the All-League team by Todd Bibza, Ed Olshaw, Steve Weiman, Mike Schultz, and Ted Wallace. Schultz earned the Charles H. Blair bat for being the top hitter in the league, and earned All-Northeast District honors. Wallace, Weiman, and Schultz were selected to the Metro All-Stars sponsored by the D.C. Home Plate Club.

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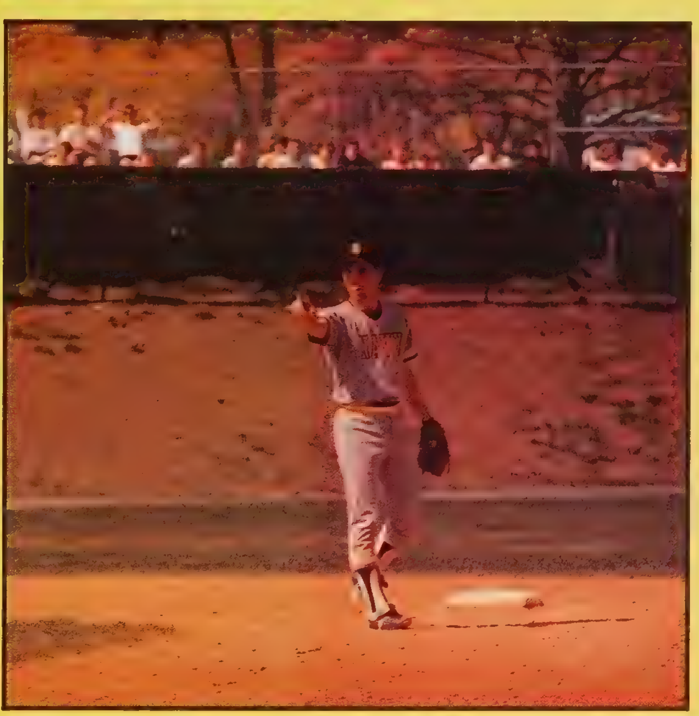
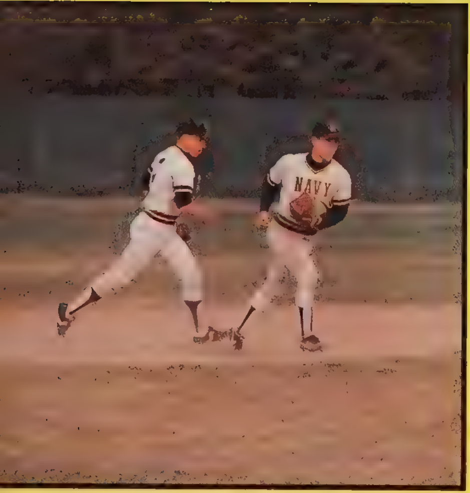
L





BASEBALL

Scoreboard

2 WINS, 6 LOSSES

Teams Played

Anne Arundel C.C.
Erie Community College
Mary Washington College
Univ. of Maryland
Essex Community College
Charles County C.C.

Throughout the 1987 spring season, Navy softball showed marked improvement. Due to a rise in the number of women that tried out, the starters were backed by a strong bench. As a result, the team improved its record. First classmen Trish Thompson, Mary Miles, and Anne Padilla provided the leadership and experience. Rounding out the team were standouts Jenny Burch, Marnie Bradley, and Kim Feltault. LT Randy Jackson will assume coaching responsibilities for a promising spring season.

Softballers Show Improvement

SOFTBALL

Tennis Team Takes Tigers

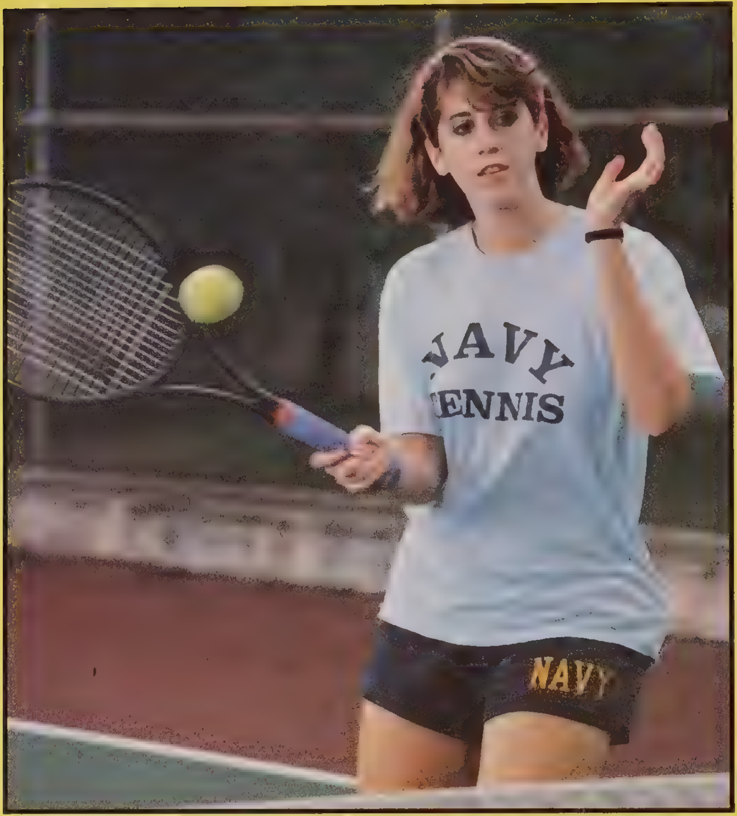
There is but one word to describe this year's Navy tennis team — "excellent." With the help of Navy coach John Officer and 1979 USNA graduate LT Gove Miller, Navy culminated its 22nd consecutive winning season with its 18th straight triumph over Army, 6-3 at West Point. In the 1986 Fall Season, the Mids captured their third straight Colonial Athletic Association Crown, and their fourth in the last five years. The high point of this year's season occurred when Navy beat Princeton. It had been Navy's first victory over the Tigers in the past 43 years. First classman John Chandler led the Mids with a 16-6 record at number six singles, while plebes Pat Walker and John Wagner posted 15-7 and 13-7 marks at five and four respectively. Captain Mike Spanos finished this year with a respectable 14-9 at number one. The biggest surprise this year was Second classman Jamison Moore who having not played his first two years posted a 14-8 record at number two singles. Navy's strong point was their doubles. At one, Spanos and Moore teamed for a 10-7 record, while Graham Rogers and Wagner combined for a 16-3 mark. The number three doubles team consisted of Chandler and third classman Robert Tibbs who rallied to a 12-2 season.

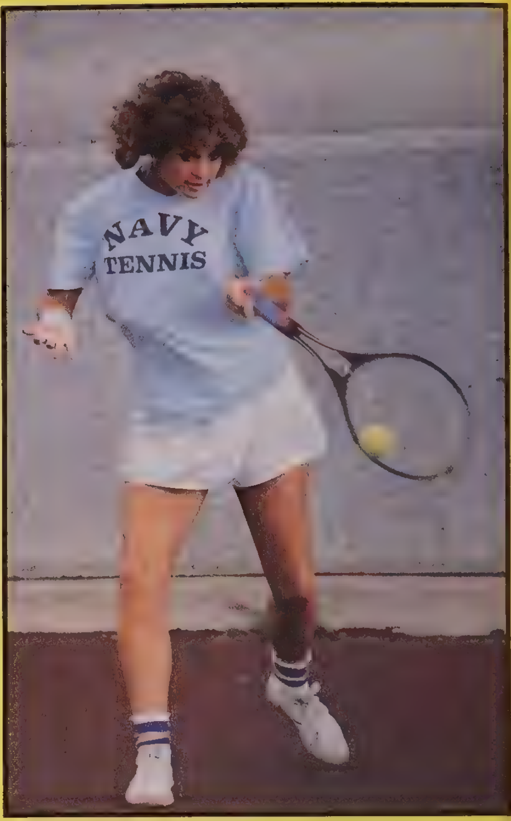
Scoreboard

W	Pittsburgh	8-1
W	Georgetown	9-0
W	Bloomsburg	9-0
W	Washington Coll.	6-3
W	Towson State	9-0
W	MIT	9-0
W	Penn	5-4
L	Columbia	1-8
W	George Wash.	9-0
L	Brown	1-8
L	Yale	2-7
W	UMBC	9-0
L	Penn State	4-5
L	Old Dominion	3-6
W	William & Mary	6-3
W	Richmond	7-2
W	Princeton	5-4
L	Harvard	4-5
W	Dartmouth	5-4
W	Temple	9-0
W	Swarthmore	8-1
W	Cornell	7-2
W	Army	6-3

TENNIS

Women Netters Are Winners





For the second consecutive year the Women's tennis club boasts a winning record with wins over UDC, Washington College, Anne Arundel Community College, Catholic University, Goucher, and Hood College. The team prospered under the direction of LT David Phillips who volunteered his services as the team coach, bringing with him an abundance of knowledge about the game in terms of strategy and a strong disire to make the team the best it could be. The team was led by First classmen Shelley Laurilla and Kathy Buckley. Second Class Anette Schleutermanand Cheryl Beddick added much needed support as did Third Class Raelene Ryerson and Heidi Maley. With such young talent the team is looking forward to a good season in 1988.

NAVY
TENNIS
NAVY

Scoreboard

Teams played

UDC
Washington Coll.
Anne Arundel C.C.
Catholic Univ.
Goucher
Hood College
Lafayette
Fordham

TENNIS

Tradition Continues for Crew

In its 125 years of existence, Navy crew has had a tradition of excellence. This year has been no different. Finishing with a record of 5-1, Navy's varsity eight placed fourth in the Grand Finals of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championships. The freshmen eight placed eighth in the Grand Finals. The varsity four took first, and the freshmen four took fifth. Navy's varsity pair was fourth and open four sixth in the Grand Finals. Team captain, Sean Coughlin, was an inspiration throughout the season. Once again Coach Rick Clothier has formed a winning team in his 12th consecutive year of coaching.

Scoreboard

W Princeton
2nd San Diego Classic
W Goes Trophy
W Adams Cup
Tied 8th EARC

CREW

Scoreboard

W Columbia
L Princeton
L Haines Cup
L Callow Cup
Tied 6th EARC

New Coach for Lights

LWT CREW

This was Coach Pat Manion's first season here as lightweight men's crew coach. A former UCLA oarsmen for four years, Coach Manion spent the year building his team. The varsity eight finished with a record of 1-3 and placed first in the Petite finals at the Eastern Sprints, while the second varsity was also first in the Petite finals. The freshmen eight placed third in the grand finals beating Harvard, who is well-known for their rowing team. LT Kinney was this year's plebe lwt. coach and is responsible for developing the plebe team into a unit.

Oarswomen Get Seitz Trophy

Navy women's crew boasted their best year ever under the coaching of world-class oarsman Jonathan Finney and novice team coach LT John Cotton. The varsity posted a 6-1 season, their only loss coming at the hands of national champion Georgetown. Both the junior varsity and novice teams had a 6-2 season, the former defeating all but Georgetown and Williams, and the latter losing to highly ranked Ithaca College and Temple. Navy's women qualified all boats in the Grand Finals of the Dad Vail Regatta, the National Championships. The varsity placed fifth and the junior varsity received a bronze. The novices finished fourth of forty-four teams from across the U.S. and Canada, and the lightweight four placed fourth in the varsity event. The excellent finishes of all teams resulted in Navy's women being named winners of the Nancy Seitz trophy for cumulative points. The prestigious award is awarded to the predominant women's team in the country.

Scoreboard

W Virginia
W George Washington
W Williams
W Ithica
W Marietta
W Columbia
L Georgetown
Tied 3rd Dad Vail Champ

W CREW

Golfers Take to the Tee

The mids cruised to a 3-0 dual match record with wins over Dartmouth, Catholic, and Loyola, before having the streak halted in a season-ending loss to Army. Youngster Pete Rieg paced the mids with a 78.2 average, with second classman Wes Kaufman next at 80 and firstie Derrick Smith close behind at 80.1. As a team, Navy's best performance was at the Princeton Invitational, where the team finished fourth out of an extremely competitive.

Scoreboard

6th James Madison Invit
17th Hyatt Intercoll.
7th Navy Invit
6th CAA Champ.
4th Princeton Tourn.
Tied 10th Eastern Inter.
W Dartmouth
W Catholic
W Loyola
L Army

GOLF

Scoreboard

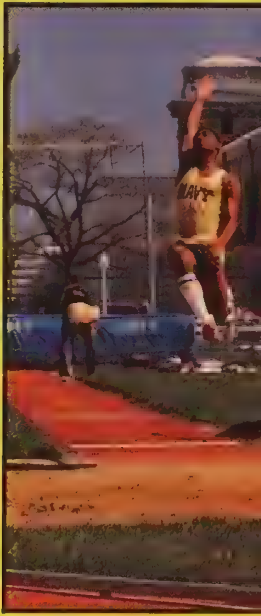
W LaSalle
W Rhode Island
W Syracuse
L Maryland
W Army

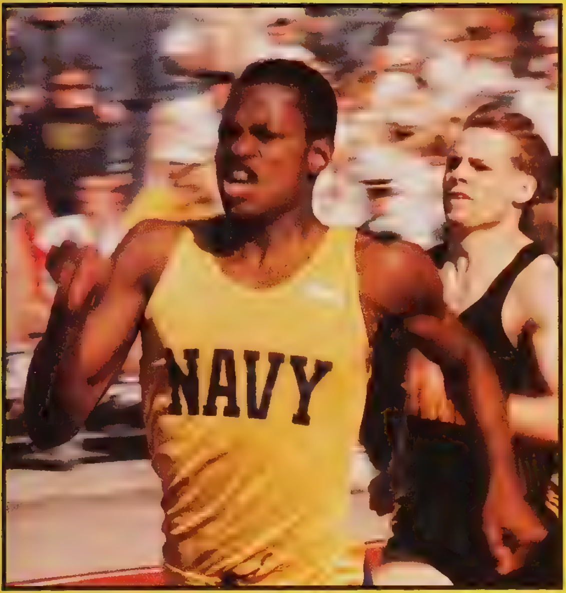
Firstie Ron Harris was named an All-American after placing third in the 5000 meters at the NCAA Championships. Two other mids qualified for the NCAA national championships, second classman Michael Greene and Plebe Robert Packowski in the 400 meters and 3000 meter steeplechase, respectively. All three set new Navy records at the Heptagonals, with Harris winning the 5000 meters, Greene taking the 400 meters and Packowski winning the steeplechase. The mids placed third overall in the competition, behind Princeton and Army.

Tracksters Take Third

TRACK

UCS
HACKENSACK N.J. U.S.A.





NAVY
NAVY
ARMY
ARMY

TRACK

Scoreboard

9th Hept. Champ.
3rd ECAC Champ.

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAV
ARMY
318
32

Women Tracksters Work Hard

Navy women's track and field, under the coaching staff of Barb Lawson, Karen Boyle, Mary Bodie, and LT Barb Butler, had a fine year with a total of four All-Americans. The team was led by captain Joanie Rangitsch and Carol Womack, who captured All-American honors in the 800 meter run. In addition, the team had its highest point total ever in the Heptagonal games. Many school records were set this season. Rangitsch set records in the Heptathlon and the 100 meter hurdles, Christi Salazar in the long jump, Racquel Williams in the triple jump, and Kelley VanDyke in the 10,000 meter run. The 400 meter relay team also broke the school mark. Navy finished a strong third out of 11 teams at the ECAC championship meet, led by three first place performances.

W
T
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K

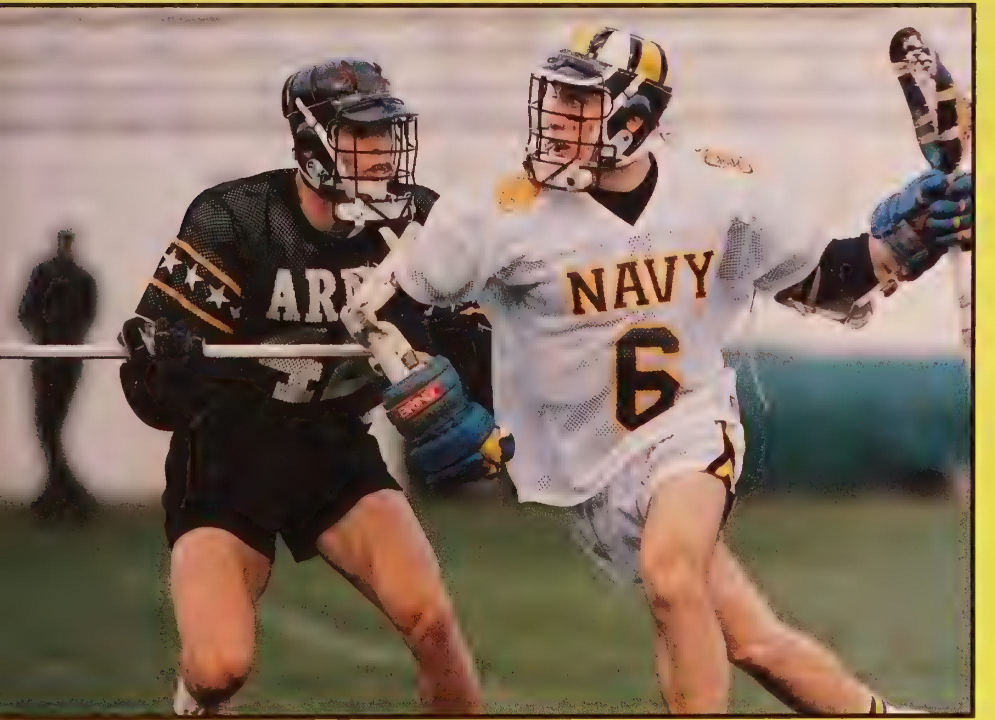
Scoreboard

W	*Rutgers*	*7-6*
W	*UMBC*	*14-4*
W	*Wash. College*	*9-6*
W	*Yale*	*15-10*
W	*Delaware*	*21-10*
L	*Penn*	*9-11*
W	*Princeton*	*11-8*
W	*Army*	*10-9*
L	*Maryland*	*5-17*
W	*Virginia*	*15-13*
L	*Johns Hopkins*	*9-10*
W	*Brown*	*14-6*
L	*Syracuse*	*5-19*

Navy lacrosse advanced to the quarterfinals of the NCAA Tournament before losing to Syracuse at the Carrier Dome. Five members of the team received All-American honors. Midshipman second class Nick Amatuccio, Joe Donnelly, and Frank Snyder, third class Paul Basile and fourth class Mike Herger all received honorable mention on the All-American team. The team was ranked in the top ten for the entire season. Entering the tournament the mids were ranked sixth in the Nation. The mids defeated Brown in the first round of the tournament by a score of 14-6. The team was then defeated by Syracuse, 19-5. The team consisted of only one firstie, Bob Wehman, the team captain. Basile led the team in scoring with 56 points on 10 goals and 46 assists, including an NCAA Tournament record eight assists in the win over Brown. Herger led the team with 37 goal-scores, and 18 assists for a total of 55 points. As goalie, Joe Donnelly had 193 saves against 126 goals allowed, for a save percentage of .605.

Mids Make It To NCAA Tourney

NAVY
8
2
NAVY
31



LACROSSE

10
NAVY

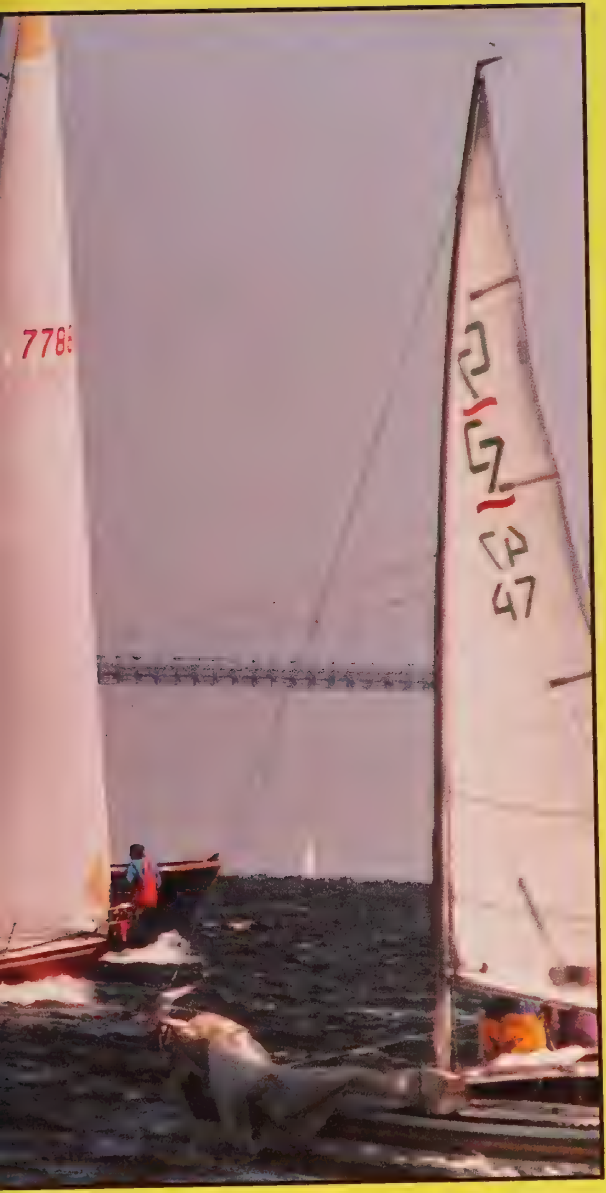
LACROSSE

Navy Regains Fowle Trophy

Navy once again captured the Leonard Fowle Trophy, given to the national intercollegiate sailing team champions. This trophy is based on cumulative results from five different national championships. The singlehanded championship and the sloop championship are sailed in the fall, and the dinghy, women's dinghy, and team racing championships are sailed in the spring. Navy's team, which once dominated intercollegiate sailing, had not won the Fowle Trophy since before the class of 1987 were plebes, so this year's victory was especially meaningful. The team excelled at many regattas throughout both the fall and spring seasons. Five midshipman received All-American honors. Midshipman first class Ed Eckert and Rob Hallawell and second class Alec Cutler received first team honors. Firstie Ted Williams and fourth class Keith Davids received honorable mention.

SAILING

77800
HUNTER



SAILING

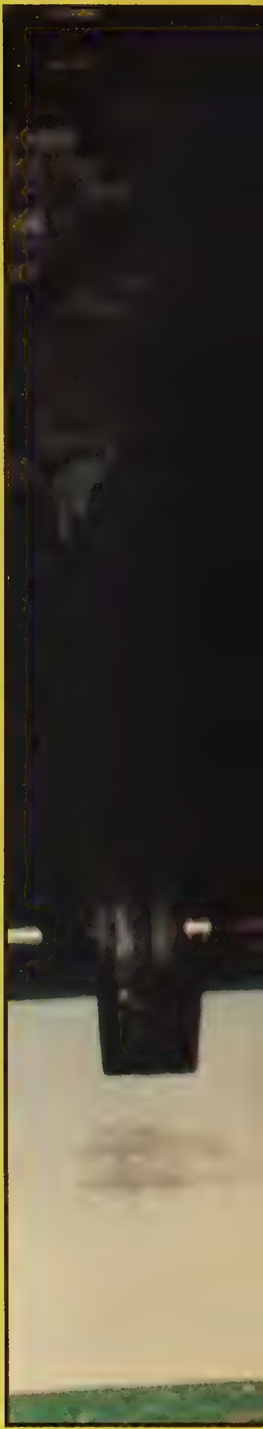
Bike Club Hindered By Rules

Since new regulations this year banned the use of bicycles by midshipmen, the bicycle racing club had a difficult time getting started. The problem was resolved and the club went on to have a strong season. The team practiced on a regular basis, and competed in six intercollegiate races, which were sponsored by the Eastern Collegiate Cycling Federation. In these large races, most with fields over 100, Navy had many strong individual showings in the top twenty places. In addition to the intercollegiate races, many members of the team competed and placed well in local club races sponsored by the Chesapeake Wheelmen and the United States Cycling Federation.

BIKE CLUB

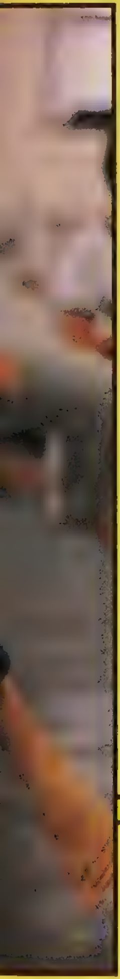
Lifters Third in USA

The Naval Academy Powerlifting Team began its very successful season with a trip to Philadelphia for the Region II Collegiate Championships. The team placed second, only two points behind Temple University. From the regionals, the team progressed to the National Collegiate Powerlifting Championships. This competition was held in Norman, Oklahoma. The team placed third in the Nation, based on total weight lifted in all three events: bench press, full squat, and dead lift. Four mids received All-American honors. The team closed the season with a very close loss to Army.



POWERLIFTING

Karate Goes Undefeated



The Naval Academy Karate club conducted periods of instruction three days each week for midshipmen interested in the martial arts and the competitive sport of karate. The club participated in three intercollegiate competitions and was undefeated, accumulating a record of 3-0. The club has made an increased effort to modify its structure in order to attract more inexperienced midshipmen, so that more people can take part in this useful sport.

KARATE

Judo Plagued by Injuries

The Judo team had more than its share of difficulties this season. Due to lack of funds, it did not get to compete as much as hoped. In the competitions which it did manage to enter, the team did not perform up to its potential because it was plagued by injuries. Midshipman Fisrt Class Trent Nickels was the team's captain. The best performances of the year came at the Eastern Collegiate championships, where John Moore and Pegeen O'Neil each fought their way to third place. At the National Collegiate championship meet, Pegeen O'Neil placed third, earning her All-American honors.

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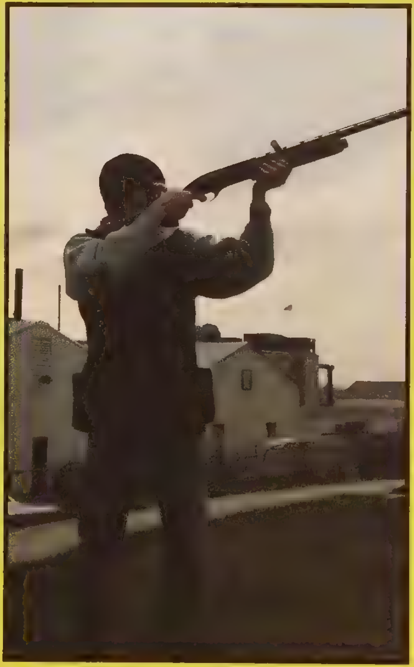
TRAP & SKEET

Ready . . . Pull!

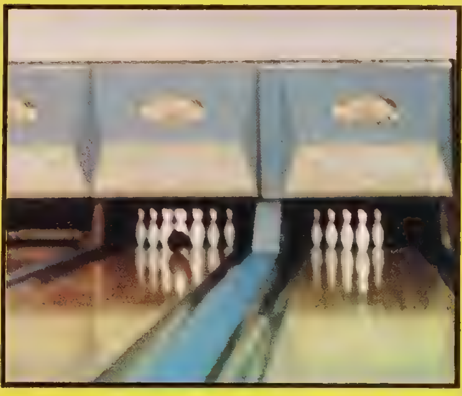
he Trap and Skeet Club, while not a highly visible sport at Navy, demonstrates the wide variety of the sports activities available to midshipmen. This year's club was led by midshipmen first class Scott Battle, Doug "Water Weenie" Wilkins, and midshipman third class Carl Ward. The team worked hard and practiced extensively. All the personal self-sacrifice and diligence ended up in a bid to the national championship. Another season highlight was taking third place in the Interservice Trap and Skeet Tournament.

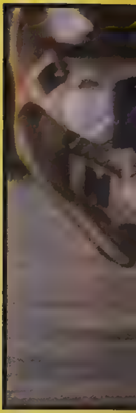


It's a Strike!

BOWLING

In the evenings if one was to wander down to third wing basement, one would hear the sound of bowling balls thundering along a hardwood alley and the crash of falling pins. One of the most unique club sports at the Academy is bowling. Although many people don't realize that bowling is a sport, some midshipmen have actually earned N-sweaters for their prowess in the discipline. The bowling team competes against other collegiate teams from around the area. The highlight of the season is the match against Army, which they won.

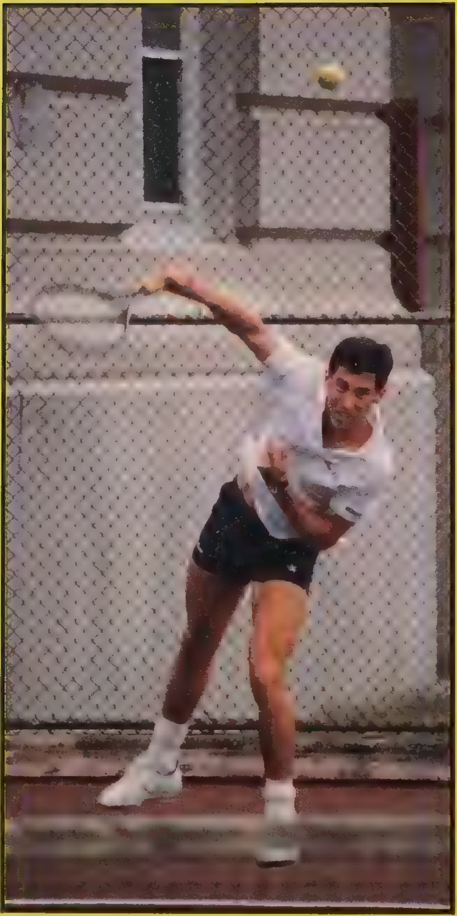




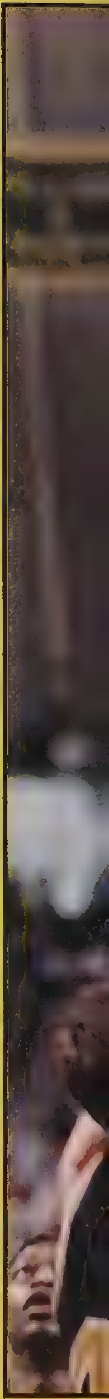
Work Those Muscles

One of the newest, most modern clubs added to the Naval Academy this year was the Aerobics club. As a new and refreshing option for midshipmen who tired of the usual running and lifting workouts, aerobics gained popularity throughout the entire year. Every afternoon at 1645 in the front of Halsey Field House, the Aerobics club could be seen stretching, bouncing, jogging, and hopping to the latest upbeat songs. The purpose of the Aerobics club was not only to provide its members with daily challenging workouts, but also to give information about flexibility, proper exercising techniques, and aerobic/cardiovascular fitness.

AEROBICS



NAVY
NAVY
ARMY
ARMY
NAVY

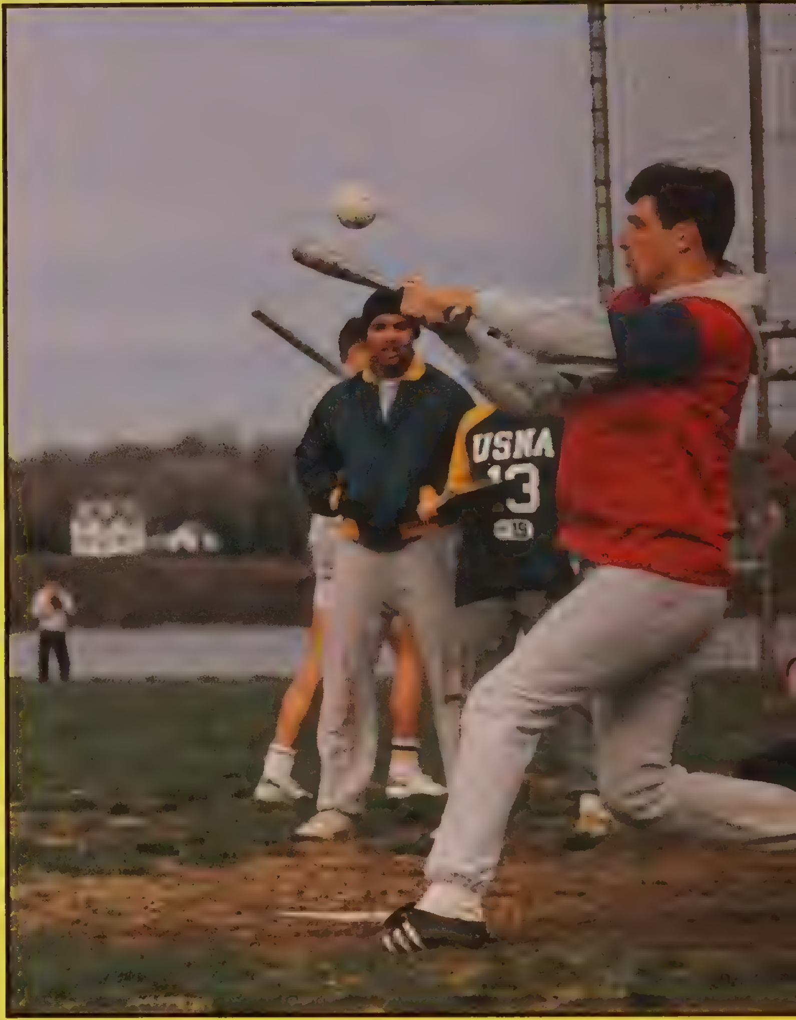


WHAT A YEAR

Scoreboard

CHAMPIONS

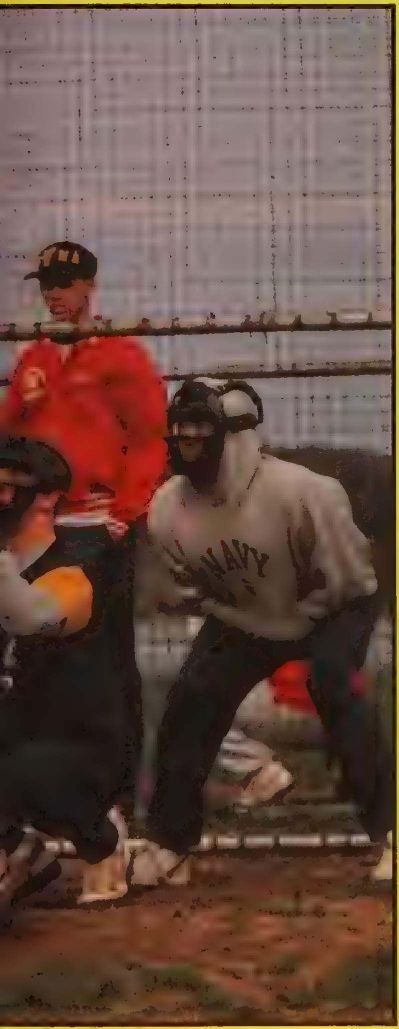
F.P. Softball	*22 Co.*
S.P. Softball	*10 Co.*
Basketball	*5 Batt.*
Lacrosse	*1 Batt.*
Rugby	*1 Batt.*
Squash	*5 Batt.*
Tennis	*6 Batt.*
Track	*6 Batt.*
Volleyball	*5 Batt.*
Racquetball	*3 Batt.*
Swimming	*4 Batt.*
Sailing	*6 Batt.*
Wrestling	*6 Batt.*



Something for Everyone

INTRAMURALS

With the end of the dark ages comes the end of winter intramurals and the beginning of spring intramurals. Spring intramurals are outdoors-oriented. Softball, both the slow-pitch and fast-pitch varieties, is the most popular sport and is the only company sport offered. Battalion sports such as lacrosee, rugby, tennis, and sailing provide an opportunity for midshipmen to catch a few rays while having fun and competing.



INTRAMURALS

HONORS

The Constitution's bow, with its distinctive billethead and trailboard, plowed through the seas, creating a path for the rest of the ship to follow. This section recognizes those midshipmen who led the Brigade in its activities, setting an example to be followed. The next six pages list those midshipmen who received special recognition at the Honors and Awards Ceremony during Commissioning week. These awards are tokens of countless hours of hard work, personal sacrifice and dedication to all three phases of the Naval Academy's mission — moral, mental, and physical excellence. Those men and women whose names appear on these pages can truly be considered the "cutting edge."

LETTERS OF COMMENDATION

William David Angeloni
Keith Bernard Bannach
John Paul Bissa
Clifford Andrew Blumenberg
Christopher Eugene Bolt
Mark Robert Broskevitch
Paul Andrew Burkett
James Michael Byrne
Robert Lee Calhoun, Jr.
John Scott Cameron
Nicholas Belvert Campbell II
Thomas William Casey
Todd William Cramer
Jason William Cronin
Marc Henry Dalton
Dolores Melina Dorsett
James Paul Gfrerer
Patrick John Hamilton
James Anthony Henderson
Daniel Brian Hendrickson
Ronald Leroy Higgs, Jr.
Roger John Hilarides, Jr.
Edward David Holland
Wesley Scott Huey
Jeffrey Thomas Jennings
Scott Douglas Johnson
Andrew Charles Lennon
George Aloysius Lipscomb
Stuart Michael Littlejohn
James Alexander MacMurtie, Jr.
Thomas Adam Marzec
Scott Patrick McFarlane
Matthew John Midea, Jr.
Paul Eric Nesbit
John Arthur Ortiz
Michael Jeffrey Ray
Timothy John Reimann
Dana Dale Ruge
Erik Fred Shay
Michael Thomas Sheerin
Bruce Bowen Shuttleworth
Michael Allen Stewart
Steve Allen Swift
Stephen Mattew Thompson
David Andrew Welch
Ronald Frederick Woodaman

GRADUATING WITH DISTINCTION

Christopher Scott Calhoun
John Reed-Hill Gilstad
Deborah Denise Klatt
Kevin Michael Potts
Jennifer Culbertson
Marc Henry Dalton
Danny Allen Nygaard
Paul Andrew Burkett
George Aloysius Lipscomb
Scott Douglas Johnson
Michael Patrick Gaffney
John Mark Di Mento
Brian Douglas Noyes
Mark Gary Mykleby
Patrick John Hamilton
John Vernon Metzger
Charles Daniel Ferguson II
Gregory Alan Miller
John Edward Plourde
Thomas Alexander Mercer
John Phillip Melor
Robert Pual Pignataro
Wendy Ilene Sullivan
Mark Timothy Schreiber
Mary Ellen Green
Michael Francis Finch
Andrew Charles Lennon
Michael Anthony Tobin
Eric Charles Holloway
Mark Allen Gardner
Daneiel Gustaf Shaffer
John David O'Boyle
Scott Michael Wolfe
Brian Todd Kline
Mark Steven Brown
Roger John Hilarides, Jr.
Daniel Brian Hendrickson
James Matthew Baker
Henry Alfred Laible
Karle Dietrich Brandt
John Charles Woughter
Dolores Melina Dorsett
Curt Carl Hartman
John Neal Watson
Mark Gerard Winkler
Michael Eugene Gieg
Stephen Howard Tackett
Robert Iain Douglass
David Alexander Julian
Shelley Marie Laurilla
Robert Harold Horel
Jeffrey Ray Evers
John Scott Lewis
Kent Lee Ubellacker
Samuel Cranage Bkaer
Guy Milton Braden
Andrew Daly Buckon
Douglas James Hanson
Michael Christopher Clark
Robert Franklin Smith
David Andrew Robinson
Thomas William Casey
Richard Michael Macchio
Scott Patrick McFarlane
Ross Cameron Beaton
Brian Cronin McCawley
John Christian Wilson
Kevin Carlos Hill
Thomas Adam Marzec
Thomas Edward Adams
Timothy John Reimann
James Everett Bouchard
John Kenton Green, Jr.
Albert Joseph Desmarais
Joseph William Piontek
Frederick William Dau IV
Thomas Frost Vanatta
Garry Edward Parzych
John Thomas Walters II
James Anthony Henderson
Alton Hugh Coleman III
Gregory Vidanya Contaoi
Paul Anthony Dupre
David Robert Lester
Mary Elizabeth Balch
Pacy Philip Ostroff
Drew Theron Wasson
Mark Douglas Groothuis
Lynne Denise Michelson
Edward David Holland
Douglas Michael Hines
Michael Jeffrey Ray
Renaud Emmanuel Stauber
Michael Charles Sopko
Jeffrey Thomas Jennings
Kevin James Moroney
Brian Nicholas Burgos
Robert Lee Calhoun, Jr.
Michael Anthony Polcari
Matthew David Sorenson
Robert Allen Lyon
Robin Alane Young
Thomas Michael Ives

SCHOLARSHIPS

TRIDENT SCHOLARS

Michael Christopher Clark
Jennifer Culbertson
Charles Daniel Ferguson
Michael Francis Finch
Roger John Hilarides, Jr.
Deborah Denise Klatt
John Phillip Mellor
David Andrew Robinson

V.G.E.P.

James Matthew Baker
Joseph Phillip DiaPola
Mark Allen Gardner
Curt Carl Hartman
James Anthony Henderson
Andrew Charles Lennon
Thomas Alexander Mercer
Stephen Rex Meyer
Kenneth James Robell
Michael Anthony Tobin

M.I.T. W.H.O.I. MASTERS

Deborah Denise Klatt

MARINE CORPS BURKE

Michael Christopher Clark
Frederick William Dau IV
Jeffrey Ray Evers
John Kenton Green, Jr.
Thomas Adam Marzec
Scott Patrick McFarlane
Robert Franklin Smith, Jr.
Stephen Howard Tackett
John Christian Wilson
Scott Michael Wolfe

CIVILIAN SCHOOLS

Andrew Daly Buckon
University of Michigan
Christopher Scott Calhoun
Marshall Scholarship
John Mark DiMento
Scripps Institution
Robert Iain Douglass
University of Michigan
Michael Patrick Gaffney
Rhodes Scholarship
John Reed-Hill Gilstad
Phi Kappa Phi Fellowship
Patrick John Hamilton
Scripps Institution
Douglas James Hanson
Syracuse University
Eric Charles Holloway
U.C. Berkeley
George Aloysius Lipscomb
University of Michigan

NAVY BURKE

Karl Dietrich Brandt
Mark Steven Brown
Jeffrey Philip Colwell
Brian Todd Kline
John Vernon Metzger
Kevin James Moroney
Mark Gary Mykleby
Garry Edward Parzych
Kevin Michael Potts
David Andrew Robinson

OLMSTEAD SCHOLAR NOMINEES

Paul Andrew Burkett
Gregory Vidana Contaoi
John Mark DiMento
Delores Melina Dorsett
Michael Francis Finch
John Reed-Hill Gilstad
Douglas James Hanson
Claude-Phillippe Motta Lim
Thomas Adam Marcez
Joseph William Piontek
Michael Charles Sopko
Renaud Emmanuel Stauber
John Charles Woughter

LEADERSHIP

Patrick John Hamilton	*National Woman's Relief Corps, G.A.R.* *Vice Admiral Thomas Ross Cooley Award*
Delores Melina Dorsett	*John Roach Prize*
Bruce Bowen Shuttleworth	*National Ladies Auxiliary, Jewish Veterans*
Thomas William Casey	*Fleet Reserve Association*
Paul Andrew Burkett	*Society of the Cincinnati*
Mathew John Midea, Jr.	*Class of 1897 Sword and Cup*
John Reed-Hill Gilstad	*Ladies Auxiliary to the V.F.W.* *Captain Leonard Kaplan Award*
Deborah Denise Klatt	*Military Order of the World Wars*
Robert Paul Pignataro	*Colonel C. Griffen Moody Award*
Michael Thomas Sheerin	*Brainerd Award* *Class of 1950 Award*
Patrick Michael Kelly	*Society of Sponsors of the U.S.N.*
John Edward Plourde	*Merrill F. Collier Award*
John Frederick Vertel	*Vice Admiral Thomas L. Gatch Prize*
Christopher Scott Calhoun	*Class of 1956 Award*
Michael Christopher Clark	*Lt. Clarence Louis Tibbals Award*
Kevin Michael Potts	*United States Daughters of 1812*
George Frederick Cox, Jr.	*Daughters of Founders and Patriots*
Gregory William Rouillard	*Carl Vinson Leadership Award*
Mark Stephen Hulbert	*Carl Vinson Leadership Award*
Craig Gavin Halder	*Carl Vinson Leadership Award*
Eric Charles Holloway	*Secretary of the Navy's Rifle Trophy*
Stephen Michael Thompson	*Secretary of the Navy's Pistol Trophy*

ACADEMIC AWARDS

John Reed-Hill Gilstad	*Daughters of American Colonists* *Professor Allan F. Wescott Prize*
Deborah Denise Klatt	*O.N.I. Harry E. Ward Scholar* *Captain Charles N.G. Hendrix Oceanography Award*
Kevin Michael Potts	*Class of 1961 Prize* *Robert M. Thompson Navigation Prize*
Cary Michael Schabert	*Admiral Joseph R. Redman Award*
John Mark DiMento	*Class of 1871 Prize*
Charles Daniel Ferguson II	*Congressional Medal of Honor Society*
Brian Douglas Noyes	*Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey Award*
Mark Robert Broshkevitch	*Mac Short Award in Aviation*
Dawn Maria Alvarez	*United States Daughter of 1812*
John Phillip Mellor	*Captain Boyd R. Alexander Award in E.E.*
Danny Allen Nygaard	*Commander James Edwards Palmer Prize*
Henry Alfred Laible	*Class of 1924 Prize*
Jennifer Culbertson	*American Bureau of Shipping*
Roger John Hilarides	*American Society of Naval Engineers*
John Edward Plourde	*Admiral W.H.P. Blandy Prize*
Mary Ellen Green	*van Dyke Prize*
Ernest Anthony Harper	*Colonial Daughters of the 17th Century*
Stephen Scott Roth	*Detroit Women's Council of the Navy League*
Mark Gerard Winkler	*Ancient Artillery Company of Massachusetts*
Scott Douglas Johnson	*Military Order of Foreign Wars*
John Charles Woughter	*Professor Henry M. Robert Prize*
Christopher Scott Calhoun	*Navy League of the United States*
Michael Francis Finch	*United Daughters of the Confederacy*
John David O'Boyle	*Admiral William S. Sims Memorial Award*
Andrew Charles Lennon	*Daughters of the American Revolution*
Paul Eric Nesbit	*O.N.I. — Harry E. Ward Language Prize*
Douglas Michael Hines	*Frederick L. Sawyer Prize*
Douglas James Hanson	*Class of 1912 Prize*
Michael Anthony Tobin	*American Legion Prize*
Stephen Howard Tackett	*Class of 1967 Captain Michael Smith Award*

ATHLETIC AWARDS

Bruce Robert McFadden	*Brigade Intramural Program Trophy*
Frank Theodore Wallace	*Daughters of Union Veterans Baseball Award*
David Maurice Robinson	*Charles Evans McDonough Basketball Cup*
Sean Thomas Coughlin	*Russell S. Callow Crew Award*
Mark Daniel Hamilton	*"Spirit of the Lightweights" Crew Award*
Sheldon Sucheol Jo	*Vice Admiral E.L. Cochrane Fencing Award*
Thomas Mathew Doman	*Cooke Memorial Football Award*
William Reilly, Jr.	*Sexton Memorial Trophy*
H. Bradley Vogt	*Holmes Golf Trophy*
Edward Ossie Magee, Jr.	*Herbert L. Jukes Gymnastics Award*
Michael Anthony Tobin	*Kurt Thomas Israel Pistol Award*
Louis Joseph Schager	*Michael F. Wilson Soccer Award*
John Gallagher Sprenger	*BARB Squash Trophy*
David Robert Folsom	*Robert E. Cowell Swimming Trophy*
Michael Louis Spanos	*Walling-Kimmel Tennis Cup*
Anthony Joseph Ferrari	*Robert Cecil Brixner Track Trophy*
Craig Stephen Dellorso	*Weems Wrestling Award*
Mark Harold Fox	*Admiral E.C. Waller Lacrosse Award*
Marjorie Dale Trott	*Admiral Charles R. Larsen Basketball Award*

SPECIAL AWARDS

James Michael Byrne	*Class of 1879 Prize*
Scott Patrick McFarlane	*Naval Leadership Prize*
Christopher Scott Calhoun	*Gardner L. Caskey Memorial Prize* *Veterans of Foreign Wars* *Patrick K. Inglis*
Frederick Douglas Wojcik	*Coaches — Calvert Award*
Ronald James Harris	*Naval Academy.Athletic.Association Sword*
Mary Elizabeth Balch	*Vice Admiral William P. Lawrence Sword*
David Maurice Robinson	*Thompson Trophy Cup*
Shelley Marie Laurilla	*U.S. Naval Academy Alumni Association Award*

At the beginning of each section of this yearbook, we have displayed pictures of an incredible model of the U.S.S. Constitution. This picture takes a look back to the early phases of the model's construction and shows how it was made. Similarily, in this closing section, we take look back at the year which has passed and examine the memories of which it has been made. Additionally, we look further at the making of the ship model, and at the making of this book. As with any retrospective view, the important thing to remember is that the end of a year — or of anything else — is merely the beginning of something else.

NAVY

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UNITED

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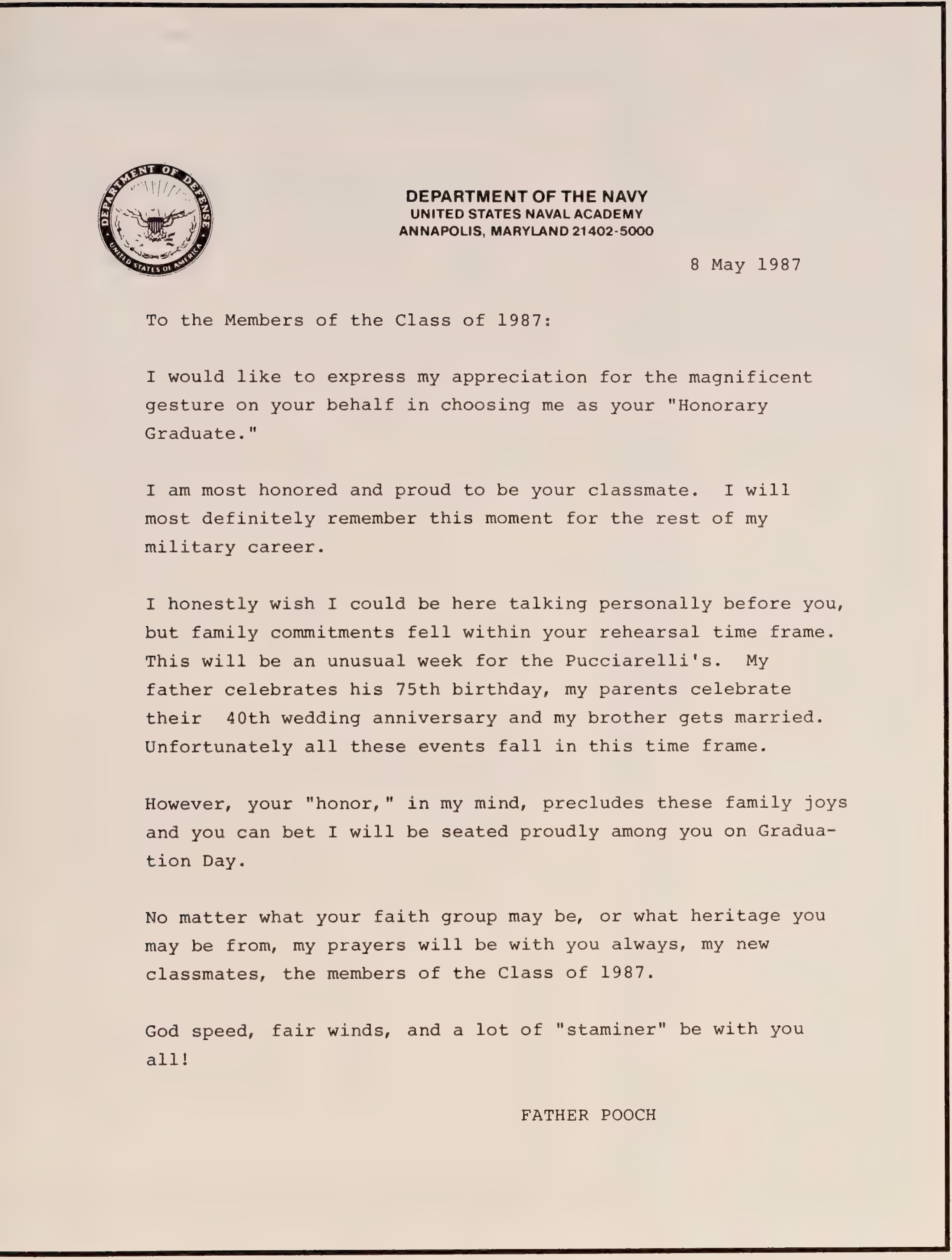
Each graduating class at the Naval Academy has the privilege of naming an honorary member. The members of Class of 1987 chose Commander George W. Pucciarelli to be their honorary classmate. Commander Puciarelli, better known among midshipmen as “Father Pooch,” served as Catholic Chaplain at the Academy for most of the Class of 1987’s tenure here. During this time, his cheerful willingness to help everyone and his sincere expressions of faith earned him the respect and devotion of the Brigade. Father Pooch’s appropriate prayers at evening meals often caused King Hall to erupt in cheers. The Class of 1987 is proud to have Commander Puciarelli as a classmate.



DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND 21402-5000

8 May 1987

To the Members of the Class of 1987:

I would like to express my appreciation for the magnificent gesture on your behalf in choosing me as your "Honorary Graduate."

I am most honored and proud to be your classmate. I will most definitely remember this moment for the rest of my military career.

I honestly wish I could be here talking personally before you, but family commitments fell within your rehearsal time frame. This will be an unusual week for the Pucciarelli's. My father celebrates his 75th birthday, my parents celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary and my brother gets married. Unfortunately all these events fall in this time frame.

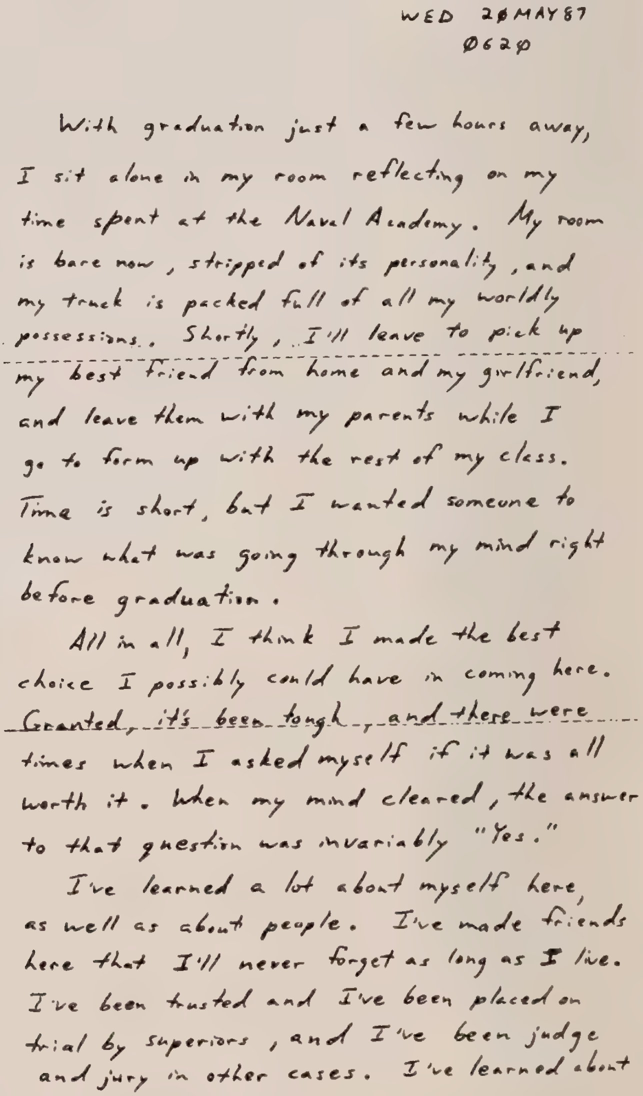
However, your "honor," in my mind, precludes these family joys and you can bet I will be seated proudly among you on Graduation Day.

No matter what your faith group may be, or what heritage you may be from, my prayers will be with you always, my new classmates, the members of the Class of 1987.

God speed, fair winds, and a lot of "staminer" be with you all!

FATHER POOCH

During the hours just before Commissioning every midshipman looks back with mixed feelings on the past, and wonder about the future. Years from now, we may wonder, "What was I thinking on that day?" One thoughtful midshipman put his feelings down in this letter, which he put into the cover he tossed into the air. He most likely did not expect his letter to land in the yearbook office, but hopefully he won't mind sharing his words with his classmates.



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With graduation just a few hours away, I sit alone in my room reflecting on my time spent at the Naval Academy. My room is bare now, stripped of its personality, and my truck is packed full of all my worldly possessions. Shortly, I'll leave to pick up my best friend from home and my girlfriend, and leave them with my parents while I go to form up with the rest of my class. Time is short, but I wanted someone to know what was going through my mind right before graduation.

All in all, I think I made the best choice I possibly could have in coming here. Granted, it's been tough, and there were times when I asked myself if it was all worth it. When my mind cleared, the answer to that question was invariably "Yes."

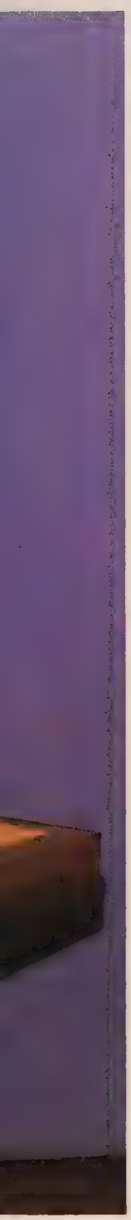
I've learned a lot about myself here, as well as about people. I've made friends here that I'll never forget as long as I live. I've been trusted and I've been placed on trial by superiors, and I've been judge and jury in other cases. I've learned about love and I've learned about life, and realized just how naive I really was. I learned humility and pride, but was shown that there are things which one cannot do alone.

My experience here at the Academy is one which I will treasure always. For every negative experience I can recall, I can find ten positive points. I wouldn't have missed it for the world!

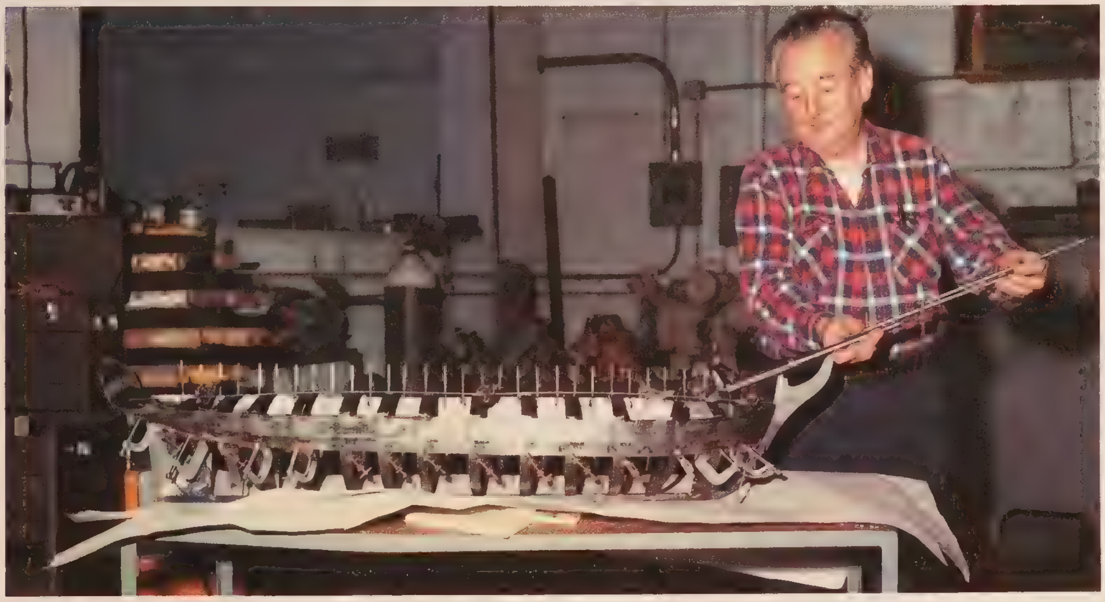
Thanks for taking the time to read the incoherent babblings of a midshipman on the brink of exhaustion from celebration, preparation, and a bit of apprehension over his new career. I hope you have found this note as interesting as I have found it necessary. If so, it has accomplished its purpose.

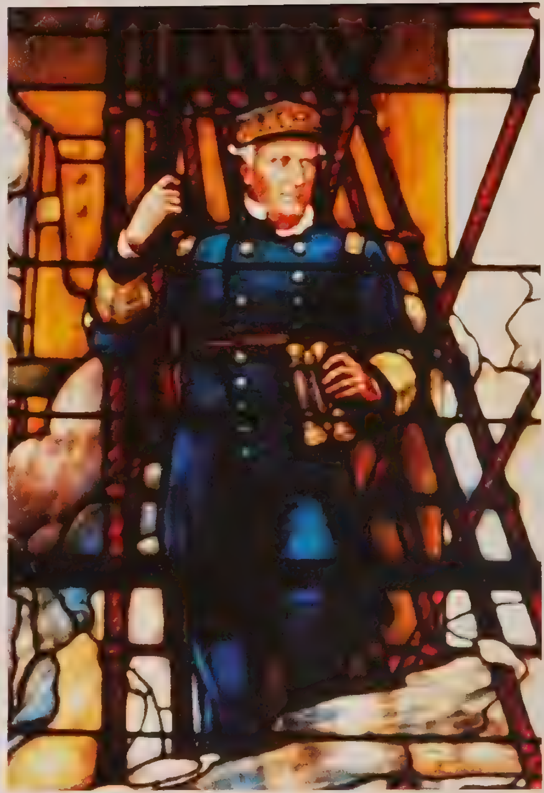
God Bless!

U.S.S. CONSTITUTION



The model of the U.S.S. Constitution on which this book's cover is based was built by Mr. Olaf Eriksen. It is one of the most astounding model ships ever made. Constructed entirely of scrap stainless steel, the model is eighty inches long and fifty-five inches high. It weighs over 125 pounds, and is insured for nearly a half million dollars by Mr. Donald Trump, who had it on display in his casino in Atlantic City. The model is perfect down to the smallest detail, and is a truly breathtaking sight. No less incredible is its creator. Mr. Eriksen put in over 4500 hours of work on his model. In 1956, Mr. Eriksen arrived in the United States, an emigrant with five dollars in his pocket. Today he is the President of a major company. He obviously works as hard in his business as he does in his hobby. The Lucky Bag feels that this "only in America" success story behind the models makes the choice of cover designs even more meaningful in this bicentennial year.





In Closing . . .

According to the Academy's catalog, 27 percent of my class worked on a high school publication, so you might expect it to be easy to put together a yearbook staff, drawing on all of this journalistic experience. I realized this was not true, however, after about the twentieth time I heard someone say, "No way! I worked on my yearbook in high school — you'd have to be crazy to do that twice!" If that's true, it leaves only the crazy and the inexperienced to produce the world's biggest yearbook.

The size of this task is overwhelming. I know, because I have felt overwhelmed by it many times. Although the production of any yearbook is a sizeable chore, the **Lucky Bag** staff faced some unique challenges. For example, during the school year the staff was allowed to work only from 5 to 7 in the morning and from 7:15 to 8:00 p.m. Considering the number of man-hours required, I find that incredible. Further, extracirricular activities come dead last in the midshipman "Table of Priorities," so when exhorting my staff to meet deadlines, I always had to remind them that studying, sports, room-cleaning, and countless other facets of Academy life took priority over yearbook work. I am truly thankful for the dedicated staff members who somehow managed to get their jobs done. I only wish that I could have offered them more in return. On many college books half the size with four times the manpower, the staffs are given credit hours, semesters off, and even money to complete their task. I'm not greedy, but I wouldn't have minded being able to compensate the staff somehow for its work. Unfortunately, "special privileges are not accorded" to the yearbook staff, since it does not qualify as a Brigade Support Activity, a category reserved for activities "of special importance to the Naval Academy because of their representational value."

All things considered, I think the staff did a commendable job, and I can at least give them recognition. Jane Collins, my associate editor, kept the staff organized and motivated. I can only hope that she learned from my mistakes, and will avoid making the same ones. Layout editor Lisa Rathjen once again took over a section late in the game and turned it into a winner. The business staff of Kim Boyer, Duane Carr, and Roni Plautz put a lot of effort into keeping our budget balanced. Dave Hoff and his fine staff of photographers did an efficient and professional job in capturing the year on film. Copy editor Missy Cummings and assistant Tim Burgess did all that was asked of them. Putting it all together was a hard-working team of section editors: Lorene Paulsen, sports; Rob Carlisle, acitivities; Laura Stroman and Kerry Romig, the year; and Sandra Hill, companies. I am especially grateful for the many hours of help from two honorary staff members, Brigid Reidy and Liz Graham, whose home doubled as my weekend office.

This book would have been impossible without the cooperation, assistance, and patience of a great many people, all of whom have earned my heartfelt gratitude. I would like to thank my officer representatives, Commander Craighill, Commander Barry, and Lieutenant Winsor, whose advice and support were crucial to the staff. *Tusen takk* to Mr. Olaf Eriksen for his kind assistance and understanding patience. Working with Yearbook Associates has again been a pleasure. A very special note of thanks goes to Mr. Jim Logue, whose dedication, advice, and friendship have meant so much to me and the staff over the last four years.

Finally, I am grateful for all of the support given to me by family and friends. Especially to Mom, Dad, Brigid, Liz, and Room 101: thanks for all the memories, hope this book helps us preserve them.

Beat Army!

Ted Anderson

Ted Anderson

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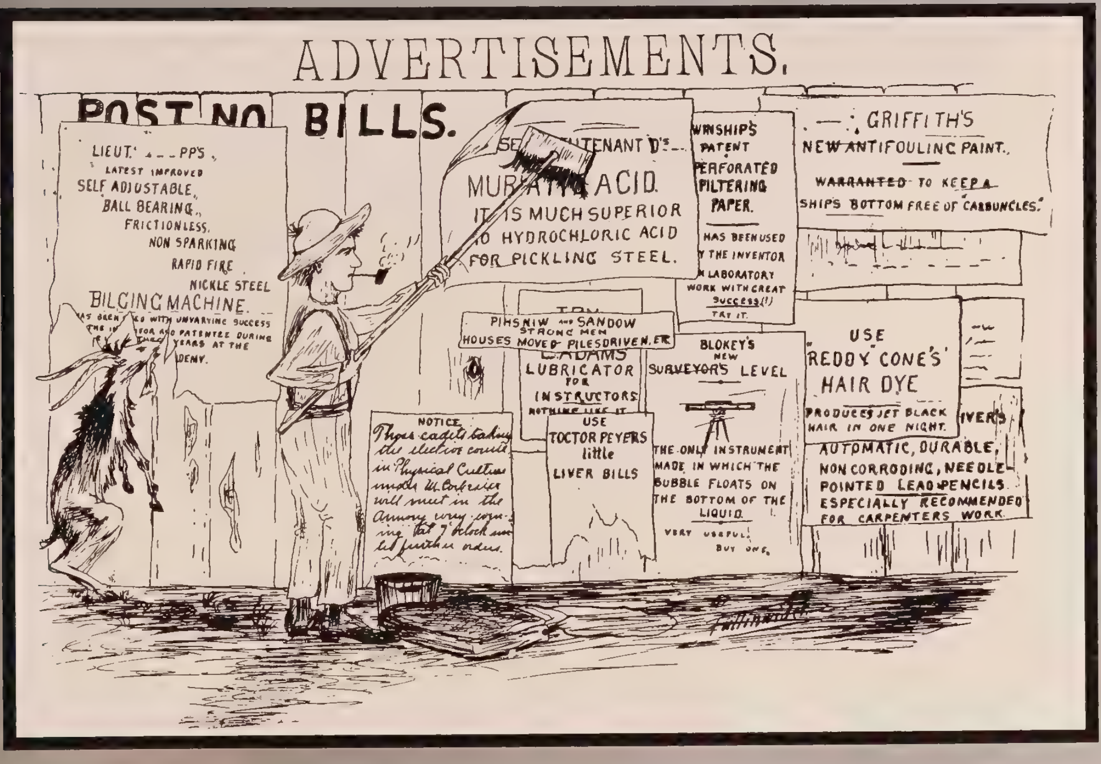
Ever since the cartoon below introduced the advertising section in the first Lucky Bag, advertisements have been an important part of the book. Advertising is one of the few business transactions which benefits all parties involved. The advertiser gains customers and builds interest, the book generates needed income, and the reader gets valuable information. The advertisers who have purchased space in our book, from the local merchant to the largest corporation, represent the ideal of free enterprise at its best. This principle, protected for two hundred years by our Constitution, is as central to our nation's heritage and future as the mainmast was to the U.S.S. Constitution.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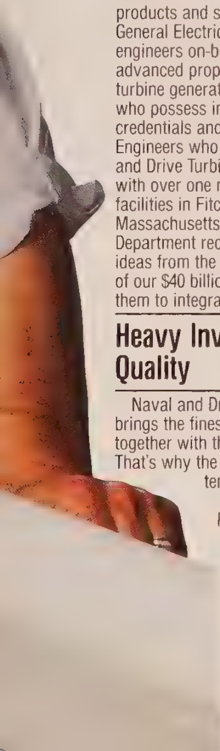

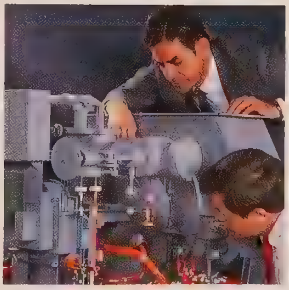

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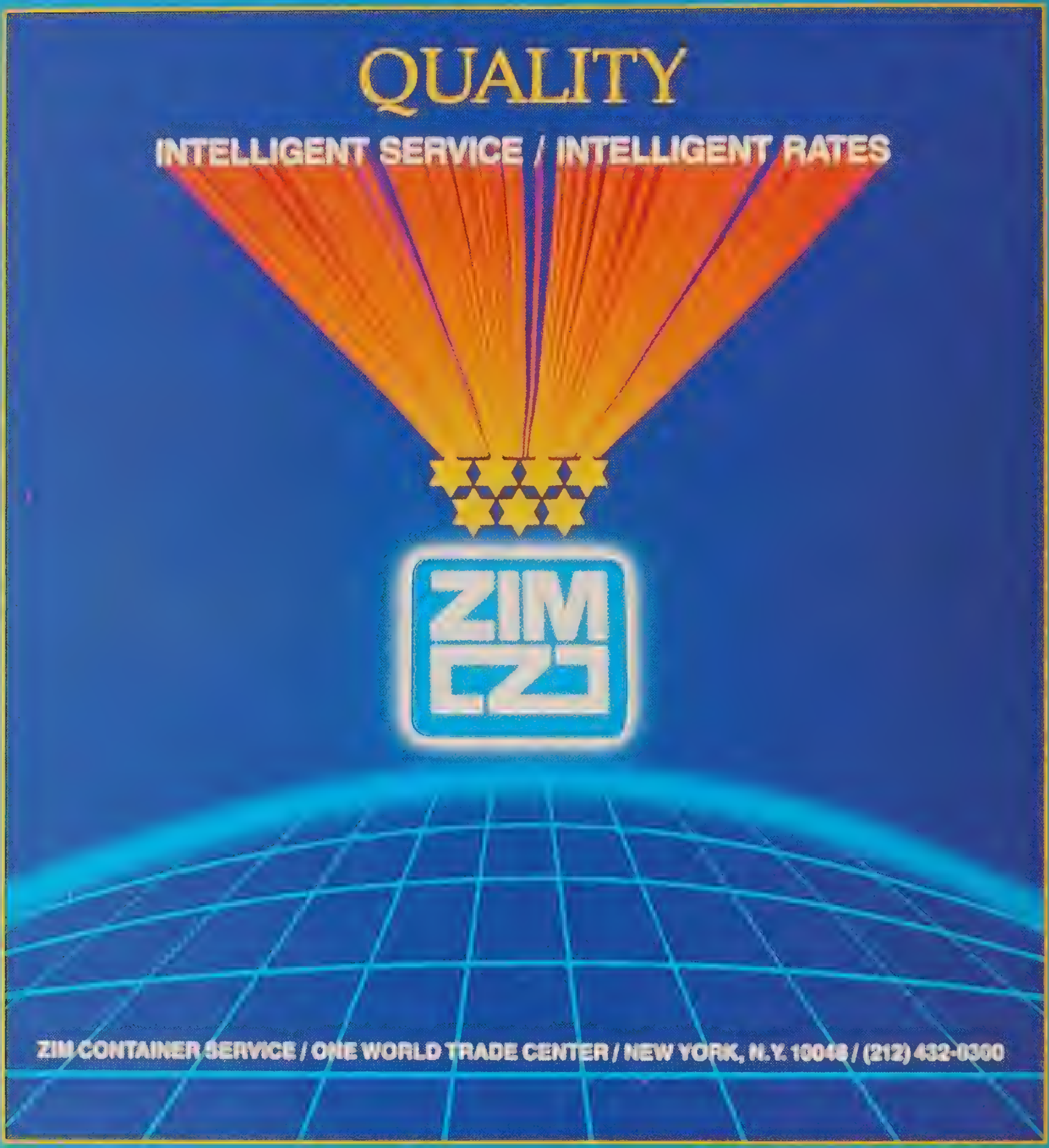
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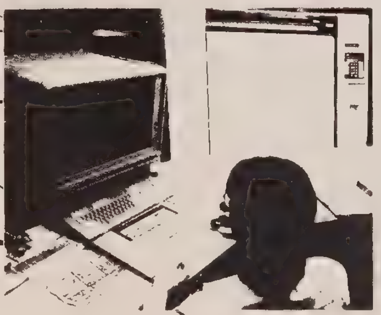

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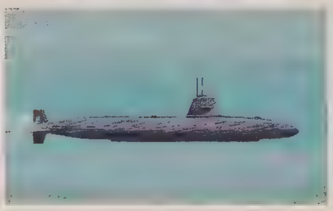

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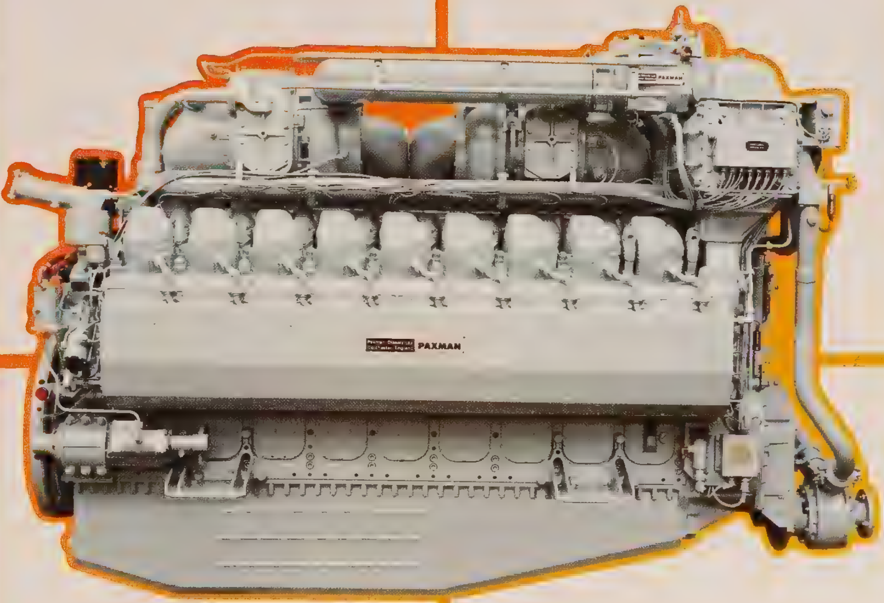

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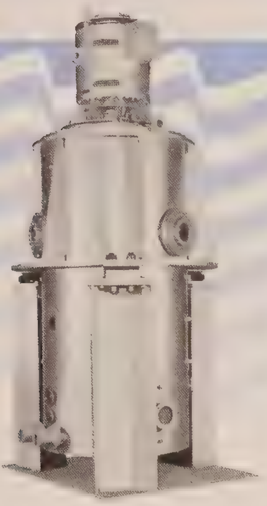
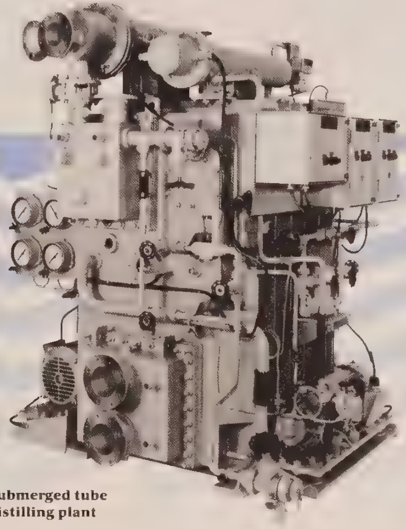
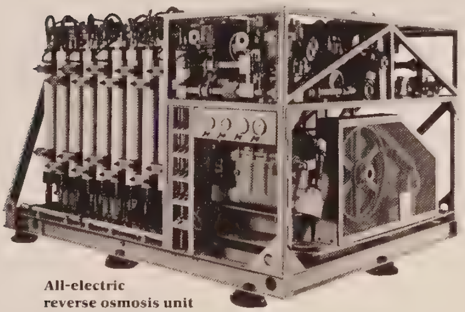


Vertical vapor
compression
distilling plant



Submerged tube
distilling plant



All-electric
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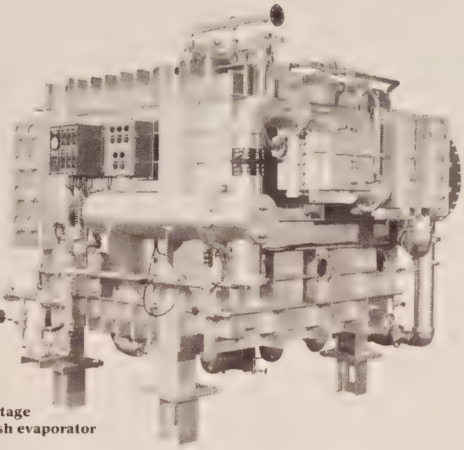

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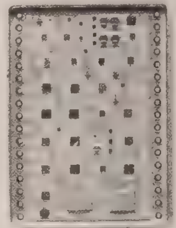

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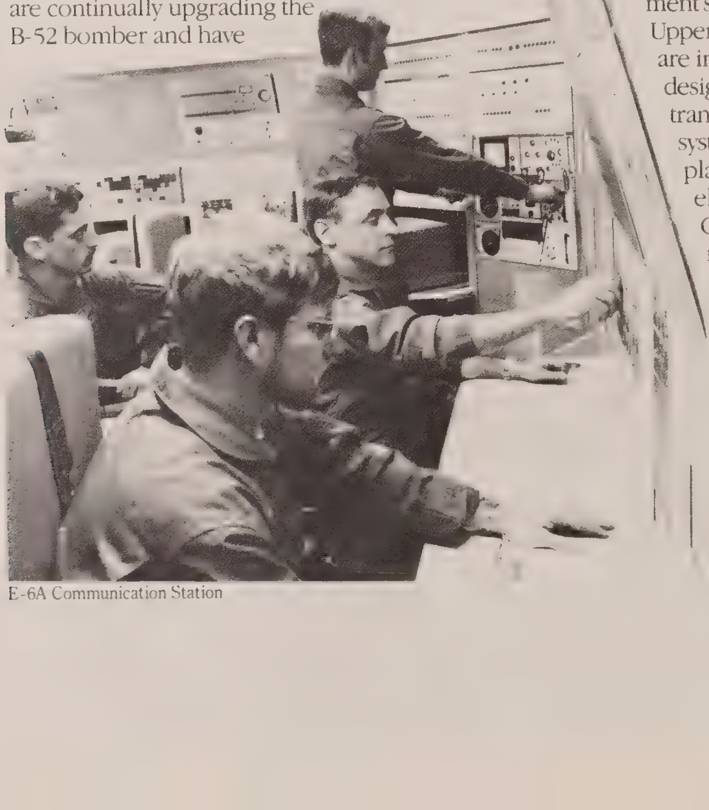

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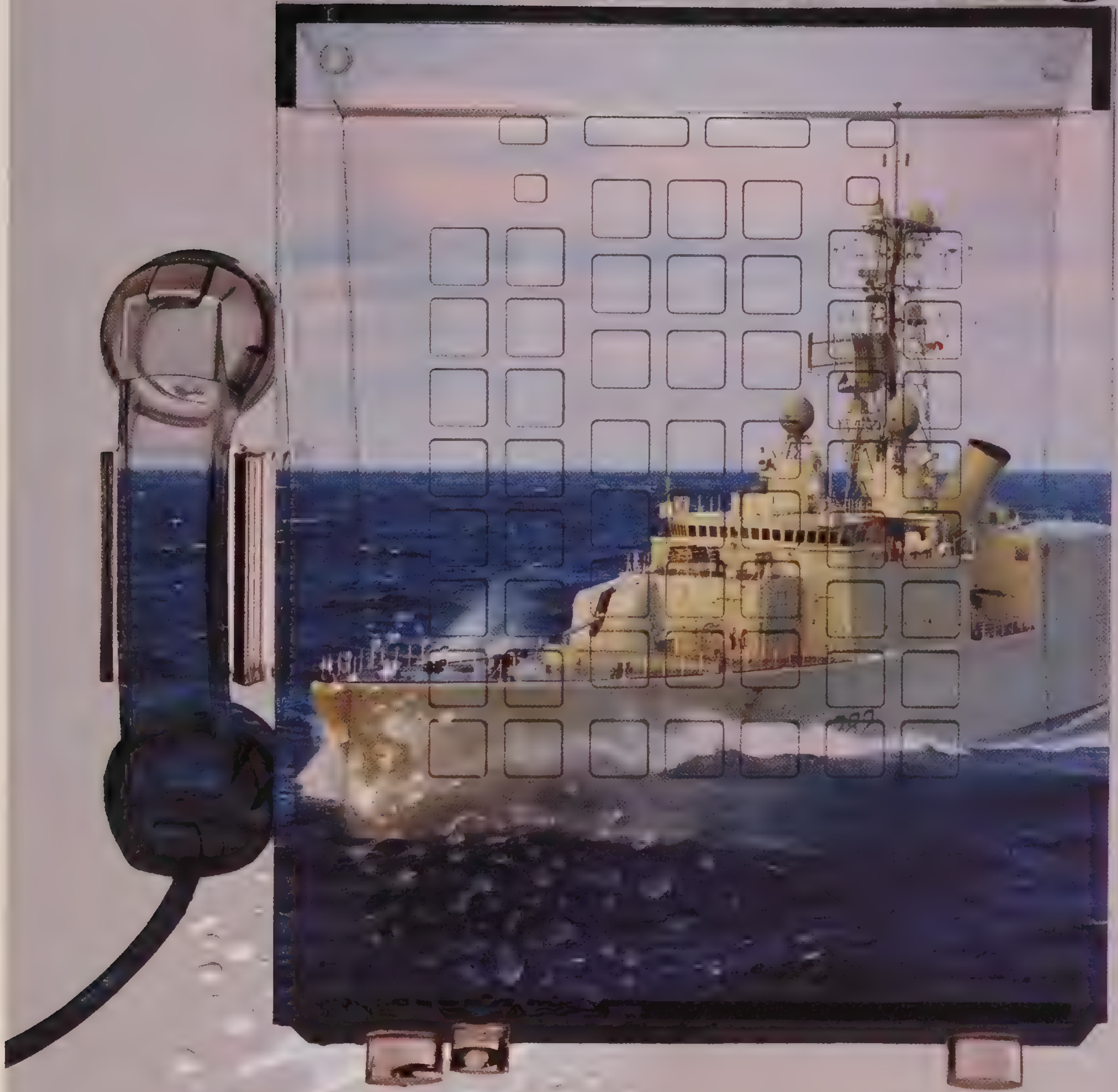

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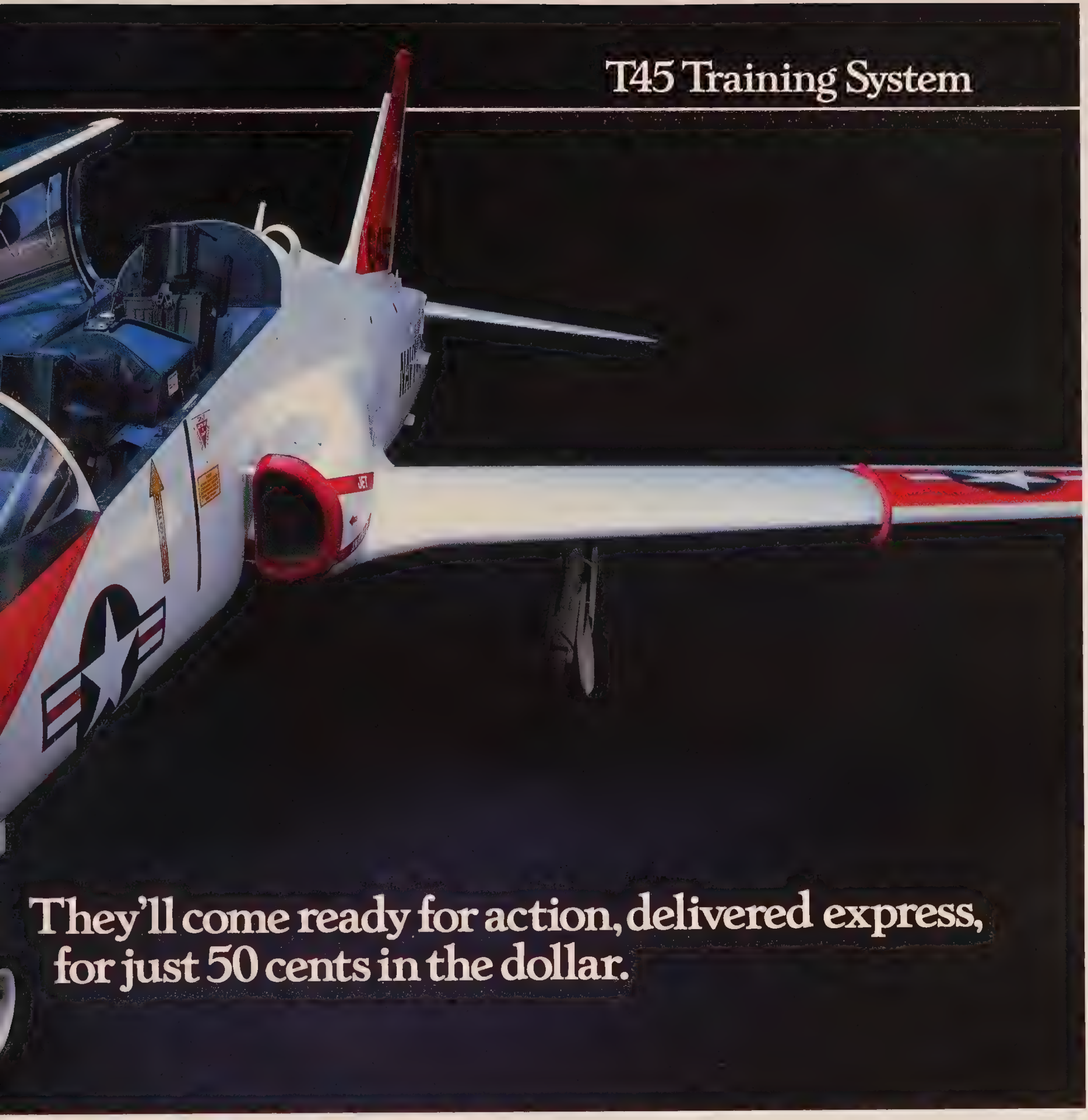
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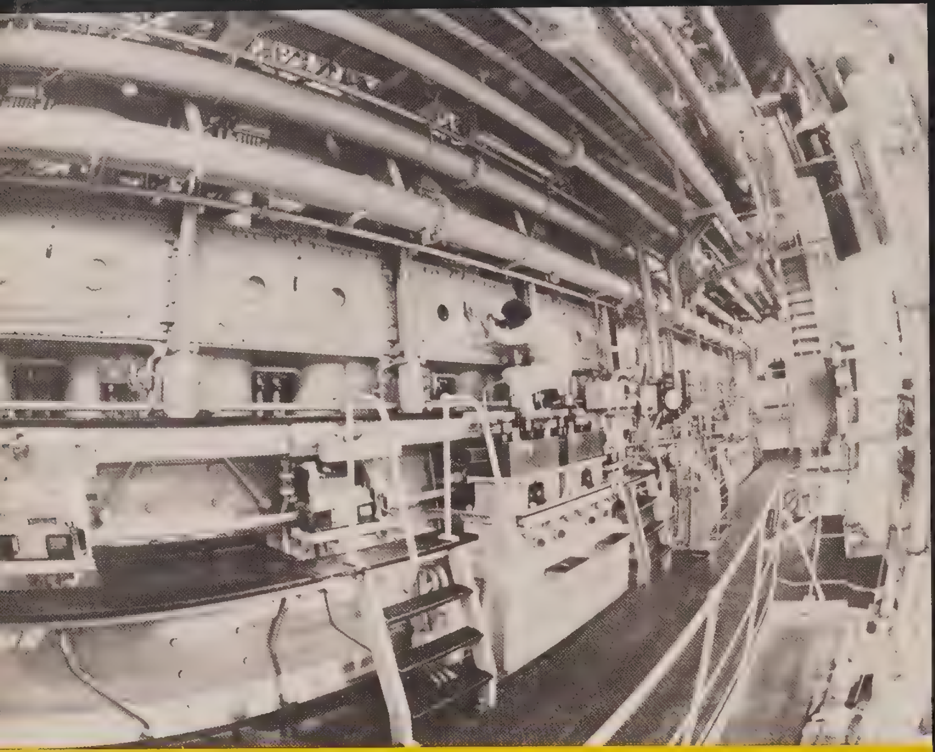

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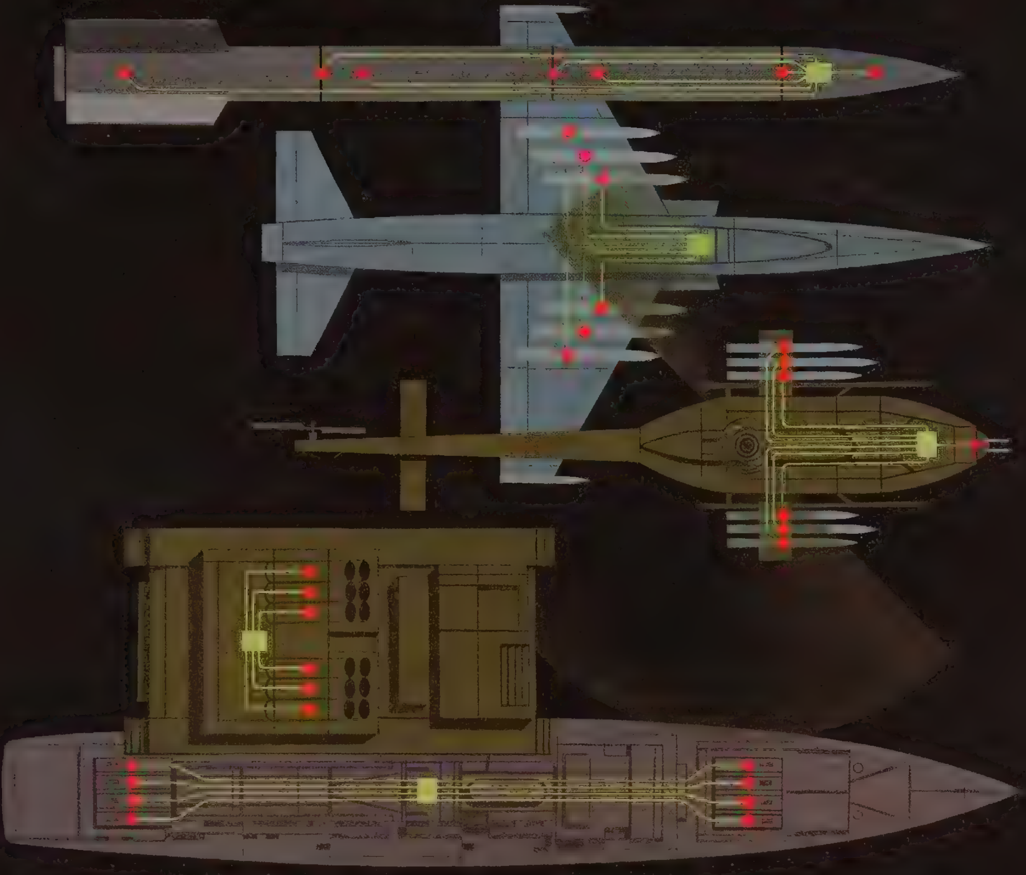

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UC-12J Specifications

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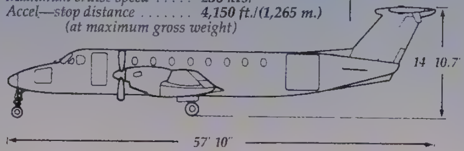

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The UC-12J is a result of the continuing development of the Beechcraft Super King Air turboprop, of which more than 270 are now in service with four branches of the U.S. military. The UC-12J offers enhanced versatility with a forward airstair door and an aft cargo door, larger (457 cu.ft.) main cabin, and extended c.g. range. A pair of 1100 hp Pratt & Whitney PT6A-65B turboprops deliver a cruise speed of 256 knots.

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For more information about the UC-12J write: Beech Aircraft Corporation, Aerospace Programs, Wichita, KS 67201.

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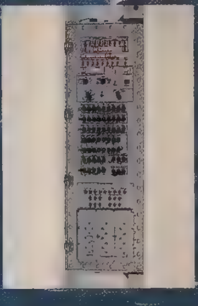

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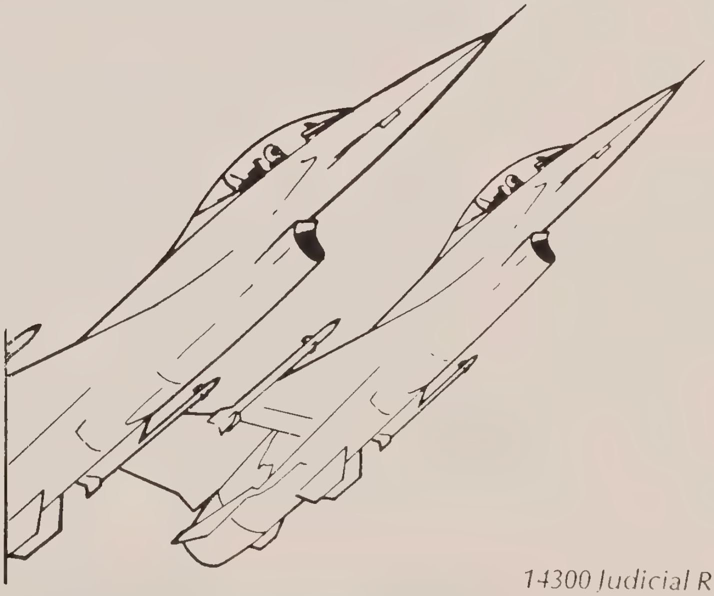

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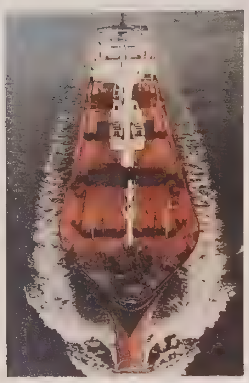

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- *Receipt of Class newsletters, Homecoming information, etc.*
- *Employment assistance*

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Best wishes for future happiness and success as you join the ranks of alumni who long have rendered distinguished service to our Country, our Navy and our Naval Academy!

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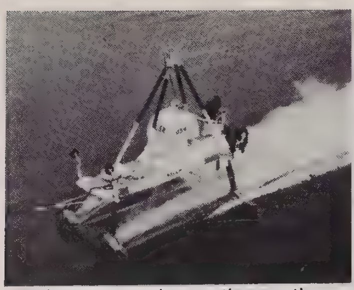

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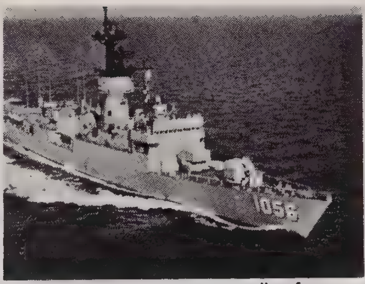

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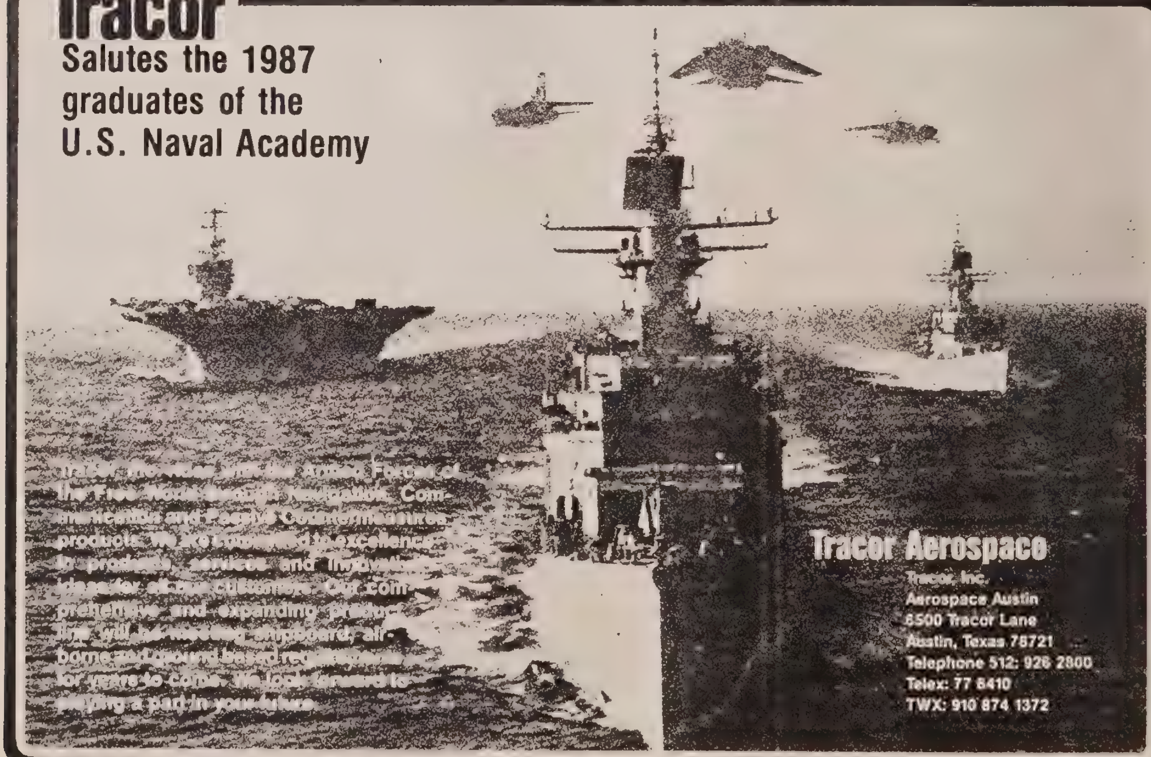

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Over a mile of lines were employed to control the U.S.S. Constitution's 42,000 square feet of sail, and heaving on the wrong line could have disasterous results. The task of finding the right lines might seem overwhelming, but the monkey rail at the foot of the mast made it possible for sailors to keep the lines in order. An 848-page yearbook may seem equally overwhelming, but this index makes it possible to find the right names. For the first time, midshipmen of all four classes are indexed.

INDEX

A

Aanonsen, Paul Christian *(87)* ***251, 256***
Aaron, Matthew Bradford *(88)* ***337, 629***
Abaya, Joseph Aguinaldo *(88)* ***274***
Abbott, Christopher Leon *(88)* ***429***
Abel, Scott Gregory *(89)* ***295***
Abel, Warren Robert *(90)* ***305***
Abuyen, Elena Lodronio *(88)* ***490***
Acey, Chad Francis *(89)* ***408***
Acheson, Rick James *(88)* ***429***
Acosta, George Alberto *(89)* ***295***
Acton, Gregory Lee *(88)* ***471***
Adams, Brian Stephen *(89)* ***543***
Adams, Charlton Peter *(89)* ***252***
Adams, Christopher James *(90)* ***461***
Adams, David John *(87)* ***344, 345, 350***
Adams, Jeffrey David *(88)* ***265***
Adams, John Jay *(87)* ***312, 318***
Adams, Robert Gay *(89)* ***543***
Adams, Tammy Michelle *(88)* ***408, 663***
Adams, Thomas Edward *(87)* ***468, 469, 474, 771***
Adissi, Louis Gerard *(88)* ***274***
Adkinson, Jason Gray *(90)* ***389***
Adler, Robert Michael *(87)* ***551, 556***
Aeschbach, Robert Harold *(90)* ***522***
Aguilar, Max Enrique *(88)* ***553***
Ahearn, Patrick Michael *(87)* ***436, 442***
Ahnen, Anthony Eugene *(89)* ***429***
Akin, Jeffrey Jackson *(88)* ***242***
Akins, Scott William *(89)* ***398***
Alberto, Alberto Rey *(88)* ***480***
Albritton, David Jerome *(88)* ***522***
Alcazar, Adrian *(90)* ***461***
Alder, John Edward *(87)* ***407, 412***
Aldridge, Daniel John *(87)* ***334, 335, 340***
Alesi, Michael David *(90)* ***461***
Alexander, Brian Thomas *(88)* ***305***
Alexander, Edward Eugene *(88)* ***408***
Alexander, Fred Julius *(90)* ***202***
Alexander, Peter Dietz *(88)* ***398***
Alexander, Randy Eugene *(89)* ***213***
Alexander, Stephen Thomas *(88)* ***213***
Alicea, Leroy *(90)* ***543***
Allam, Bryant David *(88)* ***202***
Allbee, Thomas Robert *(90)* ***389***
Allen, Franklin Leroy *(90)* ***347***
Allen, Glenn Robert *(88)* ***265***
Allen, Gregory Carter *(89)* ***429***
Allen, Kathryn Anne *(87)* ***520, 521, 526***
Allen, Melinda Waldo *(88)* ***366***
Allen, Peyton McKean *(89)* ***480***
Allen, Ronald Duane *(88)* ***242***
Alley, James Scott *(87)* ***293, 298***
Allison, Todd Michael *(87)* ***293, 298***
Almonte, Julienne Emily Credo *(88)* ***326***
Altobello, Mark Daniel *(88)* ***450***
Altomare, Daniel Thomas *(88)* ***274***
Altomari, Anthony Eric *(89)* ***337***
Alvarez, Dawn Maria *(87)* ***468, 474, 774***
Amatuccio, Nicholas John *(88)* ***450, 742***
Ambrogi, Paul Alfred *(88)* ***532, 580, 628***
Ambrose, Charles Richard *(87)* ***468, 474***
Ames, Sheryl Lynn *(90)* ***284***
Amiaga, Stephen John *(90)* ***284***
Amy, Clare Hammett *(87)* ***458, 464***
Andersen, Mark Steven *(89)* ***213***
Anderson, Bryan D *(89)* ***377***
Anderson, Craig Arnold *(89)* ***532***
Anderson, Dale Edward *(87)* ***510, 516, 627***
Anderson, Darryl Christian *(89)* ***295***
Anderson, David Terry *(87)* ***550, 551, 556***
Anderson, Edward Leo *(90)* ***232***
Anderson, Emory Arthur *(89)* ***419***
Anderson, Eric John *(90)* ***377***
Anderson, Geoffrey Leigh *(87)* ***407, 412***
Anderson, Kent Harden *(90)* ***419***
Anderson, Michael Douglas *(87)* ***365, 370***
Anderson, Richard Andrew *(87)* ***396, 402***
Anderson, Theodore Peter *(87)* ***101, 521, 526, 590, 627***
Anderson, Van Anthony *(88)* ***232***
Anderson, William S *(90)* ***429***
Andrews, Timothy *(88)* ***522***
Androski, Alan *(88)* ***438***
Angeloni, William David *(87)* ***195, 436, 442, 770***
Anglin, Anthony James *(90)* ***438***
Anselmi, David Leo *(89)* ***314***
Anyan, Julie Ann *(89)* ***337***
Apollonio, George Andrew *(89)* ***314***
Applegarth, Sara Annette *(89)* ***242***
Araojo, Michael Erestain *(90)* ***326***
Arbaugh, Thomas William *(90)* ***274***
Archbold, Gregory Clark *(90)* ***562***
Archer, Luther *(89)* ***326, 667***
Arellano, Anthony John Gustavo *(87)* ***374, 380***
Arensmeyer, Daniel Darin *(89)* ***543***
Arguelles, James Patrick *(88)* ***242, 625***
Arias, Christopher Vincent *(87)* ***220, 226***
Ark, Brian John *(90)* ***450***
Armbrust, Kurt William *(89)* ***252***
Armstrong, Bradley Steven *(89)* ***366***
Armstrong, Gary C *(88)* ***265***
Armstrong, James Richard *(89)* ***429***
Armstrong, Leonard Douglas *(88)* ***356***
Armstrong, Vonda Monique *(90)* ***398***
Arnold, Kevin Scott *(88)* ***450***
Arnold, Thomas Eugene *(88)* ***284***
Arny, Louis Wayne *(90)* ***429***
Art, Raymond Andrew *(89)* ***347***
Arteta, David Alexander *(90)* ***513***
Artis, Kennon Anthony *(88)* ***274, 630***
Artman, Lawrence J *(90)* ***389***
Arvizu, Mark Robert *(90)* ***480***
Asher, Dean Byrd Lee *(90)* ***543***
Ashley, Darin Walker *(87)* ***442***
Ashliman, Monty Gerald *(90)* ***326***
Asper, Francis Xavier *(90)* ***398***
Attisani, David Thomas *(87)* ***210, 216***
Augenstein, Roger Craig *(87)* ***458, 459, 464***
Ault, Darren Wayne *(88)* ***398***
Austin, Joseph Manning *(89)* ***356***
Autry, Mark Allen *(89)* ***522***
Autry, Suzanne Marie *(90)* ***513***
Averna, Paul Klaus *(89)* ***305***
Avery, Curtis Duncan *(88)* ***450***
Avery, John Francis *(87)* ***210***
Avila, David Louis *(90)* ***532***
Aytes, Jon Morgan *(90)* ***377***

B

Babu, Ravi *(89)* ***461***
Bach, William Lance *(88)* ***389***
Bachelier, Larre Anthony *(89)* ***202***
Bacigalupo, Thomas Mark *(87)* ***521, 526, 630***
Bacon, Daniel Keith *(88)* ***450***
Badeer, Robert Todd *(88)* ***213***
Badger, David Dwain *(87)* ***240, 241, 246***
Badorf, Michael Glenn *(90)* ***377***
Baez, Hector Luis *(89)* ***543***
Bahn, Christian Simon *(87)* ***231, 236***
Bailey, Charles Richard *(89)* ***377, 628***
Bailey, John Karl *(88)* ***232***
Bailley, Charles Mackin *(88)* ***438***
Bain, Donald Eugene *(90)* ***223***
Baird, Michael James *(89)* ***347***
Baker, Charles Ross *(87)* ***417, 422***
Baker, Deadrick David *(88)* ***450***
Baker, James Matthew *(87)* ***293, 298, 629, 771, 772***
Baker, Joel Brian *(87)* ***197, 510, 516***
Baker, Michelle Renee *(90)* ***429***
Baker, Ralph Lynn *(88)* ***252***
Baker, Samuel Cranage *(87)* ***478, 479, 484, 771***
Baker, Steven Patrick *(89)* ***284***
Bakkegard, Kristin Ann *(88)* ***562, 662***
Balboa, Juan Ramon *(88)* ***265***
Balch, Mary Elizabeth *(87)* ***261, 302, 308, 661, 771, 775***
Baldin, Kirk Frederick *(87)* ***561, 566, 628***
Baldwin, John Milton *(87)* ***436, 442***
Ball, Francisco Martin *(88)* ***232***
Ball, Herbert Edward *(90)* ***450***
Ball, James Q *(90)* ***562***
Ballister, Stephen Charles *(87)* ***101, 521, 526***
Ballou, Michael A *(89)* ***326***
Baltazar, Eric Lee *(87)* ***251, 256***
Balters, Matthew Lee *(88)* ***419***
Bandong, Russell Martinez *(89)* ***471***
Banister, Grady Thatcher *(87)* ***521, 527***
Banker, Robert Edwards *(88)* ***295***
Banks, Matthew Hoyle *(90)* ***242***
Banks, Randall Charles *(90)* ***438***
Bannach, Keith Bernard *(87)* ***230, 231, 236, 579, 770***
Bannister, Carroll Wesley *(90)* ***242***
Banoczi, Paul Benjamin *(88)* ***232, 711***
Baquer, Bryan Matthew *(90)* ***305***
Baratta, Michael Patrick *(89)* ***252***
Barba, Manuel *(90)* ***252***
Barber, James Douglas *(88)* ***366***
Barber, Michael Renard *(89)* ***213***
Barbosa, Carlos Martin *(89)* ***366***
Barboza, Klaus Johann *(88)* ***562***
Bardell, Darren Leo Marshal *(90)* ***213***
Barilar, Courtney Antoinette *(90)* ***562***
Barkdoll, Timothy Charles *(90)* ***242***
Barker, Andrew Boman *(88)* ***223***
Barker, Glenn Allen *(89)* ***305***
Barker, Karon Renee *(90)* ***356***
Barnaby, Jeffrey Taylor *(90)* ***398***
Barnes, Christopher Kevin *(89)* ***389***
Barnes, Erik Howard *(89)* ***242***
Barnett, Dwight Edward *(90)* ***501***
Barnett, Kevin Robert *(88)* ***461***
Barnett, Philip Lee *(88)* ***337***
Barney, James Richardson *(90)* ***408***
Barnhill, James R *(89)* ***232***
Barnocky, John Albert *(90)* ***513***
Baroun, Scott Kenneth *(89)* ***356***
Barranco, Paul Samuel *(90)* ***553***
Barrie, Stephen Kyle *(89)* ***366***
Bartel, Kent Alan *(90)* ***213***
Bartelloni, James Anthony *(90)* ***337***
Bartholf, Brian Stephen *(88)* ***202***
Bartlett, Aaron Call *(90)* ***202***
Bartlett, James Ernest *(88)* ***532, 626***
Barton, Joseph Gabriel *(88)* ***438, 628, 629***
Base, Thomas Edward *(88)* ***274***
Basil, Daniel Lee *(87)* ***312, 318***
Basile, Paul Michael *(89)* ***274, 742***
Bass, David Carl *(88)* ***242***
Bassett, Robert Buell *(89)* ***326***
Bastien, John Louis *(90)* ***471***
Batastini, Armando Emilio *(89)* ***450***
Bates, Daniel Thomas *(87)* ***561, 562, 566***
Bates, David Rand *(89)* ***366, 673***
Bates, Donald Robert *(88)* ***562***
Bates, James Albert *(87)* ***498, 504, 625, 629***
Bates, Kenneth David *(90)* ***202***
Bath, Christine Noelle *(90)* ***532***
Battle, Steven Scott *(87)* ***530, 536, 758***
Bauermeister, Mark William *(90)* ***471***
Baugh, Walter Thomas *(88)* ***337, 629***
Baumgarten, Peter Brian *(88)* ***213***
Baumgartner, Joseph Edward *(89)* ***562***
Bayesa, Michael Christopher *(88)* ***366***
Bayliss, Patrick Scott *(89)* ***419***
Baynes, Cabell Webster *(88)* ***202***
Bays, John Timothy *(87)* ***530, 536***
Baysic, Faustino Mandapat *(89)* ***284***
Beal, Charles Travis *(90)* ***522***
Beal, John Cunningham *(89)* ***356***
Beals, Keith Albert *(88)* ***501, 629***
Beaton, Ross Cameron *(87)* ***312, 318, 771***
Beatty, Mark Edward *(90)* ***419***
Beauchamp, Robert Edward *(90)* ***398***
Beauchesne, Monique Anne *(89)* ***377***
Beaulieu, Martin Ronald *(88)* ***480***
Beck, Thomas Hobart *(88)* ***543***
Becker, William John *(89)* ***213***
Beckley, Paul Alexander *(90)* ***202***
Beckman, Philip James *(90)* ***314***
Beddick, Cheryl Ann *(88)* ***562, 726***
Beemer, David Alan *(87)* ***551, 556***
Beer, Robert Markey *(90)* ***480***
Beers, Anthony Martin *(88)* ***337***
Begeman, Daniel Louis *(88)* ***532***
Beggs, James Harrison *(87)* ***282, 288***
Begley, Joseph Sheridan *(89)* ***265***
Behning, Alan Robert *(88)* ***213***
Bekken, Brett Michael *(89)* ***366***
Beicher, Mark Allen *(87)* ***201, 206***
Belesimo, Thomas Raymond *(87)* ***312, 318, 704***
Bell, Brian Edward *(88)* ***461***
Bell, James Anthony *(89)* ***532***
Bell, Keith Douglas *(89)* ***461, 626***
Bell, Michael Denis *(87)* ***292, 293, 298***
Bell, Quintin Roosevelt *(90)* ***522***
Bell, Sabrina Susan *(90)* ***553***
Bell, Zachariah Randolph *(89)* ***513***
Belles, Michael McAllister *(89)* ***553***
Belling, Ralph John *(87)* ***240, 246***
Bellino, John Joseph *(89)* ***490***
Bello, Robert John *(88)* ***438, 629***
Beltz, Nathan Emil *(89)* ***274***
Bement, David Carl *(87)* ***458, 464***
Bender, Craig Stanley *(88)* ***522***
Bendik, Frank Regis *(90)* ***305***
Benedict, Raymond John *(89)* ***419***
Benedict, Scott Francis *(90)* ***366, 665***
Benites, Richard Jason *(90)* ***232***
Bennett, Bruce Scott *(88)* ***223***
Bennett, Dawn Louise *(88)* ***252***
Bennett, James Wesley *(87)* ***210, 216***
Bennett, Robert Taylor *(89)* ***398***
Beno, Michael Lawrence *(88)* ***305***
Bensing, Jeffrey Scott *(88)* ***252***
Benson, Harry Warner *(87)* ***436, 437, 443***
Benson, Kirk Raymond *(87)* ***312, 319***
Benson, Robert Edward Lee *(89)* ***398***
Berg, James Frederick *(89)* ***389***
Berger, Brenda Kathleen *(89)* ***347***
Berger, Charles Edward *(90)* ***562***
Bergman, David Manning *(89)* ***202***
Bergmann, Mark William *(89)* ***490***
Berkhout, Broderick VanBuren *(90)* ***202***
Bernard, Gregory Christopher *(88)* ***366***
Bernardo, Joaquin Andre *(87)* ***365, 370***
Berner, John Aloysius *(87)* ***240, 246***
Bernhard, Michael William *(90)* ***471***
Bernhardt, David Taylor *(89)* ***513***
Berra, Matthew Joseph *(90)* ***562***
Berry, Carol Lee *(87)* ***530, 531, 536***
Berry, Kent Steven *(89)* ***480***
Berry, Lewis Parks *(90)* ***471***
Bertholf, Paul Francis *(88)* ***305***
Bertoldi, Joseph Anthony *(90)* ***284***
Berzins, Raymond Alfred *(90)* ***408***
Beutter, Richard Alan *(89)* ***501***
Bevans, Paul Bastos *(87)* ***240, 246***
Beyer, Kurt William *(90)* ***326***
Beymer, Robert Bryan *(89)* ***471***
Bibeau, Scott Christopher *(87)* ***374, 380***
Bible, Mark William *(88)* ***347***
Bibza, Todd Ronald *(88)* ***377, 719***
Bice, Michael Kenneth *(90)* ***202***
Bichard, Raymond Ward *(90)* ***326***
Bickham, Terry Michael *(88)* ***347***
Biddinger, David Myrvin *(87)* ***325, 330, 588***
Bidus, Michael Allan *(90)* ***543***
Bigbee, Anthony James *(89)* ***213***
Biggie, Theodore Albert *(88)* ***461***
Bigler, Robert Clark *(89)* ***553***
Billingslea, Willie Demoore *(89)* ***553***
Bills, Matthew Howard *(88)* ***265***
Bindi, Victor Perry *(90)* ***398***
Bingham, Charles Richard *(88)* ***242, 628***
Binnix, Michael Kenneth *(88)* ***389***
Bisaillon, David Gerald *(87)* ***282, 288***
Bishop, Daniel James *(90)* ***532***
Bishop, Matthew Cameron *(89)* ***295, 701***
Bissa, John Paul *(87)* ***197, 386, 392, 578, 770***
Bivans, Roger Wayne *(88)* ***326, 627, 629***
Black, Bruce Jerome *(89)* ***295***
Blackburn, Douglas Lawrence *(87)* ***449, 454, 626***
Blackburn, Francis McKinley *(90)* ***295***
Blackman, David Burgess *(90)* ***356***
Blackstone, Joseph Edward *(90)* ***326***
Blackstone, William John *(88)* ***265***
Blackwelder, Bradford Alton *(90)* ***242***
Blackwell, Matthew Blake *(88)* ***532***
Blake, David Ian *(90)* ***408***
Blalock, John Howard *(90)* ***543***
Blalock, John Kenneth *(89)* ***242***
Blanchard, Arthur Alexander *(87)* ***449, 454***
Blankenship, Anthony Ryan *(89)* ***438***
Blankenship, Jeffrey Edche *(90)* ***252***
Blanton, Robert Glenn *(89)* ***223***
Blasini, Jorge Felix *(87)* ***458, 464***
Blazis, Enoch James *(87)* ***449, 454***
Bleakley, James Moore *(90)* ***461***
Bleiler, Glenn Edward *(89)* ***232***
Blette, Steven James *(89)* ***562***
Bliss, Matthew Scott *(87)* ***196, 302, 308***
Blochberger, Sean Charles *(87)* ***374, 375, 380***
Block, Eric Schuyler *(88)* ***284***
Block, Oliver J *(89)* ***305***
Blum, John Erik *(90)* ***513, 650***
Blum, Leopold Bernard *(89)* ***532***
Blumenberg, Clifford Andrew *(87)*

196, 272, 278, 770
Boals, Stephen Emanuel *(90)* ***337***
Bober, Andrew Alan *(89)* ***553***
Boerman, Douglas Alan *(87)* ***386, 392***
Bogan, Thomas Patrick *(90)* ***377***
Bogan, William Bradley *(90)* ***274***
Bogard, Anthony Wade *(89)* ***314***
Bogner, David Erich *(90)* ***490***
Bohanek, Robert Michael *(90)* ***284***
Boisvert, Daniel Richard *(89)* ***347***
Boland, James Pius *(88)* ***295, 608***
Bolat, Jean-Pierre *(87)* ***282, 288***
Bolinger, Todd Wesley *(87)* ***416, 417, 422***
Bolt, Christopher Eugene *(87)* ***197, 407, 412, 770***
Bomhold, Richard Lee *(88)* ***408***
Bonacci, Joseph R *(90)* ***202***
Bond, Joseph Colet *(90)* ***356***
Bond, Phillip Sawyer *(87)* ***417, 422***
Bondura, David Andrew *(88)* ***265***
Bonn, Timothy Alan *(87)* ***272, 278***
Bonney, Richard Scott *(90)* ***480***
Bookwalter, Brad Allen *(88)* ***471, 626***
Borgdorff, Leonard Hugh *(87)* ***510, 516***
Borrego, Jaime *(89)* ***471***
Bosnic, Peggy Anne *(89)* ***265***
Boster, Jerry Ray *(89)* ***326***
Bostick, Kevin Dean *(89)* ***366***
Boswell, James Lewis *(90)* ***562***
Bott, Edward Joseph *(89)* ***450***
Bouchard, James Everett *(87)* ***354, 355, 360, 628, 771***
Boudreau, Vander Leonard *(88)* ***202***
Boughton, Richard Lamar *(90)* ***274***
Bouknight, David William *(90)* ***295***
Bourassa, Donald Robert *(90)* ***450***
Bourgeois, Paul Alan *(87)* ***510, 511, 516***
Bovshow, Adam Kennedy *(90)* ***366***
Bowers, Melissa Marie *(90)* ***295***
Bowie, Jason Lawrence *(89)* ***223***
Bowman, Paul David *(90)* ***450***
Bowmer, Scott Alan *(87)* ***540, 546***
Boyce, Wesley Mattox *(89)* ***377***
Boyd, Brad William *(87)* ***449, 454***
Boyer, Alan Lee *(87)* ***302, 303, 308***
Boyer, Kimberley Frances *(88)* ***429, 590***
Boyer, Scott Alan *(87)* ***293, 299***
Boylan, Frank Alpheus *(89)* ***450***
Boyles, Robert David *(89)* ***347***
Boyles, Steven Roy *(89)* ***295***
Bozzelli, Lisa Maria *(90)* ***532***
Brackett, Joyce Marie *(87)* ***374, 380***
Bradbury, Jeffrey Rowland *(89)* ***461***
Braden, Guy Milton *(87)* ***551, 556, 628, 771***
Bradford, Terry Lynn *(90)* ***471***
Bradley, Anthony John *(87)* ***449, 455***
Bradley, David Ross *(90)* ***419***
Bradley, James Otis *(90)* ***562***
Bradley, Marnie C *(90)* ***450, 722***
Bradley, Sybil Victoria *(87)* ***479, 484***
Brady, Charles Joseph *(90)* ***562***
Brady, John J *(90)* ***377***
Brady, Timothy Colin *(89)* ***377***
Bragg, David Lee *(87)* ***312, 319***
Bramble, John Michael *(87)* ***272, 278***
Bramble, Michael Lee *(88)* ***461***
Branchfield, Craig Randall *(87)* ***468, 474***
Brandeen, Douglas John *(89)* ***398***
Brandenburg, Michael Warthen *(87)* ***201, 206***
Brandicourt, Harry E M *(89)* ***347***
Brandle, Martin Edward *(87)* ***407, 412***
Brandt, Karl Dietrich *(87)* ***325, 330, 625, 629, 771, 772***
Brandt, Philip Dean *(87)* ***550, 551, 557, 596***
Branner, Keith Allen *(90)* ***522***
Brasek, Thomas Peyton *(87)* ***322, 374, 381***
Braun, Stephen Paul *(89)* ***284***
Brauns, Bryan Alan *(89)* ***202***
Bravo, Jeffrey Daniel *(89)* ***429***
Bray, William Richard *(88)* ***295***
Breed, Alfred Woolsleyer *(90)* ***284***
Breeden, Mark Raymond *(89)* ***490***
Brennan, Joseph Patrick *(88)* ***305***
Brennan, Kathleen Mary *(88)* ***513***
Brennan, Richard John *(89)* ***522***
Brenner, Joseph Reyner *(88)* ***490***
Breslauer, Michael Joseph *(89)* ***553***
Brill, Roger Edward *(87)* ***210, 216***
Brillante, Roy Alaan *(90)* ***337***
Brinkman, Joseph Mateo *(88)* ***223***
Brinkman, Mark Thomas *(90)* ***408***
Brisson, Wayne Paul *(88)* ***461***
Britt, Lawrence Francis *(87)* ***272, 278***
Britton, Brian Jassen *(89)* ***314***
Brivkalns, Chad Alexander *(89)* ***398***
Brock, Steven Vernon *(90)* ***377***
Brockett, Donald Brant *(89)* ***274***
Brockway, Barry Dean *(87)* ***354, 360***
Broderick, Samuel David *(90)* ***252***
Brooks, Kevin Arnold *(88)* ***265***
Brooks, Michael Joseph *(87)* ***449, 455***
Broshkevitch, Mark Robert *(87)* ***261, 312, 319, 770, 774***
Brosnan, Aaron Matthew *(90)* ***223***
Brounk, Margaret Mary *(88)* ***356***
Brousset, Jean Pierre *(89)* ***284***
Brown, Andre Darnell *(90)* ***408***
Brown, Bruce Trent *(89)* ***347***
Brown, Curtis Leo *(88)* ***377***
Brown, Daniel Joseph *(87)* ***396, 397, 402***
Brown, David Allen *(87)* ***220, 226***
Brown, Donald Steven *(89)* ***450***
Brown, Douglas Gordon *(89)* ***295***
Brown, Kelly Ann *(89)* ***213***
Brown, Kent Robert *(89)* ***326***
Brown, Kevin Lee *(89)* ***513***
Brown, Kevin Maurice *(90)* ***366***
Brown, Louis Edward *(90)* ***252***
Brown, Mark Steven *(87)* ***426, 427, 432, 628, 771, 772***
Brown, Marshall Brent *(87)* ***272, 279***
Brown, Michael Thomas *(88)* ***543***
Brown, Patrick Winston *(88)* ***480, 530***
Brown, Rodney Tyron *(90)* ***377***
Brown, Scott Alan *(87)* ***521, 527***
Brown, Suzanne Mary *(87)* ***436, 443, 613***
Brown, Theodore Leonard *(87)* ***197, 458, 465***
Brown, William Bartlett *(88)* ***513***
Brown, William Matthew *(88)* ***252***
Browne, Michael Edward *(87)* ***458, 465***
Browne, Putnam Huntington *(90)* ***314***
Browne, Thomas Patrick *(87)* ***458, 459, 465, 615, 630***
Bruce, Gary Madison *(90)* ***252***
Brumwell, Eric Paul *(90)* ***543***
Brune, Dan Wayne *(89)* ***450***
Brunett, Christopher Wood *(89)* ***522***
Brunk, Daniel James *(90)* ***347***
Brunn, Timothy James *(88)* ***490***
Bruno, Thomas Anthony *(89)* ***337***
Bruno, Thomas Arthur *(90)* ***419***
Bruns, Richard David *(88)* ***543***
Bryan, Daniel Wayne *(90)* ***461***
Bryant, Richard Renard *(88)* ***419, 630***
Bryson, David Andrew *(90)* ***543***
Brzozowsky, Keith William *(89)* ***356***
Buch, Eric James *(88)* ***337***
Buck, Janelle Kay *(90)* ***326***
Buck, Paul Gregory *(87)* ***416, 417, 422***
Buckholtz, Catheryne Mae *(90)* ***513***
Buckley, David Matthew *(87)* ***386, 392***
Buckley, Kathleen Marie *(87)* ***468, 475, 630, 726***
Buckon, Andrew Daly *(87)* ***354, 355, 360, 629, 771, 772***
Buechs, Todd Russell *(87)* ***530, 536***
Buehner, Thomas Michael *(88)* ***438***
Buenavista, Joseph ConstanteSears *(87)* ***293, 299, 670***
Buenviaje, Eric Martin *(89)* ***274***
Buenviaje, Jennifer Marie *(90)* ***356***
Buffington, Timothy Shayne *(89)* ***265***
Bufkin, Thomas Gerry *(90)* ***490***
Bulis, William Anthony *(90)* ***398***
Buller, Warren *(87)* ***530***
Bunce, Phillip Gregory *(88)* ***242***
Bunge, Alfred Anton *(88)* ***461***
Bunge, Paul Dieter *(87)* ***325, 330, 626***
Bunger, Robert Eugene *(90)* ***284***
Bunn, Jon David *(88)* ***356***
Bunosso, Anthony Thoma *(90)* ***553***
Burch, Jennifer Gail *(89)* ***461, 722***
Burch, Karen Lynn *(89)* ***242***
Burcher, Eugene Andrew *(88)* ***337***
Burden, Andrew David Alan *(90)* ***326***
Burger, Gary Conrad *(89)* ***532***
Burgermeister, George Scott *(88)* ***389***
Burgess, Keith Nelson *(88)* ***562***
Burgess, Mark Alan *(90)* ***490***
Burgess, Timothy Hampton *(90)* ***562***
Burgett, Kenneth Bruce *(88)* ***522***
Burgos, Brian Nicholas *(87)* ***250, 251, 256, 629, 771***
Burgos, Manuel *(90)* ***265***
Burgum, James Montgomery *(88)* ***274***
Burian, Erik Alfred *(89)* ***252***
Burke, Brian Kenneth *(89)* ***326***
Burke, Diana Marie *(89)* ***377***
Burke, Jason Byron *(88)* ***408***
Burke, John Anthony *(87)* ***448, 449, 455***
Burke, Sara Teresa *(90)* ***553, 661***
Burke, Stephen Norris *(89)* ***398***
Burkett, Paul Andrew *(87)* ***194, 201, 206, 625, 627, 770, 771, 772, 773***
Burkhart, William Wylie *(88)* ***389***
Burmeister, James Charles *(90)* ***305***
Burnett, Stephen Landrigan *(89)* ***438***
Burnham, David Leigh *(87)* ***220, 226***
Burns, David Allan *(87)* ***282, 288***
Burns, John Francis *(90)* ***501***
Burns, Michael Lenard *(90)* ***232***
Burns, Robert Nicholas *(87)* ***561, 566***
Burr, Richard Allen *(88)* ***242, 625***
Burris, Craig Martin *(87)* ***262, 263, 268***
Burroughs, Michael Delane *(90)* ***408***
Burrows, Jason Bradley *(90)* ***398***
Burt, Bryan Patrick *(88)* ***337***
Burton, Aaron Levon *(89)* ***305***
Burton, Lee Scott *(89)* ***461***
Busby, Robert William *(89)* ***501***
Bush, Laura Sue *(89)* ***377***
Bush, Timothy Sullivan *(90)* ***419***
Bushnell, Christopher John *(88)* ***543***
Bushnell, William Samuel *(90)* ***522***
Busko, Eric Kendall *(88)* ***419***
Bustillo, Felix Isbahoy *(89)* ***305***
Buthod, John Thomas *(89)* ***326***
Butka, Jay Anderson *(90)* ***213***
Butler, James Michael *(88)* ***377***
Butler, Mark Andrew *(88)* ***543***
Buxton, Robin Dale *(88)* ***490***
Buzzard, Gunnar Wade *(87)* ***479, 484***
Buzzelli, Paul James *(90)* ***522***
Byington, John Edward *(90)* ***522***
Bynum, Michael Ray *(88)* ***501***
Byrd, Michael Andrew *(90)* ***284***
Byrne, James Michael *(87)* ***194, 468, 475, 579, 770, 775***
Byrne, Shan Michael *(89)* ***480***
Byrne, William Declan *(87)* ***312, 319, 642, 643, 645, 649***

C

Cabaniss, Christian Gold *(90)* ***265***
Cabral, Suda Tai *(89)* ***450***
Cade, Martin Marshall *(88)* ***284***
Cadena, Aaron Michael *(90)* ***513***
Cady, Robert Ansel Holmes *(89)* ***501***
Cain, Andrew Lee *(90)* ***305***
Calandra, Anthony Lawrence *(88)* ***347***
Caldera, Andrew Lawrence *(88)* ***213***
Caldwell, Brian Vincent *(89)* ***213, 232, 242***
Caldwell, Conrad Chesnut *(87)* ***364, 365, 370***
Caldwell, Matthew Alan *(88)* ***242***
Caldwell, Matthew Gantt *(90)* ***337***
Calhoun, Christopher Scott *(87)* ***196, 251, 256, 611, 625, 628, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775***
Calhoun, Robert Lee *(87)* ***197, 386, 392, 770, 771***
Callaghan, Peter Joseph *(88)* ***347***
Callahan, Andrew Patrick *(87)* ***210, 217***
Callahan, Timothy Gerard *(87)* ***530, 537***
Callahan, Timothy Michael *(90)* ***356***
Callander, Thomas William *(90)* ***438***
Callender, Thomas MacMurray *(90)* ***202***
Calvert, John Richard *(90)* ***242***
Camarigg, Deric Alvin *(88)* ***480***
Cameron, John Scott *(87)* ***195, 302, 308, 770***
Cameron, Robert Allen *(90)* ***356***
Camilleri, Michael Terrence *(88)* ***490***
Cammarata, James Joseph *(89)* ***543***
Campbell, Christopher Gordon *(89)* ***461, 626***
Campbell, Glen Scott *(87)* ***262, 263, 268***
Campbell, James Robert *(88)* ***543, 599***
Campbell, Joseph Aloysius *(87)* ***292, 293, 299***
Campbell, Kevin Bruce *(89)* ***314***
Campbell, Marvin Gerard *(89)* ***252***
Campbell, Nicholas Belvert *(87)* ***196, 324, 325, 330, 770***
Campbell, Patricia Christine *(90)* ***408***
Campbell, Philip Earl *(88)* ***553***
Campbell, William Roland *(87)* ***240, 247***
Canby, Marjorie Fricke *(88)* ***553***
Cancio, Ramon Julio *(87)* ***551, 557***
Candela, Nicolo Russell *(90)* ***532***
Canedo, Richard *(88)* ***501***
Canfield, Eugene Craig *(90)* ***213***
Cann, Jerome Luther *(89)* ***490***
Cannon, Paul Andrew *(90)* ***419***
Cannon, Robert Glenn *(90)* ***398***
Canova, Brian Charles *(89)* ***326***
Cantarella, Christopher Anthony *(89)* ***553***
Cantwell, Michael Treacy *(87)* ***478, 479, 484, 610***
Capen, George Sigurd *(89)* ***265***
Caporossi, Jeffrey Paul *(87)* ***198, 220, 226***
Caradonna, Matthew John *(89)* ***223***
Caraveo, Kenneth William *(88)* ***295***
Cardello, Frank John *(89)* ***202, 626, 709***
Cardinal, Kathyanne Lucia *(90)* ***501***
Carlisle, Robert Steven *(88)* ***398, 590***
Carlos, Alberto Bernardo *(89)* ***232***
Carlson, Christopher William *(89)* ***252***
Carlson, Rudolph Frederick *(87)* ***365, 370***
Carlson, Todd Eric *(90)* ***265***
Carlton, Mark Shannon *(88)* ***480***
Carr, Duane Jeffrey *(89)* ***429***
Carr, Frank Thorwald *(88)* ***377, 614***
Carrier, Ken Edward *(90)* ***202, 580***
Carriglitto, Jon Robert *(90)* ***347***
Carroll, Clinton A *(89)* ***305***
Carroll, James Alexander *(90)* ***366***
Carroll, Joseph Kelley *(89)* ***284***
Carroll, Mark Christopher *(90)* ***562***
Carroll, Michael John *(87)* ***448, 449, 455***
Carroll, Molly Ann *(87)* ***386, 393, 599***
Carroll, Sean Christian *(87)* ***325, 331***
Carroll, Stephen Patrick *(90)* ***213***
Carsley, Michael *(88)* ***232***
Carson, David Bartholomew *(89)* ***366***
Carson, Helge Frank *(88)* ***522***
Carter, Barney Jefferson *(89)* ***295***
Carter, Gary Arthur *(87)* ***540, 546***
Carter, Jason Martin *(90)* ***553***
Carter, Lauralyn Brooke *(89)* ***522***
Cartwright, James Peter *(90)* ***438***
Caruso, Victor Charles *(90)* ***408***
Carvalho, Louis Anthony *(90)* ***553***
Carver, Charles Alan *(90)* ***553***
Cary, Scott A *(88)* ***242***
Casement, Randall Douglas *(89)* ***305***
Casey, Thomas William *(87)* ***196, 293, 299, 770, 771, 773***
Cash, Charles Louis *(88)* ***419***
Cash, Shawn Christopher *(90)* ***232***
Cashman, Christopher Michael *(89)* ***366***
Cassady, Robert Theobold *(89)* ***284***

Cassetta, Stephen Thomas *(88)* 213
Cassidy, Charles John *(87)* 540, 546
Cassidy, Jeffrey Allen *(88)* 450
Casson, Charles Edward *(87)* 272, 273, 279
Castellano, Francis Xavier *(90)* 314
Castleberry, Billy Windsor *(90)* 356
Cata, Augusto Gisbert *(88)* 389, 635
Catlin, Daniel David *(89)* 490
Caufield, James Andrew *(89)* 305
Cavalieri, Gerald James *(89)* 377
Cavanaugh, Brian Woodburn *(90)* 274
Caves, Kenneth Carl *(90)* 480
Cavey, Anne Louise *(89)* 461
Cayouette, Napoleon Antoine *(87)* 302, 309
Cecchini, Robert Anthony *(88)* 553
Cedrun, Steven Edward *(88)* 461
Cela, David *(88)* 252
Celia, Gino *(88)* 356, 674
Celis, Michael *(90)* 471
Cepek, Robert John *(89)* 223
Cerda, Rene luis *(88)* 553
Cervantes, Jose *(90)* 213
Cestero, Herman Jose *(89)* 366, 709
Chadwick, Charles Andrew *(90)* 398
Chain, Timothy Morrow *(90)* 501
Chalfant, Julie Steele *(88)* 284, 625, 629
Chalmers, Alexander Taggart *(90)* 305
Chamberlain, Sally Anne *(89)* 461
Chandler, John Wells *(87)* 210, 217, 724
Chang, Stewart Michael *(89)* 242
Chao, Alexander Basil *(89)* 450
Chao, Richard Jiawei *(87)* 426, 432
Chapates, David Carl *(88)* 450
Chapman, Anne Lynne *(90)* 450
Chapman, Maria Sophia *(89)* 419
Charles, Peter Andrew *(90)* 326
Chase, William Eugene *(90)* 522
Chasen, Ruth Frances *(89)* 337, 660
Chateauneuf, Keith Richard *(90)* 408
Chatfield, James Anslie *(89)* 252
Chaudhry, Naseer Ahmad *(90)* 562
Cheeseman, Bryan Edward *(89)* 480
Cheneler, Joseph Michael *(87)* 354, 355, 360
Cheney, Eric Dalton *(89)* 419, 626
Chenoweth, Mark Brannon *(90)* 490
Cherry, Timothy Bruce *(88)* 480
Chesire, Michael Francis *(88)* 543
Chewning, John William *(89)* 522
Childs, James Carlton *(87)* 302, 303, 309
Childs, Matthew Dale *(89)* 513
Chimenti, John Paul *(90)* 513
Chinchilla, Eric Arturo *(90)* 337
Chio, Jeremy Benjamin *(89)* 480
Chlarson, Daniel Lee *(90)* 450
Choi, John Jeashin *(90)* 438
Chou, Timothy Guynemer *(90)* 501
Chow, Edward Chao Hsiung *(88)* 274
Chrisman, Paul Hayes *(88)* 326
Christ, Michael Lee *(90)* 450
Christen, Jennifer Leah *(90)* 490
Christian, Eric Lyle *(89)* 252
Christopher, Scott Jay *(88)* 429
Chung, Chang Ki *(87)* 458, 465
Church, John Carl *(88)* 501
Churchill, Kent Talma *(90)* 419
Cielo, Geoffrey Angel *(89)* 480
Cielo, John Davidson *(90)* 543
Cimiluca, Arthur Edward *(87)* 561, 566
Cipolla, Dominick Anthony *(88)* 461, 626
Cipriano, Nicholas Joseph *(87)* 201, 206
Civello, Michael Joseph *(88)* 513
Claffy, Kevin Michael *(89)* 429
Clancy, Brian Patrick *(88)* 490
Clark, Arthur Brooks *(87)* 551, 557
Clark, Doranea Latice *(90)* 326
Clark, Kenneth Avery *(90)* 501
Clark, Kenneth Lee *(87)* 312, 318
Clark, Michael Christopher *(87)* 449, 454, 771, 772, 773
Clark, Richard Melvin *(88)* 562
Clark, Roger Charles Otto *(88)* 553
Clark, Sherolyn Yvonne *(89)* 389
Clark, Terence Lee *(90)* 377
Clark, Thomas Joseph *(87)* 282, 289
Clarke, Peter John *(90)* 471
Clarke, Russell Howard *(87)* 386, 393
Clarke, Stephen Andrew *(87)* 198, 251, 257
Clarke, Steven Michael *(87)* 240, 247
Clarke, Wilburn A *(90)* 480
Clausell, David Allen *(88)* 337
Clautice, James Reilly *(89)* 213
Clautice, Susanne Marie *(87)* 530, 531, 537, 706
Clay, Christopher Andrew *(89)* 242, 664
Clay, Orin Brett *(89)* 274
Clayton, Scott Alexander *(90)* 232
Cleary, David Gerard *(88)* 461
Cleary, Thomas Myles *(88)* 274
Clifford, Brian Christopher *(89)* 398
Clipsham, David Frederick *(90)* 408
Cloe, David Lyman *(89)* 305
Clucas, Matthew L *(89)* 356
Cobb, Philip Wayne *(87)* 384, 426, 432
Cobey, Eugene William *(88)* 314
Cocotis, Paul Alexander *(90)* 429
Cody, James Patrick *(87)* 458, 464
Coetzee, Christine Ann *(88)* 366
Coffey, John Stephen *(89)* 522
Cohan, Stephen Carter *(87)* 530, 531, 537
Cohron, David Nicholas *(87)* 251, 257
Coil, Gregory Scott *(87)* 374, 381
Coker, Stephen Conway *(88)* 490
Coker, Thomas Emmett *(89)* 501
Colandrea, Gregory Michael *(90)* 274
Colbert, Kristen Anne *(89)* 532
Colborn, Philip Alfred *(89)* 438, 626
Colburn, Hank Alan *(88)* 419
Colby, Craig Alan *(88)* 513
Cole, Gordon Edward *(88)* 242
Cole, Vernon Carlton *(89)* 480
Colegrove, David Glen *(90)* 366
Coleman, Alton Hugh *(87)* 251, 257, 771
Coleman, Michael Glenn *(88)* 429
Coleman, Robert Eric *(87)* 198, 251, 257
Coller, Russell Joseph *(89)* 553
Colley, Brian Allan *(88)* 408
Collier, William Michael *(88)* 326
Collins, James Joseph *(87)* 325, 331
Collins, Jane Marie *(88)* 398, 590, 627
Collins, Robert George *(88)* 562, 701
Colson, Shawn Eric *(88)* 252, 610
Colton, Gordon Brian *(89)* 419
Colwell, Jeffrey Philip *(87)* 489, 494, 626, 772
Compeggie, Christopher Joseph *(87)* 386, 393
Concha, Norman Gustavo *(90)* 461
Coney, John Phillip *(89)* 305
Conley, Daniel Brendon *(88)* 553
Conley, Lee Michael *(88)* 398
Conley, William Patrick *(88)* 326
Connelly, Michael Owen *(89)* 450
Conner, Jerome David *(90)* 274
Connor, Julie Rae *(90)* 366
Consie, Daniel Roland *(89)* 213
Contaoi, Gregory Vidanya *(87)* 312, 313, 318, 606, 771, 772
Conway, James Michael *(90)* 347
Conway, Timothy Walton *(88)* 501
Coode, John Duffy *(88)* 398
Cook, Andrew Hills *(90)* 274
Cook, Charles Lamar *(90)* 532
Cook, Christopher Marvin *(88)* 274
Cook, Dana Wynne *(88)* 438
Cook, Daniel Roger *(90)* 284
Cook, James David *(87)* 335, 340
Cook, Paul Willard *(89)* 314
Cook, Scott Edwin *(89)* 213
Cook, Stephen Carl *(89)* 305
Cook, William Gregory *(88)* 305
Cooke, Leonard William *(89)* 265
Cooke, Rabon Elton *(87)* 374, 381
Coombs, Corey Willis *(89)* 202
Coonan, Michael Gordon *(90)* 438
Cooney, James Francis *(89)* 265
Cooper, Charles Bradford *(89)* 295
Cooper, Kenneth Charles *(88)* 274
Cooper, Matthew Henry *(90)* 562
Cooper, Robert William *(88)* 532
Copland, Ann Elizabeth *(90)* 562
Copley, Ronald Curt *(88)* 326
Coppeans, Walter August *(90)* 337
Corchuelo, Albert Fernando *(89)* 356
Corcoran, Philip Edmund *(87)* 406, 407, 413
Cordrey, Duane David *(90)* 471
Corkery, Timothy John *(87)* 210, 211, 217, 667
Cornell, Brent Montenegro *(88)* 213
Cornell, Michael Cole *(89)* 438
Cornett, Chessley Dion *(88)* 223
Cornwall, Harold Richard *(89)* 356
Corral, Hector Francisco *(90)* 223
Corrao, Eugene Gerard *(88)* 305
Corriere, Michael Anthony *(88)* 562
Corrigan, Timothy Joseph *(87)* 210, 217, 580
Corsello, Patricia Marie *(87)* 263, 268
Cosby, Adrianne Clare *(90)* 562
Cosby, Clayton Culver *(88)* 562
Coston, Darren Michael *(90)* 501
Cote, Stephen Paul *(87)* 335, 340
Cotten, Gregory Benedict *(87)* 240, 241, 247
Cotter, Paul Stephen *(90)* 408
Coughlin, Ryan Lamond *(90)* 337
Coughlin, Sean Thomas *(87)* 510, 517, 728, 775
Coughlin, Stephen James *(88)* 501
Council, George Horace *(87)* 282, 289
Courier, Brent Warren *(89)* 314
Cournoyer, Raymond Leo *(90)* 532
Courtney, Peter Thomas *(90)* 532
Cousins, Michael Carter *(89)* 543
Covarrubias, Lino *(89)* 398
Coviello, Katherine Rose *(89)* 389
Covington, Neil Bruce *(90)* 562
Cox, Anthony Paul *(89)* 274
Cox, David Leon *(89)* 326
Cox, David Matthew *(89)* 532
Cox, George Frederick *(87)* 325, 331, 773
Cox, James Lendon *(88)* 490
Cox, Jimmy Dean *(88)* 223
Cox, Joachim Paul *(90)* 265
Cox, John Stewart *(88)* 242
Cox, Martin Bradford *(88)* 252
Cox, Michael Jay *(88)* 543
Cox, Robert Rider *(88)* 408, 704
Coyne, John C *(90)* 202
Coyne, Kevin Michael *(87)* 200, 201, 207
Coyne, Thomas Stephen *(87)* 468, 475
Cozad, Gregory Jay *(89)* 450
Crabtree, Frederick Griffith *(90)* 429
Crabtree, Jay Gleason *(89)* 450
Craft, Dean Edward *(88)* 202
Craig, John William *(87)* 385, 386, 393, 626
Cramer, Todd William *(87)* 447, 458, 464, 770
Crane, Christopher Elliott *(90)* 202
Craycroft, Andrew Boeh *(89)* 543
Creasey, Mark Allen *(90)* 366
Creek, Thomas Anthony *(90)* 490
Crespin, Rudy Joseph *(87)* 436, 443
Crespo, Michael John *(90)* 314
Cressman, Scott Alan *(87)* 220, 227
Cribley, Derek Matthew *(90)* 242
Crickette, Troye Carrie *(88)* 366, 628, 629
Crispell, Spencer Jay *(90)* 274
Croll, Travis Jay *(90)* 513
Cronin, Jason William *(87)* 195, 386, 392, 770
Cronin, Patrick Shaun *(90)* 274
Cronin, Philip Scott *(89)* 232
Cronk, Christopher Stuart *(89)* 366
Cronquist, Steven Donald *(88)* 213
Crookston, Currie Patrick *(88)* 513
Crosby, Barry Wayne *(88)* 532
Cross, Christopher *(89)* 553
Crowe, Arthur Gerald *(88)* 242
Crowe, Terry Marvin *(89)* 366
Crowley, John Francis *(90)* 513
Crownover, Cassandra Ann *(89)* 461
Cruz, Allen Regaspi *(87)* 489, 494
Crymes, Jeffrey Conrad *(87)* 325, 331
Cubbage, James Arthur Walter *(88)* 274
Cuccio, Michael Timothy *(89)* 471
Cucuzzella, Neil Vincent *(90)* 513
Cuffe, Deborah Lynne *(89)* 337
Culbertson, Jennifer *(87)* 260, 272, 279, 629, 771, 772, 774
Culbreth, Martin Wendell *(90)* 223
Cullen, Shawn Thomas *(90)* 377
Culp, Richard Charles *(88)* 274
Culver, Christopher John *(90)* 419
Cummings, Mary Louise *(88)* 501
Cunningham, John Howard *(89)* 429
Curbelo, Rafael Antonio *(89)* 265
Curran, Paul Gerard *(87)* 436, 443
Curran, Robert Edward *(88)* 305
Curry, Sean Cecil *(87)* 396, 397, 402
Curtin, Patrick Nicholas *(87)* 478, 479, 485
Cutler, Alexander Charles *(88)* 252, 746
Czaja, Bruce Alan *(89)* 305
Czajkowski, John Anthony *(89)* 326
Czerewko, Jeffrey John *(90)* 480
Czeszynski, Alan Donald *(88)* 471, 629
Czopek, Joseph *(90)* 265

D

D'Ambra, Charles Edward *(87)* 240, 241, 247
D'Ambra, Michael Joseph *(87)* 488, 489, 494
Dabbar, Paul Michel *(89)* 314
Dacanay, Redante Gamboa *(89)* 408
Dacanay, Rhodel Felix *(88)* 532
Dacanay, Rhoderick Gamboa *(92)* 450
Dachos, Jonathan Brett *(88)* 408
Daggs, Steven Michael *(90)* 347
Dailey, Kathryn Elizabeth *(90)* 295
Daisley, William Earl *(88)* 305
Dalessandro, Paul Michael *(88)* 314
Daley, Michele Ann *(88)* 295
Dallemagne, Paul C *(90)* 532
Dalton, Marc Henry *(87)* 260, 312, 318, 625, 770, 771
Daly, William John *(88)* 532, 626
Dambrosio, Andrew Joseph *(89)* 223
Damico, Christine Marie *(90)* 532
Damisch, Mark Daniel *(88)* 438
Dandrea, Donald Anthony *(90)* 265
Danford, Michael Scott *(88)* 265
Daniels, Charles Lee *(87)* 449, 454
Daniels, Patrick Duff *(90)* 242
Danielson, Jeffrey Mark *(87)* 386, 387, 392
Dannenberg, Stacey W *(90)* 314
Dano, Eric Brian *(87)* 407, 413, 628
Danzer, Michael Gerard *(87)* 449, 454
Darcy, Andrew Joseph *(89)* 471
Darcy, James Joseph *(88)* 314
Darlak, Joseph Ronald *(90)* 337
Darrell, James Harris *(89)* 202
Dash, Evan Dayan *(89)* 274
Dastur, Kersas Jamshed *(90)* 314
Datka, John William *(89)* 347
Dau, Frederick William *(87)* 197, 407, 413, 628, 771, 772
Daubon, Druso *(89)* 252
Daugherty, Chris *(88)* 356
Daugherty, Joseph William *(90)* 274
Davey, Francis Walter *(89)* 562
David, Christopher James *(88)* 562
Davids, Keith Bently *(90)* 532, 746
Davids, Scott Thomas *(90)* 265
Davidson, Craig T *(90)* 480
Davidson, Joel Todd *(90)* 337
Davidson, lance Gregory *(88)* 543, 659
Davila, Rafael Angel *(90)* 513
Davis, Brian Timothy *(88)* 480
Davis, George Walton *(88)* 347
Davis, James Patrick *(89)* 543
Davis, Kristine Michelle *(89)* 419
Davis, Michael Brent *(88)* 429
Davis, Ronald Keith *(90)* 522
Davis, Scott Richard *(88)* 480
Davis, Susan Lyn *(87)* 458, 459, 464
Dawson, David Paul *(88)* 295
Dawson, Gregory Earl *(87)* 231, 236
Dawson, Phillip Elwood *(88)* 202
Day, Robert Paul *(89)* 562

Day, Stephen James *(87)* **293, 298**
Daziens, John Martin *(90)* **408**
Deal, Gary Lawrence *(89)* **295**
Deane, Timothy Michael *(87)* **365, 371, 629**
Debandi, Leo Louis *(88)* **398**
Debeauclair, Geoffrey Garret *(87)* **201, 207**
Debruyn, Michael John *(89)* **223**
Debus, Steven Michael *(89)* **513**
Dechant, Chris Lee *(90)* **305**
Decker, Michael Paul *(90)* **265**
Dee, Michael James *(88)* **252, 664, 665**
Deets, Mark William *(90)* **366**
Defries, Christian Frederick *(90)* **398**
Deguzman, Richard Gerrard *(89)* **429**
Dehn, Richard William *(88)* **398**
Delaossa, Mario Enrique *(89)* **398**
Delargy, Christopher Dennis *(89)* **543**
Delarivaherrera, Ernesto M *(90)* **501**
Deleon, Arthur *(88)* **347**
Deleon, Joseph Adam *(87)* **468, 475**
Delgado, Nelson Jose *(88)* **337**
Dell, John Evan *(89)* **356**
Dellorso, Craig Stephen *(87)* **325, 330, 698, 775**
Delmas, Kirk Anthony *(88)* **366**
Deluca, Paul Michael *(89)* **223**
Deluna, Alexander George *(89)* **471**
Demarsh, David Allen *(87)* **231, 236**
Dembia, Frank John *(88)* **522**
Demchak, Michael John *(87)* **530**
Demel, Marie Ann *(89)* **522**
Demiris, Harry Chris *(88)* **242**
Demott, James Eugene *(89)* **326**
Dempsey, Albert Edward *(88)* **202**
Dempsey, James Christopher *(88)* **532, 629**
Dengler, Ralph Albert *(88)* **337**
Denine, John Joseph *(87)* **220, 221, 227**
Denney, Noel Vanston *(89)* **284**
Dennis, George John *(90)* **480**
Dennis, Shawn Esteban *(87)* **220, 227**
Dent, Thomas William *(90)* **326**
Depauw, Todd Clayton *(90)* **252**
Deprizio, Anthony Charles *(89)* **471**
Derrane, James Patrick *(87)* **468, 474**
Derricho, Johnny Matthew *(89)* **347**
Derrington, Lydia Kay *(88)* **284**
Desantis, Joseph Anthony *(89)* **295**
Desmarais, Albert Joseph *(87)* **489, 494, 771**
Devaux, Michael Kenneth *(90)* **480**
Devilliers, Edward Michael *(89)* **562**
Devine, Andreas Josef *(90)* **461**
Devine, John Martin *(88)* **389**
Devine, Joseph Martin *(90)* **562**
Devinney, Edward William *(90)* **513**
Devlin, Timothy James *(88)* **202**
Dewald, Edward Timothy *(90)* **295**
Dewalt, Rodney Paul *(87)* **498, 504**
Dewey, Dana Scott *(89)* **356**
Diamos, Anthony Almond Solon *(87)* **520, 521, 527**
Diaz, Anthony Thomas *(88)* **202**
Diaz, Clemente Ortiz *(89)* **377**
Diaz, Gil Rodriguez *(87)* **479, 485**
Diaz, Scott Rodriguez *(88)* **562**
Dick, Dwight Darvin *(89)* **553**
Dick, James Hamilton *(87)* **396, 402**
Dickens, Anthony Thomas *(89)* **522, 626**
Dickerson, Heidi Christine *(89)* **347**
Dickerson, Jerry Allen *(88)* **471**
Dickinson, Larry Allan *(90)* **429**
Dickson, David Steve *(89)* **232**
Dickson, William Scott *(88)* **295**
Dictado, Florencio Abalos *(89)* **553**
Diehl, Paul Glen *(89)* **223**
Dienna, Nicholas Joseph *(90)* **213**
Dierlam, Todd A *(88)* **326**
Dietz, Jeffrey Alan *(89)* **513**
Dietz, Robert Scott *(87)* **312, 318**
Dieugenio, David Guy *(88)* **356**
Diggle, Anthony Andrew *(87)* **510, 517, 626**
Dikeman, Richard Randall *(87)* **458, 464**
Dill, Jay Foster *(89)* **356**
Dill, Rodrigo Matutina *(87)* **263, 268, 588**
Dimeler, Scott Christopher *(90)* **326**
Dimento, John Mark *(87)* **201, 207, 625, 627, 628, 629, 772, 774**
Dinardo, Michael Wiliam *(88)* **543**
Dineen, Christina Marie *(90)* **356**
Dininger, Stephen Michael *(89)* **305**
Diorio, Nicholas John *(87)* **448, 449, 454**
Dipaola, Joseph Phillip *(87)* **251, 256, 626, 772**
Dipaola, Salvatore Albert *(88)* **284**
Dippery, Kevin Lee *(89)* **553**
Dirks, Christopher Jon *(88)* **501**
Dismuke, Jerry Bennett *(88)* **242**
Dissinger, John Allen *(90)* **532**
Disy, Thomas Christopher *(90)* **553**
Dixon, Mark Wayne *(90)* **305**
Doane, Randall Vernon *(88)* **252**
Dobbins, John Fitzpatrick *(88)* **347**
Dobleman, Christian Patrick *(88)* **419, 711**
Dobson, Kelly George *(90)* **553**
Dodd, Robert E *(90)* **366**
Dodge, William Allen *(89)* **389**
Dodson, Richard Eaton *(89)* **543**
Doherty, Daniel Joseph *(87)* **282, 289**
Dolan, Paul Andrew *(88)* **480, 628, 629**
Dollaga, Leonard Cy *(90)* **252**
Doman, Thomas Mathew *(87)* **335, 340, 775**
Donelan, John Oliver *(88)* **202**
Doney, William Arthur *(88)* **274**
Donnelly, David Michael *(88)* **305**
Donnelly, John William *(90)* **553**
Donnelly, Joseph Francis *(88)* **408, 742**
Donnelly, Shaun Hayden *(88)* **490, 711**
Donnelly, Stephen Harold *(88)* **337**
Donnelly, William Patrick *(89)* **232**
Donohue, Catherine Kim *(89)* **242**
Donohue, Mark Vincent *(90)* **305**
Donohue, Robert Brian *(87)* **323, 344, 350**
Donovan, Amy Lyons *(87)* **240, 246, 630, 661**
Doran, John Francis *(90)* **213**
Dorr, Chad Owen *(88)* **366**
Dorsett, Dolores Melina *(87)* **196, 231, 237, 625, 626, 770, 772, 773**
Dorton, David Haden *(90)* **543**
Dotter, James Ronald *(89)* **326**
Dougherty, Daniel John *(87)* **510, 517**
Douglas, Todd Anthony *(90)* **314**
Douglass, Robert Iain *(87)* **324, 325, 330, 625, 629, 771, 772**
Dour, Letitia Ann *(87)* **231, 237**
Dove, Arthur David *(89)* **337**
Dove, John Calvin *(87)* **325, 330, 667**
Downey, John Shea *(90)* **419**
Downs, James Robert *(88)* **242**
Doyle, Henry Vonhoff *(88)* **252**
Doyle, Steven Michael *(90)* **284**
Dracon, Donald Irwin *(88)* **295, 608**
Drake, Jeffery Norman *(90)* **429**
Drake, John J *(89)* **295**
Drake, Randy Alan *(90)* **213**
Drake, Shri Jerrene *(88)* **284, 694**
Draker, Ronald Ernest *(89)* **202**
Drennan, Arthur Paul *(88)* **356**
Drew, Edward James *(89)* **252**
Drewello, Christopher Scott *(88)* **419**
Drews, Jonathan Dwight *(90)* **522**
Driesbach, Dawn Helene *(87)* **263, 269**
Driscoll, John Joseph *(90)* **366**
Dromerhauser, Richard John *(90)* **326**
Druen, Thomas Shelton *(89)* **450**
Druggan, Paul Thomas *(89)* **461**
Dryer, John Elmer *(87)* **479, 485**
Dubbs, Roger Bruce *(90)* **490**
Duddy, Thomas Matthew *(88)* **419**
Dudley, Craig Robert *(88)* **366**
Dudley, Steven Mark *(89)* **543**
Duff, David Andrew *(90)* **274**
Duffy, Shawn Paul *(89)* **337**
Dugger, Lazaurnel Curtis *(87)* **510, 511**
Duguay, Robert Stephen *(89)* **532**
Duke, James Joseph *(87)* **230, 231, 237**
Duke, Owen Eugene *(87)* **561, 567, 630**
Dumont, Robert Bernhard *(89)* **408**
Duncan, Kelly Lue *(90)* **408**
Dundas, Joseph Raymond *(88)* **450**
Dungan, Patrick McBride *(90)* **389**
Dunleavy, Mark Blair *(88)* **337**
Dunn, Kenneth Franklin *(87)* **396, 403**
Dunn, Patrick Mason *(89)* **213**
Dunnick, Everett William *(90)* **408**
Dunphy, Christopher Edward *(87)* **195, 530, 537**
Dunphy, Peter Gregory *(88)* **532**
Dupre, Paul Anthony *(87)* **446, 468, 474, 771**
Dupree, John Calvin *(88)* **223**
Durand, Robert Thomas *(88)* **284**
Durso, Louis James *(89)* **480**
Durst, Michael Don *(89)* **553**
Dutch, Dave Paul *(87)* **479, 485**
Duvall, John Albert *(89)* **377**
Dyer, James Ernest *(88)* **337**
Dyer, Kenneth Jude *(89)* **366**

E

Earle, Jeffrey Scott *(87)* **220, 227, 611**
Early, Matthew Lance *(87)* **196, 220, 226**
Eastman, Eric Edward *(89)* **419**
Eaton, Anthony Wayne *(88)* **314**
Ebert, Dean Anthony *(90)* **450**
Eckardt, John Paul *(89)* **471**
Eckert, Edward Allen *(87)* **510, 517, 746**
Eckhart, Daniel J *(89)* **490**
Eckles, Richard Allen *(90)* **213**
Edenfield, Bradford Jack *(87)* **374, 381, 630**
Edgecomb, David Michael *(88)* **274**
Edison, Gina Rea *(88)* **356**
Edwards, Alexander Hamilton *(87)* **293, 298, 630**
Edwards, James Phillip *(89)* **522**
Edwards, Richard Isaac *(90)* **326**
Edwards, Robert Lamond *(90)* **377**
Egan, James Stephen *(88)* **408**
Egan, Peter Bradbury *(90)* **366**
Eggleston, Michael Thomas *(89)* **252**
Eglseder, Kurt Wilson *(90)* **562, 580**
Ehland, Matthew Jude *(90)* **284**
Ehlert, James Frederick *(89)* **419**
Eichelberger, John Warren *(88)* **274**
Eisert, Joseph Aaron *(89)* **326**
Eitel, Richard Benjamin *(89)* **450**
El Afandi, Mohamed Roddy *(88)* **326**
Elam, Donald Emmet *(90)* **501**
Elders, James Felton *(88)* **347**
Elliott, Mark Christopher *(90)* **347**
Ellis, Matthew Hoyt *(90)* **252**
Ellis, Robert Allen *(87)* **449, 455**
Ellis, Stephen Charles *(88)* **305**
Ellison, Greg Robert *(87)* **396, 403**
Ellsworth, Geoffrey Thomas *(89)* **450**
Ellsworth, Gerald L *(90)* **213**
Elmoslimany, Rasheed *(88)* **513**
Elster, Colin Blair *(89)* **513**
Elston, Jon Marshall *(88)* **265**
Elton, Michael John *(89)* **314**
Emenaker, Jeffrey Joseph *(89)* **408**
Emerson, Dana Alan *(90)* **419**
Emery, Van Lewis *(90)* **450**
Emmert, Terence Gordon *(88)* **419**
Emmitt, James Dore *(87)* **293, 298**
Emons, Russell William *(87)* **231, 237**
Engdahl, Christopher Mark *(90)* **480**
Engdahl, Jaime Warren *(90)* **305**
Engel, Brian Eugene *(89)* **419**
Engel, Jeffrey Thomas *(89)* **562**
Engle, Robert Allen *(89)* **543**
Ennis, Tomas Eamonn *(87)* **210, 216**
Epperson, Sean Tyler *(88)* **295, 608**
Erdelatz, Scott Edward *(87)* **396, 397, 403, 634**
Erdman, Keith Campbell *(90)* **356**
Erickson, Roger Charles *(88)* **377, 674**
Ernst, Nora Louise *(90)* **471**
Escobar, Jose Robert *(88)* **356**
Escriva, Andrew C *(89)* **223**
Esparza, Jorge Antonio *(87)* **325, 330**
Espe, Burt Lann *(87)* **426, 432**
Espinosa, Paul Edward *(87)* **312, 319**
Espinoza, Jacob H *(90)* **232**
Esteves, Rommel Martin *(89)* **461**
Etten, Nicholas Joseph *(89)* **501**
Evans, Scott Hayden *(88)* **242**
Evers, Jeffrey Ray *(87)* **201, 207, 625, 771, 772**
Eversole, Joseph Scott *(87)* **468, 474**
Evon, Calin Jon *(89)* **429**
Ewing, Richard Eugene *(87)* **201, 206**
Eytchison, Gregory Brewer *(90)* **265**

F

Fabian, Anthony John *(87)* **282, 283, 289**
Fagan, Fred Taylor *(89)* **562**
Fagan, Joseph Michael *(89)* **377**
Fajardo, Dale Emmanuel *(89)* **553**
Falco, Antony Patrick *(90)* **419**
Falke, Brian Gerald *(88)* **366**
Fantz, Joel David *(90)* **274**
Farina, Thomas Patrick *(89)* **501**
Faris, Leah Michelle *(90)* **347**
Farmer, Stephen Randall *(90)* **305**
Farmer, Tristram Evan *(88)* **398**
Farraday, Diana Lynn *(87)* **436, 442, 654, 655**
Farzanegan, Frederick Farhad *(88)* **213**
Fatheree, Christopher *(89)* **252, 719**
Fatzinger, Richard Henry *(88)* **471, 597**
Faust, Anthony Dwight *(89)* **377**
Fay, Christopher Thomas *(87)* **407, 413**
Feagler, Eric Carter *(90)* **429**
Feddo, Thomas Peter *(90)* **408**
Feduchak, Paul *(90)* **398**
Feeney, John Patrick *(87)* **365, 371**
Felder, Kimberly Marie *(89)* **389**
Feldhausen, Timothy John *(90)* **501**
Feldkamp, John Russell *(88)* **419**
Felt, Matthew Joseph *(88)* **471**
Feltault, Kimberly Ann *(89)* **480, 722**
Fennell, David Alan *(87)* **325, 331**
Fenner, John Francis *(87)* **240, 246**
Fenstemaker, Steven Frederick *(87)* **479, 484**
Fenton, Neal Reed *(89)* **389**
Fenzl, George John *(90)* **543**
Ferguson, Charles Daniel *(87)* **260, 293, 298, 625, 628, 771, 772, 774**
Ferguson, Randy Allen *(87)* **426, 433**
Ferguson, Thomas Joseph *(88)* **232**
Fernandes, Anthony Francis *(87)* **479, 484**
Fernandez, Stephen Joseph *(88)* **232, 711**
Ferrante, Robert Anthony *(90)* **501**
Ferrari, Anthony Joseph *(87)* **201, 206, 775**
Ferrier, Matthew Joseph *(88)* **213**
Ferro, Albert Louis *(88)* **274**
Ferro, Stephen Alfred *(88)* **635**
Feuger, David Lawton *(89)* **398**
Fickle, John Hugh *(87)* **302, 309**
Fielding, Leanne Kay *(88)* **202, 625, 629, 691**
Fields, Damon Erik *(88)* **553, 636**
Fields, Michael Deleon *(87)* **446, 458, 465**
Fiery, William Evan *(88)* **490**
Filan, William Charles *(89)* **274**
Filler, Brian Scott *(90)* **461**
Filonczuk, Maria Kathleen *(90)* **490, 661**
Filyaw, Olin Oscar *(87)* **312, 319**
Finch, Michael Francis *(87)* **417, 423, 625, 628, 771, 772, 774**
Finley, David Earl *(88)* **337, 628, 629**
Finley, Pamela Sue *(88)* **202**
Finn, James Stephen *(89)* **252**
Finney, Matthew Owen *(89)* **356**
Fiori, Mark Joseph *(90)* **337**
Firlie, Marc Patrick *(87)* **468, 474, 647**
Fischahs, Christopher Dean *(89)* **202**
Fischbach, John Hayes *(90)* **314**
Fischer, Joseph *(88)* **461**
Fischer, Norwin Roland *(89)* **265**
Fisher, James John *(87)* **407, 412**
Fisher, William Ronald *(88)* **252**
Fite, Gavin Johnson *(88)* **408**
Fitzell, Brian Joseph *(90)* **265**
Fitzpatrick, Francis Xavier *(87)* **448, 449, 455, 630, 667**
Fitzpatrick, John Francis *(90)* **223**
Fitzpatrick, John Stephen *(90)* **408**
Fitzwilliam, John William *(87)* **240, 246**
Flanagan, Joseph Kirk *(89)* **513**
Flanagan, Shaun Robert *(89)* **501**
Flannery, Todd Joseph *(89)* **314**
Flansburg, John Thomas *(87)* **344, 345, 350**
Flatley, Kara Christie *(90)* **265**
Flautt, James Louis *(89)* **295**
Fleming, George Richard *(89)* **252**
Fleming, Heidi Alston *(89)* **232, 654, 657**
Fletcher, Kirklin Cathedris *(87)* **302, 309**
Fletcher, Paul Joseph *(88)* **265**
Fletcher, Thomas Edward *(89)* **471**
Flewellen, Demetrius Lynn *(87)* **272, 279**
Flick, David Kenneth *(88)* **480**
Flood, Michael Walter *(87)* **468, 475, 704**
Flood, Patrick Donald *(90)* **347**
Florence, Gregory James *(88)* **532**
Florence, Michael O *(90)* **295**
Flores, Carlos Rafael *(88)* **461**
Flores, Jose Rodolfo *(90)* **252**
Florian, Timothy Allen *(87)* **509, 521, 527**
Flowers, Jon Lee *(90)* **480**
Floyd, Robert Michael *(89)* **419**
Fluker, David Paul *(87)* **199, 231, 236**
Flynn, Brian Erik *(90)* **242**
Flynn, John Patrick *(87)* **101, 521, 526**
Flynn, Kevin Robert *(90)* **274**
Flynn, Patricia Anges *(87)* **479, 484**
Foggin, G Thomas *(89)* **356**
Foglesong, David Henry *(90)* **223**
Foley, Sean Brian *(89)* **429**
Folkerts, Keith Edward *(88)* **513**
Folsom, David Robert *(87)* **312, 319, 775**
Foltz, Jeffery Paul *(90)* **232**

Fong, David *(90)* ***213***
Fong, Steven Li *(89)* ***295***
Fontanella, James Joseph *(88)* ***265***
Fontilla, Dwight Deane *(88)* ***326***
Ford, Kelvin Antonio *(90)* ***553***
Formella, Stephen Charles *(89)* ***347***
Formet, Gary Lee *(88)* ***429***
Forrester, James Waldrip *(90)* ***480***
Forster, Daniel Paul *(87)* ***386, 392***
Forster, Michael Paul *(90)* ***326***
Forte, Jeffrey Edward *(88)* ***314***
Fortier, Judith Marie *(88)* ***202***
Forwalder, Robert Allen *(89)* ***429***
Foster, Craig Michael *(90)* ***501***
Foster, James Thomas *(90)* ***265***
Fournier, Michael Joseph *(88)* ***543***
Fowkes, Gordon Frederick *(89)* ***513***
Fowler, Kimberly Michele *(90)* ***501***
Fox, James Frederic *(90)* ***480***
Fox, James Norman *(90)* ***450***
Fox, Mark Harold *(87)* ***551, 557, 775***
Frack, Brian David *(89)* ***202***
Frack, Kenneth Lawrence *(87)* ***396, 403***
Fragomene, Vincent Eugene *(90)* ***223***
Franchi, John Thomas *(87)* ***448, 449, 455, 627, 630***
Franke, Mark Ernest *(88)* ***305***
Frankhouser, John Brian *(90)* ***337***
Franson, Joseph Paul *(88)* ***438***
Franz, George Frederick *(90)* ***274***
Frasz, Derek Pedro *(90)* ***274***
Fraticelli, Christopher Louis *(89)* ***501***
Fraughnaugh, Paige Leigh *(90)* ***314***
Frautschi, Tyler Lane *(89)* ***501***
Fravor, David Michael *(88)* ***450***
Frazier, Darrin Jerome *(90)* ***314***
Freebeck, Norman John *(90)* ***562***
Freeman, Wesley Alan *(90)* ***232***
Freese, John Michael *(88)* ***501***
Freidenberger, George Robert *(89)* ***480***
Frey, Penn David *(88)* ***232***
Frey, Richard Anthony *(89)* ***438***
Frie, Andrew James *(88)* ***337***
Fries, William Albert *(89)* ***490***
Friley, Brian Lee *(90)* ***356***
Fritz, Terrence John *(90)* ***274***
Frost, Daniel Lee *(90)* ***305***
Frueh, Christina Erika *(90)* ***326***
Frye, Robert Lynn *(90)* ***242***
Fryer, Robert Brent *(89)* ***408***
Fuchs, Ernest Paul *(88)* ***450***
Fuchs, Julius Alfred *(90)* ***284***
Fuchs, Tracey Ann *(90)* ***513***
Fuhrman, Scot Alan *(88)* ***553***
Fuller, Derek Aaron *(89)* ***232***
Fuller, Janet Sue *(90)* ***532***
Fuller, John Vincent *(87)* ***272, 278***
Fuller, Lance Robert *(89)* ***490***
Fuller, Rita Joy *(90)* ***398***
Fuller, Sean Pierce *(89)* ***326***
Fullwood, Daron Duryea *(90)* ***490***
Fulp, John David *(87)* ***449, 455***
Fulton, James Francis *(89)* ***284***
Fundoukos, Theodore Emanuel *(89)* ***242, 642***
Furr, Kevin Michael *(88)* ***326***

G

Gabriel, Michael John *(90)* ***274***
Gabrielson, Donald Dean *(89)* ***232***
Gaffney, Michael Patrick *(87)* ***198, 201, 206, 625, 771, 772***
Gaffney, Thomas Joseph *(88)* ***501***
Gagne, Christopher Keith *(89)* ***562***
Galbraith, Roger Scott *(89)* ***305***
Gall, Steven Eugene *(88)* ***274***
Gallagher, Paul John *(89)* ***501***
Gallander, Tyson James *(90)* ***202***
Gallaudet, Timothy Cale *(89)* ***490, 688***
Gallen, Christopher J *(87)* ***458***
Gallop, Patrick Joseph *(87)* ***272, 278***
Galluch, Peter Gerard *(90)* ***202***
Galvan, Richard *(87)* ***551, 556***
Gamache, Timothy Larry *(90)* ***419***
Gamboa, Dionisio Sales *(89)* ***242, 711***
Gameros, James Michael *(89)* ***419***
Ganahl, George Francis *(87)* ***231, 236, 596***
Gandara, Raul Octavio *(90)* ***295***
Gannon, Joseph Richard *(90)* ***347***
Garcia, Alejandro Jose *(90)* ***532***
Garcia, Daniel Lawrence *(88)* ***305, 635***
Garcia, Javier *(89)* ***314***
Garcia, John Robert *(88)* ***265***
Garcia, Ruben Martias *(88)* ***202***
Garcia, Ryan Quintong *(89)* ***513***
Gard, David Alan *(90)* ***450***
Gardiner, Joseph Llewllyn *(90)* ***408***
Gardner, Ellen Stuart *(89)* ***522***
Gardner, Mark Allen *(87)* ***354, 361, 627, 771, 772***
Garigliano, Jeffrey David *(89)* ***356***
Garner, Andrew Scott *(90)* ***389***
Garner, James Randall *(90)* ***232***
Garner, Walter Glover *(90)* ***543***
Garretson, Robert Todd *(90)* ***305***
Garrett, Ephraim Spencer *(88)* ***326***
Garrett, Stephen Chamy *(87)* ***312, 319***
Garrison, Brian Matthew *(90)* ***490***
Garrison, Jason Dwight *(87)* ***354, 355, 361***
Garrity, William Patrick *(90)* ***553***
Garvin, Derrick Eric *(89)* ***356***
Garvin, Peter Allen *(89)* ***284***
Gary, Francesca Deborah *(87)* ***335, 341***
Garza, Jose Luis *(89)* ***501***
Gasperino, John Patrick *(87)* ***498, 504, 673***
Gatewood, John Evan *(90)* ***513***
Gaudet, Stuart Scott *(88)* ***295***
Gavieres, Ruben Vidal *(87)* ***240, 246***
Gay, Glenn Robert *(88)* ***314***
Gay, James Warren *(89)* ***314***
Gay, Riccardio David *(89)* ***326***
Gears, Charles Cyrus *(89)* ***398***
Gebhardt, David Mark *(88)* ***408***
Geiger, Cameron David *(89)* ***242***
Gelbach, Douglas Keith *(88)* ***377***
Gelsinger, Donald Walter *(89)* ***461***
Gendron, Richard George *(88)* ***337***
Gentile, David Vincent *(88)* ***389***
Gentry, Andrew Brendon *(90)* ***450***
Gentry, Daniel *(89)* ***501***
Gentry, John Michael *(90)* ***419***
George, Michael Wayne *(88)* ***389, 626***
George, Thomas Fervier *(88)* ***356, 629***
Georgi, Kenneth Dale *(90)* ***532***
Georgiefski, Michael Terrence *(87)* ***540, 546***
Gephart, Gregory Alan *(87)* ***374, 380***
Gerace, Nicolas John *(88)* ***252***
Gergely, Michael Peter *(89)* ***522***
Gernat, Edward Gerard *(90)* ***480***
Gersch, John Steven *(88)* ***223***
Gesell, Thomas Richard *(90)* ***532***
Gfrerer, James Paul *(87)* ***196, 325, 331, 770***
Ghyzel, Paul Andrew *(89)* ***314***
Giacin, Richard John *(89)* ***242***
Giacobbe, Joseph Michael *(90)* ***543***
Giannone, Stephen Francis *(87)* ***436, 442***
Gibb, Arthur *(90)* ***501***
Gibbons, Scott Farrell *(90)* ***398***
Gibbs, Todd A *(90)* ***389***
Gibeley, Marc Morris *(87)* ***344, 350***
Gibson, John Griffin *(89)* ***398***
Gibson, Mark Conrad *(87)* ***323, 354, 361***
Gibson, Noreen Lynn *(89)* ***213***
Gibson, Philip Michael *(90)* ***429***
Giedraitis, Michael Joseph *(88)* ***389, 629***
Gieg, Michael Eugene *(87)* ***489, 495, 625, 771***
Gilbert, Aaron Edward *(89)* ***398***
Gilbert, Mark Steven *(90)* ***366***
Giles, Cornelius Ward *(88)* ***232***
Giles, Michael William *(90)* ***314***
Gill, Charles William *(89)* ***461***
Gill, Donald Hopper *(90)* ***213***
Gill, Jeffrey Scott *(90)* ***377***
Gillespie, Nicole Marie *(90)* ***429***
Gillespie, Stephen Mark *(87)* ***374, 380***
Gillette, Gregory Gary *(90)* ***314***
Gillette, Robert Austin *(90)* ***347***
Gillum, Charles Royce *(90)* ***265***
Gilmore, Mark Stephen *(90)* ***223***
Gilstad, John Reed-Hill *(87)* ***220, 226, 625, 771, 772, 773, 774***
Girardi, Mark Edward *(87)* ***302, 308***
Gittleman, Barry Jeff *(89)* ***223***
Glasper, Eddie Lee *(89)* ***347***
Glatt, Donald James *(89)* ***408***
Glenister, Michael Jeffrey *(89)* ***522***
Glenn, Walter Benjamin *(87)* ***510, 516***
Glenn, Walter Hill *(90)* ***337***
Glenn, Walter Lewis *(90)* ***408***
Glennon, Jonathan Scott *(90)* ***284***
Gloss, Lawrence Edward *(88)* ***419***
Glynn, James Francis *(89)* ***377***
Gmerek, Gerald George *(89)* ***223***
Gnibus, Victoria Louise *(89)* ***213, 663***
Gochis, Michael William *(90)* ***314***
Godfrey, Mark Shaw *(90)* ***532***
Godsil, Raymond Dean *(90)* ***553***
Godwin, James Owen *(89)* ***274***
Godwin, Joel Richard *(89)* ***366***
Goering, Timothy Robert *(89)* ***461***
Goetsch, Curtis Henry *(88)* ***223***
Goetz, Keith Allen *(88)* ***242***
Golding, Kenneth Blake *(89)* ***242***
Gombas, Joseph David *(90)* ***398***
Gomez, Edward Aaron *(88)* ***337***
Gomez, Gabriel Eduardo *(87)* ***436, 442***
Gomez, Gilbert Anthony *(89)* ***326***
Gomez, Thomas Christopher *(88)* ***471***
Gonsalves, James Dennis *(89)* ***429***
Gonter, Kevin Gregory *(88)* ***232***
Gonzales, Anthony James *(87)* ***560, 561, 567***
Gonzalez, Evaristo *(87)* ***200, 201, 206, 629***
Gonzalez, Reinaldo *(87)* ***449, 456***
Gonzalez, Ricardo Miguel *(88)* ***265***
Gonzalez, Yvette Marie *(89)* ***543***
Good, Charles Preston *(90)* ***429***
Good, Michael James *(89)* ***202***
Goodbody, Robert Anderson *(87)* ***489, 495***
Goodwin, Benjamin Brice *(89)* ***265***
Goodwin, Mark Willard *(88)* ***223***
Gordillo, Daniel Lawrence *(90)* ***314***
Gordon, Andrew Lewis *(87)* ***335, 341***
Gordon, Charles Michael *(87)* ***302, 308***
Gordon, Holly Lynn *(89)* ***232***
Gordon, John Wesley *(87)* ***550, 551, 556, 630***
Gordon, Michael Davis *(90)* ***513***
Gorman, James Leroy *(89)* ***252***
Gorman, Ronald Paul *(90)* ***522***
Gosebrink, Frederick John *(88)* ***356***
Goshey, Frank *(89)* ***337***
Goshgarian, Michael Vahan *(89)* ***513, 631***
Gosnell, Paul Gregory *(87)* ***426, 433, 588***
Goss, Erick Brandon *(90)* ***366***
Gossett, Michael Alan *(90)* ***450***
Gotay, Orlando *(87)* ***282, 288***
Gottschalk, Eduard Erich *(87)* ***282, 283, 288***
Goulding, Trenton Evan *(90)* ***553***
Grabowsky, Jeanne Marie *(87)* ***468, 469, 475, 620***
Grady, Donald Eugene *(88)* ***389***
Graham, Bryan Paul *(88)* ***522***
Graham, Gerald C *(90)* ***366***
Graham, Glenn *(88)* ***398***
Graham, John Russell *(89)* ***490***
Grammer, William Cody *(87)* ***498, 504***
Granados, Gene Anthony *(90)* ***326***
Granger, Scott Franklin *(88)* ***295***
Grant, Julien Antony *(89)* ***232***
Grant, Maximilian Antony *(88)* ***356***
Grass, Steven James *(89)* ***223***
Grasse, Robert Ray *(88)* ***501***
Grassey, James Daniel *(88)* ***513***
Grattan, Thomas Edward *(90)* ***223***
Graves, Carl David *(88)* ***284***
Graves, George Rowland *(90)* ***356***
Graves, Rodney Guy *(87)* ***510, 511, 516***
Graves, Steven Mitchell *(88)* ***242***
Graves, Thomas Copp *(87)* ***489, 495***
Gray, Brian Scott *(90)* ***438***
Gray, Charles Sean *(89)* ***295***
Gray, David Edwin *(89)* ***419***
Gray, Edward Joseph *(89)* ***265***
Gray, James Lee *(88)* ***398, 628***
Gray, Robert Kendrick *(88)* ***265***
Grayson, Roger Sherald *(88)* ***284***
Greeley, Brian Joseph *(89)* ***522***
Green, Edgar Alexander *(88)* ***252***
Green, James Stanley *(87)* ***468, 469, 475***
Green, John Kenton *(87)* ***201, 207, 771, 772***
Green, Mary Ellen *(87)* ***263, 269, 771, 774***
Green, Robert Alan *(90)* ***532***
Greene, Andrew Jon *(88)* ***490***
Greene, James Michael *(90)* ***461***
Greene, Joseph Thomas *(87)* ***220, 226***
Greene, Michael Rodney *(88)* ***295, 693, 736***
Greenheck, David *(89)* ***202***
Greenwood, Alan Morgan *(88)* ***461***
Greer, David Anthony *(88)* ***553***
Gregory, Brent Robert *(90)* ***471***
Gregory, Lisa Rene *(88)* ***408***
Gregus, Louis John *(87)* ***488, 489, 495***
Grennek, David Samuel *(89)* ***242***
Greppin, Ernest Haquette *(89)* ***429***
Gresia, Eric Joseph *(88)* ***213, 629***
Grev, Ingar Andreas *(89)* ***265***
Grez, Carlos A *(89)* ***419***
Griffin, Donald Lamar *(87)* ***293, 299***
Griffin, Patrick Simon *(89)* ***553***
Griffin, Sean Desmond *(88)* ***252***
Griffith, Benjamin Perry *(87)* ***530, 536, 709***
Griffith, Jeffery Perry *(87)* ***396, 402***
Grimes, Jeffrey Martin *(90)* ***438***
Grimes, Kenneth Rodell *(89)* ***314***
Grimm, Brian Charles *(89)* ***522***
Grindeland, Geoffrey Martin *(90)* ***314***
Grinnell, Edward Clyde *(88)* ***295, 626***
Grochowski, Richard Scott *(90)* ***305***
Gronbech, Christopher Edwin *(90)* ***252***
Groom, Matthew Lorin *(89)* ***314***
Groothuis, Mark Douglas *(87)* ***447, 468, 475, 628, 771***
Gross, Paul Edward *(87)* ***201, 207***
Gross, William Mayfield *(88)* ***408***
Grossholz, Michael L *(90)* ***553***
Grover, Darrin Michael *(87)* ***292, 293, 299***
Grubbs, Gregory Alan *(89)* ***471***
Gruver, Charles Wesley *(89)* ***438***
Guandolo, John David *(89)* ***213***
Guarini, William Joseph *(90)* ***471***
Guerrera, Michael Hiro *(88)* ***377***
Guerrero, Thomas Kevin *(88)* ***347***
Guertin, Sam Khodadad *(90)* ***242***
Guevarra, Mark Bennett *(88)* ***461, 629***
Gugluizza, Joseph Edward *(90)* ***398***
Guiliano, John A *(90)* ***284***
Guillory, Darrin Shaun *(90)* ***274***
Guinn, Wesley Randall *(89)* ***532***
Gulick, Gregory Allen *(89)* ***562***
Gummin, Brian Kent *(88)* ***305***
Gurdak, Richard J *(90)* ***480***
Guth, Richard Andrew *(89)* ***553***
Gutierrez, Deirdre Victoria *(90)* ***389***
Gutierrez, Francisco Javier *(89)* ***471***
Gutierrez, Hugo Cesar *(90)* ***295***
Gutosky, Stephen *(88)* ***480***
Gutosky, Vincent *(90)* ***450***
Guy, Henry Lee *(90)* ***232***
Guyer, Michael Francis *(87)* ***351***
Guzman, Leonard Tito *(90)* ***242***
Guzman, Milton Kenneth *(88)* ***501***

H

Haas, Daniel James *(88)* ***274, 701***
Haas, David Williams *(90)* ***202***
Haberlin, Richard Joseph *(90)* ***314***
Hackforth, Stephen Bernard *(89)* ***274***
Haden, Mark Alan *(88)* ***480***
Haebler, Paul Christopher *(89)* ***223***
Haga, John Alden *(90)* ***408***
Hagan, David Scott *(87)* ***417, 423***
Hagan, Robert Martin *(89)* ***419***
Hagenlocher, Mark Lenz *(88)* ***543***
Hager, Richard Stuart *(90)* ***471***
Hagerty, Paul Patrick *(87)* ***468, 476, 628***
Haggerty, William Christopher *(90)* ***284***
Haggott, Jeffrey *(89)* ***223***
Hagler, James Truett *(87)* ***484***
Hagler, Mark Arnold *(89)* ***295***
Hagmann, Merle Keliiolono *(90)* ***305***
Hahn, Jeffrey Joseph *(88)* ***295, 608***
Hahn, Roberta Mary *(89)* ***305***
Hair, John Douglas *(87)* ***312, 320, 628***
Hakun, Mark Gerard *(88)* ***337***
Halder, Craig Gavin *(90)* ***252, 773***
Haley, Brian Elliott *(87)* ***293, 299***
Hall, Francis Xavier *(88)* ***295***
Hall, Gregory James *(89)* ***202***
Hall, John Theodore *(87)* ***560, 561, 567***
Hall, Myron Louis *(88)* ***562***
Hall, Robert Frederick *(90)* ***450, 553***
Hall, William Slater *(89)* ***202***
Hallahan, William Douglas *(87)* ***325, 331***
Hallawell, Robert Elkins *(87)* ***489, 494, 746***
Hallenberg, John Scott *(88)* ***337***
Hallisey, David Daniel *(88)* ***532***
Halpern, Steven Evan *(87)* ***220, 226***
Halverson, Harris Banks *(90)* ***429***
Halvorsen, Larry Maurice *(90)* ***501***
Ham, Kenneth Todd *(28)* ***485***
Hamblet, William Prentiss *(87)* ***334, 335, 341, 704***
Hamilton, Mark Daniel *(87)* ***240, 247, 775***
Hamilton, Patrick John *(87)* ***194, 449, 456, 625, 629, 770, 771, 772, 773***
Hamilton, Robert Curtis *(88)* ***398***
Hamilton, Sean Michael *(88)* ***314***
Hamilton, Stuart Emerson *(88)* ***223, 611***
Hammer, Trygve Erik *(90)* ***532***
Hammes, John Stephen *(89)* ***295***
Hammond, Michael James *(88)* ***553***
Hammond, Terrence Eugene *(89)* ***522***
Hampson, Jennifer Ann *(90)* ***223***
Hampson, Steven Robert *(89)* ***490***
Hancock, James Lee *(90)* ***232***

Hanlon, Mary Elizabeth *(90)* ***295***
Hanna, Michael Arnold *(89)* ***501***
Hannum, Eric Jonathan *(89)* ***553***
Hansel, Maryanne Mulligan *(90)* ***284***
Hansen, Kelly Lee *(90)* ***232***
Hansen, Leland Duane *(87)* ***334, 335, 341***
Hansen, Robert William *(90)* ***242***
Hanson, Douglas James *(87)* ***540, 541, 547, 625, 626, 771, 772, 774***
Hanzel, Keith Edward *(90)* ***232***
Hanzsche, Thomas Howard Jones *(89)* ***326***
Haran, Gerald Brendan *(90)* ***347, 704***
Harber, William Miller *(89)* ***295***
Harcharik, Terence Lee *(89)* ***223***
Hardaway, John Victor *(90)* ***305***
Hardebeck, Jason Dee *(87)* ***498, 505***
Hardig, John Jay *(87)* ***220, 227***
Hare, Brian Michael *(88)* ***408***
Hare, Thomas Patrick *(89)* ***553***
Harkins, Christopher Lee *(88)* ***242***
Harlan, James Eliot *(88)* ***532***
Harman, Wenena Kerr *(88)* ***284***
Harmon, Michael Houston *(90)* ***438***
Harnett, Michael Keith *(89)* ***398***
Harper, Ernest Anthony *(87)* ***201, 207, 774***
Harrill, Robert Scott *(88)* ***490***
Harrington, Robert Scott *(87)* ***498, 505***
Harrington, Thomas Malcolm *(87)* ***458, 465***
Harris, Cordel Wendell *(88)* ***274***
Harris, Gregory Norton *(87)* ***489, 494***
Harris, James Carlisle *(89)* ***265***
Harris, John Daniel *(87)* ***344, 345, 351***
Harris, Kenneth Gardner *(89)* ***274***
Harris, Krista *(89)* ***337***
Harris, Roger Allen *(87)* ***293, 299***
Harris, Ronald James *(87)* ***396, 402, 659, 693, 736, 775***
Harrison, Erik Gererd *(89)* ***480***
Harrison, Kenneth Edward *(89)* ***408***
Harrison, Leif Brian *(89)* ***408***
Hart, Duncan Arthur *(87)* ***530, 536***
Hart, Joseph Michael *(89)* ***223***
Hart, Reuben Deloss *(87)* ***322, 344, 351***
Hartman, Curt Carl *(87)* ***323, 325, 331, 625, 627, 771, 772***
Hartman, John Charles *(90)* ***543***
Hartman, John Chrysostum *(88)* ***429***
Harwood, Bartlett *(87)* ***302, 308***
Haskins, Eileen Lily *(90)* ***223***
Hassell, Stephen Charles *(88)* ***543***
Hastie, Todd Benton *(90)* ***252***
Hathaway, Brian Lee *(89)* ***232***
Hatheway, Michael Peter *(87)* ***396, 402, 588***
Hauer, Kurt Blair *(88)* ***326***
Hawkins, Albert Wayne *(87)* ***220, 227***
Hawkins, David Allen *(90)* ***202***
Hawkins, James David *(88)* ***532, 628, 629***
Hawko, Kevin Richard *(90)* ***419***
Hawley, John Francis *(88)* ***480***
Hayden, John Stuart *(87)* ***426, 433, 629***
Hayden, Lance Alan *(90)* ***356***
Haynes, Edward Brooks *(90)* ***438***
Hays, Bert Richard *(90)* ***305***
Head, Charles Kevin *(88)* ***562***
Headley, Stacey Lee *(87)* ***521, 526, 691***
Hearn, Thomas Patrick *(87)* ***263, 269***
Heatherington, Timothy Beard *(88)* ***274***
Heatherman, William Joseph *(90)* ***438***
Heaton, Timothy Alan *(89)* ***223***
Heatter, Thomas William *(89)* ***284, 667***
Hebert, Daniel James *(88)* ***305***
Hebert, David Darin *(90)* ***232***
Hedger, John Howard *(90)* ***223***
Hegman, Adrienne Mary *(89)* ***419***
Hein, Robert Nicholas *(87)* ***325, 332***
Heino, Andrew John *(88)* ***377***
Heinz, Dirk Neil *(88)* ***314***
Helmers, Julie Vearl *(87)* ***240, 247***
Hemela, David Andrew *(87)* ***374, 380***
Hemphill, Patrick Donald *(90)* ***429***
Henderson, Charles Scott *(89)* ***501***
Henderson, Edwin Manning *(89)* ***202***
Henderson, James Anthony *(87)* ***194, 282, 288, 627, 770, 771, 772***
Henderson, Timothy Michael *(90)* ***438***
Henderson, Tonya Lynn *(90)* ***202***
Hendricks, Shawn Peter *(89)* ***223***
Hendrickson, Daniel Brian *(87)* ***323, 335, 340, 599, 624, 770, 771***
Hendrickson, Michael Douglas *(90)* ***337***
Henry, Eric Jon *(87)* ***479, 485***
Hensley, Donald Ray *(88)* ***347***
Hensley, Jonathan Boyd *(87)* ***250, 251, 256***
Henwood, Thomas Aloysius *(87)* ***426, 433***
Herbener, Scott Christopher *(87)* ***240, 241, 247, 610***
Herbert, Paul Alan *(89)* ***490***
Herger, Michael John *(90)* ***419, 742***
Heringer, Peter Eldon *(90)* ***305***
Herlihy, Joseph Gerard *(90)* ***471***
Herman, John William *(89)* ***284***
Hermsen, Bradley Gerard *(88)* ***553***
Hermstedt, Matthew *(89)* ***471***
Hernandez, Mark Anthony *(88)* ***265***
Hernandez, Richard Joseph *(88)* ***377***
Herndon, Donald Wayne *(87)* ***416, 417, 423***
Herr, Marco Francis *(90)* ***501***
Herrera, Mario Vega *(89)* ***284***
Herrera, Michael Anthony *(87)* ***407, 412***
Herrin, Vincent Edward *(90)* ***543***
Herring, Christopher Alan *(90)* ***366***
Herring, Patrick Donal *(89)* ***265***
Herrington, Mark Anthony *(90)* ***543***
Herrmann, Alan Leigh *(87)* ***386, 392***
Herrmann, Fred Karl *(88)* ***366***
Herron, Michael Stephan *(87)* ***396, 397, 402***
Hertzog, Lawrence Joseph *(88)* ***389***
Herweyer, Willis Eugene *(90)* ***513***
Hesse, John Walter *(87)* ***396, 403***
Hewitt, Douglas I *(90)* ***213***
Hibbler, James Edmund *(87)* ***386, 393***
Hickerson, Todd William Hanson *(88)* ***326***
Hickey, Robert Andrew *(87)* ***479, 485***
Hickman, Robert Henry *(89)* ***242***
Hickox, Jeffrey William *(90)* ***408***
Hicks, Andrew Leonard *(88)* ***202***
Hicks, Daniel Robert *(81)* ***377***
Hicks, Keith Edward *(89)* ***532***
Hiett, Todd Edward *(88)* ***356***
Higgins, Daniel Joseph *(88)* ***480***
Higgs, Ronald Leroy *(87)* ***194, 374, 375, 380, 770***
Highberger, Gerald James *(90)* ***438***
Hikmat, James Wahid *(88)* ***347***
Hilarides, Roger John *(87)* ***508, 551, 556, 625, 629, 770, 771, 772, 774***
Hiler, Edward Franklin *(89)* ***543***
Hilgendorf, Steven Mark *(89)* ***562***
Hill, Daniel Clyde *(87)* ***396, 403***
Hill, Douglas R *(88)* ***501***
Hill, Gregory Thomas *(87)* ***510, 516, 627***
Hill, Kevin Carlos *(87)* ***396, 397, 403, 628, 629, 771***
Hill, Leslie Marie *(88)* ***429***
Hill, Michael John *(87)* ***530, 531, 536, 625***
Hill, Sandra Marie *(88)* ***326, 590***
Hill, Stone Ladd *(89)* ***461***
Hillman, Dawn Ann *(89)* ***532***
Hilton, Pamela Lee *(88)* ***295***
Hines, Douglas Michael *(87)* ***272, 273, 278, 771, 774***
Hines, Karl Edward *(90)* ***232***
Hinton, Pierre Robert *(89)* ***223***
Hirko, Leslie Ellen *(87)* ***263, 269***
Hiscock, William Warfield *(88)* ***543***
Hitchan, Gregory David *(88)* ***522***
Hitchcock, David Michael *(88)* ***232, 701***
Hite, Tucker Slocum *(88)* ***295***
Hitt, Christopher Duane *(90)* ***450***
Hitt, David Alexander *(88)* ***532***
Hittinger, William Russell *(88)* ***326***
Hixson, Rosetta Dawn *(89)* ***305***
Ho, Eric Chee *(87)* ***386, 393***
Ho, Tung *(89)* ***284***
Hoag, Lyle Edward *(90)* ***513***
Hoban, William Walter *(88)* ***284***
Hobmann, Kenneth Edward *(90)* ***252***
Hodges, Aimee Kathleen *(90)* ***252***
Hodges, Christopher William *(87)* ***488, 489, 494***
Hodges, Michael Patrick *(88)* ***471***
Hodsden, Christopher Earl *(88)* ***377***
Hofacre, Timothy Robert *(89)* ***223***
Hofer, Thomas William *(90)* ***242***
Hoff, David John *(88)* ***471, 590***
Hoff, Mark Allen *(90)* ***305***
Hoffer, Geoffrey Alvin *(87)* ***436, 442***
Hoffman, William Curt *(89)* ***501***
Hoffmann, Richard John *(87)* ***407, 412, 628, 630, 711***
Hofmann, Brian Thomas *(90)* ***377***
Hofmeister, Eric Robert *(90)* ***398***
Hogan, James Patrick *(87)* ***293, 300***
Hogan, John Charles *(89)* ***314***
Hogan, Michael Joseph *(88)* ***305***
Hogan, Patrick Joseph *(90)* ***408***
Hoke, Timothy Edward *(88)* ***265***
Holahan, David Paul *(90)* ***532***
Holbrook, James Howard *(87)* ***498, 505, 628***
Holden, Jerry Keith *(87)* ***262, 263, 268***
Hole, Thomas Andrew *(88)* ***337***
Holl, Donald George *(88)* ***314***
Holland, Edward David *(87)* ***312, 313, 320, 630, 770, 771***
Holland, Joseph Todd *(89)* ***562***

Holland, Kevin Andrew *(87)* ***540, 547***
Holland, Monica Kim *(89)* ***438***
Holland, Troy Ellis *(89)* ***314***
Hollenbeck, Ann Elizabeth *(89)* ***438***
Hollenbeck, Kerry John *(90)* ***232***
Holley, Darrell Maurice *(90)* ***389***
Hollinger, Anthony Keith *(87)* ***344, 351***
Holloway, Eric Charles *(87)* ***446, 489, 494, 629, 771, 772, 773***
Holly, James Warren *(89)* ***347***
Holmes, Adam Patrick *(89)* ***490***
Holmes, Sean Allan *(87)* ***324, 325, 332***
Holt, Edward Young *(89)* ***522***
Holter, Peter Thomas *(90)* ***377***
Holtkamp, Erik Girrard *(87)* ***365, 371***
Holtslander, Craig Alan *(90)* ***223***
Honesty, Carter Lee *(90)* ***429***
Honeycutt, Robert W *(88)* ***408***
Hoofnagle, John R *(89)* ***461***
Hooker, Cynthia Joellen *(88)* ***562***
Hooper, Jon Steven *(88)* ***490***
Hooper, Robert William *(88)* ***252***
Hopkins, Byron Keith *(90)* ***419, 684***
Hopkins, Christopher Dean *(89)* ***522***
Hopkins, Robert Scot *(87)* ***261, 272, 278***
Hopson, Glenn Michael *(90)* ***480***
Horan, Matthew Burke *(87)* ***374, 381***
Horan, Paul Thomas *(87)* ***335, 340***
Horan, Scott Michael *(90)* ***295***
Horel, Robert Harold *(87)* ***199, 251, 256, 771***
Horner, Brigitte *(87)* ***302, 308, 662***
Horrisberger, Michael Meredith *(87)* ***365, 371, 627***
Horrisberger, Philip Gavin *(87)* ***312, 313, 320***
Horten, James Edwin *(88)* ***471, 629***
Horton, Anthony Curtis *(89)* ***461***
Hosey, Patrick Joseph *(87)* ***220, 227***
Hosken, Michael John *(88)* ***522***
Hoskins, Robert Martin *(87)* ***344, 350***
Hotis, Anne Alexandra *(89)* ***471***
Hottendorf, John Eric *(87)* ***354, 361***
Houck, James David *(87)* ***396, 397, 403***
Houldson, Gregory Donald *(90)* ***213***
House, Lael Lenore *(90)* ***398***
House, Mark Arlen *(90)* ***337***
Howard, Hugh Wyman *(90)* ***213***
Howard, Joseph Michael *(89)* ***252***
Howard, Reginald Maurice *(89)* ***274***
Howe, James Edwin *(89)* ***562***
Howe, Ronald Joseph *(89)* ***562***
Howe, William Ernest *(87)* ***488, 489, 495***
Howell, Andrew Gerard *(88)* ***377, 588***
Howell, Leland Anderson *(90)* ***419***
Howes, Matthew Ryder *(87)* ***354, 360***
Howsare, Charles Robert *(88)* ***305***
Hoy, Eric Harlyn *(87)* ***354, 360***
Hoyt, Brian Alan *(90)* ***265***
Hoyt, John Robert *(89)* ***252***
Hraba, Peter James *(90)* ***429***
Hruschka, Eric Helmut *(89)* ***337***
Huang, Hsuan Yao *(89)* ***429***
Hubbard, Thomas Richard *(87)* ***417, 423, 630***
Huber, Michael James *(87)* ***510, 516***
Huck, Hugh Joseph *(90)* ***377***
Huck, Michael Patrick *(90)* ***213, 461***
Hudak, John Christopher *(90)* ***543***
Hudgins, Seth Foster *(87)* ***426, 427, 432***
Hudson, James Willard *(89)* ***377***
Hudson, Patrick Jay *(89)* ***419***
Huey, Brian David *(90)* ***295***
Huey, Wesley Scott *(87)* ***230, 231, 236, 770***
Huffaker, Joseph W *(89)* ***419***
Huffman, Gregory Clark *(89)* ***480***
Hughes, David Wayne *(87)* ***334, 335, 340***
Hughes, Donald Scott *(88)* ***202***
Hughes, James Jerald *(89)* ***562***
Hughes, Jonathan Lee *(89)* ***213***
Hulbert, Mark Stephen *(89)* ***326, 773***
Hulit, Richard Steven *(89)* ***274***
Hull, Douglas Clark *(88)* ***274***
Huml, Nora Ann *(89)* ***274***
Humm, Brian Nicholas *(87)* ***447, 498, 499, 505***
Humphreys, William Andrew *(87)* ***240, 248***
Hunczak, John Martin *(89)* ***305***
Hundley, Barbara Scott *(90)* ***202***
Hunkler, Patrick Gerard *(89)* ***377***
Hunley, Trevor Clay *(88)* ***202***
Hunnemeyer, Scott Eric *(87)* ***407, 412***
Hunt, Adam Locklin *(90)* ***522***
Hunt, Harold Duke *(90)* ***501***
Hunt, Mark Matthew *(90)* ***562***
Hunt, Robert Jackson *(90)* ***419***
Hunter, George Kenneth *(90)* ***429***
Hunter, Linda Marie *(87)* ***260, 263, 268***
Hupp, Jerry Paul *(88)* ***471***
Hupp, Jonathan Richard *(88)* ***543***
Hurdle, Daniel John *(88)* ***274, 625***
Hurler, Herbert *(87)* ***325, 332***
Hurley, Dale Patrick *(89)* ***408***
Hurley, David Christopher *(89)* ***480***
Hurley, Patrick James *(87)* ***426, 432***
Hurm, Scott MacKay *(89)* ***429***
Hushour, Larry Gene *(87)* ***201, 207***
Hutson, Peter Martin *(87)* ***240, 248, 626***
Huxhold, Paul Edmund *(87)* ***364, 365, 370***
Hwang, Ki Moon *(89)* ***252***
Hymer, Drew Donald *(89)* ***532***
Hyndman, Joseph E *(90)* ***305***

I

Iannone, Edward John *(87)* ***210, 216***
Ihde, Alexander Gunther *(87)* ***407, 413***
Imanian, James Ali Reza *(89)* ***295***
Ingalls, Loren Monroe *(89)* ***471***
Inglesby, Kenneth Albert *(87)* ***479, 485***
Ingold, Tina Bridget *(87)* ***386, 393***
Inman, William Clark *(89)* ***389***
Iocco, Edward Joseph *(89)* ***314***
Ipock, William Thomas *(89)* ***274***
Irby, Curtis Michael *(88)* ***480***
Irby, William Gordon *(89)* ***337***
Irvin, Gary Lambert *(89)* ***522***
Isom, Roger Gerome *(88)* ***265***
Ita, Eyo Eyo *(90)* ***398***
Iuculano, Anthony Joseph *(89)* ***490***

Ivener, Randall Evan *(89)* . . . ***461***
Ives, Thomas Michael *(87)* . . ***324, 325, 332, 626, 771***
Ivory, Steven Robert *(87)* . . . ***540, 547***

J

Jackson, Burchard Cory *(90)* . . . ***532***
Jackson, Guy Delacey *(87)* . ***312, 320, 659***
Jackson, John Francis Gerard *(90)* . . . ***490***
Jackson, Mary Marcella *(88)* . . . ***326***
Jackson, Robert Christopher *(88)* . . ***314***
Jackson, Troy Scott *(90)* . . . ***274***
Jacober, Jeffrey Scott *(87)* . . ***201, 208***
Jacobs, Michael Pierre *(90)* . . . ***562***
Jacobson, Katrine Gram *(90)* . . . ***242***
James, Christine Marie *(89)* . . . ***265***
James, Constance Caroll *(90)* . . . ***223***
James, Marshall Schumert *(89)* . . . ***347***
James, Michael Theodore *(88)* . . . ***543***
James, Shawn D *(89)* . . . ***513***
Jamieson, Kathleen Casey *(89)* . . . ***480***
Jamison, Jay Todd *(90)* . . . ***501***
Jamshed, Mohammad Azeem *(89)* . ***202***
Janac, Gary Leo *(87)* . . . ***510, 517***
Janiczek, Rudolph Michael *(88)* . . . ***513***
Janssen, Robert Wendell *(89)* . . ***242, 626***
Janus, Philip Brooks *(89)* . . . ***419***
Jardeleza, Robert F *(90)* . . . ***553***
Jarrett, Andrew Corley *(89)* . . . ***461***
Jauch, Kevin Ronald *(90)* . . . ***438***
Jaunsen, Jennifer Rachel *(89)* . . . ***522***
Javier, Marcos Morales *(89)* . . . ***562***
Jefferson, Sherman Joseph *(90)* . . . ***522***
Jenkins, John Lawrence *(87)* . . . ***261, 293, 300***
Jenkins, Joker Lee *(89)* . . . ***347***
Jenkins, Peter Robert *(90)* . . . ***265***
Jennings, Jeffrey Thomas *(87)* . . . ***199, 240, 248, 629, 770, 771***
Jensen, Karl Erik *(90)* . . . ***337***
Jensen, Matthew Pearson *(90)* . . . ***232***
Jensen, Michael Louis *(90)* . . . ***553***
Jensen, Scott Stuart *(89)* . . . ***490***
Jerge, Jon Joseph *(89)* . . . ***284, 619***
Jernigan, Warren Hamilton *(88)* . . ***284***
Jetton, William Winston *(90)* . . . ***314***
Jeveli, Wayne Martin *(89)* . . . ***513***
Jewell, Jonathan Joseph *(87)* . . . ***520, 521, 526***
Jezior, Stanley Paul *(87)* . . . ***468, 476***
Jimenez, Edgar Antonio *(89)* . . . ***295***
Jimenez, Michael Anthony *(89)* . . . ***389***
Jividen, William Arlin *(89)* . . . ***284***
Jo, Sheldon Sucheol *(87)* . . . ***436, 437, 443, 701, 775***
Jobe, Bruce Alan *(88)* . . . ***522, 625***
Jobe, Dieter Gordon *(89)* . . . ***347***
Jockel, Jeffrey Carney *(90)* . . . ***295***
Jockel, Margaret Mavourneen *(88)* . . ***513***
Johansen, Kenneth Ragnar *(89)* . . . ***480***
Johanson, Stephen Walter *(89)* . . . ***337***
Johns, Christy *(90)* . . . ***408***
Johnson, Aaron L *(90)* . . . ***356***
Johnson, Aaron Tyrell *(90)* . . . ***419***
Johnson, Andrew Scott *(88)* . . . ***326***
Johnson, Bryn Laurena *(89)* . . . ***543***
Johnson, Christopher Elliot *(87)* . ***396, 404***
Johnson, David Alan *(87)* . . . ***540, 547***
Johnson, David Allan *(89)* . . . ***389***
Johnson, James Franklin *(90)* . . . ***429***
Johnson, James Lawrence *(88)* . . . ***461***
Johnson, James Olin *(90)* . . . ***522***
Johnson, Jon Alexander *(90)* . . . ***461***
Johnson, Jonathan Edward *(88)* . . . ***419***
Johnson, Leland Barry *(88)* . . . ***522***
Johnson, Lynn Andrea *(89)* . . . ***377***
Johnson, Marc Danyel *(90)* . . . ***490***
Johnson, Michael Craig *(90)* . . . ***347***
Johnson, Randolph Blair *(87)* . . . ***521, 526***
Johnson, Scott Douglas *(87)* . . . ***194, 354, 360, 597, 625, 770, 771, 774***
Johnson, Sean Patrick *(89)* . . . ***562***
Johnson, Travis Allen *(90)* . . . ***398***
Johnston, Frank Eric *(90)* . . . ***252***
Johnston, Gregory William *(87)* . . ***325, 333, 630***
Johnston, John Leslie *(89)* . . . ***532***
Johnston, Stephen Dwayne *(90)* . . . ***242***
Jones, Brian Timothy *(89)* . . . ***213, 284***
Jones, Christopher Michael *(89)* . . . ***553***
Jones, Douglas Alan *(88)* . . . ***438***
Jones, Earl Franklin *(88)* . . . ***553***
Jones, Gregory Allan *(88)* . . . ***274***
Jones, Herbert Earl *(89)* . . . ***314***
Jones, James Alan *(88)* . . . ***202***
Jones, James Thomas *(89)* . . . ***532***
Jones, John Wayne *(90)* . . . ***480***
Jones, Logan Scott *(87)* . . . ***551, 556***
Jones, Mark Wilson *(88)* . . . ***408***
Jones, Michael Christopher *(88)* . . . ***522***
Jones, Preston Wade *(89)* . . . ***490***
Jones, Robert Joseph *(89)* . . . ***480***
Jones, Ronald Fitzgerald *(89)* . . . ***389***
Jones, Sidney Thomas *(90)* . . . ***305***
Jones, William Clency *(90)* . . . ***295***
Joralemon, Robert Lee *(88)* . . . ***274***
Jordan, Carl Christopher *(89)* . . . ***337***
Jordan, Mark Camack *(90)* . . . ***461***
Jordan, Matthew James *(87)* . ***498, 504***
Jordan, Michael Phillip *(87)* . . . ***498, 504, 628***
Jorgensen, Carther Frederic *(89)* . . ***490***
Jorgensen, Mark David *(89)* . . . ***501***
Joslin, Mark Preston *(87)* . . . ***386, 393***
Joyner, James Mithcell *(89)* . . . ***232***
Joyner, Karen Elizabeth *(87)* . . . ***240, 248***
Juengling, Kurt William *(88)* . . . ***471***
Julian, David Alexander *(87)* . . . ***197, 396, 404, 627, 771***
Julian, Michael Anthony *(89)* . . . ***543***
Junge, Michael *(90)* . . . ***252***
Jurkovic, Neil Richard *(88)* . . . ***202***

K

Kacher, Frederick William *(90)* . . . ***305***
Kainer, John Edward *(89)* . . . ***265***
Kalafsky, Michael Stephen *(89)* . . . ***242***
Kalderon, Steven Albert *(89)* . . . ***532***
Kamat, Keval Shawn *(87)* . . . ***449, 456***
Kammann, Richard William *(88)* . . ***314***
Kane, Charles Paul *(90)* . . . ***347***
Kane, Colin Patrick *(88)* . . . ***265, 627***
Kane, Jeffrey Paul *(87)* . ***551, 557, 626***
Kane, Patrick Curtiss *(90)* . . . ***471***
Kane, Robert John *(87)* . . . ***210, 216***
Kans, Keith Randolph *(88)* . . . ***377***
Kapral, Mark D *(89)* . . . ***389***
Karasick, Stephanie Elaine *(90)* . . ***490***
Karczewski, Michael Eugene *(90)* . ***232***
Karp, Christopher *(88)* . . . ***513***
Kasprzak, Francis John *(90)* . . . ***450***
Kasuda, John Michael *(88)* . . . ***532***
Kata, Steven Joseph *(87)* . . . ***426, 432, 628***
Katcharian, Anne Marie *(90)* . . . ***295***
Katcharian, Hope *(88)* . . . ***202***
Katuin, Kevan Dean *(89)* . . . ***480***
Katz, Harold Paul *(90)* . . . ***295***
Kaufman, David Lawrence *(88)* . . ***274, 625, 629***
Kaufman, Wesley Brent *(88)* . ***377, 734***
Kawane, Shannon Edwin *(88)* . . . ***347***
Kay, Robert Theodore *(87)* . . ***540, 546***
Kayea, David Lee *(90)* . . . ***326***
Keane, John Thomas *(87)* . . . ***335, 340***
Keays, Wallace Raymond *(87)* . . . ***335, 341***
Keefe, Kelly Ann *(90)* . . . ***242***
Keefe, Timothy Patrick *(88)* . . . ***522***
Keehn, Corey Earl *(88)* . . . ***337***
Keeling, John Joseph *(88)* . . . ***461, 629***
Keith, Brian Leigh *(90)* . . . ***366, 553***
Keith, Robert Taylor Scott *(87)* . . ***458, 466***
Keller, Christine Marie *(87)* . ***344, 350, 635***
Keller, Douglas Fitzgerald *(87)* . . ***521, 527, 651***
Keller, James Michael *(89)* . . . ***543***
Keller, Michael Edward *(87)* . ***365, 370***
Keller, Robert Joseph *(90)* . . . ***480***
Keller, Timothy James *(90)* . . . ***274***
Kelley, Sean Patrick *(89)* . . . ***337, 626***
Kellogg, Robert Wayne *(88)* . . . ***389***
Kelly, Anastasia *(88)* . . . ***429***
Kelly, Brian David *(90)* . . . ***450***
Kelly, Dale Avril *(88)* . . . ***438***
Kelly, Mary Catherine *(87)* . . ***417, 422***
Kelly, Michael Abrams *(89)* . . . ***398***
Kelly, Patrick Michael *(87)* . ***530, 536, 773***
Kelly, Scott Kerr *(88)* . . . ***532, 698***
Kemmey, Whitney Wren *(90)* . . . ***242***
Kemna, John Gerard *(89)* . . . ***242***
Kempisty, Judy Lynn *(88)* . . . ***490***
Kempkes, John Christopher *(87)* . ***251, 256, 588, 629***
Kendall, Robert Thomas *(89)* . . . ***252***
Kendrick, Jeffery Alan *(88)* . . . ***398***
Kennedy, Christopher Xavier *(08)* . ***429***
Kennedy, John Clarke *(87)* . ***200, 201, 208***
Kennedy, Pierre Robert *(88)* . . . ***438***
Kennington, John Eric *(88)* . . . ***356***
Kenny, Andrew Mel *(89)* . . . ***295***
Kent, Sean Patrick *(90)* . . . ***562***
Kephart, Steven Kenneth *(89)* . . . ***337***
Kepler, Scott Dixon *(89)* . . . ***377***
Kerr, Jeffrey Scott *(89)* . . . ***532***
Kersten, Douglas James *(90)* . . . ***213***
Kiefer, Joseph Shayne *(90)* . . . ***419***
Kiefer, Mark Lewis *(89)* . . . ***408***
Kiefer, Todd Alan *(88)* . . . ***274***
Kiess, Michael Andrew *(87)* . ***101, 449, 456, 521***
Kim, Byung Tech *(90)* . . . ***522***
Kim, Kevin John *(89)* . . . ***438***
Kim, Stephen Gene *(88)* . . . ***543***
Kim, Sung *(89)* . . . ***450***
Kimberlin, Charles Anthony *(89)* . . ***202***
Kimberling, Ronald Terence *(89)* . . ***274***
King, Brian Douglas *(89)* . . . ***389***
King, Brian Scott *(89)* . . . ***356***
King, Christopher Michael *(88)* . . . ***223***
King, Richard Todd *(89)* . . . ***408***
King, Samuel James *(87)* . . . ***436, 443***
Kingery, Kevin Scott *(90)* . . . ***213***
Kinn, Ronald John *(88)* . . . ***347***
Kinney, Albert Creghton *(89)* . . . ***461***
Kinslow, Kevin Evertt *(89)* . . . ***366***
Kirby, Charles Kenton *(87)* . . ***551, 557***
Kirby, Joseph Walter *(90)* . . . ***366***
Kircher, Michael Joseph *(90)* . . . ***501***
Kirk, James Adam *(90)* . . . ***471***
Kirk, Matthew Steven *(87)* . ***250, 251, 257, 622***
Kirkland, Gary Conrad *(87)* . ***385, 436, 444***
Kirkpatrick, Lisa Anne *(90)* . . . ***202***
Kirol, Keith Andrew *(89)* . . . ***326***
Kisch, Scott Lawrence *(88)* . . . ***314***
Kiss, Thomas Koloman *(88)* . ***522, 625, 629***
Kitchen, Joshua Joseph *(90)* . . . ***295***
Kitts, Kevin Kermit *(88)* . . . ***398***
Klain, David Richard *(89)* . . . ***398***
Klatt, Deborah Denise *(87)* . ***210, 211, 216, 771, 772, 773, 774***
Kleckner, Robert Hideo *(89)* . . . ***398***
Klein, Joseph George *(89)* . . . ***522***
Klein, Kristopher Charles *(87)* . . . ***449, 457***
Klein, Maurice John *(88)* . . . ***232***
Kleinfield, Lisa Marie *(90)* . . . ***532***
Klemick, Michael Timothy *(89)* . . . ***398***
Klemish, Matthew Paul *(90)* . . . ***314***
Kless, David Ronald *(87)* . . . ***458, 459, 466***
Kliewer, Kyle Duane *(88)* . . . ***242***
Klimas, Anthony John *(87)* . ***323, 365, 370, 610***
Kline, Brian Todd *(87)* . . . ***406, 407, 413, 625, 772***
Kline, Stephen William *(90)* . . . ***223***
Klose, Karin Anne *(89)* . . . ***347***
Klyce, Harvey Robert *(90)* . . . ***305***
Knight, Christopher Lee *(89)* . . . ***377***
Knight, Earl Jennings *(90)* . . . ***305***
Knight, George Douglas *(90)* . ***408***
Knight, John Alan *(90)* . . . ***522***
Knittel, Kenn Mar *(90)* . . . ***265***
Knowles, Michael *(89)* . . . ***295***
Knox, Scott John *(88)* . . . ***366***
Knutila, Erik John *(12)* . . . ***314***
Knutsen, Keith Allen *(90)* . . . ***314***
Koch, Stephen *(90)* . . . ***501***
Kocher, Leslie Anne *(90)* . . . ***450, 663***
Koehn, Susan Elizabeth *(89)* . . ***337***
Koehr, Bernard Edwin *(87)* . ***282, 283, 288, 628***
Koenig, Ben Jonah *(89)* . . . ***366***
Koenig, Kendra Lea *(90)* . . . ***284***
Koerschner, Daniel John *(88)* . . . ***232, 626***
Kolakowski, Stephen Kendrick *(90)* ***232***
Kolcum, Gregory Jennings *(88)* . . . ***377***
Kolek, Carl John *(88)* . . . ***326***
Kollar, James Stephen *(90)* . . . ***562***
Kondilas, Philip Peter *(89)* . . . ***562***
Kondo, Richard Atsuhiko *(88)* . . . ***356***
Korn, Christopher Allen *(88)* . . . ***389***
Korn, Gary William *(89)* . . . ***532***
Kostiuk, Michael Allen *(90)* . . . ***295***
Kot, Brandan Matthew *(87)* . . ***354, 360***
Kotsos, Ernest Peter *(88)* . . . ***490***
Kough, Lindsay Thomas *(88)* . . . ***356***
Kousky, Todd Richard *(89)* . . . ***450***
Kovalchik, Robert Andrew *(89)* . . . ***471***
Kovanic, Edward Timothy *(87)* . . ***312, 321***
Kowalski, Robert John *(89)* . . . ***522***
Kowenhoven, Peter Francis *(87)* . ***385, 396, 404***
Kozar, Mark Joseph *(87)* . . . ***335, 341***
Kracht, John Robert *(90)* . . . ***471***
Kraft, Michael Judge *(88)* . . . ***356***
Kraft, Michael Louis *(90)* . . . ***461***
Krahl, Pamela Lorraine *(90)* . . . ***202***
Kramer, Charles Malan *(87)* . ***426, 432***
Kramer, Daniel Lyman *(88)* . . . ***522***
Kramps, Ronald Frederick *(90)* . . . ***471***
Krause, Cary James Haire *(89)* . . . ***202***
Krensavage, Joseph Peter *(87)* . . . ***201, 208, 580, 628***
Kristensen, Kenneth James *(88)* . . ***366***
Kropcho, John *(88)* . . . ***438, 625, 628***
Krush, Paul Steven *(90)* . . . ***501***
Krusling, Jeffrey Robert *(90)* . . . ***274***
Kruszka, Paul Stephen *(89)* . . . ***461***
Krycia, Joseph Richard *(89)* . . . ***377***
Kubiske, Kathleen Ann *(88)* . ***450, 654, 655, 657***
Kubista, Thomas Albert *(89)* . . . ***284***
Kukanich, Eric Gregory *(88)* . . . ***274***
Kulbitski, Anne Alaina *(90)* . . . ***347***
Kunkel, Timothy Michael *(88)* . . . ***553***
Kurisky, Paul Joseph *(87)* . . ***498, 499, 504***
Kurtz, Jane Ellen *(89)* . . . ***265***
Kurtz, John Gerald *(90)* . . . ***461***
Kushner, Aaron Steven *(89)* . . . ***284***
Kushner, James Peter *(87)* . . ***540, 546***
Kustra, Mark Christopher *(90)* . . . ***513***
Kutscher, Mark Eric *(88)* . . . ***223***
Kuziela, Thaddeus John *(87)* . . . ***272, 273, 279***
Kuzmick, William J *(90)* . . . ***213***
Kyle, John Shepherd *(87)* . . . ***344, 350***
Kyvelos, Anthony Robert *(90)* . . . ***490***

L

Laabs, Stephen Kermit *(89)* . . . ***347***
Lacivita, John Michael *(89)* . . . ***252***
Lacroix, Lance Leo *(87)* . . . ***374, 375, 381***
Ladda, Jon Curtis *(89)* . . . ***242***
Laderer, David Allen *(89)* . . . ***314***
Ladner, Michael Christopher *(89)* . ***305***

Laduca, Michelle Claire *(89)* 265
Ladwig, James Parker *(87)* 210, 211, 217, 624
Lafnitzegger, Eric Alois *(87)* 468, 476
Laforge, Michaele *(87)* 272, 279, 630, 661
Lahti, Carl Andrew *(89)* 450
Lai, Emily Huibee *(89)* 232
Laible, Henry Alfred *(87)* 220, 221, 227, 625, 629, 771, 774
Laing, Eric Armstrong *(88)* 461
Laingen, James Palmer *(88)* 314
Lakes, James Arthur *(88)* 366
Lamb, Gregory Chester *(88)* 490
Lambert, Lee Anne *(87)* 261, 302, 309
Lamberty, Gontran Miguel *(89)* 232
Lambrecht, Steven Scott *(89)* 347
Lamczyk, Mark Anthony *(88)* 450
Lampkin, Darryl *(89)* 252
Lancaster, Douglas Dunn *(89)* 337
Landauer, Peter Arthur *(90)* 356
Landess, Steve Wade *(88)* 366
Landon, James Joseph *(88)* 553
Lane, Charles Dean *(87)* 344, 350
Lange, Eric Christian *(90)* 389
Lanoue, James Edward *(88)* 532, 630, 692
Lanterman, Michael Mearns *(88)* 480, 625
Lapenna, Christopher John *(88)* 532
Lapoint, John Joseph *(89)* 501
Laporta, Leonard *(87)* 374, 381
Lara, Joseph Michael *(87)* 312, 321, 629
Largiader, Anton Christian *(88)* 419
Larkin, John Semmes *(89)* 223
Larson, Gary Stewart *(90)* 480
Lasala, Joseph Frank *(88)* 284
Lasorsa, Ronald Scott *(89)* 408
Latimer, Michael Shinichi *(89)* 398
Latrash, Frederick *(87)* 302, 309
Lauda, Mark Randall *(89)* 419
Laudadio, David Maurice *(90)* 202
Laufenberg, Susan Mary *(88)* 429
Lauletta, Joseph Carmen *(87)* 344, 345, 351
Laurenzano, Michelle Joan *(88)* 356
Laurilla, Shelley Marie *(87)* 374, 381, 628, 687, 726, 771, 775
Lavalley, Robert Cecil *(90)* 450
Lavely, Jerome Patrick *(90)* 305
Laverghetta, Thomas Andrew *(90)* 389
Lavigna, Michael Louis *(87)* 508, 510, 517
Lawless, James Joseph *(90)* 438
Laws, Craig Phillip *(90)* 223
Lawson, Catherine L *(89)* 471
Lawson, Tina Marie B *(90)* 265
Lay, Jeffery Edward *(87)* 498, 504
Le, Chris Khoi *(90)* 408
Leach, Scott Charles *(87)* 272, 279
Leadham, Denise Suzanne *(90)* 501
Leary, Michael Sean *(88)* 284
Leary, Sean Dennis *(88)* 553
Lebaron, Jonathan Weed *(89)* 252
LeClair, Matthew Walter *(88)* 522
Ledesma, Roy Rodriquez *(87)* 495
Lee, Brian Michael *(87)* 374, 382
Lee, Curtis Todd *(87)* 386, 387, 394, 667
Lee, Henry *(90)* 223
Lee, James H *(90)* 265
Lee, Jun Kyu *(90)* 377
Lee, Kwan *(90)* 232
Lee, Samuel Sey Hoon *(89)* 461
Lee, Susan Sey Yon *(90)* 284
Leflore, Michael Rena *(89)* 389
Lehardy, Peter Kingsley *(89)* 532
Lehman, Paul Clinton *(88)* 532
Lehocky, Gregg Daniel *(88)* 419
Leidinger, Michael James *(88)* 337
Leka, Kent Andrew *(90)* 562
Lelio, James Francis *(87)* 262, 263, 268
Lemieux, Tawayla Mynette *(89)* 532
Lemmink, Chris Michael *(90)* 356
Lemmon, John Stephen *(88)* 543
Lenaburg, Jerry Don *(87)* 417, 422
Lennard, William Trevor *(88)* 295
Lennon, Andrew Charles *(87)* 322, 365, 370, 625, 770, 771, 772, 774
Leonard, Thomas Joseph *(90)* 461
Leonard, Timothy Gird *(90)* 429
Leong, Eric Nathaniel *(87)* 521, 527
Lepage, Joseph Francis *(89)* 501
Lerch, David Roy *(90)* 532
Leroux, Dianne Theresa *(90)* 389
Leschinsky, Michael *(89)* 562
Lesniak, John Francis *(87)* 292, 293, 300, 659
Lessard, Laurence John *(87)* 468, 476
Lessard, Robert Patrick *(89)* 408
Lester, David Robert *(87)* 498, 505, 619, 629, 771
Leszczynski, Zigmond Vincent *(89)* 562
Letellier, Frank James *(89)* 480
Leung, Andrew Jason *(90)* 438
Leupold, Michael William *(89)* 543
Leutzinger, Thomas Hall *(90)* 337
Leverette, Glen Sebastian *(90)* 284
Levett, Mark Arthur *(88)* 562
Levins, Richard McClellan *(87)* 210, 217
Lewis, Albert Stanton *(89)* 232
Lewis, Dan Everett *(89)* 337
Lewis, Eric Martin *(90)* 295
Lewis, Haydee Heather *(89)* 305
Lewis, James Arthur *(90)* 389
Lewis, John Michael *(89)* 337
Lewis, John Scott *(87)* 282, 289, 625, 628, 629, 771
Lewis, Llewellyn David *(90)* 232
Lewis, Paul Christopher *(87)* 272, 273, 279
Lewis, Robert Herbert *(89)* 265
Lewis, Theresa Anne *(89)* 213
Lhote, Paul Leo *(88)* 389
Liberaski, Patrick James *(90)* 377
Liebe, Robert Michael *(90)* 356
Liebert, Carl Clinton *(87)* 335, 342, 635, 681, 684
Liebl, Karl Frederick *(89)* 347
Lightner, Matthew W *(89)* 242
Likens, Jack Cagle *(88)* 326
Lim, ClaudePhilippe RabelloDamotta *(87)* 210, 218, 628, 772
Limle, Jeffery Lewis *(88)* 471
Limoge, Peter Thomas *(88)* 562
Lindogan, Philipp *(89)* 408
Lindsey, Dwayne *(87)* 231, 236
Lindsey, Evan Burk *(90)* 553
Ling, Paul John *(89)* 490
Linsay, Ernest William *(89)* 389
Lipani, Todd Matthew *(88)* 223
Lipoma, Patricia Ann *(88)* 356
Lipscomb, George Aloysius *(87)* 384, 407, 413, 625, 628, 629, 770, 771, 772
Liszewski, Stephen Edward *(90)* 265
Litchfield, Charles Evan *(88)* 326
Little, Eric Lester *(87)* 396, 404
Littlejohn, Stuart Michael *(87)* 194, 479, 486, 770
Litz, Timothy Allan *(89)* 490
Liu, Edward Pojen *(89)* 366
Liwski, Lisa Mercedes *(87)* 197, 521, 527
Llaneta, Veronica Stefanie *(87)* 231, 237
Lochard, Chanles William *(88)* 295, 608
Lochmann, Adam Christopher *(90)* 419
Lochridge, Scott Owen *(87)* 510, 517
Locke, Stephen Gregory *(89)* 337
Locke, Stephen Kenneth *(87)* 436, 444
Lockwood, Dora Umeyo *(90)* 202, 691
Lockwood, Robert Morris *(90)* 461
Loesch, John Hugo *(87)* 312, 321
Lombardi, John Cyrel *(90)* 471
Lombardo, Michael John *(87)* 489, 495
Lonigan, Rebecca Ellen *(88)* 223
Lopez, David Michael *(88)* 532
Lopez, David Samuel *(89)* 543
Lopez, Jean Jacques *(90)* 543
Lopez, Marcos *(90)* 295
Lord, Christopher John *(88)* 513
Lord, Samuel *(90)* 202
Lorentzen, Stephen Edward *(88)* 522
Loricco, John Robert *(87)* 354, 361
Lott, Laura Louise *(87)* 446, 479, 486, 626, 654, 655, 657
Lotze, Mark Paul *(88)* 347
Love, Scott Thomas *(89)* 450
Lovejoy, Christopher Lee *(90)* 366
Lovett, Charles Kent *(90)* 265
Lovfald, Per Johan *(89)* 389
Lowe, David E *(90)* 389
Lowe, Michael Robert *(88)* 305
Lowrie, John Carl *(89)* 274
Lowry, Scott Foster *(88)* 501
Lu, Dulcita Marie *(89)* 522
Lucas, William Aaron *(87)* 365, 371
Lucchesi, David James *(88)* 242
Lucero, Michelle Erma *(89)* 242
Luchtenberg, Joseph Patrick *(90)* 490
Luchtman, Frederick Robert *(89)* 450
Luck, Rodney Kevin *(88)* 408
Ludovici, Anthony John *(88)* 513, 628, 629
Ludwig, Mathew Allan *(87)* 344, 345, 351
Lugo, Frank Ernest *(89)* 408
Luke, Bradford Thompson *(90)* 398
Lukish, Jeffrey Ryan *(87)* 293, 300
Luna, Felipe Amor *(89)* 562
Lundstrom, Christopher John *(90)* 480
Lung, Christopher John *(89)* 429
Lunger, John Sydney *(90)* 223
Lunifeld, Thomas Jeffrey *(87)* 365, 371, 628
Lunn, Brian Morgan *(90)* 429
Lupton, Steven Todd *(90)* 356
Luta, Mark Andrew *(88)* 398
Lydens, Robert Frederick *(89)* 366
Lyle, David Charles *(88)* 429
Lyman, Arthur Richard *(89)* 438
Lynne, Kevin Michael *(89)* 202
Lyon, Robert Allen *(87)* 293, 301, 771
Lyons, Joseph Francis *(88)* 438
Lysaght, Scott Bradley *(89)* 480

M

Ma, Michael John *(88)* 389
Mabe, Eric Trent *(89)* 408
MacArthur, Robert Duncan *(87)* 458, 466
Macchio, Richard Michael *(87)* 324, 325, 333, 771
Macchione, William Anthony *(88)* 501
MacDonald, David John *(90)* 326
MacDonald, John Archibald *(90)* 274
MacDonald, Todd J *(88)* 501
MacFarland, Robert Steele *(87)* 196, 263, 268
Mack, Paul Gerard *(87)* 240, 249
Mackey, Kelly Eugene *(90)* 314
MacLaren, Steve Alexander *(90)* 284
MacMurchy, Richard Guy *(87)* 560, 561, 567
Macmurdo, Scott Andrew *(89)* 377
MacMurtrie, James Alexander *(87)* 262, 263, 269, 634, 770
Macrae, Thomas Hugh *(87)* 292, 293, 301
Madigan, David Brian *(88)* 501, 626
Magee, Edward Ossie *(87)* 292, 293, 301, 704, 775
Mager, William Grant *(88)* 480
Maglin, Mark Prescott *(88)* 480
Magnani, THomas J *(89)* 490
Magrane, Kevin Richard *(90)* 347
Maguire, James Richard *(88)* 461, 635
Maguire, Joseph Robert *(88)* 284
Mahaney, Michael David *(88)* 419
Maher, James Joseph *(90)* 213
Maier, Michael Anthony *(90)* 202
Majewski, Michael Francis *(88)* 232
Majewski, Stephen Erwin *(90)* 242
Major, David James *(87)* 282, 289
Makowicz, David James *(90)* 490
Malabanan, Joseph Michael *(89)* 429
Maldonado, Luis Ahmad *(88)* 326
Malek, Frederic William *(88)* 314
Maley, Heidi *(89)* 543, 726
Malloy, Michael Matthew *(90)* 366
Malloy, Scot Webster *(87)* 365, 371
Malloy, Terence Petrick *(87)* 240, 249
Malone, Shawn Patrick *(90)* 389
Maloney, Brian Paul *(26)* 458, 466
Maloney, Dennis Andrew *(88)* 337, 625, 628, 629
Malveaux, Eugene John *(90)* 284
Manabat, Roderick Ira *(89)* 490
Manazir, Gregg Andrew *(90)* 265
Manchester, James Kirk *(90)* 356
Mandichak, Joseph Michael *(89)* 429
Mangan, Michael Sean *(87)* 251, 257
Mangiapane, Michael James *(90)* 356
Manhertz, Carey Mark-Anthony *(87)* 344, 351
Mann, Charisse Maria *(88)* 501
Mann, James Allen *(89)* 337
Mann, William George *(89)* 532
Manning, Scott Fletcher *(88)* 450
Manning, Thomas Crellin *(88)* 532
Mansour, Benjamin Louis *(90)* 377
Manzoni, Dianna Maria *(90)* 398
Maraist, Edward Charles *(89)* 408
Marbach, Gregory Ben *(88)* 408
Marcantonio, Margaret Lynn *(89)* 419
Marcellino, David Michael *(89)* 522
Marchese, Enrique Francisco *(88)* 337, 626
Marchildon, Michael John *(88)* 450
Mares, John Michael *(88)* 366
Margraf, Jeffrey Allen *(88)* 543, 635
Maricle, Timothy John *(89)* 337
Marinello, Steven Joseph *(90)* 408
Markey, James Michael *(89)* 471
Marks, Adrienne Marie *(87)* 436, 437, 444, 620
Marks, Charles Barend *(88)* 305
Marks, Sean Patrick *(90)* 471
Marley, Darin John *(89)* 377
Marquand, David Brent *(90)* 213
Marr, Christopher Timothy *(88)* 347
Marsh, Charles Devon *(87)* 449, 457, 626
Marsh, David Robert *(87)* 323, 374, 382
Marshall, Jeffrey Paul *(89)* 223
Martel, Paul Gerald *(88)* 543
Martell, Stephen Victor *(89)* 480
Martin, Andrew Alan *(90)* 471
Martin, Erin Eileen *(88)* 314, 620, 694
Martin, Ernest Walter *(87)* 384, 417, 422
Martin, Eugene Tivola *(89)* 356
Martin, Gregg William *(88)* 438
Martin, John David *(90)* 284
Martin, Lawrence Dean *(90)* 429
Martin, Leslie Jo *(87)* 374, 382
Martin, Matthew Kane *(89)* 490
Martin, Michael Robert *(87)* 354, 355, 361, 630
Martin, Randall Harold *(88)* 326
Martinez, Antonio Raul *(87)* 344, 351
Martinez, Arturo Zamora *(87)* 220, 228
Martinez, Edward Romeo *(89)* 377
Martinez, Michael John *(90)* 553
Martinez, Rene *(87)* 325, 333
Martins, John Kenneth *(87)* 302, 303, 309
Marvin, Brian Scott *(90)* 429
Marxen, Henry Nicholas *(88)* 305
Marzec, Thomas Adam *(87)* 194, 540, 546, 629, 770, 771, 772
Masar, Catherine Maureen *(89)* 274
Masiello, Gregory Lee *(87)* 364, 365, 371
Mason, Douglas Edward *(87)* 354, 355, 361
Massoglia, Suzanne Elizabeth *(87)* 335, 342, 588
Masters, Douglas Ray *(87)* 312, 321
Masters, Jeffrey Lawrence *(90)* 284
Masterson, Keith Andrew *(88)* 356
Matheson, James Vincent *(87)* 540, 541, 546, 630
Mathis, Gerald Holmes *(89)* 419
Mathis, Thomas M *(89)* 480
Mathisen, Mario Arthur *(90)* 242
Mathur, Sanjay Dayal *(88)* 522
Matic, Jason Richard *(88)* 356
Matofsky, Robert Henry *(90)* 513
Matsumura, Matthew Todd *(90)* 429
Matthes, William Peter *(87)* 407, 413
Matthews, James Allen *(88)* 223
Mattison, Timothy Edmund *(88)* 490
Mattson, Thomas Michael *(87)* 551, 557
Maxfield, James Robert *(89)* 389
Maxfield, Thomas Alexander *(87)* 426, 433
Maxwell, David Micah *(89)* 314
Maxwell, David Wayne *(88)* 305
Mayfield, Todd Andrew *(90)* 284
Mays, Frank Edwin *(88)* 429
Mazzeo, Anthony Joseph *(88)* 532
Mazzoli, George Albert *(88)* 490
McAlearney, Steven Phillip *(89)* 429
McBeth, Vincent Derrick *(87)* 194, 479, 486, 644
McBride, Sean Patrick *(88)* 337
McBride, Thomas John *(90)* 398
McCain, Rose Marie *(87)* 386, 394
McCall, Wesley Ray *(90)* 295
McCann, Catherine Elizabeth *(89)* 337
McCann, Douglas Edward *(89)* 242
McCarter, Craig Arthur *(88)* 626
McCarter, James Shannon *(89)* 252
McCarthy, David Michael *(89)* 232
McCarthy, Kenneth Sean *(89)* 501, 626
McCarthy, Lini *(88)* 513
McCarthy, Thomas Raymond *(88)* 532
McCarthy, William Arthur *(87)* 406, 407, 414
McCartin, Andrew Patrick *(88)* 471
McCartney, Eric Scott *(90)* 543
McCartney, Michael Alan *(90)* 429
McCauley, Jeffrey William *(90)* 532
McCawley, Brian Cronin *(87)* 426, 427, 434, 626, 771
McClelland, Troy Michael *(90)* 252
McCloy, Darin James *(87)* 521, 527
McClure, John Christian *(89)* 389
McClure, Scott Alan *(88)* 562
McColl, Theodore Lupton *(89)* 419
McConnell, Michael Patrick *(88)* 480
McCord, David Giles *(89)* 562
McCormack, Richard Curtis *(90)* 284
McCormack, Russell Steven *(90)* 326
McCormick, Stephen Edward *(89)* 438
McCue, Joseph Christopher *(90)* 232
McDonald, Duane Hugh *(87)* 396, 405
McDonald, Joseph Michael *(90)* 450, 631
McDonald, Ralph Liles *(89)* 326
McDonnell, Lawrence Owen *(88)* 377
McDowall, John Douglas *(89)* 398
McDowell, Perry Lewis *(88)* 202
McElligatt, Timothy Sean *(89)* 265
McFadden, Bruce Robert *(87)* 230, 231, 238, 775
McFadden, Joel Scott *(89)* 450

McFall, Larry Leroy *(89)* ***389***
McFarlane, Scott Patrick *(87)* ***194, 231, 238, 632, 770, 771, 772, 775***
McFeely, Colleen Marie *(90)* ***347***
McGahn, Donald Francis James *(90)* ***480***
McGarry, Jeffrey Yates *(87)* ***200, 201, 208***
McGaughey, Carrick Bradford *(90)* ***513***
McGee, James Dennis *(87)* ***374, 382***
McGettigan, Michael David *(89)* ***438***
McGinley, John David *(87)* ***335, 342***
McGoff, Douglas Allen *(90)* ***305***
McGoff, Kevin Carroll *(90)* ***408***
McGoldrick, Brian Patrick *(89)* ***202***
McGovern, Edward Joseph *(89)* ***438***
McGowan, John William *(87)* ***510, 518***
McGowan, Kevin M *(90)* ***356***
McGowan, Lisa Marlene *(89)* ***389***
McGowan, Paul Raymond *(88)* ***337***
McGowan, Timothy Michael *(88)* ***366***
McGrady, Jackson Lee *(87)* ***561, 566***
McGrath, James Francis *(88)* ***553***
McGrath, John Patrick *(90)* ***438***
McGrath, Patrick Ryan *(90)* ***513***
McGrath, Richard Brian *(88)* ***490***
McGrath, Richard Scott *(87)* ***509, 521, 528***
McGregor, Michael *(89)* ***223***
McGrew, John Paul *(89)* ***438***
McHugh, Sean Patrick *(90)* ***408***
McInerney, John Kevin *(88)* ***553***
McInerney, William George *(90)* ***366***
McIntyre, David Lawrence *(90)* ***532***
McKay, Donald Clopton *(88)* ***389***
McKean, Thomas Edward *(88)* ***513***
McKee, Margaret Ellen *(87)* ***458, 467***
McKee, Michael Dennis *(88)* ***295***
McKelvey, Dennis James *(88)* ***356, 629***
McKelvey, Jay Bruce *(87)* ***530, 537***
McKenna, James Frederick *(88)* ***295, 608***
McKenna, John Joseph *(87)* ***282, 289***
McKenna, Thomas Arthur *(87)* ***293, 301***
McKenney, Robert Tigner *(88)* ***232, 629***
McKeon, John Eluwene *(88)* ***419***
McKiernan, Matthew *(88)* ***461***
McKinley, William Patrick *(87)* ***220, 221, 228***
McKinney, William Clayton *(90)* ***232***
McLane, Brendan Reid *(90)* ***490***
McLauchlan, Robert Adalbert *(88)* ***480***
McLaughlin, Christian Frederick *(89)* ***213***
McLuckie, Matthew Patrick *(89)* ***242***
McMahon, Michael Vincent *(88)* ***347, 625, 629***
McMillan, Daniel George *(87)* ***498, 505***
McMillan, Michael Moore *(90)* ***305***
McMillan, Tauria Beth *(88)* ***553***
McNeill, Donald Britton *(89)* ***513***
McNeilley, William Gordon *(87)* ***417, 422***
McShane, Mike Sean *(89)* ***501***
Mead, Susan Elizabeth *(90)* ***553***
Mealey, Honore Bridget *(90)* ***202***
Mearig, Mark Adam *(89)* ***429***
Medved, Marko *(89)* ***314***
Meehan, George Daniel *(88)* ***265***
Megeath, Michael Duffy *(90)* ***252***
Meighan, John Michael *(88)* ***305***
Meisch, Paul Joseph *(87)* ***396, 405***
Meissel, Alexander Joseph *(90)* ***252***
Meissel, John Edward *(87)* ***561, 566***
Mejia, Maximo Quibranza *(88)* ***471***
Melling, Christopher Norman *(87)* ***551, 557, 628***
Mellor, John Phillip *(87)* ***561, 566, 625, 629, 771, 774***
Melnick, Thomas John *(88)* ***450***
Melo, Nilo Santamaria *(90)* ***337***
Melone, James William *(89)* ***471***
Melton, Darryl Corey *(88)* ***389***
Melvin, James Endo *(89)* ***562***
Memmesheimer, Robert Michael *(89)* ***356***
Menarchick, Frank Joseph *(89)* ***326***
Meneeley, Elizabeth *(89)* ***438***
Menendez, Robert Perez *(89)* ***356***
Menzl, Anthony Peter *(89)* ***553***
Meoli, Dominic Joseph *(87)* ***220, 221, 228***
Mera, Mac Abelardo *(89)* ***274***
Mercer, Mark Eugene *(88)* ***356***
Mercer, Thomas Alexander *(87)* ***365, 372, 625, 629, 771, 772***
Mercier, Alex Paul *(90)* ***501***
Meria, Michelle Lynn *(88)* ***450***
Merker, David Scott *(89)* ***480***
Merna, James Faulk *(87)* ***489, 495, 630***
Merriam, Christopher Edward *(87)* ***530, 538***
Merrick, Liam Patrick *(88)* ***232***
Merrill, Daniel O Brien *(88)* ***522***
Merritt, Byron George *(89)* ***408***
Merritt, Howard Franklin *(87)* ***272, 280***
Mersch, Eric Louis *(90)* ***223***
Messenger, Charles Andrew *(89)* ***490***
Messner, Franz David *(90)* ***513***
Metcalf, Ned Winford *(87)* ***302, 303, 310***
Metz, Melissa Kay *(90)* ***366***
Metzger, John Vernon *(87)* ***272, 273, 280, 627, 771, 772***
Metzger, Mark V *(89)* ***295, 580***
Metzger, Michael David *(89)* ***326***
Meyer, Gregory Brian *(89)* ***284***
Meyer, Stephen Rex *(87)* ***335, 342, 772***
Meyers, Carla Michelle *(90)* ***265***
Michael, David Allen *(89)* ***438, 626***
Michael, Sarah Mary *(88)* ***284***
Michal, Jason Jones *(89)* ***389***
Michal, Theresa Catherine *(88)* ***223***
Michel, Michael Dennis *(89)* ***377***
Micheli, Eric James *(89)* ***223***
Micillo, Domenick *(88)* ***295, 429***
Mickelson, Lynne Denise *(87)* ***240, 771***
Midea, Matthew John *(87)* ***197, 561, 566, 770, 773***
Midkiff, James Robert *(90)* ***419***
Miggins, Matthew James *(87)* ***386, 394, 630***
Miles, Erica Anne *(87)* ***335, 343***
Miles, Mary Alice *(87)* ***344, 352, 722***
Millen, Timothy John *(90)* ***377***
Miller, Alan Robert *(88)* ***305***
Miller, Craig Martin *(88)* ***314***
Miller, Daniel Alexander *(89)* ***461***
Miller, Edward Upchurch *(87)* ***282, 289***
Miller, Gilbert James *(90)* ***295***
Miller, Glenn Robert *(89)* ***326***
Miller, Gregory Alan *(87)* ***449, 457, 625, 628, 629, 771***
Miller, Henry Anthony *(90)* ***202***
Miller, James Dean *(89)* ***532***
Miller, Joe Earl *(89)* ***366***
Miller, Jon David *(90)* ***389***
Miller, Keith Edward *(88)* ***242***
Miller, Kurt Frederick *(88)* ***377, 629***
Miller, Lee Howard *(87)* ***335, 343, 630***
Miller, Mark Alan *(88)* ***314***
Miller, Michael Richard *(90)* ***356***
Miller, Richard Michael *(89)* ***389***
Miller, Robert Donald *(89)* ***513***
Miller, Robert Jonathan *(88)* ***543***
Miller, Ruth Ann *(88)* ***284***
Miller, Thomas Scott *(87)* ***374, 383***
Miller, Troy Dean *(92)* ***438***
Miller, Wendy Therese *(89)* ***242***
Miller, William Charles *(88)* ***223***
Millett, Marshall Geary *(88)* ***461***
Milligan, David Bourke *(87)* ***540, 547***
Milliman, John Crosby *(87)* ***335, 343***
Millott, Robert Edward *(89)* ***356***
Mills, Charles William *(89)* ***408, 626***
Mills, Don Arthur *(89)* ***408***
Mills, Hugh Edward *(87)* ***344, 352***
Mills, Rodney Alan *(88)* ***274, 629***
Milo, Michael George *(88)* ***501***
Milone, Stephen Anthony *(87)* ***210, 211, 218***
Milot, David *(89)* ***490***
Mineo, Mark Ronald *(90)* ***347***
Minich, Dale Robert *(90)* ***295***
Minick, Allen Raymond *(90)* ***513***
Minium, Scott Anthony *(88)* ***347***
Minotti, G Mark *(89)* ***553***
Minton, Kevin Scott *(90)* ***419***
Miranda, Jerold Camerino *(90)* ***419***
Misch, Robert Christopher *(87)* ***530, 538***
Misita, William Walter *(89)* ***284***
Mitchell, Allen Ormond *(88)* ***305***
Mitchell, David Anthony *(90)* ***347***
Mitchell, Ross Paul *(87)* ***325, 333***
Mitchell, Susan Louise *(87)* ***468, 477***
Miterko, Donald James *(90)* ***461***
Moberg, Douglas John *(88)* ***265***
Modesitt, Leland Exton *(89)* ***501***
Modlin, Julie Kristine *(89)* ***532***
Mohle, Barbara Hope *(89)* ***532***
Mohn, John Carrol *(89)* ***295***
Mokris, Chris Gerard *(89)* ***202***
Mollon, Dennis Clyde *(87)* ***293, 300***
Mologne, Michael John *(87)* ***521, 528***
Molthen, David John *(87)* ***251***
Monaco, James Michael *(90)* ***438***
Monaghan, kathleen Jo *(89)* ***438***
Monaghan, Kevin C *(90)* ***461***
Money, James Lester *(87)* ***344, 352***
Monk, Greggory Boyd *(87)* ***479, 486***
Monroe, Harry *(88)* ***213***
Monroe, James Todd *(87)* ***201, 209, 630***
Monroe, Robert David *(87)* ***302, 310, 630***
Montanus, Paul Darby *(89)* ***513***
Monteith, Bryan Gregory *(88)* ***532***
Montgomery, Brian Thomas *(89)* ***274***
Montgomery, Edgar Park *(90)* ***471***
Montgomery, Richard Thomas *(88)* ***553***
Moody, Catherine Alice *(90)* ***326***
Moody, Paul Wade *(90)* ***347***
Moore, Alexander Brevard *(90)* ***356***
Moore, Charles Lee *(89)* ***522***
Moore, Jamison Currier *(88)* ***295, 724***
Moore, John Eric *(88)* ***377, 757***
Moore, Matthew Guy *(90)* ***366***
Moore, Michael Renick *(90)* ***419***
Moore, Rebecca Anne *(90)* ***429***
Moore, Russell Anthony *(87)* ***386, 387, 394, 626***
Moore, Todd Matthew *(89)* ***450***
Moore, Wallace Frank *(87)* ***384, 426, 434, 693***
Morales, Frederico Orlando *(88)* ***295***
Morales, Jose Ignacio *(89)* ***265***
Morales, Joseph Arthur *(87)* ***302, 310***
Moralez, Joseph Mark *(88)* ***398***
Moran, Michael Francis *(88)* ***337***
Moran, Terence Breffni *(88)* ***501***
Moreno, William Kenneth *(90)* ***513***
Morgan, Bonny Carol *(89)* ***347***
Morgan, Curtis Alan *(87)* ***325, 332***
Morgan, Donald A *(90)* ***389***
Morgan, James Michael-Lee *(87)* ***530, 538***
Morgan, Julie Anne *(89)* ***480***
Morgan, Reece Donald *(89)* ***490***
Morgan, Roger Dale *(90)* ***347***
Moriarty, Sean Terence *(89)* ***419***
Moriarty, Thomas Michael *(90)* ***501***
Morlan, Michelle Dyan *(89)* ***438***
Moroco, Philip Anthony *(90)* ***450***
Moroney, Kevin James *(87)* ***240, 249, 771, 772***
Morrell, Andrew Michael *(90)* ***213***
Morris, Bruce James *(88)* ***265***
Morris, Michael Christian *(88)* ***522***
Morris, Steven Scott *(89)* ***223***
Morris, Walter Joseph *(90)* ***543***
Morrison, Robert K *(89)* ***347***
Morrissey, Scott David *(88)* ***471***
Morrow, Patrick Kenneth *(89)* ***461***
Morse, Adriaen Meredith *(88)* ***522***
Morton, Christopher William *(90)* ***562***
Morton, Darren Van *(90)* ***398***
Mosakewicz, Christopher *(90)* ***202***
Moser, Heidi Johanna *(87)* ***199, 210, 218, 599, 626***
Mosher, Christopher Scott *(88)* ***337***
Mosier, Stephen Anthony *(89)* ***438***
Moss, Allen Jeffrey *(87)* ***520, 521, 528***
Mouriski, Mark Jon *(88)* ***366***
Moyer, David Paul *(89)* ***242***
Moyer, William Edward *(89)* ***274***
Moynihan, Mark Peter *(89)* ***471***
Mueck, Andrew Bernhard *(88)* ***522***
Muggleworth, Charles Earle *(87)* ***231, 238, 628, 629***
Muilenburg, Kent Kelly *(88)* ***438***
Muir, William Butler *(90)* ***274***
Mulitauaopele, Toaale Suiava *(88)* ***450***
Mullane, Karin Ann *(90)* ***513***
Mullen, Bradley Scott *(88)* ***450***
Muller, Jeffrey Scott *(88)* ***543***
Muller, Paul Lawrence *(88)* ***543***
Mulligan, Daniel William *(88)* ***377***
Mullins, Matthew Bryan *(87)* ***520, 521, 528***
Mumm, Wesley James *(87)* ***551, 558***
Mundy, Laurie Jean *(89)* ***480***
Munoz, Michael Joaquin *(88)* ***471***
Munro, Thomas James *(89)* ***305***
Muraki, Yoshiyuki Charlie *(88)* ***232***
Murdock, Edward Davis *(90)* ***202***
Murillo, Celeo Rafael *(88)* ***471***
Murphy, Donna Patricia *(88)* ***326***
Murphy, Douglas Matthew *(88)* ***429***
Murphy, Joseph Charles *(90)* ***232***
Murphy, Thomas Patrick *(87)* ***396, 405, 711***
Murray, Patrick Joseph *(88)* ***202***
Murray, Scott Michael *(90)* ***314***
Muscha, William Robert *(87)* ***263, 269***
Muse, Roland Siegfried *(89)* ***429***
Musiek, Laurie *(87)* ***263, 269***
Musseman, Ernest Robert *(90)* ***223***
Musser, Michael Andrew *(88)* ***356***
Mustin, John Burton *(90)* ***543***
Myers, James David *(89)* ***202***
Myers, Jennifer Lee *(90)* ***389***
Myers, Kevin Michael *(88)* ***419***
Myers, Stephanie Anne *(90)* ***366***
Myhre, Erik Arvid *(88)* ***480***
Mykleby, Mark Gary *(87)* ***446, 498, 505, 625, 771, 772***
Mykyta, John Lubomyr *(87)* ***220, 228, 630***

N

Naglestad, Jeffrey Jon *(90)* ***513***
Nagy, Sandra Lee *(90)* ***562***
Nagy, Stephen Matthew *(87)* ***530, 531, 538***
Nakano, Gregg Musashi *(88)* ***232***
Nannini, Pete Lee *(90)* ***274***
Napoliello, Jeffrey Thomas *(88)* ***480***
Nardone, Christopher Charles *(90)* ***419***
Nash, Michael Dana *(90)* ***543***
Nava, Samuel Vasquez *(89)* ***314***
Navratil, Joseph Stuart *(89)* ***553***
Neeley, Dwight Crawford *(89)* ***242***
Neff, Ronald David *(89)* ***252***
Negaard, Galen Robert *(88)* ***295***
Neidhold, Carl David *(76)* ***354, 361***
Neisius, Brandon David *(90)* ***377***
Nekrasz, Douglas *(89)* ***265***
Nelli, Christopher Rolfe *(90)* ***562***
Nelson, Donald Dale *(90)* ***213***
Nelson, James Allen *(90)* ***377***
Nelson, Joseph B *(90)* ***252***
Nelson, Kent William *(90)* ***522***
Nelson, Ralph Frederic *(87)* ***240, 248***
Nelums, Davida Yavette *(90)* ***347***
Nerup, Carl Louis *(87)* ***201, 209, 670***
Nesbit, Paul Eric *(87)* ***196, 220, 229, 770, 774***
Neuenschwander, Vernon Eugene *(90)* ***461***
Neugebauer, Christopher Noel *(88)* ***366***
Neumann, William Davis *(87)* ***354, 362, 602***
Newcomb, Christopher James *(87)* ***386, 387, 395***
Newell, Paul Dwight *(87)* ***416, 417, 423***
Newell, Stephen Michael *(89)* ***438***
Newman, Carl Emery *(89)* ***553***
Newman, Michael Stone *(88)* ***252***
Newpower, Anthony James *(89)* ***213***
Newsom, Victor Van *(89)* ***501***
Newsome, James Maverick *(90)* ***242***
Newton, David Harwood *(88)* ***337***
Newton, Michael Hunter *(89)* ***242***
Newton, Richard Patrick *(90)* ***366***
Nguyen, Sinthi Hau *(90)* ***314***
Nichols, Clark Arlington *(89)* ***513***
Nichols, Todd Hume *(89)* ***501***
Nicholson, Brian Barrett *(89)* ***450***
Nickels, Trent Demarco *(87)* ***251, 258, 634***
Nicolay, Gregory Richard *(90)* ***223***
Niederberger, Kenneth Andrew *(90)* ***534***
Niedermaier, Julie Marie *(89)* ***461***
Niedert, Michael David *(90)* ***366***
Nigon, Thomas Alan *(88)* ***522***
Nikolich, Michael Anthony *(90)* ***265***
Nilsen, Thomas Gunnar *(87)* ***293, 300***
Nisbett, Thad Eugene *(89)* ***501***
Nixon, Jarrod Michael *(89)* ***314***
Nobers, John Joseph *(88)* ***522***
Noble, Joseph Douglas *(89)* ***513***
Nobrega, Jose Ricardo *(90)* ***242***
Nobrega, Norberto Moreira de *(89)* ***480***
Nolan, David Sean *(89)* ***347, 631***
Nolton, Pamela Duval *(90)* ***265***
Noonan, Jeremy Jay *(88)* ***347, 356***
Noonan, Timothy Raymond *(88)* ***377***
Nordlie, Christian Jens *(88)* ***543***
Northcott, Tad Christopher *(87)* ***540, 541, 548***
Norton, Michael Alan *(87)* ***468, 469, 477***
Nosal, David Edward *(89)* ***532***
Noser, Jeanine Louise *(89)* ***213***
Novak, Ronald Joseph *(89)* ***480***
Novotny, Brian John *(88)* ***305***
Noyes, Brian Douglas *(87)* ***386, 387, 395, 625, 771, 774***
Nugent, Andrew Michael *(89)* ***366***
Nugent, Kimberly Ann *(89)* ***232***
Nyberg, Carl George *(89)* ***450***
Nygaard, Danny Allen *(87)* ***510, 511, 518, 625, 628, 771, 774***
Nyland, Timothy James *(89)* ***513***

O

O'Boyle, John David *(87)* ***551, 558, 625, 771, 774***
O'Boyle, Kerry Cornealius *(90)* ***356***
O'Brien, Craig Douglas *(89)* ***562***
O'Brien, James Patrick *(88)* ***337***
O'Brien, John Francis *(88)* ***242***
O'Brien, John Lawrence *(89)* ***429***
O'Brien, John Michael *(90)* ***347***

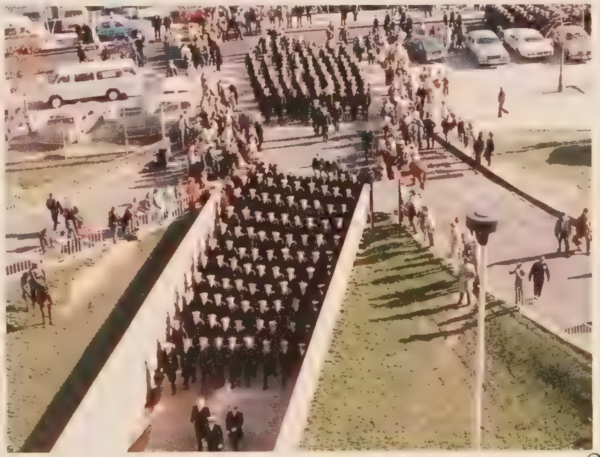
O'Brien, John Morris *(89)* ***522***
O'Brien, Kevin Edward *(90)* ***265***
O'Brien, Michael Tracy *(90)* ***490***
O'Brien, Shawn Patrick *(90)* ***480***
O'Connell, Richard Francis *(90)* ***347***
O'Connor, Kerry Maureen *(88)* ***252***
O'Connor, Kip *(89)* ***490***
O'Connor, Robert Daniel *(88)* ***337***
O'Donnel, Jack Erwin *(88)* ***543***
O'Donnell, Brian Patrick *(88)* ***532***
O'Donnell, Sean Patrick *(89)* ***532***
O'Farrell, James Theodore *(89)* ***265***
O'Flaherty, Sean Paul *(90)* ***337***
O'Kuinghttons, Camilo Octavio *(87)* ***386, 387, 395, 628***
O'Leary, Dennis Francisco *(89)* ***314***
O'Malley, Sean Philip *(89)* ***471***
O'Neil, Lynn Gerise *(88)* ***223, 660***
O'Neil, Margaret Theresa *(90)* ***408***
O'Neil, Pegeen Marie *(88)* ***223, 757***
O'Neill, David Michael *(90)* ***408***
O'Neill, Edward Randall *(89)* ***429***
O'Rourke, Dennis Christopher *(89)* ***252, 626***
Oakes, James David *(89)* ***553***
Oberg, Jeffrey Dale *(89)* ***543***
Obsitnik, Stephen Arthur *(89)* ***543***
Ochoa, Eloy *(90)* ***213***
Oddo, Dominick James *(87)* ***449, 457***
Odegaard, Todd Michael *(88)* ***305***
Odom, David William *(87)* ***335, 343***
Oechsel, Craig Roger *(87)* ***365, 372***
Ogawa, James Seijiro *(90)* ***532***
Ogden, David Averitt *(87)* ***302, 310***
Oh, Han Suk *(90)* ***366***
Ohl, Anthony Lee *(90)* ***398***
Ohmstede, Steven Chris *(90)* ***242***
Oistad, Bruce Edward Martin *(90)* ***438***
Oldmixon, Joan Russell *(89)* ***232***
Olep, Peter Sven *(90)* ***252***
Oliver, Amy Jo *(90)* ***389***
Oliver, Perry Lee *(90)* ***295***
Olsen, John Patrick *(89)* ***501***
Olsen, Robert Norman *(87)* ***530, 531, 539***
Olshaw, Edward Charles *(88)* ***347, 719***
Olson, Christopher Vernon *(89)* ***356***
Olson, Darren Montgomery *(88)* ***532***
Olson, Gregory George *(90)* ***274***
Olson, Jon Raymond *(90)* ***274***
Orans, David Martin *(87)* ***417, 423***
Orlich, Kristin Marie *(88)* ***408***
Ormsby, William Calvin *(89)* ***490***
Orona, James Christopher *(89)* ***366***
Orr, John Richard *(89)* ***314***
Ortega, Christopher Mark *(90)* ***284***
Ortega, John Charles *(87)* ***354, 362***
Ortiz, John Arthur *(87)* ***312, 313, 320, 770***
Orvis, Dean Herbert *(88)* ***461***
Osborn, Donald Edward *(90)* ***265***
Osogwin, Michael John *(90)* ***490***
Osorno, Juan Carlos *(88)* ***314***
Oss, David Brandon *(87)* ***231, 238, 630***
Ostroff, Pacy Philip *(87)* ***198, 251, 258, 625, 629, 771***
Ostrowski, John Anthony *(89)* ***284***
Ott, Jason Christian *(90)* ***242***
Ott, Michael Francis *(88)* ***252***
Ott, Raymond Bernard *(90)* ***265***
Otto, Gretchen Ann *(89)* ***419***
Otto, Steven Edward *(87)* ***458, 467***
Overbey, Mark Franklin *(89)* ***438***
Owen, Duncan Shaw *(90)* ***522***
Owens, Christopher Thomas *(89)* ***326***
Owens, Gary Robert *(90)* ***274***
Owens, James Kent *(88)* ***553***
Owens, Patrick Michael *(89)* ***471***
Oxendine, Susan Hampton *(89)* ***232***

P

Packard, Donald Henry *(88)* ***398***
Packard, Randall Craig *(87)* ***344, 352***
Packowski, Robert Patrick *(90)* ***274, 659, 736***
Padgett, William Stuart *(89)* ***202***
Padilla, Ann Marie *(87)* ***458, 467, 722***
Padre, Rudy Cabatbat *(89)* ***429***
Padula, David Michael *(90)* ***252***
Pagan, Ivan Roman *(87)* ***498, 499, 505***
Pagan, Neftali *(89)* ***471***
Pagano, Vincent Albert *(89)* ***438***
Palm, Robert Herman *(89)* ***232***
Palmer, George Bruce *(88)* ***213, 627***
Palmer, Jeffrey Kenneth *(88)* ***438***
Palmer, Stephen Dennis *(89)* ***305***
Palmisano, Joseph Charles *(90)* ***480***
Palombo, James Alfred *(90)* ***326***
Palomo, Enrique S *(90)* ***305***
Panchyshyn, Stephen John *(87)* ***344, 353***
Pandya, Sunita Lyn *(87)* ***210, 218, 691***
Panella, Vincent Rocco *(90)* ***295***
Pangrazio, Ronald Bert *(89)* ***284***
Pantas, Lee James *(90)* ***274***
Pappano, Scott William *(89)* ***202***
Pappas, Dimitrios Anastasious *(87)* ***302, 311***
Parashak, Paul Michael *(89)* ***471***
Parish, Michael Shelton *(88)* ***232***
Park, Brian Kellington *(90)* ***480***
Park, William David *(88)* ***490***
Parker, Bradley Alan *(90)* ***223***
Parker, Conrado Sandoval *(90)* ***419***
Parker, Eric Addison *(87)* ***520, 521, 529***
Parker, Gary Wayne *(87)* ***417, 423***
Parker, Gregory James *(90)* ***252***
Parker, Paul Tyrone *(89)* ***377***
Parker, Robert Charles *(87)* ***417, 423***
Parker, Wayne Allen *(90)* ***543***
Parkhurst, William Terrill *(89)* ***366***
Parks, Joseph Peter *(89)* ***305***
Parran, Gregory Alvin *(90)* ***450***
Parrillo, Michael Albert *(87)* ***365, 372, 711***
Parvin, Scott Austin *(90)* ***326***
Parzych, Garry Edward *(87)* ***417, 424, 628, 629, 771, 772***
Pascal, Kenneth Michael *(88)* ***513***
Paschal, Kevin Scott *(89)* ***501***
Paschke, Michael Paul *(90)* ***471***
Pascual, Perry Munoz *(90)* ***202***
Pasiuk, Bret Nicholas *(89)* ***461***
Paterson, Mark Earl *(89)* ***337***
Paterson, Patrick John *(89)* ***337***
Patsey, Justin Francis *(88)* ***295***
Patten, Michael Paul *(87)* ***417, 424***
Patterson, Walker David *(90)* ***480***
Patton, Brian Eugene *(87)* ***344, 353***
Paulsen, Lorene Eileen *(88)* ***450, 590***
Pawlo, Ronald Lewis *(89)* ***295***
Payton, Christopher John *(88)* ***398***
Payton, Howard *(88)* ***490***
Pearson, Laura Jean *(90)* ***252***
Pease, Scott Michael *(90)* ***543***
Pechacek, Maria Libuse *(88)* ***366***
Peck, Theodore Allen *(88)* ***366***
Peck, Thomas Robert *(89)* ***377, 626***
Pedalino, Marc Joseph *(89)* ***501***
Peden, Keith Roy *(87)* ***489, 496***
Peet, Benjamin Braman *(88)* ***242***
Peifley, Timothy John *(90)* ***232***
Pekari, Gregory Stephen *(89)* ***461***
Pelto, Harry John *(89)* ***202***
Pendrick, Glenn William *(88)* ***553***
Pennington, William Paul *(89)* ***314***
Penny, Arthur Scott *(87)* ***344, 353***
Pennypacker, Blaine Stanley *(88)* ***429***
Penrod, Shawn Lee *(88)* ***419, 625, 629***
Pensabene, Donna Marie *(90)* ***295***
Pensabene, Paul Anthony *(88)* ***265***
Peoples, Emil Lynn *(89)* ***274***
Peoples, Michael Loren *(87)* ***407, 414***
Pepper, Daniel Lee *(90)* ***252***
Pereira, Frank *(87)* ***449, 456***
Perez, Marcelo *(90)* ***337***
Perez, Roy Michael *(89)* ***337***
Perez, Tracey Lynn *(90)* ***252***
Perkins, Patrick Ryder *(87)* ***510, 511, 518***
Perkinson, Mark Scott *(89)* ***347***
Permito, Curtis Mark *(87)* ***468, 477***
Perpuse, Albert Dan *(88)* ***213, 629***
Perreca, Eric Norman *(87)* ***200, 201, 209***
Perri, Craig Philip *(87)* ***436, 444, 630***
Perrin, David Grant *(90)* ***450***
Perrine, Darin Eugene *(90)* ***398***
Perry, Douglas Gordon *(89)* ***295***
Perry, Vera Michele *(90)* ***223***
Persche, Michael Robert *(90)* ***543***
Personale, Robert Michael *(90)* ***438***
Pescatore, Robert Alfred *(88)* ***438, 626***
Pestorius, Michael John *(90)* ***419, 688***
Peters, Aaron Scott *(90)* ***461***
Peters, Gary Charles *(88)* ***326***
Peters, James David *(87)* ***426, 427, 434***
Peters, John David *(18)* ***374, 383, 424***
Peters, Mark V *(88)* ***284***
Peters, Stephen John *(87)* ***385***
Petersen, George Joseph *(87)* ***231, 239***
Peterson, Carl William *(88)* ***305***
Peterson, Michael Craig *(90)* ***438***
Peterson, Scott Thomas *(88)* ***326***
Petit, John Mark *(89)* ***366***
Petrick, Tawnya Jean *(90)* ***326***
Petrie, Jeffrey Scott *(89)* ***522***
Petro, Alan Michael *(89)* ***419***
Petro, Darren Danforth *(89)* ***450***
Petroff, Mark Andrew *(90)* ***232***
Pettigrew, Neil Arnold *(88)* ***366***
Pettus, Samuel Larry *(90)* ***274***
Petty, Anita Sue *(87)* ***240, 248***
Petty, Carl Vann *(89)* ***389***
Petz, Mark Elihu *(89)* ***213***
Pfautz, James Scott *(90)* ***295***
Pfeifer, Timothy Lloyd *(88)* ***223***
Pfeiffer, Todd Alex *(89)* ***562, 626***
Pfiffner, Jonathan Robert *(90)* ***513***
Pham, Huy Cuong *(87)* ***386, 395***
Pham, Tung Xuan *(89)* ***562***
Phelan, Thomas Joseph *(89)* ***398***
Phelps, Janhein Weber *(90)* ***408***
Phillips, Barry Jay *(88)* ***223***
Phillips, Christopher Thomas *(88)* ***223***
Phillips, Curtis Kimballs Miles *(90)* ***242***
Phillips, Scott David *(90)* ***389***
Phillips, Timothy Brian *(89)* ***213***
Philpott, Alan D *(90)* ***223***
Pia, Michael David *(90)* ***232***
Piacitelli, Matthew James *(89)* ***232***
Pickett, Christopher Louis *(89)* ***356***
Pickrel, William Glenn *(89)* ***419***
Pickrell, Brant Douglas *(87)* ***322, 354, 362***
Pierce, Christopher London *(90)* ***543***
Pierce, Howard Lee *(88)* ***389***
Pierpont, Krista Lynn *(90)* ***471***
Pierson, Brett Matthew *(87)* ***488, 489, 496, 629***
Pietkiewicz, Thomas Frederick *(88)* ***471, 626***
Pignataro, Robert Paul *(87)* ***260, 282, 290, 625, 629, 771, 773***
Pihl, Eric Robert *(90)* ***284***
Pimpo, Mark Robert *(89)* ***480***
Pinnata, John George *(87)* ***498, 506***
Piontek, Joseph William *(87)* ***447, 498, 506, 627, 771, 772***
Pitoniak, Noel Andrew *(89)* ***337***
Pitrof, Stephen Moore *(87)* ***509, 510, 518***
Plankey, Sean Patrick *(88)* ***252***
Plantz, Robert Nelson *(87)* ***231, 239***
Plautz, Roni Sue *(89)* ***305, 590***
Plemenos, William H *(88)* ***366***
Plohetski, John William *(87)* ***344, 353***
Plott, William George *(88)* ***389***
Plourde, John Edward *(87)* ***498, 506, 629, 771, 773, 774***
Podolak, John Edward *(88)* ***471***
Poellnitz, Robert Patrick *(88)* ***429***
Polanin, Joseph *(90)* ***461***
Polar, Luis Jose *(87)* ***231, 239***
Polcari, Michael Anthony *(87)* ***468, 477, 771***
Polidoro, Michael Anthony *(90)* ***438***
Polk, Matthew John *(90)* ***274***
Polk, Matthew Todd *(90)* ***438***
Polowczyk, John Phillip *(87)* ***458, 467***
Polowy, Brandee Lorraine *(88)* ***314, 691***
Poluektov, Ilya Alexey *(88)* ***213***
Ponce, Bryan Paul *(90)* ***356***
Pontell, Steven Eliot *(88)* ***562***
Poore, Louis Edward *(87)* ***263, 270***
Popielec, James Andrew *(89)* ***232***
Popp, Thomas Christopher *(89)* ***408, 650, 651***
Porter, Patrick James *(88)* ***274***
Porter, Scott Denzil *(89)* ***450***
Post, Christian Howard *(89)* ***513***
Postoll, David Frederick *(87)* ***498, 506***
Potenza, Marilou *(88)* ***202***
Potteiger, Gregory Donald *(89)* ***314***
Potter, Daryl Keith *(90)* ***429***
Potts, Kevin Michael *(87)* ***282, 283, 290, 629, 771, 772, 773, 774***
Povlock, Karen Beth *(88)* ***295, 625***
Powell, Christopher Scott *(87)* ***406, 414***
Powell, John Ward *(90)* ***461***
Powell, Keehln Bain *(88)* ***213***
Powers, John Joseph *(90)* ***356***
Powers, Patrick James *(89)* ***242***
Powers, Scott Thomas *(89)* ***265***
Pragada, Robert Venkat *(90)* ***337***
Prakobchati, Suchate *(90)* ***377***
Prass, Ronald Eugene *(87)* ***251, 258, 630***
Prather, Brian Andrew *(89)* ***242***
Prather, Craig Steven *(89)* ***480***
Prato, Anthony Wayne *(87)* ***365, 372, 667, 668***
Pratt, Charles Frank *(90)* ***377***
Pray, Andrew Gregory *(87)* ***312, 320***
Preer, Cassondra Lasha *(88)* ***490***
Pregmon, Matthew Scott *(90)* ***366***
Prendergast, John Michael *(90)* ***242***
Price, Britain Talbot *(88)* ***408***
Price, Henry Walter *(88)* ***438***
Prickett, Michael Frederick *(90)* ***377***
Pridgen, Robert Durward *(88)* ***562***
Priefer, Michael Jordan *(89)* ***347***
Priest, Robert Lee *(89)* ***274***
Prime, Eric Kent *(90)* ***337***
Prince, Theodore A *(90)* ***543***
Prinz, Scott M *(90)* ***532***
Pritchard, Robert William *(90)* ***295***
Proctor, John Arthur *(90)* ***337***
Prosser, Craig James *(89)* ***347***
Protin, James Albert *(88)* ***305***
Proudfit, James Robert *(90)* ***314***
Pruett, Arthur Paul *(87)* ***521, 529***
Prybell, Mark Edmund *(90)* ***284***
Pryce-Jones, Robert Scott *(90)* ***398***
Pucciariello, Charles Louis *(89)* ***337***
Pugh, Jason Allen *(87)* ***312, 320***
Pugh, Joseph Peter *(90)* ***543***
Pukach, George Gerard *(88)* ***213***
Pullen, Martin John *(90)* ***356***
Pullin, Paul Edward *(88)* ***223, 626***
Purdy, Paul Albert *(89)* ***389***
Purvis, Heather Leigh Ann *(89)* ***274, 626***
Pusch, Gregory Thomas *(89)* ***562***
Putzback, Cynthia Lynn *(88)* ***562***

Q

Qualey, Michael Paul *(88)* ***501***
Quasebarth, Gretchen Anne *(88)* ***398***
Quast, John Michael *(87)* ***479, 487***
Quick, Mark David *(87)* ***407, 414***
Quigley, Christopher John *(90)* ***522***
Quigley, Desmond Paul *(88)* ***284***
Quigley, Neal Matthew *(89)* ***223***
Quilantang, Leni Nuger *(89)* ***232***
Quilty, Christopher David *(89)* ***284***
Quilty, Michael John *(88)* ***232, 629***
Quimpo, Jon Christopher *(88)* ***274***
Quinn, John Joseph *(90)* ***274***
Quinn, Kevin Joseph *(89)* ***252***
Quinn, Michael Joseph *(87)* ***426, 434***



Quinn, Patrick Joseph *(87)* ***479, 487***
Quinn, Scott Wayne *(87)* ***272, 280***
Quinn, Timothy William *(88)* ***347***
Quinn, Ward Vincent *(88)* ***562***
Quint, David Michael *(87)* ***489, 496, 612***
Quintal, Richard Carey *(88)* ***213***
Quintas, Charles Edward *(89)* ***480***
Quinto, Benjamin Deleon *(89)* ***202***

R

Raab, James Donald *(90)* ***366***
Raby, David E *(90)* ***202***
Race, Herbert R *(90)* ***326***
Rackow, Christopher John *(88)* ***501***
Rademacher, Lon Dietrig *(87)* ***468, 476***
Radice, Michael Frank *(87)* ***426, 435***
Radice, Richard Anthony *(90)* ***480***
Radomski, Paul Michael *(89)* ***501***
Rafanello, Salvatore Phillip *(90)* ***252***
Rakow, Steven William *(87)* ***240, 241, 248***
Ralston, John David *(89)* ***408***
Ramil, Ramon Roxas *(88)* ***252***
Ramos, Luis *(89)* ***389***
Randall, William Edward *(90)* ***543***
Rander, Andrew George *(88)* ***347***
Randler, Eric Joseph *(88)* ***337***
Rangitsch, Joan Marie *(87)* ***272, 280, 741***
Rapadas, Alex John *(87)* ***530, 539***
Rapp, Christopher George *(87)* ***417, 424***
Rapson, Barbara Lynn *(90)* ***471***
Rapson, Richard Charles *(89)* ***347, 626***
Rasera, Renee Louise *(90)* ***366***
Rasmussen, Steven Ross *(88)* ***284***
Raspa, Victor Graham *(90)* ***389***
Rathbun, James David *(87)* ***365, 373***
Rathjen, Brian Albert *(88)* ***429***
Rathjen, Lisa Ann *(87)* ***521, 529, 590***
Rawlings, Valerie *(90)* ***471***
Rawlins, Mark Steele *(89)* ***295***
Ray, Gordon Keith *(90)* ***532***
Ray, Michael Jeffrey *(87)* ***385, 386, 394, 770, 771***
Rayburn, Jeffrey Paul *(87)* ***194, 344, 352***
Rayhill, Paul Christopher *(87)* ***220, 229***
Raymond, James William *(87)* ***426, 435***
Raymond, John Michael *(87)* ***550, 551, 558***
Rayner, Timothy Hugh *(87)* ***272, 281, 302***
Reagan, Jeffrey Michael *(88)* ***265***
Reale, Thomas Christopher *(89)* ***202***
Reason, Joseph Paul *(90)* ***480***
Reck, Max Roland *(90)* ***398***
Reckamp, Douglas Edward *(90)* ***419***
Red, Charles Vincent *(90)* ***326***
Redd, Frank Howard *(90)* ***438***
Redick, Ronald Milton *(89)* ***326***
Redling, Fred Eugene *(87)* ***263, 270***
Redman, Jennifer Upton *(90)* ***513***
Redman, William Michael *(89)* ***202***
Reed, Edwin Patrick *(89)* ***543***
Reed, Kevin Dennis *(89)* ***223***
Reed, Leonard Edward *(90)* ***314***
Reeder, Jeffrey tador *(90)* ***429***
Rees, Cliff Duane *(88)* ***389, 681, 683***
Reeves, Gevan Dean *(89)* ***438***
Reeves, Robert Matthew *(89)* ***429***
Rehmel, Timothy Ray *(90)* ***337***
Reicher, Timothy William *(88)* ***438***
Reid, Sean Frederick *(88)* ***419***
Reiling, Mark William *(90)* ***562***
Reilly, Eric Jerome *(89)* ***408***
Reilly, William *(87)* ***344, 352, 667, 775***
Reimann, Timothy John *(87)* ***194, 354, 362, 628, 629, 770, 771***
Rein, Michael Robert *(90)* ***284***
Rein, Scott Edward *(88)* ***252***
Reinard, Heidi Katherine *(89)* ***274***
Reinhold, Baron Vaughn *(90)* ***490***
Reinhold, Eric John *(88)* ***419***
Reining, James Kelly *(89)* ***490***
Reinthaler, Wade Martin *(90)* ***513***
Reiss, Arthur John *(90)* ***223***
Reiton, Derrick John *(89)* ***389***
Renberg, David Alexander *(87)* ***416, 417, 425***
Renegar, Michael Lee *(90)* ***501***
Renforth, Austin Eugene *(88)* ***213***
Rennick, Timothy Steward *(89)* ***461***
Renshaw, Curt Anthony *(90)* ***543***
Rentfrow, James Christopher *(89)* ***223***
Renwick, Jeffrey Donn *(90)* ***326***
Reppar, Gregory Andrew *(90)* ***252***
Ressler, Aaron Patrick *(89)* ***532***
Retzloff, Mark John *(88)* ***419***
Reuter, John Henry *(88)* ***265, 625, 629***
Revering, Eric William *(90)* ***522***
Rexroad, Jay Aron *(90)* ***337***
Reyes, Alan James *(90)* ***490***
Reyes, Michael James *(89)* ***223***
Reyes, Randolph Guevarra *(89)* ***450***
Reyes, Vincent Luis *(88)* ***213***
Reynolds, Kristin Ann *(89)* ***377***
Reynolds, Richard Paul *(90)* ***314***
Rezac, Jason Allen *(90)* ***438***
Rhee, Hyo *(90)* ***252***
Rhiddlehoover, Loyd Perkins *(89)* ***274***
Rhoades, Stephanie M *(89)* ***377***
Rhodes, Douglas William *(90)* ***532***
Ribera, John Joseph *(87)* ***263, 270***
Ricciuti, Andrew *(87)* ***551, 558***
Rich, James Eric *(89)* ***337***
Rich, Robert Harold *(90)* ***232***
Richards, Dennis Paul *(87)* ***230, 231, 239***
Richardson, Claude Edward *(88)* ***429***
Richardson, Mark Alan *(89)* ***326***
Richey, Ryan Gibson *(87)* ***561, 567***
Richmond, Rosalind Jeanette *(88)* ***252***
Rideau, Errol Edward *(87)* ***394***
Rieg, Peter John *(89)* ***356, 734***
Riegert, Paul Martin *(89)* ***461***
Rife, Stephen Charles *(88)* ***625, 628, 629***
Riffice, Michael Anthony *(90)* ***408***
Rigopoulos, Nicholas George *(89)* ***501***
Rinaudo, Mark Anthony *(90)* ***347***
Rinkacs, John Stephen *(87)* ***282, 290***
Rios, Mitchell Dean *(90)* ***398***
Ritter, Luke Scott *(90)* ***232***
Rivera, Daniel James *(89)* ***450***
Rivera, Juan Pedro *(88)* ***438***
Rizzo, Joseph Ralph *(87)* ***240, 241, 248***
Roach, Shane Charles *(90)* ***562***
Robbins, Donald Wayne *(87)* ***272, 281***
Robbins, Evan Spencer *(90)* ***553***
Robell, Kenneth James *(87)* ***354, 363, 772***
Roberson, Bradley Wayne *(87)* ***417, 425, 628***
Roberson, Rob "B" *(87)* ***540, 548***
Roberts, David Andrew *(89)* ***438***
Roberts, Dominic Earl *(89)* ***347***
Roberts, Raymond Joseph *(90)* ***314***
Robertson, Eugene Robert *(90)* ***314***
Robertson, John Leonard *(89)* ***490***
Robertson, Thomas Lawrence *(89)* ***408***
Robillard, David John *(88)* ***398, 629***
Robinson, Christopher Steven *(88)* ***232***
Robinson, David Andrew *(87)* ***508, 561, 568, 629, 635, 771, 772***
Robinson, David Maurice *(87)* ***196, 335, 342, 682, 684, 775***
Robinson, Joycelin *(87)* ***416, 417, 425***
Robinson, Robby Lee *(88)* ***419***
Robinson, Sean Patrick *(90)* ***213***
Robohn, Walter William *(89)* ***389***
Rochon, Everette Charles *(90)* ***461***
Rock, Paul Joseph *(88)* ***202***
Rodgers, Alan McElwee *(87)* ***489, 496***
Rodriguez, David Hilarion *(89)* ***326***
Rodriguez, Elvin Arias *(90)* ***295***
Rodriguez, Hector Luis *(90)* ***326***
Rodriguez, James Arthur *(89)* ***513***
Rodriguez, Juan Carlos *(87)* ***220, 229***
Rodriguez, Michael Joel *(89)* ***326***
Rodriguez, Miguel Alberto *(87)* ***530, 539***
Rodriguez, Pablo R *(90)* ***438***
Rodriguez, Richard Anthony *(88)* ***356, 667***
Rodriguez, Rosendo Javier *(87)* ***498, 499, 507***
Rogers, Brendan Pearsall *(90)* ***408***
Rogers, David James *(88)* ***429***
Rogers, Douglas Allen *(89)* ***429***
Rogers, Graham Dillingham *(87)* ***540, 541, 548, 724***
Rogers, James Richard *(89)* ***252***
Rogers, John Leon *(89)* ***356***
Rogers, Nancy Lorraine *(88)* ***553***
Rogers, Ransom Robert *(89)* ***366***
Rogers, Scott William *(88)* ***232***
Rogers, Thomas Eugene *(88)* ***213***
Rogers, Timothy Alexander *(87)* ***396, 405***
Rohrbach, Dale Matthew *(89)* ***522***
Roig, Bernardo Benjamin *(88)* ***314***
Rokke, Eric Scott *(89)* ***223***
Rollins, Michael David *(89)* ***461***
Romberger, David Domenick *(88)* ***501***
Romero, Gregory Roy *(89)* ***213***
Romero, John Gabriel *(90)* ***389***
Romero, Ronald Calanayan *(90)* ***522***
Romig, Kerry Elizabeth *(88)* ***314, 590***
Romines, John Anthony *(88)* ***513***
Romo, Richard Thompson *(88)* ***202***
Ronka, James Robert *(89)* ***398***
Ropiak, Michael John *(87)* ***468, 476***
Rose, David Michael *(89)* ***232***
Rose, Matthew Warren *(89)* ***356***
Rose, Michael Jeffrey *(88)* ***408, 626***
Rosen, Christopher Jay *(90)* ***265***
Rosenblatt, David Joseph *(90)* ***461***
Ross, Christopher Aaron *(90)* ***501***
Ross, Jason James *(88)* ***480, 625***
Ross, John Riley *(88)* ***377***
Ross, Kenneth Andrew *(87)* ***272, 281***
Ross, Kevin Joseph *(88)* ***461, 626***
Ross, Wendell *(87)* ***282, 290***
Rosser, Daniel Mark *(88)* ***347***
Rossi, James Michael *(88)* ***284***
Rossy, Jose Eloy *(88)* ***532***
Roth, Edward Joseph *(89)* ***347, 513***
Roth, Stephen Scott *(87)* ***498, 507, 625, 774***
Rothstein, Michael D *(88)* ***562***
Rottenberg, Paul Joseph *(90)* ***202***
Roudebush, Dennis Bruce *(89)* ***213***
Rouillard, Gregory William *(88)* ***389, 619, 625, 629, 773***
Rovenstine, Michael Joe *(87)* ***550, 551, 559***
Rowan, John Garand *(87)* ***325, 332***
Rowe, Andrew William *(87)* ***489, 497, 628***
Rowe, Robert Steven *(87)* ***396, 404***
Roy, Gerald Mead *(90)* ***274***
Roy, Robert Maurice *(89)* ***284***
Roylance, Timothy Matthew *(87)* ***498, 507***
Roza, Scott Allen *(90)* ***252***
Ruehring, Michael Rolf *(90)* ***314***
Ruge, Dana Dale *(87)* ***194, 263, 270, 770***
Ruggiano, Marc Louis *(87)* ***325, 332***
Ruggirello, Stephen *(87)* ***263, 271, 629***
Ruiz, Robert Maldonado *(89)* ***490***
Rupp, Denise Marie *(88)* ***202***
Russ, Kimberly Sue *(87)* ***344, 352***
Russ, William Robert *(90)* ***202***
Russell, Scott Frederick *(89)* ***337***
Russonello, Michael Walter *(89)* ***398***
Rust, Charles Anthony *(89)* ***438***
Rutherford, Steven Michael *(90)* ***501***
Rutledge, Louis Franklin *(90)* ***471***
Ruttenberg, Eric Christopher *(88)* ***295, 608***
Ryan, John Christopher *(89)* ***429***
Ryan, Michael *(87)* ***354, 363***
Ryan, Paul Patrick *(89)* ***450***
Ryan, Richard Joseph *(90)* ***522***
Ryan, Steven Lynn *(87)* ***436, 445***
Ryerson, Raelene Leah *(89)* ***377, 726***
Rypka, Robert Allan *(90)* ***562***

S

Saat, Christopher Lee *(89)* ***419***
Sablan, Jon Mark *(89)* ***471***
Sacerdote, Dean Albert *(88)* ***471***
Sadanaga, Dean Alan *(87)* ***293, 300***
Sadler, David Thi *(89)* ***450***
Sadler, James Francis *(89)* ***513***
Sahler, Duska Lynn *(89)* ***347***
Sahler, Erica Layne *(34)* ***540, 548, 660, 661***
Saksvig, Paul Amund *(87)* ***560, 561, 568***
Salas, Sara Magdalena *(88)* ***398***
Salazar, Benjamin Christopher *(90)* ***223***
Salazar, Carl Brian *(89)* ***284***
Salazar, Christi L *(90)* ***295, 741***
Salcedo, Frank Conrad *(89)* ***326***
Saldivar, Raul Fernando *(87)* ***498, 507***
Salerno, Benjamin David *(89)* ***553***
Salerno, Mary Jo *(89)* ***471***
Salkoff, Jonathan Lee *(90)* ***389***
Salmon, Timothy Matthew *(88)* ***295***
Salomon, David *(89)* ***408***
Salonga, Clifford Chet *(89)* ***202***
Salsgiver, Mark Wilson *(88)* ***337***
Salvanera, Noel Carandang *(88)* ***522***
Salyers, Jack Dene *(88)* ***438***
Sambar, Al William *(87)* ***251, 258***
Sammon, Thomas Eugene *(89)* ***284***
Sammons, Danford Elias *(87)* ***489, 497***
Sammons, Stephen David *(90)* ***356***
Sampson, Ana Carlena *(89)* ***438***
Sampson, Matthew Thomas *(87)* ***282, 291, 667***
Samson, Richard Charles *(89)* ***252***
Samuels, mark William *(89)* ***295***
Samuels, Robert Brent *(89)* ***202***
Samuelson, Michael David *(88)* ***314***
Sanchez, Adrien *(90)* ***419***
Sanchez, Joe Manuel *(87)* ***210, 219***
Sanchez, Pedro Alberto *(90)* ***450***
Sanchez, Thomas Eugene *(90)* ***242***
Sand, Duane Allen *(90)* ***513***
Sandeno, Timothy Edward *(89)* ***232***
Sanders, Darrin Bud *(90)* ***553***
Sanders, David Michael *(90)* ***347***
Sanders, David Patrick *(90)* ***471***
Sanders, Mark Eugene *(89)* ***450***
Sandie, Malachy Denis *(90)* ***389***
Sandoval, Eduardo *(88)* ***314***
Sandoval, Matthew Cye *(89)* ***501***
Sandoval, Stephen Gregory *(88)* ***389***
Sanjose, Antonio Padilla *(90)* ***522***
Santiago, Robert Celestino *(89)* ***513***
Santosalvo, John Thomas *(88)* ***461***
Sanville, Conrad Edward *(90)* ***366***
Sardana, Vikram *(89)* ***366***
Sardiello, Carlos Abel *(90)* ***213***
Sarfert, James Carl *(88)* ***461, 629***
Sargent, Gregory Joel *(87)* ***364, 365, 373***
Saroch, George Burchard *(33)* ***530, 539***
Sasek, David John *(87)* ***447, 449, 456, 628***
Saunders, Robert Preston *(89)* ***553***
Saunders, Troy *(88)* ***562***
Sauter, Gregory Paul *(88)* ***429***
Savage, Daniel Erik *(90)* ***252***
Savage, Eric John *(88)* ***513***
Savage, Heidi Goodhue *(90)* ***284***
Savage, Paul Edward *(88)* ***543***
Savitt, Gary Howard *(90)* ***389***
Sawyer, Michael Ernest *(89)* ***532***
Scaffo, Samuel Thomas *(88)* ***377***
Scanlon, Mark Francis *(88)* ***408***
Scarry, Michael Timothy *(89)* ***438***
Schabert, Cary Michael *(87)* ***561, 568, 625, 774***

Schaefer, Christopher Alan *(89)* 274
Schaefer, Gerard Francis *(89)* 490
Schaffer, Collin William *(88)* 429
Schager, Louis Joseph *(90)* 490, 664, 775
Schaier, Christopher Francis *(88)* 252
Scharf, Shawn Michael *(87)* 210, 211, 219, 629
Schasel, Robert Donald *(88)* 377, 599, 625
Schave, Jason Allen *(90)* 347
Schebler, Daniel John *(88)* 202
Scheinin, Adam Bret *(90)* 295
Scheipe, Philip Marc *(90)* 389
Schenck, Christopher Robert *(87)* 302, 303, 311
Scheulin, Eric Matthew *(87)* 199, 220, 229
Schiavone, Vincent Paul *(90)* 461
Schick, Timothy Richard *(88)* 242, 629
Schieber, Ty Alan *(87)* 250, 251, 259
Schiffman, David Lee *(87)* 302, 311, 594
Schill, Daniel Kenneth *(87)* 374, 375, 383, 670
Schilling, Charles Lee *(87)* 417, 425
Schindler, Dan "S" *(87)* 344, 345, 352
Schlegel, Peter James *(90)* 284
Schleicher, Scott Bryden *(90)* 377
Schlievert, David Ronald *(89)* 450
Schlueter, Frederick Anthony *(88)* 223
Schlutermann, Annette Del Carmen *(88)* 501, 726
Schmeiser, Gregory John *(90)* 326
Schmidt, Harry Michael *(87)* 417, 424, 665
Schmitt, James Gordon *(87)* 302, 311
Schmitt, Thomas Christopher *(89)* 513, 631
Schmitt, William Joseph *(88)* 284, 670
Schoen, Andrew Clark *(90)* 326
Schoen, Kurt Karl *(90)* 461
Schoenbucher, Paul Eric *(87)* 498, 506, 630
Schoenwiesner, Richard Alan *(90)* 501
Schofield, Edward Ronald *(87)* 540, 541, 549, 630, 651
Schollaert, Stephanie Elizabeth *(89)* 213
Schrader, Kent Raymond *(90)* 337
Schrantz, Thomas Michael *(88)* 398
Schrecker, Mark Gregory *(90)* 366
Schreiber, James Arthur *(87)* 436, 445
Schreiber, Mark Timothy *(87)* 426, 427, 435, 771
Schroder, James Brian *(89)* 295
Schrodt, Monica Mary *(90)* 490
Schueler, Douglas Rhea *(88)* 419
Schulte, John Carl *(88)* 562
Schultz, Cindy Ann *(90)* 501
Schultz, Michael Bruce *(88)* 471, 719
Schutz, Douglas Moore *(87)* 508, 540, 549
Schwab, James Steven *(88)* 480
Schwab, Thomas Michael *(87)* 197, 489, 497, 628, 629
Schwaiger, Gregory Thomas *(90)* 377
Schwappach, James Harold *(89)* 562
Schwartz, Stephen Craig *(90)* 471
Schwarz, Richard *(88)* 213
Schweitzer, Joseph Paul *(89)* 356
Schwinger, Andrew *(89)* 242
Scott, Arthur Alexander *(90)* 213
Scott, Jeffrey Charles *(89)* 202
Scott, Kirby Joseph *(90)* 543
Scott, Richard Earl *(88)* 429
Scott, Robert Ryan *(90)* 366
Scott, Vincent Howard *(89)* 471
Scott, Walter John *(90)* 513
Scribner, Matthew Sprague *(89)* 490
Scruton, Zachary Michael *(88)* 265
Scypinski, Theodore John *(90)* 274
Seaman, Susan Barbara *(89)* 480
Seaman, William Ben *(88)* 377
Sears, Brian Stephen *(89)* 408, 626
Seawright, David Arlyn *(87)* 220, 221, 228, 629
Sechriest, Walter Stimpson *(87)* 335, 342, 624
Seeberger, Scott Christopher *(87)* 509, 551, 559
Segovia, Juan Ignacio *(88)* 480
Seibert, Joseph John *(87)* 468, 469, 476
Seifert, Michael J *(88)* 471
Seits, Ronald George *(88)* 562
Selkirk, James Kirkwood *(89)* 366
Sembrat, John Paul *(90)* 438
Senger, John Miguel *(90)* 232
Serad, William Joseph *(89)* 232
Sergi, Mark Christopher *(89)* 532
Sermons, Horace Junior *(90)* 252
Severson, Fred John *(88)* 314
Sevidal, Raymundo B *(90)* 202
Sewell, David Edward *(87)* 210, 211, 219
Sewell, John Lowe *(90)* 471
Seydlitz, David Scott *(90)* 522
Shade, Matthew John *(89)* 314
Shaffer, Daniel Gustaf *(87)* 551, 559, 625, 636, 771
Shaffer, Elizabeth Jane *(88)* 450
Shaffer, Nicholas Todd *(90)* 284
Shalikashvili, David Michael *(89)* 532
Shamblin, Brian Michel *(87)* 385, 426, 435
Shanes, David Brian *(88)* 326, 636
Shanley, Gerard Kenny *(90)* 513
Shanley, John Joseph *(88)* 223, 580
Shanley, Kevin Gerard *(89)* 295, 580
Sharp, Kellog Cole *(90)* 438
Sharpe, Eric Joseph *(88)* 389
Shassberger, John Ernest *(89)* 398
Shaw, Andrew Louis *(88)* 501, 629
Shaw, Katherine Marie *(90)* 429, 513
Shay, David Christopher *(90)* 305
Shay, Erik Fred *(87)* 446, 449, 456, 628, 770
Shay, Lyle John William *(90)* 377
Shea, Patrick Owen *(87)* 251, 259
Sheedy, Jeffrey Stephen *(88)* 284, 626
Sheehy, Dondi Michael *(89)* 252
Sheerin, Michael Thomas *(87)* 195, 489, 497, 770, 773
Shelton, Barry Kenneth *(88)* 389
Shelton, David Allen *(88)* 356
Shelton, Jeffrey Scott *(89)* 398
Shelver, David Marshall *(88)* 562
Shemwell, Jonathan Todd *(89)* 438
Shen, Jonah Wai *(87)* 354, 363
Shepherd, Robert Harding *(87)* 561, 568
Shepperd, Tyler William *(90)* 471
Sherck, Eric Scott *(89)* 356
Sherman, Michael Alan *(90)* 471
Shevis, Philip Gordon *(87)* 231, 238
Shields, Daniel Kirk *(87)* 479, 487
Shimp, Gregory Robert *(88)* 295
Shinnick, Gregory Daniel *(87)* 426, 434
Shipley, Joe Christian *(89)* 522
Shire, Scott Robert *(88)* 490
Shirer, Michael Lynn *(90)* 429
Shirk, Jeffrey Scott *(87)* 263, 271
Shoop, Robin Dexter *(88)* 326
Shores, Jose Ramon *(87)* 365, 373
Shorey, Denise Marie *(89)* 274
Shoup, Michael Dale *(89)* 284
Shove, Benjamin Sydney *(87)* 365, 373
Shumway, Peter Eldon *(88)* 223
Shuttleworth, Bruce Bowen *(87)* 197, 551, 559, 627, 770, 773
Siemens, Paul Timothy *(90)* 513
Sierra, Miguel Ramon *(90)* 480
Silva, Richard Paul *(88)* 408
Silva, Stephen Robert *(90)* 252
Silvey, Jon Charles *(88)* 398, 626
Simei, Joseph Anthony *(87)* 561, 569, 629
Simi, Robert Francis *(88)* 501
Simila, Edward Anthony *(90)* 356
Simmons, Gregory Lanier *(88)* 398
Simmons, Jeffrey Wayne *(89)* 366
Simmons, William Ellis *(89)* 202
Simms, Matthew Eliot *(90)* 326
Simon, Bret Robert *(90)* 461
Simon, Daryl Eugene *(89)* 377
Simon, David Udell *(88)* 295
Simones, Christopher James *(88)* 337
Simonian, George Kirkor *(90)* 202
Simpson, Charles Gregory *(90)* 265
Simpson, Paul Glenn *(88)* 438
Sims, Patrick James *(87)* 282
Sindoni, Anthony John *(87)* 488, 489, 496
Singer, Jay Robert *(90)* 242
Sisney, Steven Douglas *(87)* 386, 394
Sitlinger, Alan Todd *(88)* 284
Sizemore, Robert Adam *(87)* 407, 415
Skaggs, Lisa Marie *(89)* 305
Skelley, Suzanne *(87)* 231, 233
Skinner, William Thomas *(88)* 377
Sklenka, Stephen Douglas *(88)* 223
Skubi, Jason Kenneth *(87)* 325, 332
Sladky, Steven David *(88)* 490
Slamp, Peter Eugene *(90)* 356
Slater, Scott Darrel *(87)* 407, 415
Slaughter, John Beauregard *(87)* 282, 291
Sledgianowski, John Forrest *(87)* 272, 281
Slemrod, Anne Barbara *(90)* 553
Sloan, Steven Brett *(90)* 295, 631
Sloop, Russell Edward *(88)* 450
Slootmaker, Linda *(90)* 314
Slough, Timothy Dehaven *(87)* 436, 445, 712
Slusarchyk, Thomas Edward *(89)* 553
Smalley, Daniel Steven *(89)* 461
Smeeton, Timothy Brooks *(90)* 337
Smeltz, Thomas Eugene *(90)* 532
Smith, Alison Mary *(89)* 471
Smith, Andre Lerone *(90)* 347, 711
Smith, Brian Lee *(90)* 356
Smith, Brian Thomas *(90)* 490
Smith, Calvin Forsythe *(89)* 202
Smith, Cary Garnett *(90)* 284
Smith, Charles Christopher *(89)* 501
Smith, Charles Mahsell *(88)* 377, 643, 645
Smith, Charles Stevin *(90)* 232
Smith, Christopher Burke *(87)* 354, 363
Smith, Darryl Leverne *(88)* 480
Smith, David Glenn *(87)* 374, 383
Smith, Derrick Manton *(87)* 521, 529, 734
Smith, Desmond Noel *(88)* 553, 630
Smith, Frederick William *(87)* 354, 362
Smith, Jed Charles *(88)* 471, 665
Smith, Jeffrey Warren *(90)* 242
Smith, Jennifer Ann *(87)* 374, 382
Smith, Jon Arthur *(88)* 213
Smith, Joseph Andre *(89)* 356
Smith, Joseph Eric *(88)* 232
Smith, Joseph S *(89)* 265
Smith, Julia Ann *(89)* 389
Smith, Kathleen Jane *(89)* 232
Smith, Larry Wayne *(87)* 374, 375, 382
Smith, Loren James *(89)* 513
Smith, Lynne Marie *(90)* 408
Smith, Michael Kevin *(87)* 510, 519
Smith, Peter Joseph *(90)* 223
Smith, Piper Anne *(89)* 265
Smith, Randall Lee *(89)* 490
Smith, Robert Emmet *(89)* 314
Smith, Robert Franklin *(87)* 510, 519, 625, 629, 771, 772
Smith, Russell Edward *(87)* 386, 394
Smith, Stanley Shane *(90)* 562
Smith, Stephan Michael *(87)* 426, 434
Smith, Thad Eugene *(89)* 419
Smith, Thomas Andrew *(88)* 490
Smith, Thomas Craig *(89)* 522
Smith, Thomas Peter *(88)* 461
Smith, Timothy Blair *(90)* 326
Smith, Timothy John *(89)* 513
Smith, Tracy Lynn *(87)* 386, 395
Smith, Wesley Scott *(90)* 419
Smitherman, Mark Taylor *(90)* 389
Smudz, Ronald Thomas *(89)* 562
Snare, James Joseph *(89)* 295
Snead, William Bruce *(89)* 501
Sneath, Michael William *(88)* 242
Sniffen, John Mark *(87)* 510, 519, 630
Snoke, Timothy Alan *(87)* 334, 335, 342, 627
Snyder, Christopher Bradford *(88)* 461
Snyder, Daniel Benjamin *(87)* 498, 506
Snyder, Daniel James *(87)* 458, 466
Snyder, Erik Lee *(89)* 242
Snyder, Frank Alexander *(88)* 242, 742
Snyder, Paul Joseph *(90)* 408
Snyder, Peter Joel *(90)* 213
Soave, Dominique Emilio *(88)* 408
Sobieski, Stephen Phillip *(88)* 202
Soer, Craig Steven *(87)* 354, 362
Sofge, Robert Burnell *(90)* 490, 631
Sofield, George William *(90)* 461
Soika, Brian Stanley *(89)* 553
Solis, Bernardo *(88)* 213
Solomon, Joseph David *(90)* 274
Solomon, Ronaldo Alban *(90)* 274
Soltis, Matthew Gerald *(89)* 532
Somerville, Bryan Thomas *(90)* 389
Somes, Scot Paul *(90)* 284
Somsel, Karen Elaine *(89)* 242
Song, Mark Hoin *(88)* 419
Songy, Milton Joseph *(89)* 471
Soper, William Paul *(87)* 354, 362
Sopko, Michael Charles *(87)* 231, 238, 628, 629, 771, 772
Sorenson, Matthew David *(87)* 396, 404, 629, 771
Soriano, Ariel P *(90)* 265
Sorokatch, Lori Lynn *(88)* 513
Sorrel, Edward Alexander *(90)* 284
Soto, Ruben David *(87)* 458, 466
Soupiset, Rayome Francois *(87)* 436, 437, 445
Sousa, Barbara Ann *(89)* 305
Spagnuolo, Stephen Anthony *(90)* 543
Spandau, Robert Farrell *(90)* 223
Spangler, Charles Martin *(90)* 480
Spanos, Michael Louis *(87)* 312, 320, 724, 775
Sparkes, Deborah Potter *(90)* 562
Sparks, Charles Calvin *(90)* 265
Sparrock, Robert Curtis *(88)* 471
Spatig, George Thomas *(89)* 295
Spegele, Joseph Brian *(88)* 347
Spence, Elizabeth Tiffany *(90)* 450
Spence, James Hugh *(88)* 513
Spence, Wesley William *(99)* 532
Spencer, Francis Edward *(89)* 513
Spencer, Juan Mikklenson *(90)* 398, 631
Spencer, Keith Andrew *(87)* 198, 210, 219
Spencer, Yessic Cozay *(89)* 274
Spilman, Frederica Caroline *(90)* 314
Spitser, Timothy Ward *(90)* 347
Spitzer, John Lewis *(87)* 436, 437, 444
Spitznogle, Jon Charles *(90)* 398
Sprague, reno Joseph *(89)* 429
Sprenger, John Gallagher *(88)* 366, 712, 775
Springer, David Matthew *(90)* 265
Springer, James Glenn *(87)* 551, 558, 592
Springer, Mark Frederick *(89)* 450
Springer, Nancy Ann *(87)* 417, 424
Spunar, Christopher Mark *(89)* 356
Spurlock, Kenneth Reace *(88)* 389
Stackhouse, Clay Allen *(90)* 471
Stacpoole, Richard Mark *(90)* 429
Stader, Paul Anthony *(88)* 522
Stafford, Kevin Ray *(89)* 274
Stage, Gretchen Carol *(88)* 490
Staley, Bradley Jason *(90)* 553
Stamm, David John *(90)* 295
Stamper, Christopher Mark *(89)* 461
Stanfill, Bruce Allen *(88)* 347
Stanford, Douglas Ora Howard *(88)* 252
Stanford, Scott Thomas *(87)* 498, 506
Stanton, Roger Crozier *(87)* 344, 353, 630, 711
Stanzel, Michael Andrew *(90)* 314
Stark, Stephen John *(90)* 450
Starkey, Michael Charles *(87)* 449, 456
Startzel, Ronald Freeman *(88)* 429
Staten, Robert Allen *(88)* 461
Stathos, Harry John *(88)* 389
Stauber, Renaud Emmanuel *(87)* 384, 396, 404, 628, 771, 772
Stauch, Patrick Sullivan *(87)* 263, 271, 664, 665
Stauder, Robert William *(89)* 553
Staunton, Douglas Alan *(90)* 389
StClair, John Hartfelder *(89)* 305
Steadman, Michael Wayne *(89)* 408
Stec, Jeffrey Dennis *(87)* 478, 479, 487
Steck, Kevin Lee *(90)* 314
Steele, Patrick Richard *(88)* 314
Steele, Richard Benjamin *(90)* 419
Stefanko, John Christopher *(87)* 354, 362, 628
Stefanon, Gregory Ernest *(87)* 272, 280
Stefanou, Marcus Stavros *(90)* 480
Steffan, Joseph Charles *(87)* 509, 551, 596, 599
Steggerda, Todd Roger *(87)* 220, 221, 228
Steidle, John Michael *(89)* 326, 626
Steinbach, Michael Brent *(88)* 326
Steinbaugh, Leif Eric *(90)* 295
Stephens, Edward Leroy *(87)* 374, 375, 382
Stephens, Truman *(88)* 223
Stephenson, Donna Marie *(89)* 543
Stephenson, Grant Boehler *(88)* 356
Stepien, Kathleen Maria *(89)* 305
Sterling, Edward Alan *(89)* 265
Stevens, Glenn Warren *(87)* 386, 395
Stevens, Michael John *(90)* 377
Stevens, Robert Evan *(89)* 501
Stevenson, John Daniel *(87)* 312, 313, 321
Stevenson, Jonathan Richard *(89)* 232
Stewart, George Jeffrey *(90)* 232
Stewart, James Clifford *(88)* 232
Stewart, James Jay *(88)* 242
Stewart, Joel David *(89)* 366
Stewart, Michael Andrew *(87)* 194, 407, 415, 626, 770
Stewart, Robin Ann *(87)* 272, 280
Stibler, Joseph William *(89)* 366
Stillabower, Bradley Roger *(89)* 223
Stillwaggon, Joseph Vincent *(87)* 325, 333, 627
Stites, William James *(88)* 305
Stogsdill, Kimberly Ann *(89)* 543
Stokes, Andre Edward *(88)* 242
Stokes, Jerry Kenneth *(88)* 562
Stollmeyer, Richard Lee *(87)* 551, 558, 626
Stomp, William Steven *(89)* 223
Stonaker, Daniel Robert *(87)* 322, 324, 325, 333
Stone, Stephen Terrell *(89)* 202
Stoneman, James Gordon *(90)* 522
Stoner, Rick John *(89)* 377
Stouwie, David Alan *(90)* 202
Stover, Grace Leonor B *(89)* 265
Stowe, James Douglas *(90)* 501
Strasser, Edward John *(88)* 305, 629
Strassle, Charles Gerard *(89)* 471
Stratton, Patrick Thomas *(87)* 458, 466
Strauser, Gregory Wayne *(88)* 242
Straw, Christopher Carrington *(90)* 450
Street, Brian Edward *(88)* 284, 629
Streight, David Alan *(90)* 377
Strimple, Larry Wayne *(88)* 471

Stringfellow, Ann Marie *(90)* ***490***
Stringfellow, John Michael *(87)* ***201, 209***
Stroman, Laura Suzanne *(88)* ***501, 590***
Stromberg, Matthew Martin *(90)* ***522***
Strong, Robert William *(88)* ***408***
Stroud, Andre *(90)* ***377***
Stuart, Ralph Edward *(90)* ***337***
Stuck, Steven Douglas *(88)* ***213***
Studer, David Patrick *(88)* ***408***
Stukes, Marshall W *(90)* ***429***
Sturbois, Adam Jonathan *(89)* ***389***
Sturges, Matthew Sutherland *(89)* ***274***
Suarez, Carlos Matin *(87)* ***417, 424***
Suess, Matthew Edwin *(89)* ***252***
Sugalski, Anthony Hollis *(90)* ***366***
Suggs, William Chapman *(90)* ***356, 673***
Suggs, William Harold *(88)* ***429***
Sullivan, Bernard Anthony *(88)* ***356***
Sullivan, Brian William *(89)* ***408***
Sullivan, Charles Francis *(87)* ***293, 300***
Sullivan, Dennis Walter *(88)* ***501***
Sullivan, Douglas Patrick *(90)* ***232***
Sullivan, Edward Charles *(87)* ***263, 271***
Sullivan, James Edward *(87)* ***449, 457***
Sullivan, Paul John *(90)* ***305***
Sullivan, Sean Patrick *(87)* ***354, 363***
Sullivan, Wendy Ilene *(87)* ***334, 335, 342, 625, 629, 771***
Sumile, Mark Satoshi *(90)* ***326***
Summers, Jason Garrett *(88)* ***490***
Summers, Victoria Susan *(89)* ***419***
Summers, Wesley Innes *(88)* ***419, 628***
Sunderland, Burton Brent *(89)* ***501***
Sunderland, Robert Lee *(88)* ***356, 643***
Supan, Timothy David *(90)* ***553***
Surfield, Ronald Joseph *(90)* ***242***
Suro, Roger Paul *(89)* ***543***
Svoboda, Tom Andrew *(89)* ***562***
Swan, Ernest William *(87)* ***406, 407, 415***
Swanson, James Lee *(87)* ***561, 569, 635***
Swanson, Jon Erik *(88)* ***501***
Sween, David Neil *(88)* ***419***
Sweeney, Michael *(90)* ***305***
Sweet, Timothy Schuyler *(88)* ***438***
Sweetser, Dana Ray *(89)* ***553***
Swenson, David Michael *(89)* ***242***
Swent, William Benjamin *(88)* ***252, 389***
Swickley, Robert Louis *(87)* ***364, 365, 372, 628, 629***
Swift, Steven Allen *(87)* ***335, 343, 770***
Swor, Marshall Lloyd *(88)* ***513, 626***
Sylvester, Steven Michael *(87)* ***489, 496, 602***
Szerba, James Stephen *(88)* ***232***
Szpisjak, Dale Frank *(87)* ***196, 325, 333, 673***

T

Tabb, Michael Eldridge *(88)* ***543***
Tackett, Stephen Howard *(87)* ***282, 291, 625, 627, 629, 771, 772, 774***
Tadlock, Jimmie Carter *(87)* ***302, 303, 310, 628***
Tait, Brian Steven *(89)* ***543***
Tait, Matthew Anthony *(89)* ***429***
Takats, Terry Robert *(87)* ***250, 251, 259***
Takesuye, Robert Kent *(90)* ***562***
Taliaferro, Thomas Alan *(87)* ***458, 459, 466***
Tamaro, Robert Wynne *(88)* ***242***
Tamblyn, Joseph Briant *(90)* ***337***
Tanabe, Christine Yukiko *(89)* ***543***
Tang, Jamie Alice *(90)* ***398***
Tangeman, George Derek *(89)* ***408***
Tannahill, James Brian *(90)* ***490***
Tanner, Hampton Hollis *(88)* ***480, 626***
Tanner, Michael David *(88)* ***419***
Tantleff, Whitney Gordon *(88)* ***223***
Tauber, Rita Geralyn *(89)* ***274***
Tauzer, Bryan Lee *(90)* ***356***
Taylor, Bart Andrew *(89)* ***429***
Taylor, Jeffrey Howard *(87)* ***407, 414, 629***
Taylor, Phillip Steven *(87)* ***365, 372***
Taylor, Timothy Steven *(89)* ***408***
Taylor, William David *(88)* ***213***
Tazza, Steven Albert *(90)* ***213***
Teed, Larry Andres *(90)* ***408***
Teeple, Stephen Michael *(87)* ***272, 280***
Tejada, Daniel Ray *(90)* ***501***
Tekverk, John Adam *(89)* ***480***
Tellez, Grover Dale *(87)* ***407, 414***
Temple, Thomas William *(88)* ***438, 650, 651***
Tengonciang, Jeffrey Alfred *(89)* ***337***
Tenhoopen, Douglas Jon *(87)* ***386, 395***
Tenney, Joseph Wilcox *(87)* ***468, 469, 476***
Tennies, Khoi E *(90)* ***532***
Tesar, Michael John *(89)* ***398***
Testa, Joseph Francis *(90)* ***562***
Theberge, James Patrick *(90)* ***389***
Thiele, Carl Frederic *(89)* ***513***
Thien, James Lawrence *(88)* ***202***
Thiesse, Trav Andrew *(87)* ***354, 363***
Thiry, Douglas Brian *(89)* ***213, 626***
Thoele, Daniel Thomas *(89)* ***314***
Thomas, Arnold Dwayne *(88)* ***223***
Thomas, Christopher Patrick *(89)* ***202***
Thomas, Dennis Rueben *(90)* ***471***
Thomas, Elizabeth Ann *(89)* ***480***
Thomas, Wilburn Earl *(88)* ***471***
Thomassy, Christopher Kerr *(87)* ***261, 272, 280***
Thomassy, Mark Edward *(89)* ***398***
Thome, Anthony L *(88)* ***461***
Thompson, Chad Alan *(89)* ***252***
Thompson, Craige Otis *(90)* ***438***
Thompson, Gregory Scott *(87)* ***561, 569***
Thompson, James Emil *(90)* ***429***
Thompson, Jeffery Allen *(87)* ***210, 218, 688***
Thompson, Jeremy Stewart *(88)* ***347***
Thompson, John James *(89)* ***532***
Thompson, Kent Frederick *(90)* ***389***
Thompson, Mary Patricia *(87)* ***479, 486, 626, 722***
Thompson, Paul Arthur *(90)* ***326***
Thompson, Richard Douglas *(89)* ***471***
Thompson, Stephen Matthew *(87)* ***262, 263, 270, 674, 770, 773***
Thomsen, Jack Joseph *(88)* ***232***
Thomure, Timothy Joseph *(87)* ***521, 528***
Thonen, Mark David *(89)* ***223***
Thorleifson, John Dane *(88)* ***522***
Thorn, David Scott *(89)* ***356***
Thorne, Steven Craig *(88)* ***522***
Thornhill, Robert Francis *(88)* ***265***
Thorward, Brandy C *(90)* ***532***
Thrall, Michael Leonard *(89)* ***398***
Thurman, Alisha Dionne *(90)* ***242***
Thurow, Donna Lynn *(90)* ***347***
Tibbs, William Robert *(89)* ***366, 724***
Tidwell, Bradley Steven *(90)* ***337***
Tiede, Paul Leonard *(88)* ***305***
Tiedemann, Steven Lee *(88)* ***553***
Tierney, Patrick William *(87)* ***199, 201, 208***
Tierney, Thomas Arthur *(88)* ***461***
Tigani, John Anthony *(87)* ***201, 208***
Timm, Scott Allen *(87)* ***407, 414***
Tinio, Christopher Petrovic *(90)* ***366***
Tippett, Thomas Andrew *(88)* ***450***
Tipton, Christopher Roan *(90)* ***408***
Tisdale, Michael Scott *(90)* ***553***
Titus, John Daniel *(87)* ***263, 270***
Tluchowski, Michael Alan *(87)* ***195, 540, 549***
Tobias, Lisa Marie *(90)* ***326***
Tobin, Michael Anthony *(87)* ***479, 486, 626, 674, 771, 772, 774, 775***
Tobin, William Edward *(88)* ***532***
Todd, James Michael *(87)* ***282, 283, 290***
Tolle, Anthony Miles *(87)* ***325, 333***
Tomaiko, Thomas *(87)* ***364, 365, 372***
Tomiak, Robert Brian *(88)* ***284***
Tomlin, Jeffrey Michael *(89)* ***265, 650***
Tomlinson, Jesse Vaughn *(90)* ***480***
Tomsheck, Thomas Neil *(90)* ***522***
Toohey, Maureen Katherine *(88)* ***366***
Toomey, Kathleen Mary *(88)* ***314, 630***
Toppi, Edward Francis *(89)* ***501***
Tornberg, Edward Wilmer *(89)* ***438***
Torreon, Ben Eugene *(87)* ***251, 259***
Torres, Diego Paul *(90)* ***223***
Tortora, Paul Joseph *(89)* ***305***
Tortora, Robert Parris *(88)* ***408***
Tortorelli, Raymond Mario *(90)* ***295***
Toth, Joseph Paul *(89)* ***480***
Towers, Roland Michael *(87)* ***272, 281***
Toweson, Eric James *(89)* ***252***
Townsend, Steven Charles *(88)* ***471***
Townsend, William Justus *(89)* ***398***
Townsend, William Oliver *(87)* ***251, 258***
Traa, James Francis *(88)* ***513***
Trafton, Stephen Mark *(90)* ***337***
Trahan, Arthur Francis *(87)* ***498, 499, 506, 613***
Tramont, John Michael *(88)* ***522***
Trampenau, Timothy Robert *(89)* ***532***
Tran, Nhut Quang *(88)* ***513***
Tran, Quoc Bao *(90)* ***389***
Tranquill, Christopher Lee *(89)* ***408***
Travers, Casey Colin *(89)* ***480***
Travis, Owen MacPherson *(88)* ***471, 625, 627***
Traynor, Tara Kathleen *(90)* ***265***
Treadway, Braddock William *(88)* ***480***
Treanor, Brian Edward *(89)* ***284***
Treaster, Matthew Thomas *(88)* ***501, 698***
Tregoning, John Joseph *(89)* ***295***
Trent, Steven Eugene *(88)* ***450***
Treutler, John Carl *(88)* ***347***
Trevino, Jose Luis *(87)* ***407, 414***
Tribble, Michael Roy *(89)* ***419***
Trigg, Christopher Franklin *(88)* ***398***
Triplett, William Nelvin *(89)* ***305***
Trott, Marjorie Dale *(87)* ***540, 541, 549, 687, 775***
Trotter, Thomas George *(88)* ***543***
Trotter, Timothy Devon *(90)* ***202***
Trower, John La Roy *(89)* ***265***
Truden, Thomas Michael *(87)* ***407, 415***
Tucker, Barbara Diane *(89)* ***522***
Tucker, Douglas Allen *(88)* ***347***
Tucker, Elizabeth Vaughn *(90)* ***429***
Tucker, John Roy *(88)* ***513***
Tumelty, Timothy Patrick *(88)* ***265***
Tumulty, William Joseph *(90)* ***471***
Turnbaugh, David Eugene *(89)* ***562***
Turner, Darren Lee *(87)* ***201, 208***
Turner, Derric Todd *(89)* ***389, 683***
Turner, George Washington *(88)* ***543***
Turner, James David *(90)* ***377***
Turner, Kevin Patrick *(90)* ***347***
Turner, Peter Noble *(87)* ***293, 301, 674***
Turner, Philip Hugh *(88)* ***389***
Turner, Robert John *(87)* ***210, 218***
Turner, Thomas Edward *(88)* ***461***
Turner, Wayne Douglas *(87)* ***210, 218***
Turney, Patricia Anne *(88)* ***314, 703***
Turvold, Wade David *(89)* ***314***
Tuttle, James Victor *(87)* ***468, 477***
Twibell, John Jay *(88)* ***522, 673***
Tyner, Jerry Dwayne *(87)* ***201, 208***
Tysler, Matthew Stuart *(89)* ***429***

U

Ubellacker, Kent Lee *(87)* ***282, 283, 290, 625, 628, 629, 771***
Ullman, Roger Roland *(90)* ***326***
Ulses, Michael Joseph *(89)* ***326, 665***
Umbaugh, Kevin Robert *(88)* ***265***
Umstead, Michael Wilson *(90)* ***213***
Underhill, Ian *(90)* ***242***
Underwood, Daniel Joseph *(90)* ***265***
Underwood, Gary Neil *(89)* ***562***
Ungard, Thomas Holmes *(88)* ***314***
Unger, Randall Michael *(89)* ***562***
Ungerleider, Matthew Harris *(89)* ***274***
Union, Craig David *(88)* ***377***
Upham, Christopher Ivan *(87)* ***282, 290***
Urbach, Scott Edward *(87)* ***365, 372***
Urinyi, Christopher John *(89)* ***284***
Utley, Mary Frances *(90)* ***398***
Utnik, Richard Casey *(90)* ***562***
Uyemura, John Ryoichi *(89)* ***513***

V

Vaill, Richard Curtis *(88)* ***295***
Vajgert, Joe Louis *(87)* ***231, 238***
Valadez, David Ray *(88)* ***438***
Valaik, Michael John *(88)* ***202***
Valdez, Marcelo Joseph *(89)* ***213***
Valecruz, Benedict Jose Bustos *(88)* ***377***
Valent, Philip Scott *(90)* ***532***
Valentine, Dean Francis *(88)* ***461***
Valentine, Gordon Scott *(88)* ***450***
Valentino, Christopher John *(89)* ***389***
Valesky, Paul Joseph *(90)* ***419***
Valmus, Jeffrey Lofton *(87)* ***293, 301***
VanAtta, Thomas Frost *(87)* ***530, 538, 628, 771***
Vanderbunt, Adam James *(90)* ***438***
Vanderbunt, Derek Charles *(90)* ***490***
Vanderostyne, Richard Andrew *(90)* ***398***
Vandroff, Mark Robert *(89)* ***366***
Vandyke, Kelly Renee *(90)* ***471***
Vanetten, Kurt Andrew *(88)* ***242, 626***
Vanexel, Michelle *(90)* ***553***
Vangilder, Donald Taylor *(89)* ***408***
VanHelden, Joseph Paul *(87)* ***426, 434***
Vanhorn, Kent Richard *(87)* ***220, 228***
VanHulzen, Chad Owen *(87)* ***312, 313, 321***
Vanloon, Alan Wilford *(88)* ***213***
Vanni, George Steven *(89)* ***429***
Vannorman, Brian Matthew *(88)* ***480***
Vantol, Dean Cameron *(89)* ***553***
VanWart, Christopher James *(89)* ***522***
Varanini, Jeffrey Paul *(90)* ***429***
Varney, Michael Scott *(90)* ***522***
Vasely, Peter Gerard *(90)* ***408***
Vassilakis, George John *(88)* ***265***
Vaughn, Leroy Darrel *(87)* ***510, 519***
Vaughn, William Kenneth *(90)* ***490***
Vauk, Ronald James *(87)* ***436, 437, 444, 626***
Vaupel, Todd Carlton *(88)* ***377, 667***
Veach, Randall Scott *(87)* ***449, 457***
Veazey, Edwin Galantin *(88)* ***326***
Veit, Eric Michael *(88)* ***543, 627***
Velasquez, Michael Burton *(88)* ***366***
Velez, Robert Louis *(89)* ***274***
Velloney, David D *(88)* ***522***
Veltre, Michael Harrison *(88)* ***366***
Venezia, Christopher Angelo *(89)* ***377***
Venters, Efrem Paul *(90)* ***562***
Vera, Tomas Pablino *(88)* ***450***
Verdoni, Christopher James *(88)* ***274***
Verhovsek, Eber Lee *(87)* ***251, 258***
Vernazza, Michael J *(90)* ***438***
Verner, Stephen Gribbin *(89)* ***265***
Versluis, Rolf Diedrich *(89)* ***419***
Vertel, John Frederick *(87)* ***510, 518, 773***
Vestevich, James Cordahl *(90)* ***490***
Vetter, Daniel Alan *(89)* ***326***
Vickers, Charles Harry *(90)* ***295***
Victory, Thomas James *(88)* ***461***
Videll, Joseph Eric *(87)* ***407, 415***
Viera, Tania Lisa *(89)* ***532***
Villani, Michele A *(89)* ***347***
Villanueva, Anthony Astilero *(88)* ***295, 599***
Villar, Raymond Jose *(89)* ***366***
Villareal, Claro William *(90)* ***347***
Villarreal, David Elias *(88)* ***429***
Villegas, Michael *(90)* ***265***
Vincent, Lawrence Sheley *(89)* ***242***
Vitaro, Richard Patrick *(87)* ***365, 373***
Vitelli, Joseph Michael *(89)* ***553, 626***
Voegels, Eric Douglas *(89)* ***356***
Vogel, Robert William *(89)* ***337***
Vogt, H Bradley *(89)* ***389, 775***
Vohr, James Alexander *(88)* ***284***
Vonkolnitz, Thomas Judson *(87)* ***374, 382***
Vonmoss, Lawrence James *(89)* ***232***
Vonzurmuehlen, Patrick Alexander *(90)* ***501***
Voss, Kevin Paul *(89)* ***314***
Vuicich, Raymond Eugene *(89)* ***305***
Vuillemot, Andrew James *(87)* ***561, 569***

W

Wade, John Fredric *(90)* ***450***
Wade, Joseph Fitzgerald *(89)* ***522***
Wade, Patrick Joseph *(87)* ***417, 424***
Wadford, Lawrence Austin *(88)* ***480, 626***
Wagner, Gregory Stewart *(89)* ***265***
Wagner, John Rusling *(90)* ***450, 724***
Wagner, Thomas Walter *(87)* ***458, 467***
Wagoner, Daryl Steven *(87)* ***551, 558***
Wahl, Erich Joseph *(88)* ***513***
Wahler, Kelly Elizabeth *(88)* ***450***
Waidelich, Scott Jacob *(88)* ***232***
Wainscott, Elizabeth Penn *(89)* ***461***
Waldemar, Todd Carey *(89)* ***377***
Walke, William Capehart *(90)* ***532***
Walker, Colleen Michiko *(88)* ***223, 629***
Walker, David Bryant *(89)* ***284***
Walker, Douglas Hugh *(90)* ***274***
Walker, Edward Fyfe *(87)* ***426, 427, 434***
Walker, Joel Rnadolph *(90)* ***471***
Walker, John Albert *(90)* ***450***
Walker, Joseph Gary *(87)* ***530, 538***
Walker, Patrick John *(90)* ***438, 724***

Walker, Paul Andrew *(87)* ***210, 218, 626***
Walker, Steven Joseph *(89)* ***213***
Wall, Jeffrey Tharpe *(90)* ***522***
Wall, Spencer Frank *(87)* ***510, 518, 712***
Wallace, Frank Theodore *(87)* ***365, 373, 719, 775***
Wallace, Jerome *(90)* ***305***
Wallace, Vernon Lavell *(88)* ***377***
Wallis, Michael Ernest *(90)* ***337***
Walsh, Dennis Joseph *(88)* ***366***
Walter, James Anthony *(87)* ***263, 270***
Walters, Duane Allen *(87)* ***263, 270, 630***
Walters, Janet Margret *(87)* ***436, 444, 695***
Walters, John Thomas *(87)* ***251, 258, 628, 771***
Walton, James Christian *(89)* ***438***
Wando, Thomas Douglas *(89)* ***284***
Wanebo, John Eric *(08)* ***272, 281***
Wanebo, Michael David *(87)* ***510, 518***
Wannamaker, Andrew Dryden *(88)* ***438, 629***
Ward, Carl Laverne *(89)* ***305, 758***
Ward, Donald James *(87)* ***540, 548***
Ward, Scott Ronald *(90)* ***419***
Warner, Howard Campell *(89)* ***389***
Warner, Jonathan Mark *(89)* ***326***
Warner, Michael Allen *(90)* ***232***
Warner, Thomas Emil *(88)* ***202***
Warnick, Elizabeth Jean *(90)* ***389***
Warren, Christopher Dean *(88)* ***501***
Warren, Jay Allen *(89)* ***347***
Wartenberg, Earl Eric *(89)* ***408***
Washburn, Jonathan Derrel *(87)* ***407, 415***
Washington, Craig Joseph *(89)* ***553***
Wassel, Scott William *(88)* ***562***
Wasson, David George *(90)* ***265***
Wasson, Drew Theron *(87)* ***282, 290, 625, 771***
Waters, Andrew Thomas *(88)* ***284***
Waters, James Preston *(89)* ***450***
Waters, Robert Francis *(89)* ***337***
Watkins, Daryl Vaughn *(87)* ***251, 258***
Watkins, Mark Edward *(90)* ***553***
Watkins, William Randolph *(89)* ***522***
Watson, Anthony D *(90)* ***213***
Watson, Chadwick Kingsley *(88)* ***377, 709***
Watson, John Stephen McRae *(88)* ***314, 448, 449, 625, 626, 629***
Watson, Thomas Cooper *(87)* ***302, 310***
Watson, William Lee *(90)* ***223***
Watsons, John Neal *(87)* ***457***
Watt, Anne Elizabeth *(88)* ***252***
Watt, Michael Robert *(87)* ***550, 551, 558***
Wauchope, Stuart Glen *(90)* ***501***
Waymire, Donald Marion *(88)* ***513***
Wcislo, Robert Alan *(90)* ***490***
Weaver, John Clark *(87)* ***560, 561, 568***
Weaver, Raymond Lawrence *(90)* ***522***
Webb, Robert Earl *(88)* ***389***
Webber, Paul Marshal *(90)* ***501***
Webber, Robert *(89)* ***202, 347***
Weber, William henry *(87)* ***540, 548, 624***
Webster, James Byron *(89)* ***429***
Webster, Shevaun Michelle *(89)* ***213, 631***
Wedow, Robert Leonard *(90)* ***480***
Weggen, James Ward *(89)* ***366***
Wegley, Gary Phillip *(89)* ***398***
Wegner, Mary Katherine *(90)* ***553***
Wehman, Robert John *(87)* ***354, 363, 742***
Wehner, Paul William *(89)* ***543***
Weigert, Michael William *(87)* ***551, 559, 628***
Weilenman, Eric Firdaus *(88)* ***419***
Weiner, Alexander Miles *(88)* ***553***
Weiner, Michael Scott *(87)* ***282, 291***
Weinstein, Glenn Ryan *(90)* ***356***
Weinstein, Michael *(88)* ***398***
Weisel, Eric Werner *(88)* ***223, 674***
Weisman, Gregory James *(89)* ***213***
Weissenfels, Robert D *(90)* ***232***
Welborn, Matthew Lee *(89)* ***513***
Welch, David Andrew *(87)* ***436, 444, 578, 634, 770***
Welch, Thomas Bradley *(87)* ***201, 209***
Wells, David Patrick *(88)* ***252***
Wells, John Leroy *(87)* ***489, 496***
Wells, Richard Jonathan *(90)* ***471***
Welsh, James Patrick *(90)* ***305***
Wence, Dean Edward *(90)* ***522***
Werner, Bernard Raymond *(88)* ***314***
Wertman, David Brian *(87)* ***312, 321***
Wesley, Kevin Roy *(89)* ***461***
Wesley, Mark Meadors *(88)* ***471***
Wessel, Matthew Wallace *(89)* ***232***
West, Brian Keith *(88)* ***398***
West, David Paul *(87)* ***396, 404***
West, James Curtis *(89)* ***314***
West, Jeffrey Raymond *(88)* ***326***
West, Karen Bernadette *(89)* ***265***
Westerlund, Lance Richard *(89)* ***356***
Wetzel, Robert Dale *(89)* ***213***
Wetzler, Brian Richard *(89)* ***377***
Whaley, Darrin Lee *(89)* ***471***
Whearty, Kevin Joseph *(88)* ***438, 626***
Wheat, Juan Mendoza *(87)* ***447, 479, 486***
Wheatley, Malcolm Scott *(88)* ***265***
Wheeler, Christopher Keith *(90)* ***232***
Wheeler, David Michael *(88)* ***543***
Wheeler, William Wandle *(88)* ***490***
Whelan, Timothy Frederick *(87)* ***478, 479, 486, 630***
Whitaker, Joseph Scott *(88)* ***562***
White, Dave John *(87)* ***201, 209, 667***
White, Dennis Bryan *(87)* ***282, 291, 628***
White, James Benjamin *(90)* ***532***
White, Kevin Francis *(87)* ***220, 228***
White, Kirk Sanders *(90)* ***419***
White, Kyle Everette *(90)* ***543***
White, Thomas Edward *(88)* ***471***
White, Thomas Ruddock *(89)* ***438***
White, Timothy James *(87)* ***200, 201, 209***
White, Wendi Lee *(88)* ***398***
White, William Sweeney *(90)* ***490***
Whitehead, Stacey Scott *(90)* ***377***
Whitfield, Damon Matthew *(89)* ***522***
Whitfield, Martin Leneal *(90)* ***314***
Whitman, Gerald Andrew *(88)* ***252***
Whitman, Samuel Brian *(90)* ***347***
Whitney, Daniel Richard *(88)* ***223***
Wichmann, Keith Bruetting *(89)* ***213***
Wickard, Andrew Farlling *(88)* ***398, 626***
Wickerson, Andrew James *(87)* ***240, 249***
Widdis, Daniel Brent *(88)* ***408***
Wieman, Steven Jerome *(88)* ***543***
Wiemann, Jeffrey Clark *(90)* ***461***
Wierman, Mark Steven *(88)* ***284***
Wiese, Eric Scott *(90)* ***501***
Wiggins, Diane Rae *(88)* ***429***
Wiggins, Mark John *(89)* ***419***
Wigley, Jay Franklin *(89)* ***284***
Wild, Gregory John *(88)* ***562***
Wilder, Thomas Yates *(87)* ***197, 521, 528***
Wilkens, John Douglas *(87)* ***521, 528, 758***
Willcockson, James Edwin *(87)* ***489, 496, 627, 628, 629***
Williams, Anthony Curtis *(89)* ***377***
Williams, Cecily Anasia *(90)* ***450***
Williams, Deborah Lynn *(90)* ***242, 691***
Williams, Ford Alan *(88)* ***284***
Williams, George Scott *(87)* ***510, 518***
Williams, Glenn Neil *(88)* ***366***
Williams, Gregory Scott *(88)* ***450***
Williams, Jeffrey Brent *(90)* ***377***
Williams, Jeffrey Robert *(88)* ***213***
Williams, Jonathan Rapier *(89)* ***501***
Williams, Kirk Andrew *(88)* ***450***
Williams, Laura B *(90)* ***501***
Williams, Michael Edwin *(87)* ***396, 405***
Williams, Michael James *(87)* ***210, 219***
Williams, Racquel Marie *(90)* ***242, 741***
Williams, Richard Charles *(89)* ***305, 553***
Williams, Robert Alvah *(89)* ***553***
Williams, Robert Clifton *(89)* ***356***
Williams, Samuel Noel *(90)* ***232***
Williams, Steven Douglas *(90)* ***213***
Williams, Susan Lynn *(87)* ***302, 310***
Williams, Ted Raymond *(87)* ***530, 538, 746***
Williams, Thomas Mayo *(88)* ***513***
Williams, Thomas Richard *(90)* ***314***
Williams, Varanda Kelita *(88)* ***295***
Williamson, Todd Douglas *(89)* ***429***
Willie, Clarence Earl *(89)* ***543***
Wills, Jon Albert *(88)* ***347***
Wilmot, Michael James *(88)* ***295***
Wilson, Andrew Scott *(89)* ***265***
Wilson, Christopher John *(87)* ***508, 521, 528, 628***
Wilson, Craig Lancaster *(89)* ***419***
Wilson, Douglas Gregory *(87)* ***560, 561, 568, 667, 668***
Wilson, Earl Kent *(87)* ***220, 229***
Wilson, Edwardo Leo *(90)* ***356***
Wilson, Erin Ayliffe *(88)* ***513***
Wilson, James Allen *(89)* ***213***
Wilson, Jeffery Brad *(90)* ***513***
Wilson, John Christian *(87)* ***561, 568, 629, 771, 772***
Wilson, John Gregory *(87)* ***272, 281***
Wilson, John Joseph *(89)* ***314***
Wilson, Matthew James *(90)* ***223***
Wilson, Michael John *(90)* ***337***
Wilson, Robert Paine *(89)* ***398***
Wilson, Scott Eric *(88)* ***543***
Wilson, Wesley Wade *(90)* ***553***
Wilson, William Adair *(89)* ***513***
Winand, Timothy Eugene *(90)* ***295***
Wince, Ronnie Craig *(88)* ***356***

Windland, Michael Allen *(89)* ***356***
Wine, Scott Wellington *(89)* ***305***
Wingate, Henry Holmes *(88)* ***347***
Wingfield, Theodore Vernon *(89)* ***490***
Wingo, Harry Matthew *(88)* ***326, 711***
Winick, Mark Edwin Rios *(90)* ***429***
Winkler, Jorma Bruce *(90)* ***377***
Winkler, Mark Gerard *(87)* ***561, 568, 771, 774***
Winter, Jeffrey Scott *(89)* ***532***
Wirries, John Wallace *(87)* ***302, 310***
Wirth, Charles David *(87)* ***436, 445, 628***
Wisniewski, Loren Lois *(88)* ***553***
Wistner, Stephen August *(89)* ***408***
Witten, Richard Mahone *(89)* ***282, 291***
Wojcik, Frederick Douglas *(87)* ***386, 395, 681, 685, 775***
Wojcik, Robert Francis *(90)* ***553***
Wold, Curtis Alan *(88)* ***480, 599***
Wolf, James Joseph *(90)* ***347***
Wolf, John Gregory *(89)* ***202***
Wolf, Lester Marion *(88)* ***461***
Wolf, Timothy John *(87)* ***489, 497, 630***
Wolfe, John Madison *(89)* ***284***
Wolfe, Scott Michael *(87)* ***508, 530, 538, 629, 772***
Wolters, James Aaron *(88)* ***242, 629***
Womack, Carol June *(89)* ***242, 661, 695, 741***
Wong, Brian Anthony *(89)* ***490***
Wong, Clement Kwok Man *(90)* ***562***
Wong, Gregory Kai *(90)* ***337***
Wong, Jason Dutming *(87)* ***263, 271***
Woo, Damon Iyun *(89)* ***213***
Wood, Eric Eames *(87)* ***498, 499, 507***
Wood, Lance Jon *(89)* ***543***
Wood, Laurie Susan *(90)* ***252***
Wood, Robert Scott *(89)* ***429***
Wood, Steven John *(90)* ***265***
Woodaman, Ronald Frederick *(83)* ***509, 540, 548, 602, 605, 770***
Woodard, Dean Miles *(90)* ***480***
Woodbury, David Lynn *(88)* ***419, 629***
Woodfin, Clarke Michael *(88)* ***553***
Woodfin, Monte Patrick *(90)* ***213***
Woods, Matthew Ernest *(90)* ***438***
Woods, William Harold *(89)* ***232***
Woodson, John Kenneth *(89)* ***232***
Woodworth, Daryl Joseph *(89)* ***223***
Woolley, Chet Hilburn *(88)* ***295***
Wooster, Michael Oliver *(87)* ***449, 457, 651, 652***
Wootton, Emmett Randolph *(90)* ***450***
Workman, Harold Thomas *(90)* ***398***
Workman, Shannon Lee *(88)* ***252, 626***
Worthington, Raymond Barnes *(89)* ***213***
Worthy, Tanya Renee *(90)* ***562***
Woughter, John Charles *(87)* ***384, 407, 415, 625, 771, 772, 774***
Wright, Anthone Raynell *(88)* ***213***
Wright, Bryan Ray *(90)* ***438***
Wright, Donald Alexander *(88)* ***389***
Wright, Erik Charles *(88)* ***265***
Wright, Matice Jeanean *(88)* ***295***
Wright, William Joseph *(90)* ***438***
Wuamett, Michael Graham *(87)* ***230, 231, 239***
Wuestenberg, Elizabeth Ann *(87)* ***530, 539***
Wulff, Siegfried Roland *(87)* ***293, 301, 627***
Wyand, Robert Rice *(89)* ***398***
Wyatt, Eric Re *(88)* ***490, 626***

Y

Yancey, Michael Mason *(88)* ***232***
Yannakakis, Peter John *(88)* ***438***
Yanucil, Timothy Patrick *(88)* ***461***
Yanvary, John Ty *(88)* ***429***
Yatko, Stephen Albert *(90)* ***461***
Yeager, Stephen Charles *(90)* ***461***
Yee, James Henry *(88)* ***356***
Yeh, Lawrence Kai *(90)* ***305***
Yeldell, Harold Stephfon *(88)* ***419***
Yetiser, Tarkan Murat *(90)* ***419***
Yoder, Steven Joseph *(87)* ***478, 479, 487***
York, Andrew Lee *(87)* ***250, 251, 259, 597***
York, John Davis *(88)* ***389***
Young, Glenn Owen *(90)* ***438***
Young, James Agnew *(90)* ***562***
Young, James Seymour *(90)* ***242***
Young, John Michael *(87)* ***510, 511, 519***
Young, John Richard *(87)* ***561, 569***
Young, Philip Herbert *(89)* ***252***
Young, Robin Alane *(87)* ***417, 425, 771***
Young, Tom Andrew *(90)* ***532***
Yu, Warren *(90)* ***223***

Z

Zabrowski, Harold Thomas *(90)* ***480***
Zaccardi, Louis Peter *(87)* ***540, 548***
Zach, Travis Dane *(88)* ***419***
Zachery, Kevin Michael *(88)* ***398***
Zameska, Peter Jay *(89)* ***543***
Zaorski, Robert Charles *(87)* ***510, 519***
Zapolski, Martin John *(90)* ***213***
Zarasua, Vincent Damian *(89)* ***265***
Zarzaca, James Vincent *(88)* ***553***
Zauel, Mark Thomas *(90)* ***429***
Zawislak, Edward Leo *(90)* ***532***
Zeberlein, John Edward *(88)* ***347***
Zebrowski, Joseph Anthony *(88)* ***471***
Zeich, Todd Alan *(90)* ***398***
Zellers, Erin Lance *(89)* ***438***
Zengotita, Carlos Juan *(87)* ***302, 311***
Zerphy, Eric John *(90)* ***314***
Ziegler, Allan *(90)* ***223***
Zieleck, Kenneth *(88)* ***562***
Zikas, Tomas Algirdas *(90)* ***347***
Zimmerman, John David *(88)* ***471***
Zimmerman, Michael Tone *(88)* ***274***
Zippel, Paul John *(89)* ***265***
Zito, Christopher John *(89)* ***295***
Zito, James Anthony *(88)* ***532***
Zobel, Theodore Alexander *(89)* ***450***
Zohlen, Thomas John *(88)* ***252***
Zulick, John Andrew *(87)* ***521, 529***
Zurlo, Glen Alan *(89)* ***543***
Zuzich, John Milner *(90)* ***408***
Zwolfer, Thomas Andrew *(88)* ***213***
Zwolinski, Stanley Anthony *(90)* ***252***
Zymbaluk, Gregory Richard *(87)* ***521***

Colophon

The *1987 Lucky Bag* , volume 93, was prepared by the midshipman staff at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. With 848 pages of color, it is one of the largest, most expensive yearbooks ever printed.

The book was printed by Taylor Publishing Company in Dallas, Texas in a single press run of 6,800 copies on four-color presses. The paper used is 80# Enamel.

This book was the first college yearbook ever sent to the publisher entirely on electronic media. Layouts were designed and submitted using Taylor's Pagevision software package. Writing and typesetting was done with Typevision. The book's index was created using the Indexvision program. A total of 54 5-inch floppy disks and approximately 2,600 photographs were mailed to Taylor Publishing Company to produce the book you are holding.

The body copy for this *Lucky Bag* was set in 10/12 Century Schoolbook. Headlines and subheadlines were set in Century Schoolbook, Century Schoolbook Italic, and Century Schoolbook Bold in a variety of point sizes, ranging from 14 point to 60 point.

The cover design was based on a photograph of a model of the *U.S.S. Constitution* built by Mr. Olof Eriksen, to whom the staff is indebted for his cooperation and patience. A die-cut metal process with an overtone rub was used for the hull and mast, while the rigging, title, and lines are embossed with a mylar foil. Cover and endsheet design by Ted Anderson.

Individual portraits of first class midshipmen and officers, company group pictures, and staff pictures were taken by Yearbook Associates of Turner's Falls, Massachusetts. All color developing and printing were done by Yearbook Associates in Bowie, Maryland and in Massachusetts. Sittings for midshipmen portraits were conducted in February, March, and October of 1986.

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Opinions expressed in this book are those of the authors and are not intended to be representitive of the official policies or opinions of the Brigade of Midshipmen, the United States Naval Academy, or the United States Navy.

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